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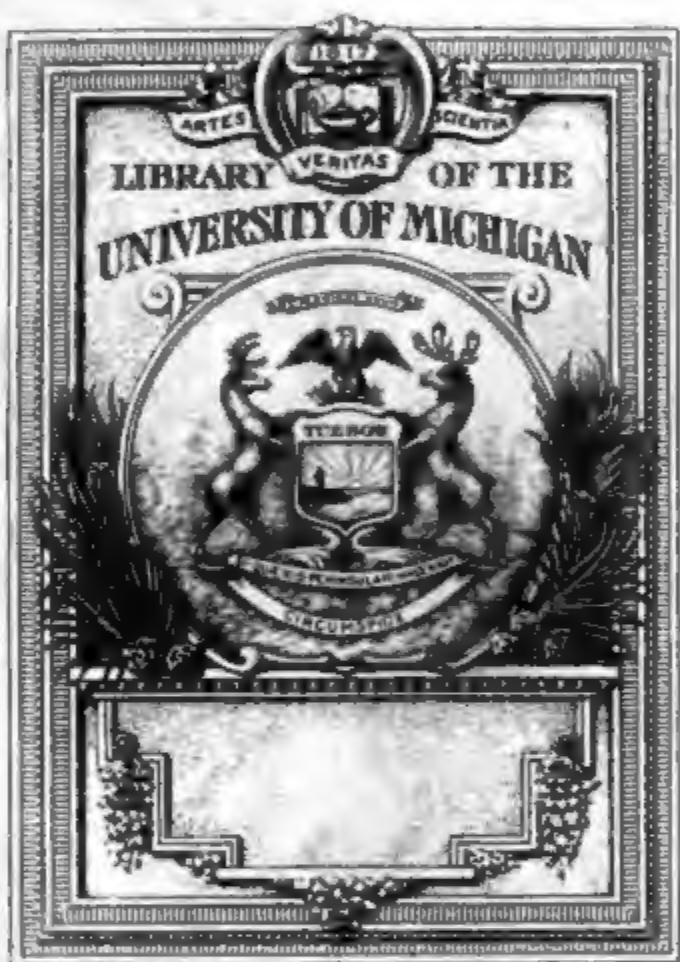
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73,028









THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1857.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED AT No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.  
1857.

**JOHN A. GRAY'S**  
**FIRE-PROOF PRINTING OFFICE,**  
**16 and 18 Jacob Street, N. Y.**



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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

From the London Quarterly Review.

1797

## THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH: ITS HISTORY AND AUTHORITY.\*

THE number of treatises whose titles we have placed at the head of this article is a plain proof that the various questions connected with the Sabbath—its authority, the modes of its observance, the right of Government to defend its sanctity, or regulate its observance, etc.—have thoroughly aroused the public attention, and that they must undergo new and exhaustive discussion ere they be

again laid to rest. During this period of controversy, while the solid foundations of prescriptions are broken up, and public opinion is fluctuating in the vacuity of doubt, it behoves wise men to revolve thoughtfully the questions at issue, and to give free and fearless expression to their deliberate judgment, since it is manifest that any change in the sentiments and laws of the people in reference to the Sabbath will produce great corresponding changes in the complexion of their entire life.

It would be impossible to conceive of stronger contrasts or plainer contradictions in opinion than we have discovered in perusing the sermons, lectures, tracts, etc., noticed above, and which are but a tithe of the publications that have been issued during the recent agitation in Parliament and the country upon Sir Joshua Walmsley's Bill. They are all lying peacefully on our table, in amiable contact with each other; but we have thought, if the spirits they embody were now unloosed, what a whirlwind of war would sweep before us, what discordant clamors would interrupt our quietude, what havoc would be witnessed in their

\* 1. *Three Letters to a Friend on the "Sunday Question," viewed chiefly in relation to its Social and Political Aspects; with a Parliamentary Speech which will not be found in any of the "Debates."* By N. M. P. London: Longman. 1856.

2. *The People's Day: an Appeal to the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., against his Advocacy of a French Sunday.* By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1856.

3. *Thoughts for Thinking Men of the Industrial Classes on the Sabbath Question.* By JOSEPH KINGMILL, M.A., Chaplain of the Government Model Prison, London. London: Longmans. 1856.

4. *Christianity without Judaism. Two Sermons.* By the REV. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., etc. London: National Sunday League. 1856.

5. *The Christian Sunday, not the Jewish Sabbath.* By GEORGE DAWSON, M.A. London: Theobald.

6. *Sunday and the Sabbath.* Translated from the French of LOUIS VICTOR MELLETT. London: Ayloott & Co. 1856.

ghostly battle round our desk! Mercifully, the warfare is waged by silent books, and, since it is so, we have been thankful even for the contrariety of opinion which they express; for this is the process by which the seeds of truth are winnowed from the chaff of heresy. For ourselves, we feel that our opinions are freer and purer from passing under the *tribulum* of a sifting opposition.

Some of these publications are written with distinguished ability and high-toned moral purpose. Others, however, weary us with their indescribable feebleness, or annoy by their ignorant one-sidedness. The pamphlets of Henry Rogers, Arthur, and Kingsmill, stand preëminent among those written in defense of the Sabbath, though their argument regards it only as a national institution; and the treatise by Louis V. Mellet, which bears purely on the scriptural and ecclesiastical authority of the day, stands alone on the other side. We did expect some fresh and powerful thinking in the sermons published by the Rev. B. Powell and Mr. George Dawson; but our hope has been disappointed. We shall make reference to the former in the course of our article. The latter requires only this passing notice. The matter of Mr. Dawson's sermons is an ill-remembered repetition of the arguments and authorities lucidly expounded by L. V. Mellet; but this miserable hash is garnished with the "huffing, braggart, puft" language, and well spiced with the rare dogmatism, which usually flows from his

"rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence."

There are three separate subjects connected with the Sabbath which have not been sufficiently defined, and which, though interconnected with each other, emphatically require distinct treatment; viz., the grounds on which the obligation of the Christian Sabbath rests; the mode of its observance; the duty of Government with regard to it.

From confounding these very distinct subjects, it has been erroneously assumed, that all who ground the obligation of the Christian Sabbath upon manifest expediency and the hallowed customs of the Church are favorable to the lax observance of the day, and encourage the projects of the National Sunday League, and

*vice-versa*; whereas no such inference is warrantable by the rules of logic, or by facts. The third topic is, at the present moment, the most important and urgent in its practical issues, since there is a body of men associated to agitate the people and to importune Government for certain alterations of the Sunday laws, slight indeed in themselves, but most ominous in the revolution of domestic and social manners which they presage. We do hope, therefore, that all who are agreed as to the pernicious tendency of these changes will not be deterred from alliance with each other, in order to prevent them, by reason of speculative differences on the other questions. Not that we gainsay or depreciate their importance; they attract us by their intrinsic greatness as matters of theological inquiry, and we acknowledge that they contain within themselves the ground and obligation, the nature and final cause, of this great ordinance and privilege of the Christian's course. The cultivation of our spiritual life, indeed, is mainly dependent on the mode on which our Sabbath is kept. Clear views, moreover, on these topics will open our way for a full consideration of the subsequent political question. So profoundly have we been convinced of this, that whilst it is our main purpose to discuss the latter question in reference to the demands put forth by the National Sunday League, we have been constrained to explain and justify the ground we take on this preliminary question, Is the authority of the Sabbath human or Divine?

We are the less disposed to avoid this inquiry, since recent objections have been started against the argument for its Divine authority, which are said to be all-triumphant and irrefutable. It is our purpose briefly to consider these objections, and at the same time to delineate afresh the main features of that progressive argument which seems to us to be irresistible in its cumulative force.

The ground on which the obligation of the Christian Sabbath rests may be presented under these two divisions: 1. The authoritative will of God, as made known in the Bible, or in the history of the Church while governed by His Apostles. 2. Its adaption to the circumstances of human life and the manifest requirements of our physical and moral



nature, together with the legitimate authority of custom, which approves its utility from the wide experience of many centuries, and defends its sacredness by the powerful associations of established usage.

The first ground has been vigorously disputed, but after patient investigation we are deeply impressed with its completeness and compact invulnerable strength. We would not, however, dogmatize where so many eminently devout men have expressed an opposite opinion, and where great difficulties avowedly exist. We cannot enter into the details of the many-voiced argument which establishes the Biblical authority of the Sabbath, but wish rather to exhibit some of the leading principles and facts which bear especially on the aspect which this controversy has recently assumed in relation to the following topics: The pre-Mosaic existence of the Sabbath—The place which the Sabbath held in the Mosaic law—Does the fulfillment of that law confirm or abrogate it?—The facts which are made known concerning the Sabbath in the Apostolic Church.

I. *The pre-Mosaic existence of the Sabbath* is the first point for our consideration.

The Bible representation of the early history of man shows him sinking from the pure knowledge and high civilization which he possessed, even after the Fall, into the ignorance and savageness of Heathenism. Science long mocked this humbling representation as an absurd fiction; and, in the proud hope of man's endless advancement, pictured him as slowly emerging from the "slough and crust" of barbarity in which he was created, to his present rank and polish. It is now, however, self-convinced by the truth which it scorned; and has proved by many collateral evidences, gathered from history, philology, and antiquities, that the most degenerate tribes have fallen from a civilization they once possessed; and that every new civilization which has sprung up in the world has drawn its inspiration from a foreign source. It accords, therefore, with the scientific as well as the Biblical account of man's earliest history, (1.) That the laws which were in force among men were received immediately from God; and, (2.) Were framed with a view both to their most perfect social happiness, and to the high-

est education of their individual nature. Such a view of the morning life of mankind, even after it had been overcast by the baleful shadow of sin, commends itself at once to our reason, as conformable with our views of God, and our acquaintance with the insidious and rapidly deteriorating power of sin.

These two points which are deduced from the simple facts of Bible History and the recent conclusions of science, seem to us of much importance. If the first men were born in possession of such high mental and moral characteristics, and if in their young society there was that knowledge of letters, of arts, of social relations, and of religious duty, which we esteem as the richest fruits of civilization, it is manifest that they were *supernaturally* endowed by God with these unbought blessings. The inspiration of the first civilization on earth was from heaven. That it should be so is no more wonderful than that the first man should be created of manly stature, and with fully developed intelligence; or that there should be a creation at all. The laws, therefore, which directed that primitive society of men in the cultivation of their own nature and the regulation of their mutual intercourse, must have been revealed directly from God. *How* they were communicated by Him, and *how* they were preserved by men, are questions that can be answered only by conjecture. But we may be assured that, since they were the product of Infinite Wisdom, and were given to men when nearest their normal perfection, they must have been adapted to that exalted condition, and been intended to secure and advance it. It is quite true that the race rapidly degenerated; but we know that it was by abandoning the laws of God, obedience to which would have preserved them in their earliest and purest civilization. We now perceive the *rationale* of Dr. Paley's assertion, that if the Sabbath was instituted immediately after the Creation, it must be esteemed as obligatory on the whole race in all generations. "If the Divine command," he writes, "was actually delivered at the Creation, it was addressed, no doubt, to the whole human species alike, and continues, unless repealed by some subsequent revelation, binding upon all who come to the knowledge of it;" not only because it exists an unrepealed command,

but because it was bound up with the best interests of men, was given by an all-wise God, in order to defend them, and was broken with the certain result of sacrificing the benefits which He purposed it to secure. In other words, if God in these early times instituted a Sabbath, it was because it was necessary for the physical and spiritual well-being even of those who had a strength and completeness of body and soul, which none of their descendants have attained. So that if necessary for *them*, it must be, *à fortiori*, necessary for *us*. And if its abandonment were one cause of the loss of the purity, knowledge, and physical vigor which they possessed, our adherence to it will be necessary in order to retain such of these blessings as we yet enjoy. If in that early civilization God appointed a Sabbath for bodily repose, and especial spiritual exercises, He has plainly indicated that mankind will never be able to dispense with its recurrent privileges. The curse of sin was felt *less* after its immediate infliction than it has been since; and if the labor it imposed was then mitigated to all by one day's rest, and the spiritual weakness it entailed was helped by the special aid of one day's sanctity, surely the need has become more imperative now that the weight of that curse presses more heavily upon men. We are interested, therefore, to know, whether the Sabbath is an institution coëval with the existence of man; and was revealed as one of the laws whereby God, at the very first, sought to direct and guard man in the attainment of the highest excellence and happiness.

We are continually finding reminiscences of a pure theology and morality among the most degraded idolatrous nations—waifs that have floated down the dark stream of tradition, from the bright morning-land of their birth. These relics, discovered in every quarter of the globe, are most valuable, as illustrating the common origin of mankind, and the high sphere of civilization from which they have fallen. By comparing these, as they lie, like fossil ruins, amid the low and putrid superstitions in which they are imbedded, we have not only proof of the *fact* of an early civilization, but have actual remains of the *forms* of life—spiritual conceptions, laws, institutions, etc., with which it abounded.

We think that such comparative his-

tory establishes the existence of a hebdomadal division of time in the primordial society of mankind, ere they were sundered and scattered over the face of the earth; and we must contend that no fact explains this division save the institution of a weekly Sabbath. Throughout all the nations of the East—the Hindoos, the Assyrians, Egyptians, etc.—days are summed up into weeks. Oldendorf found this arrangement in Central Africa; and it has also been discovered in the distant regions of Peru. Such agreement of customs was marvelous, and quite inexplicable, if we did not believe that these nations, however remote from each other, were branches of one parent stock, and carried with them the traditional usages of their common ancestors.

It should be observed here, that the Eastern nations who remained near their first home, and have retained more of their original civilization, adopt without exception this division of time, which among the nations that wandered into America and Africa, becomes rarer and more indistinctly marked. The loss of such a usage among many of the degraded tribes is easily explained, if we consider how Heathenism has obliterated the higher conceptions of God and Divine service in which it originated; and that in the gross, brute-like blindness of their minds no distinctions of time were needful or cognizable. How, then, have these diverse nations adopted this division of time into weeks? There is only one solution of the problem, viz., that it was an arrangement in force from some cause or other in the earliest society of men, from which all these nations have proceeded. Some reason *must* be assigned for the *fact*, that nations so remote from one another, many of them sunk in barbarity, have fixed on one precise and peculiar mode of dividing their time. And what other reason can be suggested? They had no intercourse with each other. There is no cause arising from the necessary conditions of human existence, or the appearances of the world, which could *originate* or *compel* this unanimity. Some writers, indeed, imagine that the lunar month naturally divides itself into four periods of seven days each; and that from this cause all these nations, in perfect ignorance of each other, framed the obvious invention of the week. But the lunar month, occupying twenty-nine and a half days, more

naturally divides itself into five weeks of six days each, or three weeks of ten days each, than into four weeks of seven days each. There are several combinations of multipliers which will make twenty-eight and thirty; and yet, of all these possible divisions, all nations have selected one, and that without concert or mutual acquaintance. Moreover, if we believe in the Bible doctrine of a common origin of mankind, we ought to have no difficulty here. In that earliest society they must have had certain distinctions of time; and nothing is more natural or likely than that, when separated, they should have carried these distinctions with them, until, in some instances, they were erased and forgotten amid the growing dissoluteness of their lives. But the question returns: Was the division into weeks formed by the institution of a weekly Sabbath in the time of our first parents and their children, or was it gradually introduced among them from some casual occurrence, or the observance of lunar changes? In reply, we submit the following considerations:

1. It is highly improbable that lunar changes should have originated this division of time, since it is about the most awkward and unsatisfactory of the many possible subdivisions of a lunar month.

2. There is proof that the seventh day was regarded by many nations as a day in some measure sacred or distinct from the others. This evidence is found among the early oriental nations, and classical nations, with whom the early customs of mankind were, from palpable reasons, long perpetuated. This points us to a simple and intelligible cause of the original week. If every seventh day was distinguished from the other days by some peculiar observance, it would become a conspicuous mark in the calculation of time. All the days would be noticed in their relation to the seventh; and the intervals between these distinguished days would be regarded as separate parts of time. The sacredness which is attributed to the seventh day, conjoined with the general division of time into seven-day weeks, produces a strong conviction of the early institution of the Sabbath.

3. Having traced back the invention of the week to the period of a normal civilization, we refer it without hesitation to God. The Bible, right reason, and science, assure us that God Himself

equipped man with the appliances of civilization; and did not leave him to grope through the perils of infancy, and all the stages of ignorance, to the power, knowledge, and security which education and experience confer upon us. Adam and Eve were not self-taught, but were taught of God. Not only were their faculties matured at their creation; but that knowledge, which such maturity implies as its necessary element, was miraculously bestowed—possibly in the form of a temporary instinct, more ample in scope than that which the lower animals enjoy. On their expulsion from the garden, and amid the vicissitudes and dangers of their new condition, such miraculous knowledge was yet continued to them. The arts necessary to preserve and defend their life, and laws to regulate their personal and social duties, must have been taught them by revelation. Who taught Abel and Cain the meaning of sacrifice, and commanded them to present it? If we repudiate this belief, we must accept Monboddó's doctrine, that man is only a civilized monkey; or the doctrine of the *Vestiges of Creation*, that he is the latest, though not the last, development, in an endless series—the pupa between an ape and an angel. We therefore hold it to be altogether the most philosophical and consistent doctrine, that God taught man the division of time into weeks, and months, and years. This knowledge was essential in order to retain a distinct remembrance of the past, or to forecast the future. At least it is as certain that He gave them this knowledge, as that they spontaneously spoke a language, or were miraculously taught to work in wood and iron. When our first parents were in the garden, they had the full complement of knowledge suited to their sinless state. When removed, they must have received the full complement of knowledge suited to their sudden helplessness. Were it not so, the stupor of crass ignorance would have fallen upon them; and, weak and inexperienced as infants, they would soon have perished from hunger or the ravin of wild beasts.

4. We are expressly informed in the Bible that God did, in the beginning of the world, consecrate to bodily repose and religious services the *seventh day*. This statement explains at once why nearly all nations, from the time of Noah downward, have divided their time into weeks; and why, in many countries which



had no contact with the Jews, the seventh day was distinguished and revered as a sacred day. Moreover, the appointment of a Sabbath for these purposes harmonizes with all our conceptions of God, and with our consciousness of the duty and the need of man.

This brings us, therefore, to the second and most explicit argument in proof of the primeval existence of a Sabbath, namely, the passage in Gen. 2 : 1, 2 : *"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made ; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had done."*

We confess to be thoroughly dissatisfied with the mode in which M. Mellet, Mr. Dawson, and others, deal with this important text. An ingenuous reader can not resist the impression that Moses speaks of the *sanctification* of the seventh day, just as he had spoken of the *occupation* of other days ; and that the seventh day signified was the day immediately succeeding the former six. This is the clear indubitable meaning of the sacred text. That Moses, having this belief concerning the original sanctification of the seventh day, should, in his law, ground the authoritative sanctity of the Sabbath upon it—or that God, having sanctified that day for mankind, should refer to its original institution as the *basis* of the Fourth Commandment, in His Sinaitic covenant, is most natural. Nay, we shall hereafter show that this was the very *design* of the separation of Israel, and the giving of the two tables of the covenant, to embody and conserve the Divine knowledge and institutions, given at first to mankind, but which gradually were disappearing amid their darkening godlessness. Further, this text manifestly refers to an appropriation of the day for special purposes relating to man. Days can have no reference to the indivisible eternity of God, save as He condescends to deal with the capacities and to arrange the duties of men, and therefore adopts the language proper to their operations. The words themselves prove this : *"He blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it ;"* words which, by their etymology and usage, can only mean that He set it apart for the solemn duties of religion, as the day on which they were to rejoice their souls in Him and His works, as He rejoiced in His

works and in them. He thus made it a blessed and a sacred day. That this is the meaning of these words, and that it was not the first seventh day alone, but every seventh day, that was consecrated, is finally put beyond the bounds of controversy by the promulgation of the Fourth Commandment, where the same words are expressly used—the terms being taken, doubtless, from its original institution—to declare the Divine appointment of the weekly Sabbath as a day of rest and religious enjoyment. This is a strictly necessary inference which no system of interpretation can impugn. What the words mean in Exod. 20 : 11, they *must* mean in Gen. 2 : 3. If in the former they signify that the sanction of God sets apart every seventh day as a day of religious rest, they must mean the same thing in the latter.

The *fence* reply to this simple reasoning saves those who use it only by overthrowing the validity and truthfulness of the Mosaic writings. It is affirmed that Moses, having proclaimed the law, in which the authority of the Sabbath is grounded upon God's resting on the seventh day and hallowing that day, when he afterwards wrote the *γένεσις* of creation, inserted these words concerning the seventh day in the history, either as anticipatory of the subsequent consecration of that day, or for the dishonorable purpose of confirming his law by a gross deception on the people, stating that God had done at the beginning of the world what *in fact* was done nearly 3000 years after. Either of these suppositions does infinite wrong to the straight-forward record of Moses.

In the first place, the words of the law spoken by God Himself expose their falsity. It is not said, *For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blesses the Sabbath day and hallows it ;* but *wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.* Whatever God, therefore, had said, or done concerning the seventh day, (and let it be remembered that this gives all the solemnity and authority to it even in the Jewish law,) had been said or done at the beginning of time. Instead of the statement in Genesis being proleptical, we are here by the word of God Himself carried back to it as the proper ground of the present law.

So that, even if it had not been written, we must have believed that the separation of the seventh day as a Sabbath was coëval with the existence of *man*.

In the second place, the language of Moses in Genesis puts to shame, in its directness and simplicity, those who unfairly travesty his meaning. He may be mistaken; but manifestly his belief, whence-soever derived, is honestly expressed in that verse. Dr. Paley says: "As God did His work in the six days, and rested on the seventh, so for ever is this seventh day sanctified to man that he may rest from the six days' work, and celebrate his Maker's." We quote with pleasure the following passage from Dr. Wardlaw on this point: "So far as the mere terms of the record are concerned, (and it is of these alone we now speak,) there is just as much reason for considering the narration of Creation itself as narrated by anticipation, and as not taking place till 2500 years afterward, as there is for conceiving this to have been the case in regard to the institution of the day for its commemoration. The resting of Jehovah on that day, and blessing and sanctifying of that day, are alike related as having *then* taken place; there being no hint, and no change of construction indicative, in the remotest degree, of its being a mere allusion to what had no existence till twenty-five centuries had passed away; and then only in one nation, and for a limited time, as one of the institutes of a temporary ceremonial." Two conclusions are open to us if we reject the simple belief in Moses's inspired veracity. Either he was a silly, credulous enthusiast, who imagined God Himself to proclaim the law which asserts the ancient institution of the Sabbath, and so made *that* part of his fabulous history; or he was a crafty impostor, who palmed the law upon the Israelites as Divine, and fabricated his history to support the imposition.

We must here advert to the opinions of the Rev. Baden Powell, which are adopted and circulated by the National Sunday League. Never was man more unsuited than Professor Powell for the high task of defining the connection of science with revelation, which he seems to arrogate to himself. There is a preposterous assurance in his manner of enunciating scientific truths which the disciple of science abhors; and his flippant reck-

lessness in the treatment of serious theological problems is unbearable.

In reference to our present inquiry, which we wish to pursue with unswerving candor, having our own conscience to satisfy, we find the following paragraph in his second sermon:

"The disclosure of the true physical theory of the origin of the existing state of the earth entirely overthrows the supposed historical character of the narrative of the six days, and, by consequence, that respecting the consecration of the seventh along with it; and thus subverts entirely the whole foundation of the belief in an alleged primeval Sabbath coëval with the world and with man, which has been so deeply mixed up with the prepossessions of a large class of religionists."

He might well introduce this paragraph by the following startling announcement:

"The inevitable rejection of the historical character of the Mosaic narrative, so strenuously insisted on under older systems, can not but be regarded as a marked feature in the theological and spritual advance (!) of the present age."

Such a writer asks for no charity from his critics, and he deserves none. He makes sweeping assertions which threaten the most revered opinions of his fellow-men, and we require that his proofs be rigorously exacted and tried.

As regards his *science*, then, does he make this disclosure of the true physical history of the origin of the existing state of the earth, which demolishes the historical validity of Moses's narrative? He does; and we confidently aver, that no geologist of distinction will subscribe to his theory: for theory it is, compounded of two parts, one glaringly absurd, and the other exceedingly improbable. Yet upon this monstrous, composite fiction Professor Powell would ride in triumph over the time-honored reputation of the Bible. He complacently styles the views he has put forth as among the fundamental truths acknowledged by every school; to question which would be to question, not only the whole of geology, but the very foundation of all inductive science. We wait in awe to learn what absolute truths he is about to propound, having a lurking conviction meanwhile that, whatever they may be, geologists of every school will *not* accept them; and we hear the following:



"As science can point to *no* origin or beginning, so neither can it point to any one general or universal change, any one sudden, simultaneous, universal cessation of one order of things, and equally sudden and universal commencement of another. All its revelations are of slow, partial, gradual changes, wrought out in one small part at a time, during a long period, while all around was unchanged. It shows nothing like any universal destruction and reconstruction, nothing like a chaos suddenly changed into a creation, nothing like anarchy at one time, followed by law and order at another, but every thing everywhere, through all the innumerable periods of time to which it looks back, alike regulated by law and order."

To all this presumptuous cant of learned ignorance, we reply: 1. What do Mr. B. Powell, or the entire body of geological *savans*, know about the process and mode of the vast changes which have avowedly passed upon the face of the earth? Geology is yet an infant science, and mutters only a feeble inarticulate language. When we consider the magnitude of the problems it has to solve, the sparse and paltry efforts made as yet for their solution, and the *notorious disagreement* of its professors concerning its fundamental positions, we especially apply to it the language of Pliny, "*Omnia incerta ratione, et in naturæ majestate addita.*" Humility is the glory of science; for "the subtlety of nature far transcends the subtlety of sense or intellect." By what right, then, does Mr. Powell speak so positively of what he knows so little? "*Quis revelavit quod Deus texit?*" Did his ethereal spirit survey these fearful metamorphoses when the crust of the earth was writhen and shattered by the inner fires, or deluged by the waters above, so as to describe the exact method of their appearance? Or have his researches been so extensive and so thorough, as to quell every doubt and the hope of further enlightenment? Such dogmatism in science is surely an unmixed evil.

2. The simplest phenomena of the structure of the earth show his theory to be erroneous. Are the changes wrought by volcanic forces slow and gradual? How long does it take the lightning to shrivel the leaves and char the trunk of an oak? Was Lisbon slowly ingulfed in the yawning chasm, or Pompeii gradually overlaid by the foaming torrent of lava? The volcanic forces which are now slightly and temporarily felt were plainly the chief agents at work amid the tumultuous re-

volutions which once shook the frame of this world. And when they were unloosed, do we conceive they worked in slow and measured time? Thunderous explosions, that splintered the mass of a mountain range, and severed its roots, knotted beneath the center of the earth; swift fiery floods, which gushed through these openings from the caldron beneath, and spouted up against the black sky with lurid brilliance; vast beds of deposits thickened and hardened by the pressure of unfathomable seas, suddenly raised from these depths into Alpine heights, and hanging in uneven folds on the shoulders of the gigantic mountains with which they rose: these are the most probable, and, at present, the only conceivable explanation that can be given of the ruptured, twisted, uphoven, and hollowed surface of the earth; and these geology has hitherto unanimously given. So that it is the exact converse of truth to say: "Its revelations are of slow, partial, gradual change." He might as well have said, all the revelations of astronomy are of slow, partial, and erratic movements.

3. While the investigations of geologists have led to no positive and irrefragable conclusions respecting the mode in which the great epochs which mark the physical history of the earth were introduced; and while, consequently, diverse theories swarm every season, and buzz for a while like ephemera, till they perish before a new generation of their kind, it is well known that the leading facts of the science all tend to corroborate the belief in sudden and universal convulsions, acting as subordinate parts of the great process which embraced the entire surface of the earth in its equal and simultaneous progression. These convulsions seem in their world-wide sweep to clash huge mountain gates upon one age when it had passed, burying its dead in the catacombs of the deep, and then to open up the new age whose cycles were yet to run. So the period of their spasmodic, furious action, "the periods of universal destruction and reconstruction," mark the successive epochs of the world's life. According to Mr. Powell's theory, no such distinctions could be visible; but the different strata would be gradually fused into each other; one bland, ceaseless process would melt granite into coal, and coal into clay. But there is no such assimilation. The epochs of the formative history of the earth are

most rigidly separated from each other; and they follow one another in precisely the same order on all the continents.

This seems very clearly to indicate that those great forces which arose at the command of God, in the crises of time, in order to set the bar of eternal separation between the age that had passed and the new age that had begun, were *universal* in their action. Again, nothing is clearer or more generally received by geologists than that, at certain periods, the species both of Fauna and of Flora on the earth were entirely renewed; the same types being retained, but with new adaptations in some species, and higher manifestations in others. In accordance with these views, therefore, the most trustworthy *theorists* in geology have believed in something like universal destructions and reconstructions, not perhaps in chaos suddenly changed into creation, but in creation suddenly plunged into chaos, and again slowly emerging from it. Moreover, the very simplest teaching of geology, to question which would be to question the whole science, and the foundation of all inductive science, proves to the student that such universal and simultaneous affections of the earth's surface are most probable; nay, according to our present conceptions of science, they *must* have taken place. A feeble earthquake now makes half the earth's circumference quiver. What, then, must have been the "hideous ruin and combustion" which overran the globe, flaming the skies with its glare, and shivering the ocean with its din, when the Himalayas uprose from their deep molten beds, far above the clouds. We can not conceive of this occurrence, which is known to have taken place late in the pre-Adamite time, without believing that it affected the structure of the whole earth, even to Central America, and that the arrangement of continents and seas were altered by it; that, in other words, there was a *universal destruction* closing one epoch, and the gradual reconstruction of a new creation.

The reason of the above criticism will now be apparent. It is another instance of Professor Powell's asseveration, when he says: "The overthrow of the supposed historical character of the narrative of the six days, and, by consequence, that respecting the consecration of the seventh day along with it, subverts entirely the whole foundation of the belief in an alleged pri-

meval Sabbath." For we might by some *lusus naturæ* be converted to his faith, and esteem these early chapters in Genesis to be a myth; and yet valid evidence remains of the early institution of the Sabbath to justify our belief. The solemn words incorporated in the law itself remain; and the other proofs we have adduced, and shall yet adduce, remain. So that the *whole* foundation does *not* lie in that verse which he imagines to have now dismissed to limbo. We grant, however, that if he had exploded or even weakened the authenticity of the history in Genesis, he would have despoiled us of the one argument we have been exhibiting, and which he manifestly felt to have irresistible force, namely, the simple statement of Moses, that immediately after the creation of man *God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it*. Let the whole narrative be swept away, and this statement goes with it; but if the narrative stands, no sophistry can evade its simple meaning.

We have therefore examined the grounds upon which Mr. Powell has attempted to bring science into collision with Scripture, and has pronounced the "inevitable rejection of the Mosaic narrative to be a marked feature in the theological and spiritual advance of the present day." We have exposed their puerility, eccentricity, and glaring fallacies; which gross defects and blemishes are aggravated by the most offensive dogmatism. Time will not serve us to pursue Mr. Powell through the novel views which he has thrown out concerning the relation of the Old Testament to the New. In fact, they betray such a childlike unconsciousness of the difficulties connected with this important subject, and hence are incrustated with such masses of inconsistency, that to state them is to do far more than refute them, with those who are competent to form an opinion on the subject. The mere *dictum* "that Gentile Christianity stands on its own ground, entirely independent of the obligations of the Old Testament dispensation," has miraculous virtue with him. It enables him to look upon the discrepancies, deceptions, etc., of the Old Testament without concern, because they do not affect the New Testament, which he affirms to be free from such vices. Yet the sanction of Jesus is given to the Books of Moses as divinely inspired, and the roots of New Testament doctrines are closely inwound

with Hebrew conceptions and usages ; so that it is impossible to sever the two books, without destroying the life, authority, and meaning, of both. When, however, he describes the history in Genesis as intended "to convey the truth of the creation of all things by the Divine Will and Power; and that in the particular form and mode of expressing that truth there was entire adaptation to the existing state of knowledge, belief, and prejudice among the Jews;" he, unwittingly we trust, blasphemes the Divine name. He has just affirmed the manifest tenor of the narrative to be palpable falsehood, introduced with a deceitful purpose, namely, "with express reference to the institution of the Sabbath among the Israelites; to enforce which is the obvious drift and intention of the whole representation." In his estimation it is untrue and perniciously delusive. We ask, then, Who fabricated it, and applied it in adaptation to the present condition of the people of Israel? Was it Moses or God? Not the former; for Mr. Powell immediately says: "In such adaptation we have merely an instance of that system of which the whole of the Old Testament is but a continued exemplification." As part of a system, it must therefore have been contrived by the Designer of the whole. The process required in such adaptation was too nice and difficult for any human mind, and must be relegated to God. Moses is accordingly acquitted of being a crazed enthusiast, whose dreams could have no such adaptation in them; or of being a shrewd legislator, who framed his history solely to uphold his law. But has he considered the charges which are thus brought against God, who, to impress *one* truth upon the minds of His people, must invent a fiction which is a falsehood, and impose it on their credulity? Shall we apply to God the Jesuitical doctrine of intention, on the grounds which Sanchez lays down? Sanchez says: "*L'intention règle la qualité de l'action; et cela est fort commode en beaucoup de rencontres, et est toujours très-juste quand cela est nécessaire ou utile pour la santé, l'honneur, ou le bien.*"\* The divine who can ascribe to God any part in such a mode of dealing with His creatures concerning the most solemn and important fact of creation, not leaving them in ignorance, or giving them an

adaptation of the truth concerning it, suited to their capacities, but communicating, in the style of actual history, a series of pretended facts which are grossly fabulous; yet doing all this in order to impress the great truth that He is the Maker of the universe and their God—will be thought ready to credit any enormity in theology, morals, or science. He doubtless considers the teaching of Molinos to be the truest exposition of Divine law, if not the product of Divine inspiration. Moses, who, as the mouthpiece of God, spoke to the people of Israel, and wrote his history simply and believingly for them, represents the character of God in far different terms. He exhorts the Israelites in the following words: "*Ascribe ye praise unto our God. He is the Rock, His way is perfect; for all His ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He.*" (Deut. 32 : 4.)

We consider the language of Genesis to assert unequivocally that, at the time of which the historian is writing—in the beginning of human history—God instituted the Sabbath; and must, despite of Mr. Powell, still be allowed to believe according to the old-fashioned way, that this language is inspired and infallible. This conclusion is yet further established by the reasonableness and antecedent likelihood of its institution immediately on the creation of man, if we consider its design, either as a day for the commemoration of God's glory, manifest in His finished creation, or as a day for physical repose and spiritual meditation. These objects were as appropriate and as needful for the first generation of men as for the Hebrew family and for us. Even when man was unfallen, the supposition that he enjoyed the pleasure of rest, as a change from the pleasure of exercise, and consecrated set times for the exclusive occupation of his mind with spiritual objects, accords with such conceptions of his sinless nature and habits as we are now able to form. The conclusion is yet further established by the words of Jesus, in which the Lord of the Sabbath Himself informs us that it was made for man. That Sabbath which the Jews esteemed, like their other privileges, to be solely their own, was declared to be for the good of mankind universally; adapted to the constitution of their minds, and the exigencies of their life; the safeguard and stay of their physical

\* Pascal, Lettres, 9<sup>e</sup> lettre, p. 129.



and spiritual well-being. And, lastly, the references which are first made to the Sabbath in the sixteenth chapter of Exodus, and the remarkable style in which its sanctity is announced shortly afterward by God Himself, in the giving of the law, prove most decisively that it was not a new institution, but had been dimly remembered among the children of Abraham; though in practice it may have become obsolete during their long degrading bondage. These latter considerations can not be overstated; and no one who has attempted to answer them seems to us to have estimated the mass of probability which they present, and which is rendered more powerful from the fact that no counterbalancing evidence of any sort is urged against it. We do not, however, enlarge upon them, but close this essential division of our argument by presenting a great principle which we have only space to announce—a principle which is involved in our conceptions of the method of Divine revelation, and bears directly upon this, as upon many other cognate subjects.

The Jewish economy: was it intended to present new and increased revelations of the nature and will of God, or was it intended to preserve such revelations as had been already given, but seemed likely to be lost amid the rapid degeneracy of man? We are aware that the former has been the received opinion; but we submit that it has proved a pernicious theological error, perverting alike our notions of human history and God's providence. If this were so, the earliest men were the most benighted, and least acquainted with God—a supposition which the Bible plainly refutes. If this were so, then men grew in their fitness to appreciate spiritual knowledge. Even the Israelites in their serfdom had advanced so as to comprehend, and therefore to receive, spiritual truths, which their father Abraham was not worthy to know. History, on the contrary, shows, and St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans confirms its evidence, that men by sin became unfit for spiritual knowledge; and that the simplest spiritual conceptions gradually faded from their minds. We unhesitatingly avow our belief, that the Jewish economy was designed to *retain* in the world such moral and spiritual truth, and such social and religious institutions, (*e. g.*, marriage and the Sabbath,) as God had originally

established among men, and which were therefore universal in their authority and application. All those truths and ordinances, though the welfare of men, individually and socially, depend on them, had been neglected and forgotten, till scarce a vestige of them remained. God then selected a nation, and separated them as a *royal priesthood* and *peculiar people*, to perpetuate and preserve what would otherwise have quite disappeared from the earth, till the fullness of time, when the Spirit should again exalt these truths and ordinances in their world-wide supremacy. We thus see a perfect identity and unbroken continuity in the revelation which God has made of Himself and His purposes to mankind; a feature which harmonizes with the unchangeable character of God, and the unvarying necessities of the human soul.

The arrangements made by God to keep the people in strict isolation from all other nations, and to guard the Divine knowledge of which they were the depository from all infectious deterioration, exhibit the infinite wisdom of their Contriver, and afford a subject of profoundest interest to the student of human nature. These arrangements constitute the only additions that were made in the Jewish economy; and their meaning is only rightly interpreted when we regard them in their adaptation to the sole objects for which they were designed, viz., the conservation and impregnable security of Divine truth and ordinances. For this purpose God became King of the people. Those precepts which were formerly disseminated as spiritual instruction, whose authority commended itself to the conscience alone, became now the law of the nation, were uttered in brief formularistic style, enforced by legal sanctions, limited by precise definitions, upheld by minute protective enactments, and mixed up with the domestic habits and great political institutions of the people. The very nature of these arrangements, though effectual for their precise object, tended, however, rather to narrow and obscure than to set forth the spiritual meaning of the Divine law. Its formal recognition and unimpaired integrity were secured; but how often had the Prophets to unfold the spiritual truth which was forgotten in blind adherence to the ceremonies which symbolized it, or the formal services which inclosed and preserved it like a shrine!

Hence Judaism must perish. The truths and institutions which it handed down through many ages, the only memorial of the early time, when God walked with men, were saved. The law had been written in stone, and in habits which are harder and more imperishable than stone; but now, what had been thus carefully preserved, is liberated for universal empire in the consciences of men. The Divine power of the Spirit—whose dispensation has been introduced—now secures its authority and everlasting integrity by a mightier spell than the force of habit or of legal enactments.

Thus regarding the Jewish economy as an intermediary and conservative institution, it will be found that the great doctrines and commandments, which the ceremonial rubric, and the entire civil and judicial code laid down by Moses, were designed to shelter from destruction, as the links of mail defend the body from danger, are all embodied in the Decalogue; and the very mode in which the Decalogue was first proclaimed, is sufficient of itself to demonstrate that it comprised only the great religious and moral, personal and social laws which were already known to have Divine authority. How could the words be understood in their simple utterance without an explanation, unless the moral conception they expressed were familiar to the mind? That the Decalogue was the treasure which they were especially bound to transmit pure and uncorrupted to future ages, its repetition, its indelible impression on the stones, its place under the mercy-seat, and its setting in a wide system of interwoven subordinate laws, abundantly prove. Other collateral evidences may easily be supplied to support these statements; but we content ourselves with giving below the opinion of an eminent religious philosopher, who has recently investigated this question with great perspicuity.\*

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\* "The Decalogue, therefore, must be carefully distinguished from the Mosaic law. The Mosaic dispensation was a dispensation of mercy, of anticipate atonement, of foreshadows, of offerings, sacrifices, purifications, types, and symbols, all having reference to a future manifestation of Christ. The moral law remained imperative, and the Decalogue was the moral rule of life, the infringement of which constituted sin, in contradistinction to the breach of the ceremonial law which constituted uncleanness; and as uncleanness was to be washed away by ceremonial purification, so was sin to be forgiven through faith in that promised Redeemer, who was to fulfill

But we shall suppose that these statements are admitted. We are anxious to show wherein consisted the Jewish elements which embalmed and inwound that law, and which in the Gospel have been completely abolished. If, as all other evidences combine to prove, and as this one view of the Jewish system necessitates us to admit, a seventh day for rest and worship was a primeval institution, the Fourth Commandment acknowledges and ratifies it with distinctest assurance, as being of Divine authority, and to be venerated accordingly by the Jewish people. The sacredness of the seventh day had been obliterated, because the knowledge and fear of God were lost among the nations; and, as a necessary consequence, its value and necessity as a day of rest were ignored, and its first origin was forgotten. Yet the habit of calculating time by weeks, which the recurrence of the Sabbath naturally produced, remained. Abraham and his family, however, were kept in remembrance of the original covenants of God, elsewhere forgotten. And when they were formed into a nation, the Sabbath became a national institution. So far as its observances could come under legal jurisdiction, it was now rigidly enforced. All were to keep it holy; but whosoever did work therein should be put to death. As a law of the land, its limitations, and the very significations of its terms, were exactly defined, so that it became a forbidden act to kindle a fire, because that came within the technical limitations of the legal statute. The Sabbath being thus made a prominent part of an external law, and its authority being carried into the daily domestic life of the people, as well as their public life, till all their habits, personal and political, were molded upon it, it could never henceforth be spirited or torn away from the Jewish people.

But the national polity has now served its purposes, and has vanished away. The minute limitations which circumscribed the spiritual intention of the Commandments, and adapted them for civil and judicial statutes, together with the penalties attached to them, have likewise been destroyed; and the law of the Sabbath, in so far as it forms part of Christianity, resumes its simple spiritual authority, com-

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*the law, and to offer Himself a sacrifice for sin."*—*Logic of Christian Faith, by P. E. Dove.*



mending itself only to the consciences of men. A fuller illustration of our meaning is found in the law of marriage, when we compare the Fifth and Seventh Commandments with the numerous statutes which belong only to the Mosaic economy, and were intended to particularize and enforce these *two* great moral precepts, so far as legislative enactments could do so. These Jewish laws have been abolished, for Christianity is a spiritual power; but the universal laws of the Decalogue remain. This view of the Jewish economy we must consider of supreme importance, and it sweeps away at one brush a mass of bungling misrepresentations which have perplexed this controversy. It brings into clear light the unity of revelation, and the vital connection between the Old and New Testaments, and prepares us now to deal briefly with the remaining questions we have to discuss.

II. We have next to consider *the place which the Sabbath held in the Mosaic law*. The Sabbath is the subject of the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue; pronounced by God Himself without any Mediator, written by His finger on the tables of stone, and repeated by Him again to Moses when these tables were renewed. The law concerning it, in so far as it belongs to the Decalogue, is thus distinguished from the mass of subsidiary laws which are found in the books of Moses. The Decalogue was a summary of God's moral law, and was given to be the practical rule of life to the Jewish people. With this view it was proclaimed at first, and exhibited for long years afterward to the people of Israel, in such a manner as to be indelibly imprinted on their minds. It is also remarkable that the law concerning the Sabbath is more frequently and more impressively urged on the people than any other; so that, in reading the books of Moses and the Prophets, we can not escape the conviction that God deemed the observance of the Sabbath to be most intimately connected with their spiritual and temporal welfare. The position it holds in the Decalogue, lying between the Commandments which specify our duty to God, and those which specify our duty to man, leads to the same conclusion. Our purpose, however, under this head, is to consider the distinction commonly made between positive and moral precepts, which is supposed to

put the Sabbath on a different footing from the other Commandments of the Decalogue. It is pronounced to be a ceremonial ordinance; "for, the Decalogue being the Jewish charter, it must have contained the principle of the ceremonial ordinances, as well as that of the moral precepts."\* Dr. Whately says: "The Fourth Commandment is evidently not a moral, but a positive precept. The dogma of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, (in their Confession of Faith,) that the observance of the Sabbath is part of the moral law, is to me utterly unintelligible." We would quote also some passages from Mr. Powell, who has rather impatiently asserted this distinction; but his meaning and sentences are so confused, that to quote any paragraph would mystify our present discussion. The consequence abruptly drawn from this distinction between moral and positive precepts is, that the Sabbath can not form part of the Christian system, which is purely spiritual, and is based only on natural principles of morality; or, in the words of Dr. Whately, "instead of precise rules, furnishes sublime principles of conduct." There is a number of interesting speculative questions, reaching far down to the foundation of ethics and of scriptural authority, involved in these opinions, which have recently become exceedingly popular. We have not time to deal with them in detail; but we must briefly present our reasons for denouncing them as unphilosophical and unscriptural, ere we can hope to place the authority of the Sabbath on a sound basis.

We demur, then, to the consequence which is drawn from the supposed distinction, even if it were correct; not only because it has no logical connection with its premises, but because it indicates a fallacious view of Christianity, *per se*, and of its relation to Judaism. The entire law, whether it be positive or moral, is spiritual according to Paul; (Rom. 7:12-14;) and therefore it may be incorporated in Christianity, which is a spiritual system; so that the minor premise of the argument is wanting, or, rather, is the very contrary of the truth. Again, Christianity lays down a positive law of morals which is not founded "on a totally distinct basis from that of the Mosaic law," whether on principles of natural morality

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\* L. V. Mellet.

or any other; but which rests its authority, precisely as the Mosaic law did, on the personal authority of the lawgiver.

And, finally, this law of Christianity contains statutes as positive as that concerning the Sabbath: so that the Fourth Commandment can not be excluded from the Christian system on these *à priori*, and, to us, "unintelligible," grounds.

But our main inquiry now is to examine into this distinction between moral and positive precepts, which degrades the Fourth Commandment from its apparent equality with the other commandments of the Decalogue to a level with the ceremonial statutes which regulated the modes of Jewish worship.

To make the meaning of the quotations we have given above, and of our answers, as clear as possible, we must try to attach tolerably exact conceptions to the words *moral* and *positive*, which have originated the controversy. We first quote a description of their respective meanings from Dr. Whately, and then a definition of them from Bishop Horsley.

"The distinction between moral (*i.e.*, natural) precepts and positive precepts is too well established and too convenient to be lightly departed from. It is, indeed, morally right to obey the just commands of a lawful superior, even in matters originally indifferent; but still we should distinguish these from things not originally indifferent. A Jew was bound, for instance, both to honor his parents, and also to worship at Jerusalem; but the former was *commanded because it was right*; and the latter was right *because it was commanded*."—*Whately's Essays*, Fourth Edition, p. 208.

"Under the name of positive institutions we comprehend all those impositions and restraints which, not being suggested to any man by his conscience, and having no necessary and natural connection with the dictates of that internal monitor, seem to have no importance but what they derive from the will of a superior who prescribes them."—*Horsley's Sermons*.

We present the following four considerations, which have been overlooked even by such a candid thinker as Dr. Whately, and which we respectfully commend to the consideration of his more reckless followers.

1. This distinction between moral and positive precepts is one that finds no place in the Bible. In the Old Testament, we recognize a broad line of demarkation separating the Decalogue from all the other ceremonial and civil statutes that

compose the Mosaic code. But no Jew, on reading the Ten Commandments, would ever dream of dividing and classifying *them* into two species, as being intrinsically different, or resting their authority on specifically different grounds. For purposes of philosophy, the distinction may be valuable, but the Bible does not acknowledge it; and whether true or not, here are the Ten Commandments, pronounced with the same solemnity, begirt with the same authority, claiming precisely the same obedience. No elective fancy or philosophy of man can be allowed to mutilate or diminish what God, for some great purpose, has combined in such mysterious perfection. It is another matter, if we say that the entire Mosaic law has been repealed in the New Testament, and another law substituted. But let it be understood, that in the Decalogue the law of the Sabbath has the same worth as the other nine; though it may suit our philosophy to say it is a positive precept, while the others are moral.

2. The distinction referred to may be well established in Dr. Whately's estimation, but nevertheless is open to grave suspicions. If only natural precepts are moral, *i.e.*, only those which are at once approved by our natural conscience, then Dr. Whately will have to shift some other of the nine precepts of the Decalogue into the same class as the Fourth. In fact, while we uphold with Dr. Whately the theory of a natural conscience, he has forgotten the strange aberrations and contradictions of the moral sense, which history or daily life may teach him. The Eighth Commandment would be purely positive to the Spartan, who gloried in the dexterity of his theft. To him the law would only be right because it was commanded. So to the idolatrous Jews the Second Commandment, which he considers moral, would be a positive precept, and would be obeyed under the constraint of the Divine sanction, and not from its inherent rectitude, which they must be *educated* to perceive. So we consider a Christian is bound to obey the laws of his Divine Master, even if there be some whose purpose or justness he cannot comprehend, obeying them as positive precepts, till they shall be revealed as moral. In fact, it is starting at the wrong end to imagine that God ever gives His commands with reference to the natural principles of mo-

ality as acknowledged among men, or allows their authority to rest upon such a treacherous foundation. Our moral nature has been derived from his own, but it has been vitiated and distorted by sin. Our moral principles, therefore, are often erroneous; and in order that they be corrected, there must be the application of a positive invariable law, which is not conformed to our notions, for the simple reason that they are wrong, while it is right. God's law has reference to the natural principles of morality, as they are found in their only incorrupt source—His own moral nature—and not as they are exhibited in the depraved nature of man. Considering the purpose of Revelation to be the enlightenment of conscience, it is rather amusing to call only those precepts moral with which it is already agreed; as though the others were less righteous which had not its unenlightened sanction.

3. We conceive that Dr. Whately gives a very erroneous and derogatory view of God's revelation, when he speaks of some things in it as originally indifferent, or which are right only because they are commanded. There is no precept in the whole Bible but is right in itself, absolutely necessary, corresponding with the fitness of things, and as truly *moral* as any other. Our statement is as sweeping as we can make it, to show our abhorrence and condemnation of the opinions we are prepared to confute. We do not say that the adaptation, necessity, and rectitude of all God's precepts are equally manifest in every instance; but, believing in the perfect holiness of God, we know they must have these moral qualities. God is not a capricious ruler, whose laws are aimless, fantastic, and worthless. They are all stamped with the marks of Infinite Wisdom, and are the exponents of an eternal inflexible plan. Concerning every one of them we may say, that they are commanded *because* they are right, and are not *right* because they are commanded. The will of God is the foundation of morality, only because His will is the expression of His perfect character. Thus morality is invariable, essential, and eternal. The foundation of morality is found in the "moral nature" of God, the elements of which are mysteriously imparted to our spirits; for we are made in His image. Hence the will of God commands only what is intrinsically right, because it is swayed by the eternal principles of morality which

subsist in the Divine Nature. Hence morality is tested by the "fitness of things;" for all of them are ordered and sustained by Him who only doeth righteously. We are capable of recognizing and practicing morality, because God has communicated His moral nature to us, according to the philosophical maxim, which is happily expressed by Sir William Hamilton, that it is only through the "analogy of the human with the Divine Nature that we are *percipient* and *recipient* of Divinity."

To take the example which Dr. Whately has employed to illustrate his views: the law that commanded the Jew to worship at Jerusalem, was as *moral* as that which commanded him to honor his parents. It was not a whim which dictated the former law any more than the latter. There was a wise purpose of God, which had reference to the interests of humanity and the fitness of things in the former, as well as the latter. The conscience immediately adopts and sanctions the *latter* as right, according to the innate principles of moral judgment derived from our Creator, (*The inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding*), because we see its necessary connection with the constitution and welfare of society. Now we may not be able to comprehend the reasons which render the former law as necessary to the design of God for the happiness of mankind; and yet they do exist, and consecrate man's obedience to that law as a moral action. Sympathetic union among Israelites, their isolation from other nations, their tenacious adherence to the spiritual doctrine and worship of their forefathers, their public recognition of Jehovah, the only God, and the offering continually of sacrifice, were objects as essential for the good of mankind as the simple duty of filial obedience. And if a Jew was able to apprehend these great moral ends, his conscience would approve and dictate his visits to Jerusalem as certainly as it sanctioned his veneration toward his parents. The absolute *test*, though not the foundation of morality, lies in the "fitness of things;" and, tried by that test, every part of the ceremonial law was a moral, and not a positive institution. It was all enjoined because it was right; and when the purposes which it was appointed to answer were completed, when, in fact, it ceased to be *fit and necessary*, then it ceased to be *right*, and God commanded it to cease



—just as in heaven the Fifth Commandment will no longer be enforced, though surely *it* is moral.

4. The only philosophical distinction which can be made between the Divine Commandments consists in the greater or less directness and apparency of the moral reasons which evidence their fitness to our conscience, and their universal or limited application. We are content to accept the terms “moral” and “positive” as denoting two classes, which are thus respectively marked or differentiated; also to apply the term “positive” to the ceremonial and judicial ordinances of Judaism, as contrasted in these respects with the moral law. Now the question arises: Is the Sabbath on either of these grounds a positive institution? and does this name separate the Fourth Commandment from the others, and infuse into it, as it were, a different nature? We trow not. It is found in the very midst of commandments which are confessed by all parties to be purely moral. The arrangement and proper expenditure of our time is a moral duty of the highest moment; as essential as the watching of our lips, that they do not blaspheme; or the watching of our hands, that they do not steal. If time be required to bring the facts of the unseen world closely and vividly before the mind, and to cultivate, by meditation and prayer, spiritual affections within the soul, or if time be required for social worship to our Father in heaven, then the express injunction that such time be devoted by all men to these supreme and sacred offices can not be termed a positive precept. It is essentially a moral precept, obedience to which is proved to be the very groundwork of all earnest endeavors after a spiritual life.

And now we are at the very core of our controversy, in the very center of the *champ de bataille*. If our lance splinter not in the charge, it must ring fatally against the prelate's shield. The great objection offered to the moral nature of this law is, that God has specified the particular time, its length, and the order of its recurrence, for such religious duties and physical rest. Vaguely to enjoin these duties themselves would be a moral precept; but though they manifestly require time, to appoint a certain definite time for their exercise was a positive enactment. We deny it according to any sense of the word “positive” that we can discover;

but, if others retain the word, it matters not. The appointment of a fixed time for such services was as right and necessary, and therefore as *moral*, as the mere injunction of the services themselves. The great fallacy of all the reasoning on this subject lies in imagining that it is derogatory to God and to man, and that it is inconsistent with a spiritual religion, that there should be any definite commandments affecting the external life of man, and dealing directly with the character of his words and deeds, his relationships to his fellow-men, or the employment of his time. This is the meaning of such language as we have quoted from Dr. Whately: “Instead of precise rules, Christianity furnishes sublime principles of conduct;” or again, “Our Lord and His Apostles laid down no set of rules for the conduct of a Christian; they laid down Christian principles; they sought to implant Christian dispositions.” But other writers, less cautious than Dr. Whately, proclaim the *vital difference* between Christianity and Judaism to be, that the former lays no restraint on the outer life, but so informs the spirit that its natural expressions will always be right. Now we believe that it does the latter; but we also believe that, like Judaism, it has an external standard by which the outer life may be tried, so that it may be known whether these manifestations are right or no.

For example, Christ not only has commanded us to cherish reverent and trustful feelings toward God, but He has commanded us not to swear, and has even specified particular oaths which no Christian is to utter. He has commanded us not to cherish malice or wrath against our brother; but He did not abrogate that old law, *Thou shalt not kill*, when He so explained it.

It is quite true that He did not apply His principles to all the details of human life, and so has wisely given occasion for the independent but responsible submission of our conduct to the general principles which He enforced; but it is equally true that there are several institutions which can in no wise be named principles or dispositions of the soul, but positive, rigorous, defined ordinances, which are so indispensable to the existence of society, and the moral welfare of mankind, that God, we believe, established them in the beginning, and has incorporated them in every revelation which He has given, both

in Judaism and Christianity. We were careful to speak both of truths and institutions as handed down to us from the *first spiritual* civilization of the earth through Judaism to Christendom. And now we illustrate our meaning. The Seventh Commandment of the Decalogue, and also the Fifth, imply the Divine origin of the institution of marriage; the Sixth, of the institution of property. Now these three Commandments are still continued in the Christian system, and no one has disputed their claim as not being moral; but we are prepared to place these three institutions together—the institution of marriage, of property, and of the Sabbath—and to prove that they stand on precisely the same ground in the Decalogue. No revelation gives the *fact* of Divine institution, save in the case of the Sabbath; but assuming this in the one Commandment, we are told to honor the Sabbath; in the other, to honor property; and the other, to honor marriage.

The fact is, that all commandments and all dispositions, even the sublimest principles of conduct, must have regard to certain fixed relationships or arrangements in a man's outer life and social connections. If God speaks to man at all, it must be in reference to the necessary conditions of human life; and such we find to be the actual fact. We have often thought that the word "moral," though without such a definition being given to it, was exclusively applied by writers of Dr. Whately's school to precepts enjoining spiritual affections, in contradistinction from those which forbade or enjoined any specific action; and, if so, the Fourth Commandment must be included among the moral precepts; for it commands a certain affection of the mind toward the Sabbath day; while the Commandments, *Do not steal*, and *Do not commit adultery*, are positive precepts, because they forbid particular actions. It may be replied, that the institutions of marriage and of property are moral, because they commend themselves immediately to the conscience; but this is notoriously incorrect. When men have been educated under these institutions to learn their advantages and the dependence of social happiness upon them, their consciences do readily accept them as just and necessary, and so in accordance with the law of God; but the lives of savages, and the writings of pseudo-philosophers, will show that the uneducated conscience

has no such perception of their moral incumbency. In like manner, the uneducated conscience has no apprehension of the necessity of a holy Sabbath; but not thence can it be shown to have worth merely because of its Author's command.

The conscience becomes enlightened to prize its privileges, and to discern its absolute necessity for spiritual and bodily health, under the circumstances of our present life. The truth is simply this, that while there are a few precepts for compendious import, which regulate our affections toward God and our fellow-men, the rectitude of which is soon discovered by the conscience, especially if we strive to realize them; so there are a few institutions of paramount importance to man in his individual and social relations, which commend themselves to the enlightened conscience, but which God has promulgated with all the dread sanction of His name, and surrounded with all the terrors of His law, in order that they may be always honored by men, on a ground apart altogether from the variable moral judgments which they may form concerning them. Thus God encircles and shelters with His authority those ordinances, whether of the inner or outer life, which are the safeguards of men's holiness and peace. We must protest against the language of Dr. Whately, where he observes, "Now it is plain that the observance of one day in seven, rather than one in six, or one in eight or ten, must be, independently of any positive ordinance, a matter of indifference." We are astounded to think of these words coming from our great logician. How dare he say that any thing God has done is in itself a matter of indifference? In the first place, he knows not the many reasons which God may know for choosing one day in seven. To say there are none, is sheer blasphemy. To affirm that there are and must be such, is sober and consistent theology. And, in the second place, any laborer may inform him that there is a mighty difference between a tenth-day and a seventh-day Sabbath. How much more a Christian man, who is cumbered with many cares, and who longs for the returning Sabbath, in which to sit at his Master's feet and have rest! In this, as in the other reasoning of Dr. Whately on this subject, we may now venture to say, there is a superficiality, a want of patient and thorough induction in laying down his



premises, which we exceedingly deplore, since his name gives extrinsic merit to every opinion he pronounces, however *indifferent* it may be in itself. For it holds not true of this learned prelate, as it must do of the Divine Being, that external authority guarantees, moreover, a profound moral fitness.

On every ground, therefore, we have disproved the distinction which is now cunningly inserted between the Fourth and the other Commandments of the Decalogue; for all of them wear the same complexion, and rest upon the same inviolable basis. The Fourth Commandment is indeed entitled to the central place which it holds in the moral law; for it clasps within its embrace the duties we owe to God, to ourselves, and to our fellow-men.

The spirit of the First and of the Second great Commandments rest above it, as the cherubim above the mercy-seat, bearing up the shekinah of the Lord. The seventh day is the *Lord's* day, which He has allowed and blessed for *man*. In observing it, we renew and realize the angelic song, *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men*.

III. We pass to the next stage of this inquiry. *Does the fulfillment of the Mosaic law confirm or abrogate the Sabbath?* The answer to this question will not detain us long.

We have proved the pre-Mosaic existence of the Sabbath; we have also proved the unity of the Decalogue, and maintained the doctrine of Paul, who says, *We know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin*. It can be allowed to no one to dismember the moral law of Moses; so that whatever arguments go to invalidate its authority in the Christian economy, affect every single Commandment which it contains. It is well known that the specific title, "the law," is applied in the New Testament in two significations; namely, either to the entire Mosaic code, including judicial, ceremonial, and civil statutes; or to the moral law, which was always distinguished from the system in which it is enshrined. Now the question we have propounded resolves itself into the following: Has the moral law been disowned or abolished by Jesus Christ, or is it still the law of His Church? We have prepared the way for our answer by our remarks on

the method of Divine revelation, in which we asserted our belief that the Decalogue was the great summary of moral precept, displaying the character of God, and showing the way of life to man, which the whole Jewish economy was framed to preserve. The very mode of its preservation involved its limitation and partial obscuration, since its wide spiritual laws were contracted to the possibilities of legal jurisdiction; and attention was of necessity directed more to the external actions to which these laws applied, than to the spirit they were intended to foster. Jesus Christ took away that external structure which darkened and confined these spiritual and indestructible laws of morality, and disclosed before the world the brightness and majesty of their spiritual meaning. The national polity, all legislative enactments, all Jewish tradition, were broken down; and these Ten Commandments, clothed in their spiritual light and Divine authority, were presented for the voluntary homage of mankind. We now briefly adduce the leading proofs that "the law" was not abrogated, but established in the plenitude of spiritual power, by Christ.

The teaching of St. Paul is most explicit on the point: (1.) In those passages where he shows that "the law"—meaning the moral law—contains the principles universally and perpetually obligatory of moral rectitude, from the fact that Gentile nations were led by nature to do many of the things contained in the law, their consciences bearing witness. (2.) In those passages where He explains the purposes of the law in relation to salvation through Christ, inasmuch as it sets clearly and inevitably before the mind duties which have been violated; so that it is impossible to evade the conviction of sin, as would easily be done if there were not that unchangeable standard of law, to expose the sophistry and wickedness of all attempts at such evasion. Let it be remembered, that the expression, "the law," as it occurs in the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians, means the moral law; and those Epistles will become mere jargon on the supposition that Christianity has abolished that law. He is writing to Gentiles as well as to Jews; and to them he says: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified: The law entered that the offense might abound: The law was the school-master

to bring us to Christ: for the Scripture, by the law, concludes us under sin: that is, works the conviction of sin in us, and reveals the condemnation which we have incurred, in order to bring us in penitence and with earnest crying to Jesus Christ for mercy." As Calvin has expressed it, "Men, indeed, before the law, were shipwrecked, but yet, buoyed up on some spar or cord, they fancied their journey was prosperous even amid their destruction; but by the law they were plunged under the surface of the abyss, in order that the deliverance wrought by Christ might be more manifest and glorious." Now we all needed to have this conviction of the reality, enormity, and condemnation of sin awakened in us, ere we were willing to accept a free acquittal from our guilt, and to receive the Divine Spirit to regenerate our depraved nature. And the Apostle says, "the law"—not a new law, but "the law"—has been given, and remains, to lead us to Christ, by exposing our iniquity and helplessness. (3.) In those passages where he proclaims the perfectness of "the law," and declares that the Gospel has come to enable us to fulfill its holy commandments. We can not comprehend the conclusion which Dr. Whately has drawn from Romans 7 : 6, which asserts the very opposite of his inference. "Now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held;" or, rather, "being dead while we were held in it." This refers to the bondage which a spiritual law was felt to be, while there was no life in the soul. From such bondage we are now freed, not by the abrogation of the law, but by the inspiration of a new life, which has converted that law, once felt to be the law of sin and death, into the law of the Spirit of life; so that (the very next words of the verse) *we*, or "in order that *we*," "should serve it in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter."

Dr. Whately says, this verse "seems to imply the entire abolition of the moral law by the establishment of the Gospel;" and yet it assures us that we are to "serve it in newness of life." The true relation of the law to Christ is presented to us in Romans 8 : 3, 4, which condenses, in brief and striking language, the entire teaching of Paul on the liberty of the new life. "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak (not in itself) through the flesh, God sending His own Son, in the

likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned (not the Law, but) sin in the flesh: in order that the righteousness of THE LAW might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." So Christ not only magnified the law Himself, and made it honorable, but by the Holy Spirit He enables us to do the same.

But the most prominent and decisive evidence on the point occurs in the Sermon on the Mount, which is intended to be a complete exposition of the spirit and method of Gospel morality. After a few sublime and soul-quickenings words, the Divine Teacher dissipates all doubt upon the question we are now discussing. His words deserve minutest study. The first sentence assures us that His economy would be the *completion* of whatever was contained in the law or the Prophets; that is, in the Old-Testament economy: for the words, "the law and the Prophets," usually denote all the Old-Testament writings. Then His mind passes to the moral law, which is the kernel and substance, as it were, of that economy; and He says, "For verily I say unto you, till heaven or earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall not pass from the law, till all things shall have been." (*ἕως ἄν πάντα γένηται*, a phrase which is equivalent to the former, till heaven and earth shall pass.) "Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." It is manifest to the reader that Christ here refers to the commandments of the moral law, both from the word employed, *ἐντολῶν*, commonly used in speaking of them, (see Matt. 19 : 17; 22 : 36; Rom. 7 : 8 and 1 Cor. 7 : 19,) and from His immediately proceeding to illustrate His meaning from certain of its precepts, showing their spirituality, comprehensiveness, and perfection. How, then, can a moral law be fulfilled by being abrogated? Types are fulfilled in the facts they prefigure; prophecies are ended in their realization. The national polity and ceremonial worship were destroyed when their object was accomplished, and the fullness of the spirit descended upon Christ and His Church. But how can this law be fulfilled, save as Christ has actually fulfilled it, by reveal-

ing it in its transcendent spiritual completeness, making it by the law of the Spirit of life; and the unspeakable honor He has conferred on it, in that "He was made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law?" Never would the Lord have thus set about a prolonged exposition of a law which He purposed to repeal. The spirituality of the law had been obscured by the Jewish people. Before, therefore, He set it up as the universal law of the Church, He purged it of the grosser elements that were mingled with it. He tore away the false carnal interpretations that had dimmed its meaning, and so revealed it as the entire will of God, holy, just, and good. It is also worthy of remembrance, that He lived in obedience to that law; that the perfection of human character which we worship in Him was formed under its influences; that He repeatedly gave as the epitome of His own moral teaching those two great laws which are expanded into the Ten Commandments; that He suffered under the penalty of the law; and that in all things He "magnified the law and made it honorable." Such is the accumulative evidence which leads us to our assured belief that the Decalogue of Moses is still the moral law, binding upon the consciences of men universally. Christ has not abolished it, but has exalted it to this supremacy. If so, then the Fourth Commandment yet remains as valid as when pronounced on Sinai. We may not put asunder what God has joined together; and if Christ and His Apostles teach us that the "law," meaning the moral law, remains in force, we dare not repudiate one of its most prominent precepts as *exceptional*, while we accept the rest.

We have now tracked the history of the Sabbath. It was the "couch of Time, care's balm and bay," for the earliest families who sojourned on earth in the dewy brightness of the world's dawn, when the sound of God's voice, and the glory of his awful presence, were still remembered among men. It was saved from the wreck of the deluge of black Heathenism which overspread the earth, in the ark which God commanded Moses to make. The law which embodied this and other hallowed laws and institutions of that early time, was not thus preserved in order to be exterminated at the coming of Christ; but was sent forth by Him, in the conquering might of His Spirit, to

bless the world. And hence we argue the law of the Sabbath yet remains. The incrustations of Judaism fall away like the outer scales which protect the folded leaf-bud; but now these *leaves* are unfolded, they are for ever undecaying, till the dispensation of time has ended. *Not one jot or tittle of them shall pass away, till all things shall have been.* Whatever statutes, therefore, were enacted with legal penalties attached, or whatever traditional usages Pharisaism had superadded to the original command, are now abolished. It is the Fourth Commandment, as spoken by God from Sinai, amid thunders, *blackness, darkness, and tempest*, as distinct and aloof from all future minute and specific enactments, which remains as His *immutable* law to man, and which is as spiritual as any Commandment in the Decalogue.

IV. Let us now note the facts which may be gathered from the history of the Church, especially at its formation, that we may learn whether the Fourth Commandment was in any way enjoined upon them, or observed by them, as the other Commandments were; though let it be remembered, these Commandments are seldom repeated in precisely the same form, but their *import* is expressed in other ways, as if to lead us to cherish the spiritual intentions of the law rather than to heed its precise words, to *serve it in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.*

1. Christ Himself, the Lord of the Sabbath, distinctly says, that the Sabbath was made for man; while in conformity with the principles He laid down in His sermon on the Mount, He discarded the foolish supererogatory duties with which tradition had overlaid the Divine law: and in the fact of proclaiming its worldwide authority, unshackled it from all civil penalties in so far as it was the law of His kingdom; *for His kingdom is not of this world.*

2. We find that one day in the week, a seventh day, was distinguished in the Church as a day of preëminent sacredness, in which the members devoted themselves especially to spiritual exercises, and consequently, so far as possible, enjoyed rest. This distinction appears immediately on the formation of the Church, was universally acknowledged by it, and has continued in it wherever it has existed. This day was in the strictest truth



A SABBATH, and the Fourth Commandment was completely fulfilled in it. So that the Church did from its very beginning obey that Commandment just as it did the others, and so has realized the words of Christ.

While the seventh day fulfilled the entire conditions of a Sabbath, such as we recognize in the Fourth Commandment, spiritually interpreted by Christ, it did not retain the *name* of Sabbath, because it was needful to dissociate the Lord's day from those peculiar observances with which the Jews honored their Sabbath, and in which they wrongly esteemed the sanctity of the Sabbath to consist. But what we are anxious to show is, that in that day, suddenly and strangely honored in the Church, claiming from it universal and indisputable authority, the law of the Decalogue is fulfilled. It was manifestly a "holy" day in the only sense in which we can understand that word; for it was the day on which Christians met together for spiritual exercises, and especially commemorated the redemption of Christ. Whether it was a day of entire rest or not, history does not inform us; but all probability tends to show that it must have been so with those Christians who were not prevented both from rest and spiritual worship by inquisitorial laws or servile chains. To meet together for worship, to spend time privately in commemoration of their great salvation, would require a suspension of their ordinary employment, and make the day a different day from all the other days of their week. We can not imagine that, with the fervor of their religious love, receiving such exhortations to brotherly love and mutual edification, their meetings on that day were brief and languid. The only reported instance shows us the number of hours they spent together, hours which sped quickly as do the hours of a family meeting. Judging, then, from what we know of the sweetness of public worship to devout Christians, and from the need they would feel of spending lonely hours in self-examination, inwardly digesting Christian truth, and in communion with the Saviour, we are assured that, if one day were set apart for such exercises, the *whole* day would be only to short, and those who *could* would abandon all other labor for such supreme duties and Divine refreshments. If it was a holy day, it must of necessity have

been a day of *rest*; for the two are inseparable. There is abundance of historical proof that it was a holy day, and this necessitates exemption, so far as possible, from secular cares.

The Sabbath, therefore, remains in a more spiritual and exalted form. We know not whether Paul explained the change of the day to the Christian Church, and showed the fulfillment of the Fourth Commandment in the Lord's day, which was their Sabbath, freed from the carnal ordinance of Judaism; but the fact exists. Here, in the Church, at its commencement, and throughout its history, is one day in seven consecrated as a holy day, and therefore a day of rest. Here is the institution which God established in the ancient world, and preserved in Judaism, living in fresh spiritual vigor in the Church at its very formation, and welcomed as one of its blessed ordinances wherever it is established. The other nine laws of the Decalogue are received by the Church; now we see that the Fourth has also been. How then can we say that the Decalogue is abolished, when every one of its precepts have been explained by Christ, enjoined by His Apostles, (though not in exact words,) and perpetuated by His Church?

The day, however has been changed, On this we make the four following remarks, and close:

1. The change was, doubtless, authorized by Christ. Comparing the immediacy of the rise in the Church of the custom of devoting the first day of the week as a holy day, with the significance and importance thrown around that day by the resurrection of Christ, and His appearances afterward, we feel that He Himself crowned that day with especial honor, and made it the Sabbath of His Church.

2. It was ratified, if not established, by the Apostles. They must have introduced and enforced the custom which was everywhere prevalent in the Churches which they planted, of consecrating the first day as the day for public worship. No other explanation suffices to account for the unanimity and universality of the custom.

3. So far as concerns the reflex purposes of the Sabbath, *i.e.*, its objects as connected with the physical and spiritual well-being of man, the change makes not the slightest difference. One day in seven is the stipulated amount of the

time which God has consecrated, and which man's experience proves to be imperatively needed by all who would live healthfully and holily. No ordinance can fix for the entire world identically the same hours which are to constitute the universal Sabbath. In Judea this was possible, but not in Christendom, which stretches from Britain to Australia. Further: the Fourth Commandment, both in its spirit and letter, applies, not to the particular day of the seven, which may be altered according to the point from which we enumerate their order, but to *one day* in the seven: "*Six days shalt thou labor, but on the seventh shalt thou rest;*" a law as exactly fulfilled now in the Christian Sabbath as in the Jewish.

4. There were wise and righteous reasons for the change, both to distinguish the spiritual newness of Christian worship from the formal, superstitious observances of Jewish worship, and because of the sublimity of the event which is henceforth to be chiefly remembered and celebrated upon earth and in heaven. The eternal power and Godhead of God manifest in Creation were glorious, and bow the spirit in lowly reverence before His Majesty; but now two attributes of God—His justice and mercy—are revealed, as they only can subsist in mystic coëxistence, the one reflecting light upon the other, which covers the spirit with a vaster awe, and awakens within the rapturous melodies of a new song. These attributes blended together disclose the holiness of God, of which angels in the temple above, and saints in the temple below, make mention continually; all hearts swelling in one universal symphony, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*. This righteousness of God is revealed in the Gospel of Christ from faith to faith; it is manifested in the advent, life, death, and resurrection of Christ; and outshines with splendor all revelation of power and wisdom which the books of nature and providence can unfold. Hence the new day to commemorate the new event. On the Sabbath morning, angels came to earth to say, the Lord had risen, and the work of salvation was completed. *Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have embraced each other.*

We have now brought this important argument to a close. The reader will

remark that we have confined our attention to the history and authority of the sacred day, leaving the question of its national observance unconsidered. The latter may form the topic of a future paper, if occasion should require. In the mean time, we feel that the main and most urgent part of our duty is accomplished. If we have succeeded in establishing the nature and authority of the Christian Sabbath, we have thereby afforded also some intimation of its claims on every Christian people. If we have proved it to be a Divine institution, conferred upon our race at the beginning, its universal and perpetual obligation will necessarily and readily be inferred. This lesson is for our rulers as well as for ourselves. The Sabbath is good for man as man—for man socially as well as religiously considered; good, by the law of Providence, for the inferior and dependent world, for servant as well as master, and for beasts as well as servant. We disturb the economy of things, we injure a dumb and helpless creature, if we defraud even the beast that perishes of his humble share in this merciful remission of the curse. Again: if we have shown this sacred institution to have been independent of the Jewish economy in its original, we may safely deny that it is subject to the same galling and humiliating bonds. We claim for the Christian Sabbath something better than a formal and Levitical observance. It is ours to stand upon a wider but a higher platform; to present a freer but a purer worship; to merge a legal duty in a Christian privilege. From all this, it would appear that the obligation of the Sabbath in a Christian land begins with the individual. It is no longer imposed by external authority and enforced by legal penalties. The relation of Government to this institution is the same as to the kindred institute of marriage: as a prime instrument of social order, ordained by the Almighty for the temporal and spiritual benefit of mankind, our rulers must see that its decent observance is maintained, that it is not in any way outraged or defied. This is all that legislation can effect; and we deprecate its attempting more. Even amongst Christian churches and Christian families nothing could be more hurtful than an effort to impose a uniform and rigorous standard of Sabbath-day observance. No Christian, indeed, can too faithfully or too



well fulfill its hallowed duties ; but let each one, at the same time, be well assured that the beauty of his example is more persuasive than the authority of his frown or the weight of his censure. The highest Christian holiness is consistent only with the widest Christian liberty. *Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.* If any come short of his Christ-

ian privilege, let us not irritate by dogmatic censures, but in a blameless and exalted walk exhibit the advantage of a *more excellent way*. We can not set before our own eyes too lofty a standard of faith and practice ; but, in relation to our fellow-Christians, the grace which best becomes us is that which *hopeth and believeth all things*.

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From the Westminster Review.

## PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMY.\*

DURING the last fifteen years astronomy has made great progress, for within this period the planet Neptune has been discovered, thirty-six new asteroids have been added to our system, four new satellites have been found, and a new ring observed surrounding the planet Saturn. A circumstantial and highly interesting account of the progress thus briefly indicated is given by Professor Loomis, of New-York.

The motion of a planet round the sun is performed in a true ellipse when the mutual action of the sun and planet are the only forces brought into action. But the real case is not thus simple, the planets are acted upon by their neighbors, and thus deviations from the elliptical orbits are produced. In the case of Uranus, such deviation had been observed ; but there was no planet or neighboring mass to account for them. They long remained an enigma in science. It was thought that the law of gravitation, as announced by Newton, might be at fault in these remote regions of space ; but Bessel, the celebrated astronomer of Königsberg, clearly announced the path that inquiry ought to take. With regard to the discordances observed, he says : "Further

attempts to explain them must be based upon the endeavor to discover *an orbit and a mass for some unknown planet*, of such a nature that the resulting perturbations of Uranus may reconcile the want of harmony in the observations."

A proposal to compute an approximate place for the hidden planet was made by Dr. Hussey, in 1834 ; but Professor Airy regarded such a task as hopeless. "I am sure," he says, "it could not be done till the nature of the irregularity was well determined from several successive revolutions." In 1837, Mr. Airy repeats this opinion. "If these errors are the effect of any unseen body, it will be nearly impossible ever to find out its place."

No doubt, there were good grounds for such an opinion, but the result ought to warn us how we place a limit to the possibility of the human intellect. Undeterred by the opinion of so high an authority, Mr. Adams, soon after taking his Bachelor's degree, with the honor of Senior Wrangler, at Cambridge, in 1843, attacked the problem. In September, 1845, he had obtained the approximate orbit of the disturbing planet, and found that the observed discrepancies, with the exception of one, could be accounted for on the suppositions which he had made. Professor Airy examined the results, and pronounced them extremely satisfactory.

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\* "The Recent Progress of Astronomy." By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D. New-York : Harper Brothers.

Meanwhile, the hunt after the supposed planet was undertaken by Le Verrier, in Paris. After some preliminary investigations of great value, and which won for their author a place in the Academy of Sciences, he supposes it probable that the distance of the disturbing planet from the sun is double that of Uranus. This supposition, which was also that of Adams, was prompted by the known fact, that the distance of each of the more distant planets from the central orb is about double that of the preceding one. Le Verrier, therefore, proposes to himself the following distinct question: "Are the irregularities in the motion of Uranus due to the action of a planet situated in the ecliptic, at a distance from the sun double that of Uranus? If so, what is its present place, its mass, and the elements of its orbit?" On the 1st of June, 1846, he announces the result of his investigations, and assigns a longitude to the planet of  $325^\circ$ , which only differed by one degree from that assigned by Mr. Adams, whose results, at this time, were actually deposited in the hands of Professor Airy.

Soon after the communication of Le Verrier, he had occasion to acknowledge the receipt of a scientific memoir from Dr. Galle, in Berlin. The Berlin Academy had just published a chart of the portion of the heavens to which the hidden planet had been assigned; and it possessed one of the finest telescopes in Europe. Le Verrier requested Dr. Galle to examine the portion of the heavens to which his results pointed. The history of science, perhaps, does not furnish a grander experimental test of reasoning founded on *a priori* considerations; starting from Newton's law, that each particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force which varies inversely as the square of the distance, the eye of intellect was guided toward the mighty stranger wandering upon the borders of our system. On the very day that Le Verrier's letter reached Berlin, Dr. Galle directed his telescope as requested. What must have been the thrill of delight experienced by Le Verrier when he received intelligence of the result: "*The planet whose position you marked out actually exists!*" Professor Challis, of Cambridge, had previously twice observed the planet, but had not reduced his observations. "Being fully resolved," says Professor Loomis, "to make sure of the diamond, he shoveled

up with it a great mass of rubbish, and stored it away to examine at his leisure."

All this is well and minutely described in the book before us. But the continued search after the true elements of the planet's orbit is almost as romantic as its discovery. From the slowness of its angular motion, it would require long series of years to obtain those elements. But was it not possible that this planet might have been already observed, and regarded as a fixed star? Search was made in old observations; thousands were set aside, and those of Lalande alone were found to embrace the particular portion of the heavens through which the planet was supposed to move. The stars were *sifted*; nine stars were found, any one of which *might* answer the conditions. It was afterward found that six of these had been proved by Bessel to be fixed stars. Three remained; one of these was considered too small, the other too distant, and the attention was fixed upon a single star as the most probable representative of the newly-discovered planet. Two days after these conclusions had been arrived at, the great equatorial of Washington Observatory was pointed toward this star—*it was missing!* The conclusion seemed irresistible, that the star which had thus shifted its position among the fixed stars, with which it had been ranked by Lalande, was the veritable planet Neptune. But, strange to say, that out of the 50,000 stars of Lalande, the position of this only was marked doubtful; and the doubt was finally found to be due to the disagreement of two observatories, this disagreement being exactly what ought to have taken place, on account of the motion of the planet among the fixed stars. The honor of this discovery Professor Loomis ascribes to Mr. Sears C. Walker, an American astronomer.

The author next describes the zone of planets between Mars and Jupiter, the discovery of an eighth satellite to Saturn, the satellites of Uranus, the new ring of Saturn. He gives a chapter on the recent additions to our knowledge of comets; another to our knowledge of fixed stars and nebulae; and concludes with a chapter upon the progress of astronomy in the United States. The work is clearly written—popular, but still with a precision which proves the author equal to his task."

From *Titus*.

## THE PUZZLES OF GEOLOGY.\*

DR. JOHNSON'S closing paper of the "Idler" is entitled, "Horror of the Last," and its object is to illustrate that natural feeling of aversion with which men regard the conclusion of any thing. We are so constituted, that we shut every volume, leave—when for the last time—every person, quit every occupation, and witness every end, with a sigh. Byron truly says:

"In leaving even the most unpleasant people  
And places, one keeps looking at the  
steeples;"

and the Prisoner of Chillon

"Regain'd his freedom with a sigh."

This probably springs from the same principle which makes us shudder at the idea of annihilation, of which all *ends* and *absences* are shadows, and may be considered a subordinate proof of the immortality of the soul. But such feelings are greatly intensified, when we are called to contemplate the last work of a great spirit—the more when that spirit has been cut off prematurely, and in painful circumstances. It is with a mixture of bitterness and delight that we take up the last production of such a mind; and we probably, ere opening it, soliloquize thus: "The man who wrote this book shall write no more; the hand that inscribed these burning words is now cold and clammy in the dust; the mind that formed these strong conceptions is now in another sphere; and, while time continues to roll on, we shall never hold any more communion with, or receive any more new light or intellectual joy from him. And how irresistible, although vain, is our desire to know what are his sentiments now on the subjects treated in this volume—what is

his feelings, as he now, perhaps, *for the first time, reads his own book!* Is it that of wonder how, while yet on earth, he came so near the truth, or is it that of compassionate contempt for his past notions and his former self? If Shakspeare, perhaps, the first half-hour after entering eternity, became ashamed of his greatest plays, and Milton of his "Paradise Lost," much more must not authors not quite so extraordinary be ashamed of the efforts they made in their bud of being, and overlook them in much the same spirit as the man does the first scrawl of his own boyish penmanship, or the first essay of his boyish composition, discovered unexpectedly in some old repository, and exciting burning blushes, less on account of its faultiness than because he once imagined it to have merit?"

Some such soliloquy has been humming through our mind while perusing the last work of Hugh Miller—his posthumous child, and to which the sad name, "Benoni," (the son of my sorrow,) may be applied with peculiar emphasis. How strange to think some of these calm, clear, powerful, and eloquent sentences were written by a man insane, by a hand which was, within a few hours, deliberately to aim a pistol at his own heart! This thought has brooded on our mind through the whole of our perusal, and has added an awful interest and a gloomy charm to every page.

Apart from this (in which all the readers of the volume must more or less participate,) we doubt if it will be thought, as a whole, entirely worthy of its author's powers. The great objection to it, in a mere æsthetic point of view, will be its want of unity. It is not a regular work, but a series of lectures, some of which are but slenderly connected with the others, or with the main theme. Apart from this, although there occur many powerful and highly-wrought passages, the general tone of the writing is hardly equal to that of his other works; and those review-

\* "The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed." By HUGH MILLER. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot. London: Hamilton & Adams.

ers, even if sincere, are ridiculously wrong, who class the "Testimony of the Rocks" with the "Old Red Sandstone"—the real masterpiece of Miller's genius; or even in interest and variety with his "Schools and Schoolmasters," or his "First Impressions of England." The book, however, is a strong, sincere, and most readable one; and the closing chapters on the "Fossil Floras of Scotland," increase our regret that he had not lived to finish his great work on the Geology of Scotland—a work which unquestionably would have taken rank among Scottish books, in point of scientific completeness, with Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and Lyell's "Geology," and much excelled both in eloquence of style and poetry of illustration.

So far as this work professes to be an exposition of geological truth, all, probably, will agree with us in admiring its combination of exactitude and elegance, of force of conception and finish of execution, of broad panoramic views and of minute and laborious painting; and only a small class will now-a-days be prepared to dispute his general conclusion as to the age of the earth, and the non-universality of the deluge. His treatment of the anti-geologists will probably appear in different lights from different points of view. Some may think it too severe and sweeping; others may be reminded, considering the disparity between the parties he assails and their opponent, of

"Whole ocean into tempest toss'd,  
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly."

There will be much greater diversity of opinion as to his success in grappling with the great problems in reference to the bearing of geological science on the two theologies, natural and revealed. Yet this is the leading theme of the book; and on its success in the treatment of this, its reception, if not with the *buyers*, yet with the *thinkers*, of the age must depend. Let us proceed to inquire how he has met the common difficulties, both in reference to natural and to revealed religion.

With regard to the bearing of geology on natural religion, we shall first make a few remarks.

It can not be denied, we think, that geology seems to increase the difficulties connected with natural theology. According to the old view, the animals were

linked in their fate with man; and even though it were granted that some of them died before he fell, yet this anomaly was only of a short duration—not extending, probably, over more than a few days, or months at the utmost. On the geological hypothesis, however, the past history of the world, for incomputable millions of ages, presents the aspect of a wilderness of death; and the earth, in Miller's striking language, becomes "a great city of the dead—the burial-place of all that ever lived in the past—occupying with its ever-extending pavements of gravestones, and its ever-lengthening streets of tombs and sepulchres, every region opened up by the geologist, and crowded with dead individuals, dead species, dead genera, dead creations." Is this, man's heart tempts him to whisper, a work worthy of Jehovah, or of Seeva, the Hindoo Destroyer? Not only so, but a vast number of these creatures, incapable of sin as they all were, mild and harmless as many of them were, died in circumstances of severe and long-continued torture. The microscope, as it is, shows us a Waterloo in every drop of water: but the inverted telescope of the geologists discovers in the intestines of the earth, from immemorial time, frightful contests, massacres, and mutual destruction raging: the stronger races preying on the weak—all the fierce phenomena, in short, of the history of human warfare which we know springs more or less directly from human depravity, exhibited in these brutal and irresponsible tribes; and the fact that they are irresponsible only serves to throw the difficulty a step farther back. There is another difficulty connected with the strange, abortive, and hideous forms of many of these creatures. We see even now many frightful shapes, such as the lizard tribe, inhabiting the marshes, whose alleged friendliness to man even has an unnatural aspect, and reminds you of the hopeless love of the deformed for the beautiful—not of a Titania for a Bottom, but of a Bottom for a Titania; the scorpions lurking under their wet stones; the frogs polluting the pool; the toads dragging their lazy loathsomeness through the garden-beds, or buried alive for ages in the tomb of the rocks, or lifting up their red and heavy eyes to the light which brings them undesired resurrection; the spider sitting in her sullen solitude, surrounded by the dried and shivering carcasses of



flies, like the ghosts of her victims; those forms of armed ugliness, the crocodile and the alligator; the rat, the furtive and unclean child of darkness; and the serpent, with his singular length of form, "extended beyond the proportions of the other members of the class, by the mere vegetative repetitions of the vertebræ," his "want of fore or hinder limbs, thoracic or pelvic arches," blending of deformity with beauty, of cruelty with craft, of hatred to, and avoidance of, man—as if he had on some occasion INJURED him, and was now

"Seeking not, so that he were not sought,  
But, being met, were deadly."

Such creatures, we admit to be God's work, although with a kind of shudder, and although Christians even, in various ways have tried to evade the difficulty connected with their creation—sometimes, with Swedenborg, by calling them "effluxes of hell," and sometimes by supposing them made after the Fall, to punish guilty man. But geology dissipates these dreams, and shows us ages in which reptiles more hideous than any which now exist lorded it over the world alone; shows us a long and ghastly procession of these miscreations, during a time when man was not, and still less had fallen, and when there is no evidence that hell itself had been created, or the angels left their first estate.

From such strange and saddening facts a new doubt has arisen—a doubt striking at the hopes, the spirituality, and the immortality of man. May not, as Miller has it, "the same annihilation which overtook in turn all the races of all the past one day overtake our race also, and a time come when men and their works shall have no existence, save as stone-pervaded fossils, locked up in the rock for ever?" Let us hear on this subject the words of Tennyson, which Miller quotes:

"Are God and nature, then, at strife,  
That nature lends such evil dreams,  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life?  
'So careful of the type!' But no,  
From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone  
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone.  
I care for nothing; all shall go.  
Thou makest thine appeal to me:  
I bring to life, I bring to death,  
The spirit does but mean the breath.

I know no more.' And he shall be  
Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
And built him fanes of fruitless prayer—  
Who trusted God was Love indeed,  
And Love creation's final law,  
Though nature, red in tooth and claw,  
With ravine shriek'd against his creed—  
Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the true, the just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?  
No more! a monster, then, a dream,  
A discord, dragons of the prime,  
That tore each other in their slime.  
Were mellow music match'd with him,  
O life, as futile then as frail!  
Oh! for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer and redress  
Behind the veil, behind the veil!"

This is doubtless noble poetry, and although Miller thinks "it suggests the true reading of the enigma, the first impression we receive from it is, that of the enormity of the difficulty. Suppose that God's purpose to man is the perpetuation of his existence, and that to *him* "Love is creation's final law," how strange a porch to his history is the fate of ten thousand times ten thousand slain, tortured, extinguished creatures! on what a throne of skulls is he seated! and does the mere "instinct he feels within him anticipating a life after the grave" counterbalance the effect of the heraldry of death and ruin contained in the fossil remains? The instinct is general, indeed, and strong in many, but it is not universal; and in some it either does not exist at all, or exists in a very feeble and faint degree; but here, on the other hand, are facts pointing with their hard and stony fingers to the extinction of entire races. The following words of Miller, indeed, are beautiful, and almost emulate Tennyson's poetry: "In looking along the long line of being—ever rising in the scale from higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations, than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation—the one painful worker, in the midst of present trouble, for a state into which he is never to enter—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly no! He who

keeps faith with all his humbler creatures—who gives to even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare—will to a certainty not break faith with man; with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation, and chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying-grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs; but there are other burying-grounds, and other tombs—solitary churchyards among the hills, where the dust of the martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good, nor are there wanting on even the monuments of the perished races, frequent hieroglyphics and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us, that while **THEIR** burial-yards contain but the debris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future."

We are not so ready, however, to grant the force of the argument in this passage, as we are to admire its imagination. The bee and the dormouse prepare for winter—every bee and every dormouse does—but races of men have been found who had no idea of immortality; and how few, alas! of those who have allowed the thought to influence their actions, or really **PREPARE** for a future life. The author of the "Vestiges," too, might contend that these instincts of the future in man point not to a life after death, but to that new and higher race of beings which may spring up on the earth, and as far exceeds man, as man does the pterodactyle. The argument of immortality from its desire has always seemed to us a feeble one: in this life how few gain their desires! how often are deep, long currents of wish and hope destined to be lost in sand! and why may it not be so with the desire and belief in a future world? Nor do geological researches help to strengthen the probability—representing, as they do, man, if not as developed from the brutes that perish, yet certainly as bearing a startling resemblance to them, and forming in some degree a combination in his frame of many of those shapes and qualities which have followed them to their eternal sepulchres. Alas! it is ever the old story, "Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding, seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air? *Destruction and Death* say,

*We have heard the fame of it with our ears."* We must come for our information as to a future life entirely and implicitly to the revealed Word of God. The Gospel alone has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. "*God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof."*

It must be obvious, too, that greater difficulties press on the theistic geologist than on the votary of Development. To him the procession of monstrous forms, fierce contests, manifold and multiplied destruction, is only the result of an iron necessity, the evolution of a "fire-mist." To the theist, it arises from a succession of divine volitions, authorizing the creation of ugliness, the propagation of misery, ruin, and death, with no fall, no sin, no moral cause whatever accounting for them. Scripture, indeed, offers an approximate solution of these difficulties, and promises one far clearer and more explicit hereafter; but it is obvious that the mere theist can reap no advantage from the declarations of the inspired volume. Here, as in many other questions, the only alternative is revelation—that is authoritative, accredited revelation, or despair. We do not mean to deny the facts of geology, the evidence for which seems quite overwhelming; but, while confessing the retrospect it gives of past ages of the earth to be sublime, surely it is to all, but especially to the mere theist, unspeakably dreary, and it is this, we suspect, more than its supposed antagonism to Holy Writ, that has disgusted many with it. Moses Stuart, in raving against these early creations being worthy of God, goes certainly too far; but, while we have no right to rave, and are compelled to believe their reality, we are compelled, too, to wonder with a great admiration, and "of our wondering find no end," at the innumerable ages, innumerable woes, and apparently abortive efforts, connected with the strange history of these revolting races which preceded man, and to feel that faith alone can at present induce us to receive them as worthy of God, and that the future alone shall fully prove that they are.

A very able part of this book is devoted to show how *human-like* many of the works of nature (in geology as well as in other departments) are; and hence to argue the intelligence of the framer. But, while Miller's remarks on this subject are

exceedingly ingenious and just, he does not seem aware of the *per contra* that may be pled against his argument. How *inhuman*—how unlike the contrivances of enlightened and virtuous men—how opposed to our instincts—are many of the forms, and the fates, too, of the creatures which geology has disclosed. In certain moods, men are disposed to say, these objects resemble rather nightmares of man's unhealthy sleep than the calm thought-creations of his sober, waking hours; and if below the normal *human* idea, how can they be divine? Here, again, argumentative Theism is compelled to be silent, and to lean for support upon the unseen buttress which faith and the hope of the future erect behind it, and which imply a revelation—and a revelation, too, not stereotyped, but progressive

“Behind the veil! behind the veil!”

At page 75, occurs the following passage: “It has been weakly and impiously urged—as if it were merely with the geologist that men had to settle this matter—that such an economy of warfare and suffering, of warring and of being warred upon, would be unworthy of an all-powerful and all-benevolent Providence, and in effect a libel on his character and government. But that grave charge we leave the objectors to settle with the great Creator himself. Be it theirs, not ours, according to the poet, to

“Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
Rejudge his justice, be the God of God.”

Be it for the geologist rightly to interpret the record of creation, to declare the truth as he finds it, to demonstrate from evidence no clear intellect ever yet resisted that he, the Creator, from whom even the young lions seek their food, and who giveth to all the beasts, great and small, their meat in due season, ever wrought as he now works in his animal kingdom—that he gave to the primeval fishes their spines and their stings, to the primeval reptiles their trenchant teeth and their strong armor of bone, to the primeval mammals their great tusks and their sharp claws; that he of old divided all his creatures, as now, into animals of prey and the animals preyed upon; that from the beginning of things he inseparably estab-

lished among his non-responsible existences the twin laws of generation and of death; nay, further, passing from the established truths of *geologic* to one of the best established truths of *theologic* science—God's eternal justice and truth—let us assert that in the divine government the matter of fact always determines the question of right, and that, whatever has been done by Him who rendereth no account to man of his matters, he had, in all ages, and in all places, an unchallengeable right to do.”

Let us mark the words here—“the matter of fact always determines the matter of right.” This is just Pope's

“One truth is clear: whatever is, is right,”

asserted in different language, and, perhaps, in a different spirit from that of the poet. That the statement, as made by Pope, must be taken with considerable allowance, is generally granted. In the present economy, there are many things done by man, and permitted by God, which are obviously wrong. Taking the moral condition of man, as a whole, it is far from being right, being a state of disease, crime, and consequent misery. Nay, there are many dark phenomena in divine providence, such as the sufferings of infants, which we dare not call wrong, and yet can hardly call right—if right means something for which we see valid reasons. So long as such reasons do not transpire, we must remain in a state of suspense; our moral consciousness not being *en rapport* with such events, and yet our knowledge of the infinite purposes and plans of God being far too limited to entitle us to call them unjust and cruel. It is thus obvious that, so far as the present system of things goes, “the matter of fact does not determine the question of right;” it only, in certain cases, defers its determination on the account of our ignorance. And why should not this also be the case in reference to the history of past and perished economies? Here we find facts, if not quite so fearful as the deaths and tortures of infants, yet belonging to the same class of phenomena, and for which we see no valid causes. Believing, however, that such reasons do exist, we do not, and dare not, call the effects unworthy of a just and benevolent God; but we look up in wonder, in suspense, and in hope of future discoveries. We



say not God is good in these dreadful and harrowing actions, but simply, God is great—his judgments are a great deep. Many, indeed, may profess to say more, and to feel a certain complacency in facts which, were they traced to human agency, would revolt every feeling of their hearts; but we greatly doubt if such professions are sincere. It may be said, What! subject God's doings to our moral sense? We reply, we can not help it; our moral sense will, and must, from its very essence, think on God's doings, and form out of them an opinion as to His moral character; only it should not rush to such a decision rashly, and without remembering the limited data on which it has to decide a very large question. Suppose we were transferred to a world where we could see *nothing but* inflictions of woe on the innocent, and could trace no good result whatever flowing from them, and had been told, moreover, that such a state of things had continued from immemorial ages, would the "matter of fact," in *this* case, "determine the matter of right?" We suspect that this would have been contended for neither by Miller nor the poet.

It has been often said, that such dreadful phenomena as war, death, torture, etc., suit, as it were, the atmosphere of a fallen world, but seem utterly inexplicable on the supposition of their being essential to the constitution of things; but here comes geology, and shows that, having existed for innumerable ages, and having been inflicted on beings who were not moral or responsible at all, they ARE essential to the system of things. Of course, it will be said, God created MAN originally exempt from exposure to these evils, which he brought on himself by his fall; but this we learn, not from nature, but from revelation, and it can only avail on those who acknowledge *its* authority. So far as natural theology goes, geology, we maintain strenuously, instead of giving new light, has accumulated new darkness — has collected thicker shadows around the countenance of that God who "hideth himself;" although we grant, too, that, in so doing, it increases the necessity and the probability of God discovering himself in some clearer and milder light, and becomes thus a testimony to the truth of the Gospel. What better is the human heart — what help does it derive in forming an amiable idea of its heavenly Father, from

all those battlings, devourings, and destroyings of countless generations of monstrous brutes — and what worship can it pay, worthy of the name, in a museum of fossil remains? The utmost length it can go — instead of surrendering itself to the strong temptations of Materialism on the one hand, or of Manicheanism on the other — will be to wonder, be silent, wait, and thank God for the "more sure word of prophecy" it possesses in the Revelation of Jesus Christ. Alas! nature saith, "Not in me;" and to this old voice, every new depth discovered by geological science returns a melancholy amen.

But, while geology thus in a sense strengthens the likelihood of an external revelation, it has certain aspects, and makes certain assertions, which seem diametrically opposed to some of the leading declarations of the Bible; and to reconcile these — to show that the revelation of the rocks and the revelation from Mount Sinai say substantially the same thing — is the principal object of this volume, and to this task Miller has brought all the resources of his knowledge, and bent on it all the energies of his genius. Some may not consider the difficulty as one exactly worth all the ingenuity that has been employed in its solution. They may say the Bible was never designed to teach men science; and if we grant that, in speaking of the sun rising and setting, of the earth being founded on the floods, it uses popular language, why should it not be the same in reference to the creation of the world? Is not the first chapter of Genesis just a version of the notions common among the Jews, and which appear to have been common among other early nations? Is not this a fragment of that "wisdom of the Egyptians" in which Moses was learned? Why should we hamper ourselves, moreover, with supposing that every part of the Bible is equally inspired or authoritative? Nay, may not, as some think, this first chapter be only a piece of ancient poetry, preserved, as we find some other pieces in other parts of the volume, more for their grandeur than for their literal truth? On the other hand, it will be eagerly maintained, that although men even still, in common parlance, speak of the "sun rising and setting," and of the "foundations of the world," this is very different from entering into detail on the subject, and asserting that the earth was made in the course



of a period of six days. Suppose a man who had been, like others, in the habit of speaking of the sun rising and setting, were to write a book, the first page of which contained an express assertion of the Ptolemaic system, could THAT be explained away on the principle of common parlance, and the use of popular language? Impossible. Besides, how strange to commence a book professing to be the Word of God, with a piece of merely popular cosmogony, or a fragment of ancient poetry, unless the author meant to vouch for it as true. Would God preface his peculiar volume with either a falsehood or a fiction? Some have, indeed, called the first chapter of Genesis an allegory, or mythic parable; but how unlike to this are its clear, bold language, its distinctness and *repetition* of statement! The account of the Fall which follows has, indeed, something of the allegorizing air; but not so the picture of the Creation, which seems addressed rather to the eye than to the imagination. On the whole, therefore, the difficulty is not all trifling, and requires either, by the effort of a strong hand, to be forced open, or, like many other mysteries in nature, providence, and grace, to be let alone, as one of those gates on which the words "Hitherto, but no further," have been traced by an unearthly finger.

Let us now see how Miller has attempted to solve this problem. He commences his chapter entitled the "Two Records, Mosaic and Geological," by recurring to the time when Dr. Chalmers first set himself to the task of reconciling these two records. Of him he justly says: "He is a divine whose writings are now known wherever the English language is spoken, and whose wonderful eloquence lives in memory as a *vanished power*, which even his extraordinary writings fail adequately to represent." With this we cordially agree, as also with the words, "fame has blown his name very widely, as one of the most comprehensive and enlightened, and withal one of the most thoroughly earnest and sincere, of modern theologians." We demur, however, to some other statements about him, which seem to display more of the enthusiasm of the hero-worshiper, if not of the partisan, than of the accuracy of the critic. He says that Chalmers's opinions in favor of free trade and gas, at a time when the opposite view was all but universal, were the "sagacious fore-

castings of a man who saw further and more clearly than his contemporaries." Now, if this means that Chalmers was quick in his appreciation, generous in his reception, and ardent in his proclamation of the original ideas of others, we grant it at once; but, if it mean that he possessed a great originating and prophetic mind, like that of Burke in general political science, of Adam Smith in political economy, and of Bentham in legislation, we more than doubt the truth of the assertion. It is ridiculous to speak of him as original on the subject of free trade, or on any part of political economy, all his views on which were either derived or modified from Smith and Malthus. Gas had been applied to light up private houses as early as 1792, by Murdoch, of Cumnock, Ayrshire. In fact, reception—easy, rapid, joyous reception—of the light of truth on all subjects from more original minds, and exposition—powerful, eloquent, illustrated exposition—of it, were the main constituents of Chalmers's genius.

Chalmers, in reference to the geological difficulty, took a view which can not, on Miller's own showing, enhance our faith in his "sagacious forecastings," since he leads an argument to prove it futile. The doctor thought, and was followed in this by Buckland, Hitchcock, and many others, that the difficulty could be solved on the supposition of a long period elapsing between the original fiat of God calling matter into existence and the commencement of the six days' work—these days being days of literal length. This opinion we ourselves once held, but had resigned it some time ere we read Miller's book. It is liable to some strong objections. In the first place, "if Moses meant that an immense period elapsed between the original act of creation recorded in the first verse, and the commencement of the six demiurgic days, why does he give us no hint either as to its length or as to its transactions, but rather leave on us the impression that it was a dull and vacant, and not, as we know from geology it was, a busy and populous period? No doubt, it is said that the 'Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;' but this refers to the movement *immediately ante-dating* the first day of the Creation, and not to the time when the chaos was 'formless and empty;' for how could it be either, if the spirit of the almighty Architect had been already working there?"

But, secondly, supposing that there is a break in the chain of the first chapter, and that during that enormous gap God was working on the scale and with the slowness which the geological epochs reveal, how strange it is that He should suddenly change his plan, and, after having accomplished a great section of His work in we know not how many millions of ages, should accomplish the rest, perhaps a portion equally great, in six days, or one hundred and forty-four hours! It is true that God does occasionally exchange a lingering for a rapid *modus operandi*, and makes a short work on the earth. This He does, however, in general for some special purpose, or on the occurrence of some special emergency; and it rests with the supporters of Chalmers's theory to prove that any such purpose or emergency there was, at the time of the Creation, to lead God to this shorthand contraction of creative operation, if we may use the expression. What *nodus* had there arisen for any such *vindex*? God *could*, indeed, have made all things in six days: all creation is miraculous; but the question is, whether there be not a certain incongruity and want of proportion between the different *rates* and intermediate causes at and by which God built up, at different times, the one majestic fabric of the universe?

Thirdly, along with the difficulty of the supposition, as connected with previous operations, the six days themselves, considered as literal days, present certainly a prodigious mystery, and seem to some to resemble rather a feat of Arabian magic than the calm, cumulative work of Almighty power. "Is it likely," they say, "that this great globe, the world, was piled up in a single week? Or, even if you grant that only a large portion of the creative work was effected in that period, yet how curiously and suspiciously does that week's work stand between the immense ages during which God was working more or less gradually before, and the six thousand years during which He has been working more or less gradually since." Again we cry, we must not limit the Holy One of Israel; and again we admit that His plans vary in degrees of swiftness, as well as in other respects; but still there does seem an overwhelming difficulty in the conception of so much being done (without any special reason alleged) in a period so short, and in a man-

ner so violently opposed to that principle of economy which regulates the Deity, often even in His most strange and abnormal acts. It may be said, indeed, that such rapidity of creation tends to impress us more with a sense of God's power; but does it answer best to that ideal of His character which we have gathered from His works, as well as from our own conceptions of the dignity of the Divine procedure? Do not the words "hasty" and "huddled" structure cross our minds, as we think of the ordinary theory of the six days? — a theory, be it remarked, which Chalmers adopts, although he complicates it with that other notion about a vast previous space of time in which God was working; and thus, instead of lessening, increases, we think, the difficulty.

Fourthly, Dr. Chalmers, indeed, in addition maintains, and tries to make out a *nodus*, and lays greater stress upon this, that, between the vast preliminary ages of geology and the six demiurgic days, there occurred a period of confusion and darkness, forming the real chaos, out of which God delivered the earth during the six busy days of creation. But, in the first place, whence came the convulsion which produced this disgernasation? In the second place, why does the original account in Genesis never allude to such a convulsion, but seems to leap at once from the work of creation described in the first verse of the first chapter, to the chaotic confusion painted in the second? In the third place, if God built the creation out of nothing, into a stately and glorious form, in ten thousand millions of millions of ages, which form nevertheless a convulsion darkened into night and shattered into chaos, could this convulsion be the reason that he built the second fabric in six literal days? If what was built slowly did not continue, was that which was built rapidly more likely to remain? or did God become impatient on account of the length of time expended in the first creation, and the completeness of the catastrophe which damaged it, and determine to lose no time in piling up the second? That God should have been influenced by such a motive as earthly impatience is not possible. That He should for wise ends have expedited His progress in repairing the ruins of the chaos, is possible; but here again we desiderate a statement of what these ends were. We desiderate, too, all proof in any part of Scripture, as

well as in the first chapter of Genesis, of such a catastrophe or convulsion as would explain the chaos of Chalmers. Miller, too, and other geologists, as we shall immediately see, can find no evidence of any such chaotic period, any convulsion on a scale so large, at least, as to render the whole structure of previous formation a ruin, any pause even in the career of creation. All, on the contrary, is steadily and cumulatively progressive; the thread is never dropped for an instant; but nature always, amidst all her terrors and mysteries, is found pursuing her *hastlos rastlos* pace. So that thus Dr. Chalmer's chaos appears, like that of Ovid, to be a fiction of his own imagination.

At the time when Chalmer's framed his scheme of reconciliation, geology was in a very crude and imperfect state. "Both ends," says Miller, "of the geological scale, comprising those ancient systems older than the coal, and representative of periods in which, so far as is yet known, life, animal and vegetable, first began on our planet, and those systems of comparatively modern date, representative of the periods which immediately preceded the human epoch, were equally unknown. The light fell strongly on only the middle portion. The vast geologic bridge which, like that in the exquisite allegory of Addison, strode across a 'part of the great tide of eternity,' had 'a black cloud hanging at each end of it.'" Since then, chiefly through the labors of Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir Charles Lyell, working at opposite ends of the scale, it has been completed. They have between them finished the vast bridge, which in its extent and gloomy grandeur, may remind many not of Mirza's vision so much as of that other bridge described by a far greater poet, built over Chaos by Sin and Death:

"By wondrous art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendant rock  
Over the vex'd abyss."

"It is a great fact," says Miller, "now fully established in the course of geological discovery, that between the plants which, in the present time, cover the earth, and the animals which inhabit it, and the animals and plants of the later extinct creations, there occurred no break or blank, but that, on the contrary, many of the existing organisms were contemporary during the morning of their being, with

many of the extinct ones during the evening of theirs. In fine, in consequence of that comparatively recent extension of geologic fact in the direction of the later systems and formations, through which we are led to know that the present creation was not cut off abruptly from the preceding one, but that, on the contrary, it dovetailed into it a thousand different points, we are led also to know that any scheme of reconciliation which would separate between the recent and the extinct existences by a chaotic gulf of death and darkness, is a scheme which no longer meets the necessities of the case. Though perfectly adequate (?) forty years ago, it has been greatly outgrown by the progress of geological discovery, and is adequate no longer."

Miller then proceeds, ere proposing his own scheme of reconciliation, to bring forward the facts and conclusions which compel him to believe, not only that the earth is immensely old, but that its formations have succeeded each other without any stoppage. He says: "From the present time up to the times represented by the earliest Eocene formations of the tertiary division, day has succeeded day, and season has followed season, and no chasm or hiatus, no age of general chaos, darkness, and death, has occurred to break the line of succession, or check the course of life. All the evidence runs counter to the supposition that immediately before the appearance of man upon earth there existed a chaotic period which separated the previous from the present creation. Up till the commencement of the Eocene ages, if even then, there was no such chaotic period in at least what is now Britain and the European continent, the persistency from a high antiquity of some of the existing races, not only plants and shells, but even some of the mammiferous animals, such as the badger, the goat, and the wild cat, prove that there was not; and any scheme of reconciliation which takes such a period for granted must be deemed as unsuited to the present state of geological knowledge as any scheme would have been forty years ago which took it for granted that the writings of Moses *do* (which Chalmers then denied that they did) fix the antiquity of the globe."

After a slight allusion to Pye Smith's theory of a partial darkness and chaos—which he shows to be by no means satisfactory—he devotes the succeeding 133



pages to an exposition of his own view. These will probably appear to most readers the most interesting portion of this volume. They are highly labored, too, alike in thought and in language, are ingenious in argument, and here and there they kindle up into rare eloquence and even poetry. He commences, however, we think, with a mistake as to the real question at issue. He says that he occupies the position with regard to geology, that the Christian geographer did to the doctors of Salamanca, who deemed it unscriptural, with Columbus, to hold that the earth was round; or the position which the Christian astronomer did to Francis Turretine, when he held that it was unscriptural to hold with Newton and Galileo that the earth moves and the sun stands still.

We have already shown that the difficulty is considerably greater in the case of the Christian geologist than of the geographer or astronomer. The allusions to geography and astronomy in the Bible are strictly popular, and often metaphoric or poetic. It is the truth of appearance, not that of reality, which is represented when the sun is described as rising—coming out of his chamber like a bridegroom, or as a strong man rejoicing to run his race. Nay, there are passages in Scripture which seem to savor of the Copernican hypothesis, as that, for instance, in Job, where God is said to hang the earth on nothing. But it is very different with the Christian geologist. He must reconcile his system with an elaborate, minute, and topical account of the Creation, professing to come from God, prefacing an inspired volume, and connecting apparently the mode and time of God's creative work with a direct divine institution—that of the Sabbath. It is, we repeat, as though the Bible had begun with a chapter, dogmatically stating the Ptolemaic hypothesis of the heavenly bodies, or dogmatically mapping out the earth, according to the ancient geographical ideas. It is not for a passing poetic or popular allusion, such as even our modern almanacs and books of science contain, but for a somewhat lengthy and explicit statement, which apparently, at least, contradicts all his discoveries, that the Christian geologist must account.

Miller lays it down as a fixed principle, that "the philology can not be sound which would commit the Scriptures to a

science that can not be true." That is, he, from his special point of view regarding geology as certain, and the truth of the Bible as also certain, must rest the burden of any discrepancy upon philology, in which he professes himself no adept; just as, on the other hand, Moses Stuart, regarding the truth of the Bible as certain, and that of his system of philology as equally certain, must rest the burden of the discrepancy upon geology, as a science in which he does not believe. Such are the opposite poles; and the question arises, whether geology or philology be sacrificed in the argument. Moses Stuart thinks geology; Miller, philology, or rather Moses Stuart's philology, for he accepts another, which he finds more consonant to his own views. Now, here we think both are in error. Philology and geology, each professing to be a science, must stand on their own footing, and be judged by their own evidence. If philology *proves* that the words of the Bible explicitly assert that God made the earth in six literal days, then, if we are believers in geology, we must reject, not philology as accurate, but this part of the Bible as untrue, or at least obscure and uncertain. If geology fails to make out its demonstration of the extreme age of the earth, then only can we refuse to accept its testimony. If Miller objects to Stuart as ill-informed on geology, and thereby discredits his statements, why should not Stuart object to Miller as **AVOWEDLY** no philologist, and treat his acceptance of the philological view which best suited his object as of no value whatever? To settle this quarrel is no business of ours at present; it is rather to go forward and examine the philological theory, which, after all his professed ignorance of that science, has commended itself to our author's belief.

He holds, then, that the six days are six periods of indefinite length, and that there is a striking analogy between the different periods of geology and the stages of creation described in the first chapter of Genesis. With the work of the creation of light—of a firmament—and of the two great lights of heaven, he thinks that, as a geologist, he has nothing to do. But in the work of the day of the creation of plants, herbs, and trees, he finds the Palæozoic division of the geologic process—a period when there were corals, indeed, molluscs, fishes, and latterly a few reptiles; but the grand peculiarity of which was its



gorgeous Flora. In the work of the fifth day, when God created fowl, creeping creatures, and "great sea-monsters," or whales, he finds the secondary period of geology, when huge creeping things, vast birds, ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and cetiosaurs, crowded the plains, the rivers, and the sky. In the sixth day of the Creation, when God made the beasts of the earth, and cattle, and closed the work in the evening by making man, he finds the tertiary formation, when mammoths, megatheria, tigers, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, of enormous size, and when, at the close, human skeletons begin to appear, and "man comes into being as the last-born of creation." He then meets, and seeks to answer the argument urged against his theory from the institution of the Sabbath, saying, "God who wrought during six periods, rested during the seventh; and as we have no evidence that he recommenced his work of creation, as, on the contrary, man seems to be the last formed of creatures, God may be resting still. The presumption is strong that this Sabbath is an extended period, not a natural day, and that the work of redemption is his Sabbath-day's work. And so I can not see that it in the least interferes with the integrity of the reason rendered to read it as follows: Work during six periods, and rest on the seventh; for in six periods the Lord created the heavens and earth, and on the seventh period *He* rested."

All this is very ingenious and plausible, but fails, we think, to solve the whole difficulties of the case. In the first place, as he seems himself to grant, there is not an *exact* correspondence between the work of God's three demiurgic days and that of the geologic periods. First, it was on the third day that the earth brought forth grass; but how could grass—a "gorgeous Flora"—be brought forth without the presence of the sun? and yet he did not appear, as Miller admits, till the fourth day. The work of that fourth day seems to break the continuity of that chain which he supposes to unite the works, as revealed by Moses, and as revealed by the rocks. Secondly, there is nothing at all said of the creation of molluscs, reptiles, or fishes in the Mosaic record of the third day's work. The work of that day is confined to grass and herbs—there is a "gorgeous Flora," but nothing else—the creation of fishes is reserved for the fifth, and that of reptiles for the sixth day.

Secondly, this theory implies that the word "day" is used in a figurative, and not in a literal sense. And yet the whole tenor of this narrative seems to prove that it is designed to be plain and literal, and not a piece of poetry. The words may indeed be quoted: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" but these refer to the divine point of view, and it remains to be proved that it is that, and not the human, which is here assumed. Is the word "day" in the thirteenth verse, "the evening and the morning were the first day," the singular of the word "days" in the fourteenth: "And God said, let the lights in the firmament of heaven be for signs and for seasons, and for *days* and for years?" We have not the Hebrew Bible at hand, but suspect it is; and if so, why should it in one verse, and in the singular, have the meaning of a "long indefinite age," and in the next, and in the plural, that of a literal day? It is difficult to conceive of the same word, in so short a compass, and without any explanation, being now literal, and anon figurative—now plain, and anon metaphorical or poetical.

Thirdly, the word "day" is used in other parts of the Mosaic narrative in such connections as to show it is only a day of twenty-four hours. For example, in Exodus, we are told, "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and sanctified the Sabbath-day." Miller, indeed, contends that the Sabbath-day means an extensive period, during which God, who began to rest when man was made, is resting still, and on account, as a sign of which, he has commanded the literal Sabbath to be observed. Several objections occur. First, God is not resting now: "My Father worketh hitherto," said Christ. Who told Miller that God is not creating other worlds—causing new chaos to curdle into new creations—constructing larger mammoths under mightier suns, and paving the way for statelier men, in other planets to succeed, and who, it is to be hoped, are never to fall from their first estate? Even as to this world God is not resting: he is building up, by Miller's own showing, man—through the God-Man—into a nobler and well-nigh angelic being. It matters little whether you call this the work of redemption or of creation, it is work, not rest. God's Sabbath, on a large scale,

like man's, is yet future, and is not to arrive till he has put down all might and power, and dominion, and made all his enemies to bite the dust. Secondly, the obligation of the Sabbath is founded on a past, not a present or a future event. Remember the Sabbath-day, not because God is resting, or is to rest, but because God *rested*. How ridiculous to appoint a day to *commemorate* an event which has not yet fully taken place! Surely this were reversing the order of things entirely. Miller renders the words, "work six *periods*, and rest the seventh," and adds: "the divine periods may have been very large, and the human periods very small; just as the vast continent, or the huge earth itself, is very great, and a map or geographical globe very small. But if, in the map or globe, the proportions be faithfully maintained, and the scale, though a minute one, be true in all its parts and applications, we pronounce the map or globe, notwithstanding the smallness of its size, a faithful copy." Now, so far as the days of work go, this may do well enough, although we fear it has a certain forced and factitious air. "Work six days because the Lord wrought for 60,000,000,000,000 ages," but it does not answer for the one day of rest. "Rest one day because the Lord has rested for 6000 years, is resting still, and is yet to rest for ages more." A great deal of the force of the precept arises from its *exact division* of time. "God wrought six days for you, and took only one day's rest to himself. Men, you are permitted to work six days for yourselves, and are only enjoined to give him one." But when you expand the seven days into vast incomputable ages, you entirely destroy the force of this antithesis. Who has told the geologist that the time before the creation of man was susceptible of any *sixfold* division? or what is the proportion between the *length* of the seventh eon and that of each of the by-gone six? Indeed, Miller himself admits that geology knows of only three days or eons of creative work, so that thus the Fourth Commandment, amended by geology, should run as follows: "Work during three periods and rest the fourth."

We come now to what is certainly the most brilliant, if not the most satisfactory portion of Miller's work, entitled the "Mosaic Vision of Creation"—certainly a very peculiar and powerful display of

genius. In this, Miller, following Dr. Kurtz and some other writers, maintains that the first chapter of Genesis is rather a creative picture than a creative history; that the author of it evidently takes the position of a beholder of the Creation; and that the scenes of the chapter are prophetic tableaux, resembling the successive acts in a dramatic poem. He thinks that each eon of creation indicated itself to the eye of Moses by its *principal* characteristic—that of the third day by the vegetable glow, the green glory of herbs and trees; that of the fifth by the appearance of great sea-monsters wallowing in and tempesting the waters, etc.; and that the "morning and the evening" resemble the uplifting and the down-falling of a theatrical curtain. He attempts to prove this by the fact that God on Sinai presented to Moses certain "appearances" of the candlestick and other furniture of the tabernacle, called in one place "the pattern of these things shown thee in the mount;" and supposes that some similar vision of the Creation was made to pass before the eye of the great legislator, seeing not only the future but the past from his specular hill. That many of the ancient prophets had visions outstanding from the eye, and seeming to them objective realities, is unquestionable. But these, with not an exception—unless this supposed "Vision of the Creation" be one—referred to the future or the present, not to the past. All the GREAT visions—at least of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, John, not to speak of Balaam and the minor prophets—refer to future or present occurrences. Once indeed, in Daniel, a lost dream of Nebuchadnezzar is recalled, through a visionary representation of it to the prophet's eye; but this was done in a dream; and although it was fitting that a dream should be re-born in a dream, it does not seem quite so much so that a past event should appear in a shadowy guise. Samuel, too, informs Saul that the asses are found, and that his father has ceased caring for them, and is anxious about his son; but does this necessarily imply that a vision of the returning flock and the weeping father projected itself on the eye of the seer? Might not information have been conveyed to him in some other way? We can, besides, see reasons why future or present events should be presented in vision; a necessity for this seems involved in the very nature

of prophecy, in which God's object is not to show the whole, but a part, vividly protruded, and presented in a single ray of brilliant light to the imagination; whereas, when events are past, they require to be reproduced in series, and as nearly as possible as wholes, which necessitates the historical method. There are some discrepancies, too, between the account Miller gives of the procession of the creative work, and the apparent meaning of the words of Moses. For instance, we can not accept his explanation of the work of the fourth day. If words have any meaning, what can the following mean?—"God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth." Surely these words describe an act of creation, as positive as that of the cattle or of man. Light, indeed, had been made before, but these orbs seem now summoned into being by as distinct a fiat. And, as we observed before, the position of the fourth day's work forms altogether a most awkward obstacle to the reconciliation of geology and this first chapter. In various parts of Scripture we find allusions to God's having made the heavenly bodies, in language very similar to that in Genesis—such as God making the seven stars and Orion—"preparing the sun and shining light," etc.; but how strange that nobody *understands these* as only signifying the appearance, after some obscuration or other, of the luminaries of heaven; and yet, when found in this contested chapter, they must, perforce, to suit a theory, be twisted into such an acceptance! Altogether, the "Vision of Creation," as an explication of the seemingly conflicting statements of nature and revelation, is but "the baseless fabric of a vision," and shall soon pass away, leaving not a wreck behind; or, if remaining, rank not with the solid conclusions of truth, but with the beautiful dreams of imaginative genius.

Let us give a specimen or two of the fine writing of this part of the book:

"The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day arises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold; and anon the gold becomes fire; and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course re-

joicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines, amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary in the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

"Morning breaks on the sixth and last day of the Creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the thick herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbor in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth; the night falls once more upon the prospect; and there dawns yet another morrow, the morrow of God's rest—that divine Sabbath, in which there is no more creative labor, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man."

It is conceded that these descriptions are exquisite, both in style and imagination. But does not a shade seem to cross their brightness, as we compare the calm, succinct statement of Genesis with these glowing, pictorial hues? and are we not tempted to doubt if Moses ever had presented, either to his eye or his imagination, any such prospect? With Moses, all is naked grandeur, like that of a stripped winter oak; with Miller, all is flushed and verdant beauty, like the same tree touched with the breath of spring, and bathed in foliage. We admit and envy the greatness of the faith which can accept of the theory that both are the same prospect under partially different points of view; but can not pretend that we have yet attained to it.

What alternative, then, is left us? Shall we reject the testimony of the rocks, and



model our geologic theories on the literal interpretation of the Scripture words? For this we are not prepared. Miller, if he has not made out his own theory, has crushed those of the scriptural anti-geologists like rotten fungi. Shall we, then, hold that

"He who made the world, and revealed his will  
to Moses,  
Was mistaken in its age?"

or, with Baden Powel, that the first chapter of Genesis is a mere picturesque myth or parable? We have already stated some reasons why we can not accept this. There seems to us—who are not satisfied with either Chalmer's or Miller's view—to be but one other course, and that is, to let the subject remain in its uncertainty, to be ready to welcome the true explanation, should it come; or, if it comes not, to allow the difficulty to lie over, with so many other far greater mysteries in nature, providence, and redemption, for the discoveries of a future life. The various attempts to reconcile Scripture and Geology have been compared to efforts made to bridge across an untamable torrent from opposite sides: the bridge is never completed, and, however near the different architects may approach each other, there remains still a narrow but furious and foaming interspace, scorning constraint. And it is likely that, for a long time to come, this current of contradiction and controversy will continue to puzzle, on the one hand, all scientific skill, and, on the other, to defy all Christian intellect.

In the lectures which follow, on the "Two Theologies," Miller shows that geology confutes the infinite series of the atheist, by showing a number of distinct beginnings, and that it disproves the sophism of Hume as to creation "being a singular effect," by opening to us the history of the remote past, and introducing us through the present to former creations, by "giving us, what Hume truly argued his contemporaries had not, an *experience* in creations." On the Development theory he does not enter at large, having dealt with it in another book; but says, simply, that its hypothesis, instead of being founded, like the general principles of the geologists, upon facts, is a mere dream, unsupported by any evidence. Such dreams have often abounded. All boys,

some thirty years ago, used to believe that eels could be developed out of horse-hairs. It was once believed that the *Anser Bernicla*, or barnacle-goose, was developed out of decaying wood long submerged in sea-water; and Hector Boece has recorded some such faith in his "History of Scotland." The Epicureans of old held that the earth, besides herbs and trees, produced spontaneously a great number of mushroom-like bodies, which, when ripe, burst open, and revealed young animals (eggs and chicks without parents!) which proved the founders of all our animal races. Of the same character essentially is the theory of La Marck, nay, worse, since we can *disprove* it, and challenge its supporters to produce a "single genealogy of development, to press into his service one family history, though but of the smallest shell-fish." Besides, where is such a series, once begun, to stop? If the snail can develop into a singing-bird, why not into a Shakspeare? and why not a Shakspeare into the supreme God? Most justly does Miller class those who support this hypothesis with pretenders, and the hypothesis itself with the mere fictions of the imagination.

He next shows the bearing of geology upon an old question of the days of Pope and Soame Jenyn, in reference to the space occupied by man in the scale of creation. These writers looked upon man as more important from his position than from his nature or powers; they thought him of little more value, yet just as perfect in his own way, as a bird or beast. While Scripture, on the one hand, confutes this notion, and asserts at once man's fall and his infinite importance, geology, on the other, maintains that he is the "sum-total of all the animals—the *end toward which all the animal creation has tended, from the first appearance of the first Palæozoic fishes.*" Just as the architect, designing to place a certain noble statue on the top of a commanding column, bears this in mind at every stage of the work, and in all his adjustments of the proportions of the building, so did God design from the first that the majestic structure of life should be crowned with the figure of man, and was thinking of *him* while employed in forming fishes, reptiles, "dragons of the prime," and the monster mammalia of the pre-Adamite world. The statue of man was at length formed, and placed on the summit, when,



hark! a wild blast from some mysterious region blew it down; but God instantly set to work to rear it up again, and not only so, but to surround its brow with a crown of celestial glory, or, in Miller's words, the "advent of man, simply as such, was the great event prefigured during the old *geologic* ages; while the advent of that Divine Man 'who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light,' was the great event prefigured during the historic ages;" and, perhaps, he might have added, prefigured still; for the crown of man, which is also the crown of Christ, is not yet fully woven, and Miller expects, with many, the apotheosis of man to come from above, with the new heavens and the new earth. Here he cites Coleridge, in a passage full of "fancy, indeed, but of that sagacious fancy vouchsafed to only the true poet." He might have quoted with as much propriety the line of another poet:

"The diapason closing full in man;"

although, perhaps, he may have shrunk from calling the previous creations—ichthyosauri, pterodactyles, etc.—notes of "mellow music," in Tennyson's words, and have thought rather of harsh, discordant sounds from the Master's hand, attesting the strength, and almost endangering the integrity, of the instrument, ere the swell of harmony arose, to pursue its victorious way. How cordially we reciprocate his idea that man in his present state and form is not final, is only the crude germ of a nobler being, who is to be made after "the image of the heavenly, of the second Adam, and who is, perhaps, to be as much superior to the present race of men as they are to mastodons and megatheria." But for this cheering, exciting, ecstatic thought, let us remember we are indebted to Scripture solely, and not to human science or philosophy.

In the second part of the "Two Theologies," Miller compares the revelations of Scripture with the discoveries of geology in reference to the Fall of man, the unity of the race, etc. Into this part we do not follow him. It is written with much ingenuity and power, if it is not always satisfactory. We do not like his chapter on the "Noachian Deluge" so well. In it he rather proves the folly and absurdity of the solutions attempted by others, than gives an adequate one of his own. A late

writer in the *Witness* shows that even such a partial deluge as Miller supposes involves nearly as great a difficulty as the common view. Sir Humphrey Davy says, in a letter to Mr. Cottle, of Bristol, dated 1823: "What I stated to the Royal Society, in awarding the medal to Professor Buckland, has not been correctly given in the journals. I merely said that the facts lately brought forward proved the occurrence of that great catastrophe, (the Flood,) which had been recorded in sacred and profane history, and of which traditions were current even amongst the most barbarous nations. I did not say they proved the truth of the Mosaic account of the deluge—that is to say, of the history of the ark of Noah, and the preservation of animal life. This is revelation: and no facts that I know of have been discovered in science that bear upon this question, and the sacred history of the race of Shem. My idea was, to give to Cæsar what belonged to Cæsar, and not to blend divine truths with the fancies of men." Many facts have been added to geology since Davy thus wrote; but we suspect that, after all, the reconciliation of the Noachian deluge with these is as far off as ever; and that we must just say of that catastrophe as a whole—as Davy said in reference to some of its parts—"This is revelation."

In the chapter on the "Discoverable and the Revealed," Miller shows some of the enormous blunders in science into which theologians used to be led, by pushing the literal language of Scripture too far, and imagining that the Bible was intended to reveal every thing. He preserves in the amber of immortal contempt such names as Voetius, Heideggeri, Francis Turretine, etc. In the lecture on the "Geology of the Anti-Geologists," he masses up with these dead some living flies, although he is rather severe and personal in this portion. His last two lectures, on the "Less-Known Fossil Floras of Scotland," are totally free from this fault, and form delightful descants on his favorite theme, the rocky remains and petrified flowers of his beloved native land.

In quitting this admirable volume, we can not but allude to the three great losses the science of Scotland has sustained within the last few years—Edward Forbes, Samuel Brown, and Hugh Miller; all developed to the pursuit of distinct and lofty scientific paths; all of them in or

scarcely past their prime, and from whom the world was expecting greater things than any they had achieved; all men of high genius, and who all set almost simultaneously—being “lovely in their lives, and in their death not long divided.” Honor to the memory of all three! Of Edward Forbes, who, although born on the Isle of Man, was educated and died in Edinburgh, and might be considered an adopted Scotchman—with his keen, comprehensive, Cuvier-like intellect, his quiet effective teaching, his genial, delightful private manners, his unbounded accom-

plishments: to Samuel Brown, the fine enthusiast, who, although he failed in his highest ambition, and seemed to many a belated child of the middle ages, an alchemist “born out of due time,” gave an undoubted impulse to the progress of chemistry, as well as electrified all who ever heard or met him, by the elasticity and brilliance of his conversation and oratory: and to Hugh Miller, the Monarch of the Self-taught. Honor to them all! the more as they all honored each other, and warmly appreciated each other’s studies, and character, and genius.

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From the London Quarterly Review.

## IRISH ORATORS — CURRAN.\*

To many readers of the present day this new edition of an old biography will have quite a novel interest; and though written by Mr. Charles Phillips, it is certainly a readable and welcome book. On such a subject it would not be easy to write a bad one. Curran’s life was so rich in varied incident, marked by such strong contrasts, passed amongst such strange scenes, and still stranger characters; he lived in such an eventful and stormy era, acted such an important part in the public history of his times, filled so large a space in the public eye, and acquired so great a fame, that we can not imagine a finer subject for a biographer equal to the occasion; nor can we understand how the life of such a man, no matter how poorly written, could fail to interest, amuse, and instruct. Mr. Phillips had a splendid opportunity of dealing with the most important period of Irish history, an unusual state of society and manners to depict, and a superabundance of the best materials at his command. He enjoyed,

for a number of years, the intimate friendship of the great man whose life he has written. He not only witnessed Curran’s magnificent displays in the Senate and at the Bar, but had a full knowledge of his powers as a social companion, and the charms of his conversation in private life. He learned from Curran’s own lips the leading events of his life; heard him sketch—as only Curran could do—the characters, genius, and peculiarities of Grattan, Flood, Burgh, and the rest of his contemporaries; was a listener to the treasures of genius, of wisdom, and of wit, which Curran delighted to pour forth at the social board. And yet, with all these advantages, where so much might have been reasonably expected, we can not say that the result is satisfactory. Our praise of this production must be sadly qualified. It is readable, but only in spite of its defects; and welcome because of the material it so indifferently displays. It is only a critic so famous as Lord Brougham who could venture to call it an “inimitable piece of biography.”

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\* *Curran and his Contemporaries.* By Charles Phillips, Esq., A.B. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1857.

It must not be forgotten—though the readers of this volume may fail to be re-

mind—that in an age of the most extraordinary intellectual splendor, Curran was admitted on all hands to be, not only a clever lawyer, a great debater, and a grand orator, but also a profound thinker, an unrivaled wit, and the most brilliant conversationalist of his time; and this not merely by his own countrymen, but by the highest literary circles of London and Paris. Lord Erskine, Madame De Staël, R. B. Sheridan, and Dr. Birkbeck, amongst others, bear witness to his wonderful powers; while Byron, who was the most fastidious of men, and chary of his praise, pays the following tribute to him in his *Journal*: “I have met *Curran* at Holland House. He beats every body. His imagination is beyond human, and his humor (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. He has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics. I never met his equal.” Again: “Curran! Curran the man who struck me most. Such imagination! There never was any thing like it. He was wonderful even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time. The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. *I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written, though I saw him seldom, and but occasionally.*”

Now, if Mr. Phillips (who had more frequent opportunities of hearing him than Byron) had only kept a partial record of the outflowings of Curran's prodigally gifted mind, on which nature had lavished, with boundless profusion, the choicest treasures of philosophy, poetry, eloquence, and wit—if he had preserved some of those poetic gems of thought, which Curran was continually scattering around him, what an essential service he would have rendered to literature and the world! But, instead of doing this, Mr. Phillips has recorded, in glowing language, his feelings of joy on being introduced to Mr. Curran; filled his book with anecdote and gossip about every thing and every body; and, having omitted to tell us of Curran all that would have been truly valuable, and which we should have most liked to know, he reminds us of a savage, walking in a mine of gold and precious stones, utterly unconscious of the value of the treasures at his feet. “What a saddening reflection,” said John Foster, in one of his critical essays, “it is, that of all the grand thoughts, sublime images, and brilliant fancies, that must have passed through a

great original mind like Curran's during a life-time, so few have been preserved!” Had Mr. Phillips taken away the cause for this reflection, we should most willingly dispense with all his labored panegyrics, and forgive him even greater offenses against good taste than are to be found in this volume.

It was especially incumbent on Mr Phillips to perform this service, for by no one has Curran's fame been more seriously injured than by his present biographer. We suppose our readers are aware that Mr. Phillips, now a Commissioner of the Insolvent Court, was for a number of years at the Irish, and subsequently at the English Bar; that he practiced with great success as a criminal lawyer, won a high reputation for eloquence of a certain kind, thought himself an orator, and, in an evil hour, published his speeches. Although displaying a good deal of talent, they were so disfigured by mannerism and extravagance, and so full of incongruous metaphor and bombast, so inaccurate in thought and defective in style, that while young orators of the spasmodic school recited them before the looking-glass, the reading public laughed, and the *Edinburgh Review* swooped down upon Mr. Phillips with such effect, that his style of eloquence at once fell in the market. But, unfortunately, Mr. Phillips was continually talking of the Irish orators—of Curran in particular, whom he professed to imitate and admire. But the people who knew nothing of the Irish orators except their names, naturally concluded that Mr. Phillips resembled the men he so rapturously praised. They could not have fallen into a greater mistake. The resemblance to Curran was ridiculously small. Our author succeeded only in catching certain of the orator's defects. Some of the *splendida vitia* of Curran's style were instinct with genius—sparks leaping from his anvil, or smoke mingling with the fierce white flame of his exasperated furnace; and these were entirely beyond the reach of Mr. Charles Phillips. But his pretensions were known and too far credited; and thus he brought the oratory of his great countrymen, at least in some degree, into disrepute.

This was a result greatly to be regretted: for, unquestionably, the two greatest achievements of the Irish are, their eloquence and their music. By this we do not mean that they have not contributed largely to other departments of science, literature,

and art. We are pleased to remember, and proud to acknowledge, how deeply indebted British literature is to Irish genius. Many of the greatest names in the glorious muster-roll of fame are those of Irishmen. In legislation and philosophy, in poetry and science, in patriotism and learning, in general literature, the fine arts, and war, they can boast the illustrious names of Duns Scotus, Ussher, O'Neill, Sarsfield, Swift, Berkeley, Hutcheson, Goldsmith, Sterne, Burke, Barry, Wellington, Moore, and a host of others. But in their oratory and music they stand pre-eminent—that music at once so wild and mournful, so joyous and pathetic, so merry and sad; whose gladdest note is so near akin to tears, which in its melancholy notes so faithfully reflects the history of Ireland, and the unearthly, passionate tones of which are but an echo to the wailings of her griefs.

But her oratory is her greatest glory. No country in Europe can boast a greater number of illustrious speakers. And here we are reminded of a striking circumstance attending the Avatar of genius in the world. The phenomena of its appearance seem to follow some mysterious laws. The Divine afflatus comes rushing on a generation, and gives to the human soul an onward impulse in one particular path, which is a permanent advance. This may help to explain the fact, that almost within the limits of a single life-time all these great men appeared and passed away. They did not come at long intervals from each other, and alone, but blazed out suddenly in the intellectual heavens in brilliant constellations. So came the great artists of the Middle Ages. The great Dramatists of English literature all belong to the era of Elizabeth. The great Musicians came together in one age. All the great Poets of this century appeared in a glorious galaxy at its commencement; and their successors have not yet arrived; we greet only at broad intervals some "bright particular star."

But in every constellation some members stand nearer to each other; and the great orators of Ireland may be conveniently grouped. We are fully aware of the difficulty of forming general classes under which you can reckon poets or orators, knowing that each one is distinguished by an idiosyncrasy which does not perfectly agree with any other; but, joining those together who exhibit the more numerous

features of resemblance, we think it may be said that of the Irish orators, Flood, Duquerry, and O'Connell may be classed together. They seldom rose into flights of imagination, but aimed at producing effect by plain, logical, and conclusive reasoning, and strong masculine common sense alone. Grattan and Plunkett are distinguished for their unequalled powers of invective, brilliant epigrammatic force, glittering antithesis, and overwhelming energy and fire. Burgh, Lord Avonmore, Bushe, and Holmes, were remarkable for their learning, clearness of arrangement, felicity of allusion, chasteness of conception, power of narration, and faultless purity of style: on account of their earnestness, elegance, and grace, they may be said to form the classical school. As widely differing from them, Dean Kirwan, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Richard Lalor Sheil, and Thomas Francis Meagher, compose what, for want of a better and more appropriate name, we must call the rhetorical and artificial school. They seek to dazzle by the captivating and luxuriant beauty of fancy, metaphor, and trope. But Curran, for varied pathos, drollery, and wit, may be said to stand alone; he forms a school in himself; and the same is true, in some degree, of Edmund Burke.

Of all these great men, we have long considered Curran to have been the most highly gifted with all the endowments necessary to form a first-class orator. We think he had more *natural* oratorical genius than any of his contemporaries, perhaps than any speaker of modern times. Burke may have been more copious, learned, philosophical, and profound. Flood may have been more statesmanlike in his views, more subtle in his reasoning, and dexterous in debate. Grattan excelled him, as well as all other men, in epigram, antithesis, and point—in that terrible, condensed, resistless energy which overwhelmed all opposition like a flood; while in that dignified abstemiousness for which he is renowned, and in withering powers of invective, he had no equal. Sheridan's declamation was more rhetorical and ornate. Plunkett was more rapid, fiery, and terse; his crushing and inexorable logic, from which there was no escape, was more continuously sustained. Kirwan, without much imagination, excelled him in sheer force of enthusiasm. Bushe may have been more fastidious in his taste, and more chaste and faultless in the perfect purity



of his style. He was not, like O'Connell, a gigantic and athletic tribune of the people, who was never so much at his ease as when he was ruling with absolute sway the stormy passions of an excited and infuriated mob; nor could he cope with him in popular power and effect. But while Curran may have been inferior to each of his rivals in some one quality or other, yet in the combination of faculties necessary to the orator he was their superior. In splendor of imagination, richness of fancy, and creative power; in exuberant humor, melting pathos, caustic irony, cutting sarcasm, and brilliant wit; in exquisite perception of character, and deep knowledge of human nature; in the witchery of his manner, and absolute mastery over the varied passions of the human heart; in capability of adapting himself to the capacity of his audience, and command over their attention; in promptitude, dexterity, and force; in the variety, versatility, and extent of his powers, he excelled them all. He translated his reasonings into metaphor, and, if you took away the figure, you destroyed the argument. Sometimes he seemed to wander from the subject in flights of imagination, but from that lofty region he always returned to it with additional force, and adorned it with a grace beyond the reach of art. He occasionally dazzled his audience with the brightness of his illustrations, but it was in order to put their minds into a proper state of fusion for the reception of the ideas he wished to impress. Through the medium of the fancy he influenced the judgment. In all his displays, he never for a moment forgot the object he had in view, nor did he ever sacrifice utility to ornament. Was the titled and wealthy seducer to be exposed? the lordly criminal to be denounced? the crimes of a wicked Minister to be held up to public execration and scorn? Was the bribed and perjured informer to be probed and blackened? an unjust and cruel Judge to be bearded and withstood? folly to be turned into inextinguishable laughter, and vice to be covered with a ridicule that maddened while it disgraced? Was innocence to be vindicated and liberty defended? Was the widow to be protected, the orphan saved, and his country to be avenged? Curran was always able, and ready, and willing for the task.

It is not our intention in this article to review at any length Mr. Phillip's account of Curran's contemporaries. In a future

number we hope to resume the subject, and give it that consideration which its importance demands. At present, we shall confine our attention to Curran himself. We shall, therefore, in the first place, give our readers a short account of Curran's life; describe the peculiar circumstances under which he won his way to fortune and fame; notice, *en passant*, the occasions which called forth those efforts of his which have made his name immortal; quote some passages from two or three of his more important speeches, and thereby enable the reader to form his own opinion of the merits of that eloquence which we have praised so highly. We are quite sure our readers will feel obliged to us for doing so, and that these extracts will amply repay perusal. To the oratorical student, who wishes to acquire a mastery in his art, and who feels, with the great Roman orator, that it is most glorious to excel men in that in which men excel all other animals—speech—these specimens, from the grand orations of one of the greatest masters of human eloquence that ever lived, should be doubly welcome. They will serve both to fire his ambition, and to consecrate its aims, while at the same time they afford the noblest models for his admiration and study.

John Philpot Curran was born at Newmarket, a small village in the county of Cork, on the 24th of July, 1750. His father, James Curran, seneschal of the manor, was poor and uneducated. His mother, however, seems to have been a very superior woman. She was possessed of a passionate and romantic nature; was witty and eloquent, well acquainted with the music, and skilled in the legends, superstitions, and traditions, of the country. She told little *Jacky*, as she loved to call him, stories of "fairies," and "rapparees," sung him to sleep with the wild lullabies of the south, poured out upon him the rich treasure of her love, and, above all, carefully taught him his Bible. He hung with ecstasy upon her words, repeated her tales, caught her enthusiasm; and often in after-life boasted, with tears in his eyes, that any merit he had he owed to that gifted mother. Her darling ambition was, that her son might become a preacher. She never ceased to regret his devotion to the study of the law; and even when he had attained success at the Bar, the fruits of which to her death she shared, she has said

to him, "O Jacky, Jacky, what a preacher was lost in you!"

When about nine years old, an important incident occurred, which affected and molded his whole future fortunes. The Rev. Mr. Boyse, Rector of the parish of Newmarket, in passing the village ball-alley one morning, was amused by the humor, waggy, and eccentricities of young Curran. He bribed him with some sweetmeats to accompany him to the rectory, was struck with the boy's talent, took a fancy to him, taught him his grammar and the rudiments of the classics, and afterward sent him to the school of Middleton: "In short," says Curran, "he made a man of me." Curran never forgot his deep obligations to this good man, and delighted to tell the following anecdote: "I recollect," said Curran, "when I had risen to some eminence at the Bar, and had a seat in Parliament, and a good house in Ely Place, on my return one day from Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing-room, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was *my friend of the ball-alley!* I rushed into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words can not describe the scene which followed: 'You are right, sir; you are right: the pictures are yours—the house is yours: you gave me all I have—my friend—my father!' He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the tears glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw his poor little Jacky rising to make a speech in the House of Commons."

At Middleton school Curran received a fine classical education. He owed much to the careful training he received from the master—a Mr. Carey, who had a profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin poets. Curran was rather an idle boy, and so little promise did he give of his future eminence as a speaker, that his school-fellows nicknamed him "stuttering Jack." From Middleton he entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of nineteen. Like Swift, Goldsmith, and Burke, Curran did not distinguish himself at the University. The curriculum of studies pursued there was not much to his taste. The books he read were of his own selection, and his application was rather desultory than otherwise. During his undergraduate course, he led rather an idle life; was continually getting into scrapes through his imprudence, and ex-

tricating himself from them by his wit; and altogether was one of the "wildest, wittiest, dreamiest students of old Trinity." For his numerous escapades he was frequently before the Board of Senior Fellows, but generally came away triumphant. On one occasion, he was summoned before them for wearing a *dirty shirt*. "I pleaded inability," said he, "to wear a clean one; and I told their Reverences the story of Lord Avonmore, who was at the time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton. 'I wish, mother,' said Barry, 'I had *eleven* shirts.' '*Eleven, Barry! and why eleven?*' 'Because, mother, I am of opinion that a gentleman, to be *comfortable*, should have the dozen.' Poor Barry had but one, and I made the precedent my justification."

From College he proceeded to London, where he entered his name on the books of the Middle Temple, and commenced *eating* his way to the Bar. He now began an extensive course of study, and says himself that at this time he read ten hours every day. From his letters to Mr. Weston we glean many interesting particulars of his mode of life in London. He visited the theaters, eating-houses, and taverns; and went "to see the Queen and the lions." He became member of a debating club, where he several times failed in his attempts at making a speech, on which account they called him "Orator Mum;" but finally he conquered his nervousness, and made them change their opinion of him. He visited Hampton Court with Mr. Ap John. "The servant," he says: "who showed us the apartments had his lesson well by wrote, and, in explaining a suite of tapestry representing the Persian war of Alexander, ran over the battles of Issus, Arbela, etc., with great flippancy. 'But where is Alexander?' cries Ap John. 'There, sir, at the door of Darius's tent, with the ladies at his feet.' 'Surely,' I said, 'that must be Hephæstion, for he was mistaken by the Queen for Alexander.' 'Pardon me, sir; *I hope I know Alexander better than that.*' 'But which do you think the greater man?' 'Greater! bless your soul, sir, *they are both dead these hundred years.*' While in London, he seems to have supported himself by writing for the magazines and newspapers. Occasionally his finances were very low. One day he strolled into the park, and, lying down

on the grass, began to whistle an old Irish tune: an old gentleman asked him "where he had learned that beautiful air?" "I learned it, sir," said Curran, "in Ireland." "And how comes it to happen, young man, that you are here whistling, when people in the city are dining?" "Because," said he, "my remittance has not arrived, and I came to dine on a whistle in the park."

He now became subject to those fits of despondency and gloom which he felt so frequently toward the close of his career; and the more buoyant and excited were his spirits at times, the greater was dejection, and the deeper the depression, that followed. While putting in his terms at the Temple, he became acquainted with a Miss Creagh, from the county of Cork, and was married to her. The union was not a happy one. After his marriage he returned to Ireland.

He was now an accomplished and accurate scholar. He enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the great models of Grecian and Roman literature; was well versed in the classics of his own language; had an extensive knowledge of French, and spoke it with Parisian exactness; his memory was well trained and exceedingly retentive; his voice, which at first was weak and harsh, he had improved, by the most laborious recitations, into an organ of great melody and power; all his faculties were strengthened and developed by culture; and thus endowed, qualified, and trained, in the year 1775, he made his bow to the Lord Chancellor, and was called to the Bar. The wonder would have been, if such a man, so gifted and prepared, did not succeed. But it was some time before success came. He had to contend against many obstacles, and bear up under great difficulties and mortifications. Without friends, fortune, or connection, he had to fight his way to professional eminence against more than the usual impediments to success. Nor is it to be wondered at if, when term after term passed away without bringing him either profit or reputation, he felt anxious about the present, and despaired of the future. It was at this time he seriously contemplated emigrating to America—an intention which fortunately was not carried into effect. He traveled the Munster Circuit, and got his first brief at the Cork Assizes, where he was employed in an action for damages against a Captain St.

Leger, for an assault upon an aged Roman Catholic Priest of the name of Roche. The case was one of great atrocity; but such was the influence of Lord Doneraile, the uncle of St. Leger, and who was himself mixed up in the transaction—that the other members of the Bar refused the plaintiff's brief. Curran undertook the case, and obtained a verdict of £40 damages and costs. In the speech delivered upon that occasion he exceeded his instructions, described St. Leger as a mercenary soldier and a drummed-out dragoon, and denounced his conduct in terms of such severity that St. Leger sent him a hostile message. The parties met; and Curran not returning his opponent's fire, the matter ended. "It was not necessary for me to fire at him," said Curran; "for he died in three weeks after, *of fright at the report of his own pistol.*"

He was often found in the hall of the Four Courts, surrounded by a crowd of idlers, whom he amused by his wit, or amazed by his eloquence, at the very time that he had a light pocket and a heavy heart. The first fee of any consequence that he obtained, was through the recommendation of Arthur Wolfe, afterward the unfortunate Lord Kilwarden, from "old Bob Lyons," a famous Dublin attorney. Of this he himself gives the following interesting account:

"I then lived in a miserable lodging upon *Hog Hill*: my wife and children were the only furniture of my apartments; and, as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation with the National Debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth, she determined should be supplied by dignity. But the landlady had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one fine morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which, from my infancy, I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence, I came home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty gold guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of *old Bob Lyons* marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady, bought a good dinner, gave Bob Lyons a share of it, and that dinner was the date of my prosperity."

From this period Curran began to rise



rapidly in his profession. He was engaged in almost every case of importance in the metropolis and in the provinces. He displayed not only his eloquence, but his drollery, powers of mimicry, and the most inimitable skill at cross-examination. There was no web of preconcerted perjury which he could not disentangle; the false witness trembled before his piercing eye, and delighted juries hung entranced upon his lips. He was "all things to all men;" now could equal the peasant in his rustic air and sentiment, and the next moment enchant the fastidious scholar with the elegance or sublimity of his eloquence. "He argued, he cajoled, he ridiculed, he mimicked, he played off the various artillery of his powers upon a witness or an opponent;" could with equal ease call forth the smiles or the tears of his hearers, rouse their indignation or excite their irrepressible mirth, until even his rivals at the Bar forgot their envy, and the Judges the solemn decorum of the bench, while under the magic of his spells. His reputation once firmly established, he was thenceforward daily employed in those forensic efforts which have since made his name immortal. He was equally celebrated for his convivial powers; and when about this time a semi-political, semi-social society or club was formed in Dublin, called "The Monks of the Screw," and comprising all the intellect, genius, and patriotism of the Irish capital, Curran was unanimously installed Grand Prior of the order, and deputed to compose the Charter song. This society met in Kevin street; and all the furniture and regulations of the apartment were completely monkish. The rules were drawn up in quaint monkish Latin verse by its founder, Lord Avonmore. Of the hours passed in this society Curran always spoke with enthusiasm. And years afterward, addressing Avonmore as a Judge, and wringing tears from his eyes at the recollection, he said: "Those hours, my Lord, which we can remember with no other regret than that they can return no more:

"We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,  
But search of deep philosophy—  
Wit, eloquence, and poesy;  
Arts which I loved: for they, my friend,  
were thine."

In the year 1782, Henry Grattan, at the head of eighty thousand armed volunteers, accomplished an important revolution,

achieved the independence of Ireland, and "broke the chains of centuries," without the effusion of a single drop of blood. Into the history of that event we do not mean to enter, farther than to say, that all Curran's sympathies went with the popular movement for liberty, and that he devoted all his powers to render it successful. The year after he entered the Irish House of Commons as member of Kilbaggan, with Henry Flood for his colleague; and immediately attached himself to the party of which himself, Lord Charlemont, and Grattan were the leaders. The latter continued to be the warmest friend of Curran to the end of his life, and of all his political associates esteemed and admired him the most—feelings which Curran returned with interest.

When Curran entered Parliament, he had formidable rivals to contend with. Hussey Burgh, Duquerry, Flood, Fitzgibbon, Scott, Grattan, and Yelverton, were the great luminaries of the House, and were then in the zenith of their glory. There, night after night, the most brilliant displays were made by men who had made the science of politics their peculiar study, and who were perfect masters of the art of speech. There, too, occurred those fierce personal contests between political rivals and opponents—contests which, for acerbity of tone, malignant hatred, intensity of passion, fierceness of declamation, and blasting satire, have never been equalled in the annals of debate. "It was," to the ambitious speaker, "the noblest constitutional field on which to display his eloquence and attainments: an applauding people were his auditors, and an imperishable fame was his reward." In that assembly no man, except perhaps Grattan, was more dreaded by his opponents than Curran, whose patriotism, eloquence, honesty, and wit, had made him many enemies. It is true his parliamentary speeches are not equal to his greatest displays at the Bar; but perhaps this may arise partly from the fact, that they are not so well reported, and never received his own revision; and partly, that the whole of his education and training was forensic. At the Bar he was in his proper element; *that* was his pride of place; *there* he was completely at home. But, admitting all this, still many of his parliamentary orations are exceedingly fine: witness his extraordinary speech on pen-



sions, in which his wit actually runs riot, and you know not whether to admire most, the richness of his invention or the matchless humor he has displayed; his description of Protestant ascendancy—equal to any thing in Burke; and his invectives against Dr. Duigenan, the infamous Toler, (afterward Lord Norbury,) and Lord Chancellor Clare. The latter was his most bitter enemy in the House, and, after his attainment of the seals, carried his hostility so far, that Curran declared he had deprived him of Chancery practice to the amount of £30,000. Had he devoted his whole time and attention to Parliament, we think there can be little doubt but that he would have equaled in that department the greatest of his contemporaries.

In accounting for the inferiority of his parliamentary as compared with his Bar speeches, Curran said: "You must consider that I was a person attached to a great and powerful party, whose leaders were men of importance in the State, totally devoted to those political pursuits from which my mind was necessarily diverted by studies of a different description. They allotted me my station in debate, which being generally in the rear, I was seldom brought into action till toward the close of the engagement. After having toiled through the Four Courts the entire day, I brought to the House of Commons a person enfeebled and a mind exhausted. I was compelled to speak late in the night, and had to rise early for the Judges in the morning: the consequence was, my efforts were but crude; and where the others had the whole day for the correction of their speeches, I was left at the mercy of inability or inattention." This, we think, is a satisfactory explanation. It is certain, that many very eminent lawyers—such as Lords Erskine and Jeffrey—have failed in Parliament, nor is it easy to account for the fact. But Curran, Plunkett, O'Connell, and Sheil, in Ireland, and Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, and Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir William Follett, in England, are great exceptions.

As a specimen of Curran's parliamentary eloquence, we quote the following short extract from his speech on the state of Ireland in 1794, and which has not appeared in the published collection. Speaking of the war with France, he says:

"What was the situation of the parties at the beginning of the contest? England, with Spain, with Austria, with Prussia, with Holland, with Ireland on her side; while France had to count the revolt of Toulon, the insurrection of La Vendée, the rebellion of Lyons, and her whole eastern territories in the hands of her enemies. How direful the present reverse! England exhausted, Holland surrendered, Austria wavering, Prussia fled, and Spain fainting in the contest; while France, triumphant and successful, waves a military and acknowledged scepter over an extent of territory that stretches from the ocean to the Rhine, and from the Pyrenees to the ocean. I will not dwell upon this miserable picture; I will only observe that, during this long succession of disaster and defeat, Ireland alone, of all the allies of Great Britain, has never trafficked, nor deceived, nor deserted. The present distresses of her people attest her liberality of her treasure, while the bones of her enemies and of her children, bleaching upon all the plains of Europe, attest the brilliancy of her courage and the steadfastness of her faith."

Dr. Duigenan, member for the University of Dublin, an illiberal, unreasoning, and furious bigot, attacked Curran in the House of Commons, in 1796, on the Roman Catholic question. Curran, having replied to the arguments of some of the preceding speakers, then came to Duigenan's speech; and "for an hour and a half," says Mr. Phillips, "convulsed the House with one of the most lively sallies of wit and humor we ever heard." We quote a passage from the beginning of it:

"The learned Doctor had made himself a very prominent figure in the debate; furious, indeed, had been his anger, and manifold his attack. What argument, or what man, or what thing had he not abused? Half-choked by his rage in refuting those who had spoken, he had relieved himself by attacking those who had not spoken. He had abused the Catholics, he had abused their ancestors, he had abused the merchants of Ireland, he had abused Mr. Burke, he had abused those who voted for the order of the day. I do not know but I ought to be obliged to the learned Doctor for honoring me with a place in his invective; he has called me the bottle-holder of my right honorable friend. Sure I am, that if I had been the *bottle-holder* of both, the learned Doctor would have less reason to complain of me than my right honorable friend; for him I should have left perfectly sober, whilst it would very clearly appear that, with respect to the learned Doctor, the bottle had been not only managed fairly but generously; and that if, in furnishing him with liquor, I had not furnished him with argument, I had at least furnished him with a good excuse for wanting it—with the best excuse for that confusion of his—

tory, and divinity, and civil law and canon law—that heterogeneous mixture of politics, and theology, and antiquity, with which he has overwhelmed the debate, and the havoc and carnage he has made of the population of the last age, and the fury with which he seemed determined to exterminate, and even to devour, the population of this : and which urged him, after tearing and gnawing the characters of the Catholics, to spend the last efforts of his rage in actually gnawing their names.”

This last expression alluded to Dr. Duigenan’s pronunciation of the name of Mr. Keogh, which, Mr. Curran said, was a kind of *pronunciatory defamation*.

We now gladly turn from Curran’s senatorial to his forensic career, in which he has won his most enduring fame. The first of his great Bar speeches, from which we purpose to make an extract, was delivered in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, in 1794. Rowan, who was a Protestant, and possessed of landed property to the amount of £9,000 a year, acting as Secretary of the United Irish Society, signed an address to the volunteers of Ireland, calling upon them to declare in convention in favor of Catholic emancipation. He was criminally indicted for the publication. Curran defended him, and in the course of his speech uttered the famous passage on *Universal Emancipation*, which, although it is rather widely known, we are nevertheless tempted to transcribe. After showing that the publication was not a violation of law, and defending the volunteers, and advocating the necessity of abolishing the penal laws, the orator proceeds :

“ I put it to your oaths : do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them, (the Roman Catholics,) by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate ? Do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold enough and honest enough to propose that measure—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the Church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it ; giving, I say, in the words of this so much censured paper—giving *UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION* ? I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil—which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground upon which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No

matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle the helm of his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, which burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled by the irresistible genius of *UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION*.”

Loud and irrepressible acclamation from every part of the Court interrupted the orator. The thunders of applause were again and again renewed. When the enthusiasm, after a long interval, had in some degree subsided, Curran thus alluded to the incident : “ Gentlemen, I am not such a fool as to ascribe any effusions of this sort to any merit of mine. It is the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate, that can excite such interest in the hearer : what you hear is but the testimony which nature bears to her own character ; it is the effusion of her gratitude to that Power which stamped that character upon her.”

The whole of this passage we have always regarded as particularly fine. It will bear the closest critical scrutiny. Besides being poetically beautiful, it is also literally true, which is a merit of the highest kind. While it is sublime in a very high degree, there is no unnatural straining after effect ; one sentence follows another, increasing and intensifying the meaning of that which went before, the whole rising into the magnificent climax at the end. You can not leave out any part without weakening the effect ; you can not even change a word or syllable, without injuring the rhythm and melody of the whole. There are many passages in this famous oration of equal, some two or three, perhaps, of even greater merit, than the one which we have quoted : we refer particularly to his description of Mr. Rowan, and his panegyric on the liberty of the press. We are sorry that our space will not allow us to give the latter *in extenso*. There is nothing equal to it in Cicero ; and it can be paralleled only by another passage on the same subject from Curran’s own speech for Peter Finnerty, which is perhaps the finest of all his orations. In this speech for Rowan, how

finely he describes Scotland, "as a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering, winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned, as she is, with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic, morality of her Burns!" Under the thin disguise of describing a former state of things, he thus denounced the Judges before whom he pleaded, some of whom were placed on the bench for rather questionable services: "You have a still more powerful example in that memorable period, when the Monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly—when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot—when venal Sheriffs returned packed juries to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many—when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those *wretched foundlings of fortune*, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies while sanity remained in them, but at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination."

When he had ended his speech, the universal shout of the vast audience testified their admiration. On leaving the Court, he was surrounded by the mob, who were determined to chair him. He implored of them to desist, but in vain; and a gigantic, brawny chairman, looking on Curran with a contemptuous affection, roared out to his companion, "Arrah, blood and turf! Pat, don't mind the little cratur; here, pitch him up this minute upon *my shoulder*." Pat did so; the "little cratur" was carried to his carriage, and drawn home by the shouting populace. Rowan, however, was convicted, and sent to jail for two years. A charge of treason was brought against him while there; but he escaped from prison. A reward of £2000 was offered for his apprehension. He was conveyed to a small boat manned by three fishermen, two of

them brothers of the name of Sheridan, which, says Rowan, "I regarded as a good omen;" and while he was sitting in the stern waiting for a wind, these noble fellows, showing him a copy of the Proclamation, thus addressed him, "Mr. Rowan, we know you, and what we can get for surrendering you; but don't fear; we have promised to take you to France, and, with the help of God, we will do so;" and they kept their word.

We now come to perhaps the most extraordinary of all Curran's speeches, that spoken in defense of Finnerty, the proprietor of the *Press* newspaper. The circumstances out of which the prosecution arose were these. A man of the name of William Orr, a Presbyterian in the north of Ireland, was tried for administering an unlawful oath, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. The day after his conviction the jury memorialized the Government, stating on oath that they were drunk when they returned their verdict against Orr, and praying that he might be pardoned. The Judge, Lord Avonmore, enforced the prayer of the petition. The Government reprieved Orr for a month. In the mean time, his case excited extraordinary interest throughout the whole of the two countries. At the end of the month, Orr was again reprieved, and it was found that the informer who had sworn against him was utterly unworthy of belief. The jurors repeated their statements. A third reprieve was given, and it was generally believed that he would be pardoned; but the executive thought an example was required; and at length, amidst an amazing concourse of people, he was executed. A letter appeared in the *Press*, severely condemning the whole transaction, and censuring with great bitterness Lord Camden, the Lord-Lieutenant. It was deemed libelous by the Government, and Peter Finnerty was immediately prosecuted for publishing it. Curran was employed for the defense, and only got his brief the morning the trial commenced. He therefore had little or no time for preparation; but of the main facts he was of course aware. He always regarded the speech he delivered on that occasion as his greatest effort. Nor can we withhold our admiration of it, when we remember it was prepared in a few hours, while the trial was actually going on; and that when he arose to address the jury, he had only a few catch-

words on the back of his brief to speak from. Assuredly this speech (which fortunately is well reported) bears no marks of haste. On the contrary, it is the most able, finished, and artistic piece of pleading we have ever read. There are single passages thickly scattered through it, which, for splendor of diction, clearness and simplicity of arrangement, copiousness of illustration, euphony of language, affluence of the most gorgeous or terrible imagery, melting pathos, scathing invective, and brilliant wit, are unsurpassed by any in the English language. The speech is not so remarkable for the exhibition of any *one* of these qualities, as for the astonishing combination of them all. It exhibits all the elements of the highest kind of eloquence within the limits of a single speech. How grand he rises to the "height of his great argument!" His anger becomes inflamed into passion, and his passion sublimed into poetry. For an adequate idea of its excellence, we must refer the reader to the speech itself; but for the benefit of those who may not have the book by them, we shall make a few extracts, premising, as we do so, that the effect is weakened by taking them out of connection with their context. Here is his description of Orr:

"Let me suppose, gentlemen, that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended—the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people to their place in the Constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow-laborers in that enterprise; that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry, and confined in a jail; that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months, you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive, cheered by no sound but the cries of his family or the clanking of his chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and prejured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn-out, and terrified jury, give in a verdict of death; that you had seen the jury, when their returning sense of sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the Crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood. Let me sup-

pose that you had seen the respite given; that new and unheard-of crimes are discovered against the informer; that the royal mercy seems to relent; that a new respite is sent to the prisoner; that time is taken to see whether mercy could be extended or not; that after that period of lingering deliberations passed, a third respite is transmitted; and the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family he adored, to a character he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears of gratitude which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of Providence upon his head who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children; that you had seen the olive branch sent to his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided.

—"Alas! nor wife, nor children more  
Shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home."

No seraph Mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame, where unmoved by the hostile array of artillery, and armed men collected together to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint? Would you have been mean enough—but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you. Had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done. Had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of honor or integrity could speak, let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to fling my hand across it—I should have left it to a fitter minstrel."

Having melted Court, Judge, and Jury to tears by the pathos of these words, he next goes on to speak of the constant attacks made upon the liberty of the press; and much that is fine we reluctantly pass over. The orator proceeds to say, that the question at issue is not respecting Orr, but that the jury are called upon by their verdict to say that the Government is wise and merciful, that the people are happy and contented, that martial law ought to be continued, and that any statement of a contrary nature is libelous and false. The description of the state of



Ireland and the condition of the people at the time is appalling; and it is rendered still more awful, when we think that it is not mere rhetorical exaggeration, but rather a sober statement of facts. An Englishman can with difficulty realize the full meaning and force of the following dreadful picture:

"Let me ask you, how could you reconcile with such a verdict the jails, the tenders, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations, that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned counsel himself, circuit after circuit? Merciful God! What is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of the land? You may find him, perhaps, in a jail, the only place of security—I had almost said, ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagration of his own dwelling, or you may find his bones bleaching in the green fields of his country, or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet with these facts ringing in the ears, and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon, in defiance of shame, of truth, and honor, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution which tramples you under foot."

The traverser (or defendant) had charged the Government with the employment of regular bribed informers, who were ready upon all occasions to concoct a plot, and swear away the lives of any one who might be obnoxious to the Minister of the day. That there was too much reason for this imputation on the Irish Executive, no one acquainted with the history of that dreadful period will deny. The names of Cockaigne, Armstrong, and the infamous Jemmy O'Brien, and others of that class, are sufficient to prove it. In dealing with this part of the case, Curran said:

"This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are to say upon your oaths to the sister-country, that the Government of Ireland uses no such abominable instrument of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict which every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own

eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now to the public proclamation of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward: I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who had been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory: I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this Commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the seat of Government—from the Castle—where they had been worked upon, by the fear of death and the hope of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild and wholesome councils of this Government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness. Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered this Court, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death—a death which no innocence can escape no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent? There was an antidote, a juror's oath; but even that adamant chain, which bound the integrity of man to the throne of Eternal Justice, is solved and molten in the breath which issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of his victim,

—*'et quæ sibi quæque timebat  
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.'*

Informers are worshiped in the temple of justice, even as the devil has been worshiped by pagans and savages: even so, in this wicked country, is the informer an object of judicial idolatry—even so is he soothed by the music of human groans—even so is he placated and incensed by the fumes and by the blood of human sacrifices."

We think the reader will admit that these magnificent passages fully deserve the praise that we have bestowed upon them. We had some more, equally fine marked for quotation, but find we have not space for them. Those which we have given will, however, enable the

reader to form a fair idea of Curran's powers as an orator, and of the distinguishing characteristics of his eloquence. It is singular that he never wrote any of his speeches, but he prepared them with the most intense and passionate care. He was fond of the violoncello, and a fine performer on that instrument; and it was while he was engaged in playing on it, or while rambling in his grounds at the Priory, that his most glorious thoughts came to him; and his memory served him so well, that he had no occasion to commit them to writing. He was thus left free to avail himself of any thing that might occur in Court; and thus it is that all his speeches have the appearance of being entirely extemporaneous; and that it is so difficult to distinguish those that were delivered on the impulse of the moment, from those that were most carefully prepared. The slashing assault upon Judge Robinson could not have been previously composed. Whoever attacked him in the hope of finding him off his guard, had bitter reason to repent their temerity; for his readiness in retort never deserted him.

Shortly after Finnerty's trial, the most memorable and perilous period of Curran's life commenced. It is to this part of his career that his countrymen look back with the greatest pride. In the year 1798, the Irish Rebellion took place. The long-smoldering embers of discontent burst at length into the flames of open insurrection. At the instigation of the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, the French Directory dispatched to Ireland an invading expedition, composed of 15,000 choice troops, carried by 17 sail of the line, 13 frigates, and 13 transports; the whole was under the command of General Hoche, the pacificator of La Vendée; and the object of it was to aid the Irish in getting rid of British connection. The fleet was dispersed by contrary winds, and returned to France. Under the direction of Carnot—then at the head of the French Directory—Tone soon organized another expedition, which, from some cause or other, did not leave the harbor. A third expedition, under the command of General Humbert, sailed from Rochelle. He effected a landing at Killala, gained a victory at Castlebar, and at length surrendered to an overwhelming force under Lord Cornwallis. Excited by the hope of French assistance, the peasantry

rose in all directions against the Government. We have not heart to enter into details of the fearful scenes of violence, horror, misery, and bloodshed which followed, and the terrible realities of which no imagination can adequately conceive. All the calamities of civil war were aggravated by the still fiercer element of religious animosity. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; martial law was proclaimed; the regular legal tribunals were succeeded by summary executions at the drum-head; and rape, murder, torture, half-hangings, and conflagrations depopulated and wasted the country. The Rebellion was at length suppressed; but not until 50,000 of the people, and 20,000 of the King's troops, had lost their lives. To be accused of liberal principles at such a time was equivalent to a charge of disloyalty; and an accusation of treason was almost sure to be followed by conviction. To such an extent did this proceed, that Mr. Grattan and the Duke of Leinster were arrested on suspicion in London, but again liberated, as there was not the least shadow of proof against them.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Tone had died in prison of their wounds, when the memorable State trials were commenced, in which Curran acted such a prominent part. Upon him devolved, in almost every instance, the dangerous task of defending the accused. Lord Carleton told him he would lose his gown if he defended Neilson. "Well, my Lord," said Curran, contemptuously, "his Majesty may take the silk, but he must leave the *stuff* behind." To defend a state prisoner was made a grievous accusation against him. But when almost every other man trembled for his own safety, Curran came boldly forward to discharge his duty, and, regardless of all consequences to himself, stood between the doomed victim and the grave, and in his defense displayed not only his untiring energy, learning, eloquence, and zeal, but his unfaltering and indomitable courage. Frequently he pleaded before military audiences, with their bayonets and swords pointed at his heart; and instead of being deterred from the performance of his duty to his client, he scowled back upon them, and said, "Assassinate me you may, intimidate me you can not." Often, amid the clanking of arms in the Court, has the Judge been obliged to interfere for the purpose of getting him a decent hearing; and on one

occasion the Judge, Jurors, and Bar before whom he spoke, were *in uniform*. "He advocated the accused: he arraigned the Government: he thundered against the daily exhibition of torture: he held up the informers to universal execration: and at the hourly hazard of the bayonet or the dungeon, he covered the selected victim with the shield of the Constitution."

Two brothers of the name of Sheares were first tried. They were both Protestants, and members of the Irish Bar. After an uninterrupted sitting of sixteen hours, Curran applied for an adjournment of the Court until next day; it was refused. He rose, long after midnight, in the dimly lighted Court, to address the jury for the defense, and delivered one of his greatest speeches, which produced an immense sensation. There was much in the occasion, and in the accessories surrounding it, to excite the imagination and operate upon the feelings. "The solemn hour, the military audience, the station of the prisoners, their fraternity, the awful nature of the times, and the certain fate which must follow on conviction," gave weighty import to every word uttered by the advocate. At eight o'clock in the morning, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," when the wretched brothers were seen clasped in each other's arms. They were executed the same day. The other state trials followed immediately. M'Cann, Byrne, and the others, were defended by Curran. They were all found guilty, and executed.

Shortly after, Curran was employed against the Bill of Attainder brought in by Government to deprive Lord Edward Fitzgerald's family of his estates, and vest them in the Crown. The guilt of Fitzgerald was the first question to be decided; but Lord Edward was in his grave, and therefore incapable of defense. When called upon for defensive evidence, Curran stalked into the House of Lords, and said, "My Lords I have no defensive evidence. I have no case. 'Tis impossible I should. I have often gone, of late, for my instructions to the dungeon of the living, but never yet to the sepulcher of the dead; nor, in truth, have I ever before been in at the trial of a dead man." How eloquently he pleaded! how wisely he reasoned against the injustice and the cruelty of the penal laws! in which, he said, "the race between penalty and crime was continued, each growing fiercer in the

conflict, until the penalty could go no further, and the fugitive turned upon the breathless pursuer." How beautiful the description of the blood of the Geraldines in the conclusion! "If loyalty and justice require that these children should be deprived of bread, must it not be a violation of that principle to give them food and shelter? If the widowed mother should carry the orphan heir of her unfortunate husband to the gate of any man who might feel himself touched with the sad vicissitudes of human affairs, who might feel a compassionate reverence for the noble blood that flowed in his veins, nobler than the royalty that first ennobled it, that, like *a rich stream, rose till it ran and hid its fountain*—if, remembering the many noble qualities of his unfortunate father, his heart melted over the calamities of the child—if his heart swelled, if his eyes overflowed, if his too precipitate hand was stretched forth by his pity or his gratitude to the poor excommunicated sufferers, *how could he justify the rebel tear and the traitorous humanity?*" The Bill of Attainder was passed, but was reversed in 1819 by Lord Liverpool; who declared "that the reversal originated not so much in the royal clemency, *as in a sense of the injustice of the attainder itself.*"

Of the electric and universal effect that Curran's speeches at these times produced on the public mind, we can have but an inadequate conception; while the services he then rendered to the sacred cause of justice and freedom can not be over-estimated. Speaking of the very different circumstances under which Erskine and Curran pleaded, Dr. Croly says: "When Erskine spoke, he stood in the midst of a secure nation, and pleaded like a priest of the temple of Justice, with his hand on the altar of the Constitution, and all England waiting to treasure every oracle that came from his lips. Curran pleaded, not in a time when the public system was so far disturbed as to give additional interest to his eloquence, but in a time when the system was threatened with instant dissolution, when Society seemed to be falling in fragments around him, when the soil was already throwing up flames. Rebellion was in arms. He pleaded not on the floor of a shrine, but on a scaffold; with no companions but the wretched and culpable beings who were to be flung from it hour by hour; and no hearers but the crowd

who rushed in desperate anxiety to that spot of hurried execution—and then rushed away, eager to shake off all remembrance of scenes which had torn every heart among them.”

We can only briefly notice the subsequent events of Curran's life. To the Act of Union he, along with Saurin, Grattan, Plunkett, and others, made a strenuous but unavailing opposition. No matter what may have been the effects of that measure, we think there can be only one opinion of the means by which it was effected: those means were wholesale bribery and corruption. The Castlereagh papers recently published give the full details of that discreditable transaction; and Sir Jonah Barrington, in his *History*, states that nearly three millions sterling were expended in purchasing the men who voted for the Union. He even gives a list of their names, and the titles, places, or other considerations by which they were bought. But if we blame the Minister for bribing, what are we to think of the Irishmen who allowed themselves to be bribed, and for the sake of the bribe basely sold their country? Curran always looked upon these men with abhorrence and contempt; for he regarded the extinction of the Irish Parliament as the greatest calamity that had ever befallen the country.

In the year 1802, he was employed in one of the most extraordinary cases on record—that of *Herey* against *Sirr*, for false imprisonment. We are convinced that in no other country but Ireland could such a case occur. We had prepared an abstract of it, but the whole of this abominable transaction was so revolting, such an outrage upon all law and justice, and its details so incredible and atrocious, that we think it better to omit it, and refer the reader to Curran's speech, which “so admirably tells the story, and shows the speaker's powers in all their variety.” No abstract could do it justice. William Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams*, was in Court during the trial, and heard Curran's speech.

An event now occurred, which was the cause of much domestic misery to Curran. The youthful and unfortunate Robert Emmett—one of three brothers, all of them wonderfully gifted—was a frequent guest at Curran's house. Possessed of a mind melancholy and romantic, which he had adorned with all the beauties of clas-

sical literature, his amiability, genius, and virtues won for him respect, esteem, and love. Curran's youngest daughter, Sarah, was a girl of great talents, beauty, and accomplishments. Emmett conceived for her a most passionate attachment; without her father's knowledge he paid her his addresses, and won her affections. After the failure of his insurrection in 1803, Emmett escaped, but, unwilling to leave the country without once more seeing the object of his love, he foolishly returned to Dublin for that purpose, was arrested, tried, and executed. A few hours before his execution he thus wrote of Miss Curran: “My love, Sarah! it was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I did hope to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave.” Miss Curran never recovered the shock: she drooped away, and in a few years followed her beloved. It was in connection with this sad event Moore wrote the celebrated song:

“Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade;”

and another, beginning with the line—

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps;”

and Washington Irving has told the story very pathetically in his *Sketch Book*, in the tale of *The Broken Heart*.

In the State trials that followed Emmett's insurrection, Curran was assigned counsel for the prisoners; and his speeches at that time are most remarkable for their fierce denunciations of Napoleon and his system of government. He was next engaged in prosecuting Sir Henry Hayes for the abduction of Miss Pike, of Cork. Hayes was a great favorite with the people. As Curran was entering the Court, an old woman cried out, “Huzza, Counsellor! I hope you'll gain the *day*.” “Take care, my good woman,” he answered good-humoredly, “if I should, that you don't lose the *Knight*!” Hayes was convicted and sentenced to death, but was afterward pardoned.

When the Whigs came into power, in 1807, Curran was made Master of the Rolls. The office was not very congenial



to him; and after sitting on the Bench for six years, he resigned from ill-health in 1813. Released from the bustle and labors of the Bar, and having resigned the dignity of the Bench, the remaining years of his life were passed in melancholy retirement from the scenes in which he had been such a prominent actor. Many of his friends had perished on the scaffold, or in prison, or were dragging out a wretched existence in exile. The terrible events of the two rebellions had left an indelible impression on his mind. The calamities and evils that had fallen on Ireland affected him as if they were personal afflictions; domestic misfortunes had made him unhappy; sorrow from the retrospection of the past, and despair from the contemplation of the future, all aggravated and increased the feelings of despondency and gloom to which he was constitutionally inclined from his youth. He was naturally extremely sensitive; and the political ruin of his country having deprived him of every object of ambition, and every motive to exertion, he fell back upon those saddening reflections which embittered the end of his life. Attached to the Priory were gardens, of which he was very fond. In a grove near one of these he had buried his favorite little daughter, who was a musical prodigy. A rustic memorabile was raised over her; and by her grave her father was often found weeping, and wishing to be with her, and at rest. "Depend upon it," he said to a friend, "it is a serious misfortune in life to have a mind more sensitive or more cultivated than common: it naturally elevates its possessor into a region which he must be doomed to find nearly uninhabited." To dispel the melancholy that preyed upon him, he tried to dissipate his sad thoughts by traveling, but with little success. His letters from London and Paris describe him under the influence of a grief which nothing could remove. On one occasion, in a fashionable London drawing-room, when the name of Ireland was mentioned, he burst into tears. Her miserable condition seemed to be ever before his eye.

It was his intention to write a history of his own times, but indolence, or perhaps his aversion to writing, prevented him from accomplishing it. He never got further than the commencement, which he was fond of reciting: "You that propose to be the historian of yourself, go first and trace out the boundary of your grave.

Stretch forth your hand and touch the stone that is to mark your head, and swear by the majesty of death that your testimony shall be true, unswayed by prejudice, unbiassed by favor, and unstained by malice. So mayest thou be a witness not unworthy to be examined before the awful tribunal of that after-time which can not begin till you shall have been numbered with the dead." It is greatly to be regretted that he did not carry out his plan: for he, of all the men in Ireland, except, perhaps, Grattan, had the most complete knowledge of the times. What a history he would have given us!—but regrets are vain. After his retirement from the Rolls, his health gradually declined. In the spring of 1817, some premonitory symptoms alarmed himself, although the physicians told him there was no danger. He grew rapidly worse, and died, at Brompton, on the 14th of October following. Seventeen years afterward, his remains were removed to Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, where they now lie. By a public subscription, a splendid granite tomb was placed over them, on which is inscribed one word—CURRAN; and his own prophecy was fulfilled: "The last duties will be paid by that country on which they are developed; nor will it be for charity that a little earth will be given to my bones. Tenderly will those duties be paid, as the debt of well-earned affection, and of gratitude not ashamed of her tears." There is a monument to his memory in St. Patrick's Cathedral: it is under the western window, and opposite those of Stella and Swift.

There are more *stories* told of Curran than of any other man that ever lived in Ireland, except Dean Swift. Any notice of him that does not include some account of them must necessarily be defective. We therefore copy a few of his *bons mots* and repartees, taken at random from this volume. Lundy Foot, the celebrated tobacconist, asked Curran for a Latin motto for his coach. "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will at once explain your profession, your elevation, and contempt for the people's ridicule; and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin and English, just as the reader chooses. Put up, "*Quid rides*" upon your carriage." Inquiring his master's age from a horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come,

friend, has he not lost his teeth?" "Do you think," said the fellow, "that I know his age, as he does his horses', by mark of mouth?" Curran replied, "You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master is a great *bite*." A very stupid foreman once asked a judge how they were to ignore a bill. "Why, sir," said Curran, "when you mean to find a *true one*, just write *Ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it." Examining a man who disputed a collier's bill, "Did he not give you the *coals*, friend?" "He did, sir, but"—"But what? on your oath wasn't your payment *slack*?" Sir Boyle Roche was fond of boasting that Sir John Cave had given him his eldest daughter. "If he had an older one, he would have given her to you, Sir Boyle," said Curran. He was pleading for one of the state prisoners in 1803; the Judge shook his head, in doubt or contradiction of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "the motion of his Lordship's head: you may think it implies a difference of opinion, but it does not; believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that, when his Lordship *shakes his head*, there's *nothing in it*." "Curran," said a Judge once, whose wig, being a little awry, caused some laughter in Court, "do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the *head*, my Lord," was the reply. Still better is the following. A lord, who got his title for his vote on the Union, meeting Curran near the Parliament-House, in College Green, said: "Curran, what do they mean to do with this useless building? For my part, I hate the very sight of it." "I do not wonder at it, my Lord," said Curran contemptuously: "I never yet heard of a *murderer* who was not afraid of a *ghost*," At dinner, he once sat opposite to Toler, who was called the "hanging Judge." "Curran," said Toler, "is that hung beef before you?" "Do you *try* it, my lord," said Curran, "and it is sure to be." Bully Egan once challenged Curran. When they met on the ground, Egan, who was of immense size, complained of the disparity. "I might as well fire at the edge of a razor," said he, "as at Curran; he can hit me as easily as he would a turf-stack." "I tell you what it is, Egan," said Curran, "I don't want to take the least advantage of you; let my size be

*chalked out* on your side, and any shot that goes *outside the mark*, I am content should go for nothing."

But enough of this. Curran, after all, was something more than a *bon vivant*, a wit, or even than an orator. Far too much importance has been attached to his repartees and jests: many an indifferent one has been fathered on him which he never uttered; and we are sorry to say, that he is remembered by many persons for these things, while his truly great and valuable qualities are too often forgotten. We would rather have him thought of as a man of inflexible honor, of stern integrity, and noblest patriotism. While others carried their votes and their talents to the best market, and, for rank, place, or money, unblushingly sold themselves, their constituents, and their country, he disregarded all the overtures made to him by those in authority. Every effort was made to detach him from his party, but in vain. Lord Kilwarden made to him the most tempting offers of professional advancement. He refused them all; and when he could have dictated his own terms to Government, he assumed toward it an attitude of the most determined hostility. He was alike insensible to the seductions and the frowns of power. From the path of duty, principle, and honor, no blandishments could seduce, and no dangers could affright him. He despised equally the threatenings of the Minister, and the pistol of the bravo. He often risked his life, and still oftener his character, in the defense of his client; and no earthly power could induce him to surrender a hair of that client's head. No matter how great the danger, no matter how perilous the occasion, no matter how stormy and dreadful the conflict, he rose with, and was ever equal to it. "He ever loved," says one of his biographers, "to cling to the topmost heaving of the wave." In defiance of opposition, in contempt of danger, in utter disregard of self, in noble forgetfulness of the dangers that menaced and the destruction that threatened him, his ardent and enthusiastic spirit clung, with a desperate fidelity, to the fortunes of his country, when they seemed most disastrous; and he never ceased to denounce indignantly the men by whom those fortunes had been impaired. The injured and oppressed had in him a faithful friend, and the tyrant and despot a

deadly foe. In a venal age, he was incorruptible; in a profligate age, he was pure: unrivaled as an advocate; unpurchasable as a patriot; brave and disinterested as a man: he is at once an example to imitate, and a model to admire. The odium he incurred, the risk he ran, the persecutions he endured, the sacrifices he made, the calumnies he encountered, the public spirit he displayed, the heroism he exhibited in defense of truth, freedom, and right, and the victories he won, entitle him to our admiration, reverence, and love.

We now return to Mr. Phillips. His volume not only contains a rambling and confused account of Curran's life, connected by a thread of narrative so slender that the reader often loses it altogether, but also sketches of the men whose names we have already mentioned, with extracts from their speeches, and innumerable anecdotes respecting them. Many of these sketches are of more than average merit; to others of them we must make serious objection; while the anecdotes are of all kinds—good, bad, and indifferent. Although admitting the merit of Mr. Phillips's account of many of Currans' contemporaries, we can not help admiring his courage in attempting to do that which had been so well done by other hands before. We allude to the admirable series of legal and political sketches of eminent Irishmen, by Mr. William H. Curran, (son of the orator,) and Richard L. Sheil, which were first published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, during the editorship of Thomas Campbell, and which, by the graphic power, critical acumen, soundness of judgment, excellence of style, and inimitable fidelity of portraiture they displayed, produced a great effect on the public mind. They have been recently republished in four volumes.

That Mr. Phillips has produced an inter-

esting volume, we do not deny: that it has been received with a large degree of favor by the public, is clear from the fact that it has reached a fifth edition. To those fond of anecdote the book will be a rich treat. We are also bound in justice to say, that this memoir is free from the more glaring defects which are so prominent in Mr. Phillips's speeches. True, there is a want of simplicity, the style is often stilted and inflated. There is an occasional offensive display of egotism, and an undue importance attached to little events in which Mr. Phillips bore a part; but, after all, these are only minor faults. The principal defects in the book are those which we have already enumerated. Besides these, however, there is too much of book-making in it. Many things might, with advantage, be left out. Then there is no order, arrangement, or system whatever. Personal sketches, anecdotes, extracts from speeches, and long dissertations on all these, are mixed together in inextricable confusion. In fact, the book is a regular *olla podrida*, instead of a well-arranged and continuous narrative.

A far better Life of Curran than this by Mr. Phillips is that published by the orator's son, in two volumes. It is a very beautiful piece of lucid and ingenuous biography, besides being an admirable history of the times in which he lived. The writer rarely allows his relationship, and the natural prejudices of a son in favor of his father, to interfere with his opinion, or bias his judgment. Another admirable memoir of Curran is that written by Thomas Davis, the poet, and prefixed to the careful edition of Curran's speeches published by Duffy of Dublin, in 1845—one of the best editions of those speeches that we have ever seen. Davis's short memoir gives a far clearer idea of what Curran was, and did, than this bulky volume of Mr. Phillips.

From the Eclectic Review.

## PHANTASMATA—MAID OF ORLEANS, SAINT THERESE.\*

THE tricks of the imagination and the freaks of fancy are manifold and marvelous; marvelous, because setting the prescribed rules of physical knowledge at defiance, and erring beyond the penetration of the physiologist and metaphysician. "Fancy," says the quaint old Fuller, "is free from all engagements. It digs without spade, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed; in a moment striding from the center to the circumference of the world; by a kind of omnipotence, creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced by nature are married in fancy, as in a lawful place. It is also most restless; whilst the senses are bound, and reason in a manner asleep, fancy, like a sentinel, walks the rounds, never wearied. The chief diseases of the fancy are either that they are too wild and high-soaring, or else too low and groveling, or else too desultory and over-voluble." There are other freaks of the fancy, possessions of the mind, which are not dreamt of even in the philosophy of the fervent and faithful martyrologist. The failings, infirmities, and passions of mankind, as well as the disorders of the imagination to which the epidemic fanaticisms and frenzies so frequently mentioned in the pages of history must be attributed, supply abundant material for serious study, and Mr. Madden has made it his *specialité* to collect important evidence on the subject. To the psychologist, as well as to the divine, the results of Mr. Madden's labors are invaluable, since he has presented, in a compendious and uniform mass, a variety of evidence on the eccentric operations of the mind, worthy to be patiently investigated. We can not accord our author the praise of having arranged his materials in the most clear and orderly man-

ner; but there it is, to be used by those who are interested in examining into the caprices of the intellect, and the origin of those monomanias and hallucinations which have deranged the brightest minds, and filled nations with alarms, perplexity, and mourning.

The violent frenzies which often excite the entire population of cities and kingdoms, no less than the undue excitement which betrays singularity in an individual, are but the symptoms of some special mental derangement. The madness of the various forms of fanaticism is not confined to individuals alone; it extends to communities, at times and intervals more or less widely separated. Such fanaticisms have all the distinguishing characteristics of epidemic mental disorders. We might enumerate amongst these the dread of witchcraft, which frequently, during the Middle Ages, and even in later times, seized whole districts; the idiosyncrasy of the Begards; the Lycanthropists, or those who believed in wolf-transformation; the Flagellants, and numerous other sects, or, rather, classes of men, women, and children, which will readily occur to the mind of the student of ecclesiastical history. All these were maniacal epidemics. We may also notice other manifestations of popular frenzy. We might recognize as the diagnosis "a ferocious spirit of intolerance, a fierce and reckless zeal for party interests, or the triumph of extreme political opinions, shaped or influenced by some evil passion or selfish motive; or an insensate desire to plunge into gigantic speculations, or an unscrupulous aptness and promptitude to retrieve great failures by great frauds; and the crooked cleverness of a vigilant and astute cunning, fertile in expedients to evade detection." We may distinguish it also in a devouring eagerness for money that is not earned by honest industry, to supply wants that a false position has created; or in inordinate ambition and imperial pride, lust of power,

\* *Phantasmata: or, Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Forms Productive of Great Evils.* By R. R. MADDEN, F.R.C.S., etc., Author of "Travels in the East," etc. 2 vols. London: T. C. Newby. 1857.



and military renown, and territorial aggrandizement on the part of mighty states: or in a furious impulse to acts of violence and injustice, brutal and sanguinary, on the part of great numbers of people who have truly become *les classes dangereuses de la société*. Mr. Madden regards all these impulses as monomanias—the offsprings of one strong, absorbing, ruling passion; and he further proceeds to state, that though the victims of these wild impulses may apparently be *mad* on only one of these points, that really the whole of the mental organism will be found on examination to be more or less affected by disease. The question is one of the highest importance, as involving the doctrine of moral responsibility. This is, however, a question that Mr. Madden, we believe, would by no means evade, and he partially meets it when he says, that “a man is well-constituted intellectually when his judgment retains its natural rectitude, and his moral sentiments and his affections maintain their due equilibrium. But once the faculties of the soul and of the understanding are overpowered or thrown into disorder by disease, he can no longer count on the fidelity of his senses, the justice of his ideas, or his reasonings. He can no longer confide in the motives on which his joys, his sorrows, his angers, his hatred are founded; nor rely on the reasons for which he acts in one way rather than in another. Hallucinations of various kinds ensue; and imagination dominated by disease, will eventually give a being, shape, and form, ‘a local habitation and a name,’ to fixed ideas and chimeras which are the productions of the brain. Blaise Pascal, one of the most profound thinkers of ancient or modern times, describes, in his work on ‘*Des Puissances Trompeuses*,’ the imagination as ‘the deceiving power in man, the mistress of error and falsehood, and so much the more deceptive, that it does not always seem so.’ ”

We might easily be led, were we so inclined, into a subject analogous to this—in fact, a branch of this very subject; that is, on the relation of the mind to the body, the connection between the mental and corporeal functions, the influence of the one over the other. Sir Philip Crampton has brought his great powers to bear upon the phenomena of the mind, and in a learned treatise, separated those disorders of the imagination

which belong exclusively to too active a fancy, from those “Bedlam fancies,” as Fuller describes them, “whose conceits are Anticyrenes, and which ought to be left for the physican to cure with hellebore.” That there is a reciprocal action, has been proved beyond all doubt. “Long protracted grief,” observes Dr. Crampton, “produces diseases of the liver, heart, and lungs; and the anatomist who examines the body which has sunk under the workings of a wounded spirit, will find the sentiment embodied in the disorganized liver, the tuberculated lungs, or the flaccid and extenuated heart. Again, diseases of physical origin in the heart, liver, or lungs excite the moral affections with which these organs associated; thus a palpitating heart fills the bosom with vague terrors, and a torpid liver entails all the horrors of hypochondriasis.”

“The yellow bile that on your bosom floats  
Engenders all these melancholy thoughts,”

is at least as good an authority in medicine as it is in poetry. Thus Dryden and the doctor agree.

It is remarkable that the greatest fanaticisms have not originated with the poor and the ignorant—with those who live from hand to mouth, and whose minds it would, therefore, be reasonable to suppose were overwrought with anxiety. On the contrary, the chief fanatics, those who have become leaders amongst their fellow-men, have generally been persons of abilities and acquirements, but possessing, at the same time, considerable shrewdness and cunning. This, then, brings us to the question of education in reference to the regulation and control of the passions and the impulses of the mind. It is the daily experience of those anxious for the well-being of society, that intellectual education, though it develops and strengthens the faculties of the mind, is yet incapable of controlling the passions. Moreover, the powers of the imagination are inordinately exercised and enlarged, if there be not some restraint placed upon its *égarements*, by an education of another kind—an education that has reference to our spiritual nature, to the heart and its affections, and which properly directs and keeps in check the aspirations of the soul. What wonder, then, that statesmen tremble for the future, when they recollect the amount of

ignorance and spiritual destitution in our colossal towns and cities, where thousands and tens of thousands may be found who know nothing of the truths of religion, and are ignorant of the name of God and of Christ. At any moment, a frenzy, a wild fancy may seize their imaginations, and what knowledge or what principles do they profess to fortify their judgments, and throw their weight into the scale of reason? It was the axiom of an ancient lawgiver, that no government could be secure unless every citizen were instructed and persuaded that *there was a God and Divine Providence*; and we have seen it hinted, in a recent number of an extensively circulated periodical, that one of the chief causes of the prevailing increase of madness in this country is, forgetfulness of the superintendence of God in the affairs of men. The politician, the merchant, the tradesman, are absorbed in the one grand object of their life, to the exclusion of every other, until that object becomes fixed in their minds and exalted in their imaginations. The brain labors with the idea until it becomes diseased with it. There is no rest, no relaxation, no cessation from toil. The mind is ever kept at boiling-heat with the fever of speculation; the heart and its faculties become affected with the frenzy, till at length the equilibrium of the mind is shaken, the balance turns, and the scales of reason are upset. The imagination has never soared aloft into the bosom of God, and there sought repose. The fatigued spirit has never felt the soothing influence of the love of Christ. All its aims, all its aspirations have been material; it has had no confidence in God; it has ignored His providence; it has relied on its own strength; it has used its own natural faculties; and, at length, overtasked and broken, it has become a pitiable ruin. We might pause here for a moment to warn those who are rushing headlong in the career of gain of the evil consequences of the race they run, of the pursuit they follow after, unless they mix with the thoughts of their business some thoughts of Him who gives them the strength to labor—unless they mingle with their expectations for the morrow *faith* in Him who “puts down the mighty from their seats, and exalteth them of low degree; who filleth the hungry with good things, and sends the rich empty away.” Then, perhaps, they

will remember that there is something better even than hoarding up heaps of treasure, or adding house to house, or following in the wake of a foolish, if not a wicked fashion. How much grief, how much anxiety, how much misery would be canceled, if two thirds of the people of this great country would resolve from to-day to live according to their means, and not according to the *mode* set them by their more affluent neighbors! How the poor overwrought brain—overwrought for what? but to keep up appearances—would rest! How the heavy and sad spirits of thousands would rejoice! How many a tender word would be spoken where now there is heard the voice of impatience and irritability! How many a victim would be saved from the fearful precincts of our lunatic asylums!

We trust our readers will excuse this digression. We are now about to introduce them to two celebrated visionaries, one laical, the other ecclesiastical, whose names and stories have been associated with the general history of their respective countries for several centuries—Santa Theresa, and Jeanne or Jeannette d' Arc. With Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans, we suspect the English student is better acquainted than with one whose life belongs to the fortunes of the Church of Fenelon and Pascal, who was persecuted by one party, and extolled as an inspired creature by the other, during life; and who eventually, forty years after her death, became canonized by the Pope, and placed among the saints of the Calendar. A slight sketch of their lives and professed visions will illustrate the kind of monomaniac influence to which both were subject.

Saint Therese was born at Avila, in Old Castile, in 1515, of a good family and pious parents. It appears, from a life written by herself, that from the time of her mother's death, when she was only twelve years of age, her religious instincts, if we may so call them, were very strong; and her friends, from that day, perceived that she assumed more of a saintly character. Having reached the age of fifteen, however, the fervor of her religious feelings and zeal cooled, and yet she felt that to die in the present state would involve her eternal ruin. She became incomprehensible to her friends; and, apparently much against her own wishes, she was placed by her father in a convent.

There she was frequently subject to attacks of illness. In a short time, however, becoming reconciled to her seclusion from the world, the old fervor of her religious feelings returned. Dangerous indisposition obliged her to quit the convent, after a residence there of a year and a half. She returned to her father's house; where, after some time, a violent fever seized her, and, on her recovery, fearing from her former experience the probability of renewed paroxysms, she determined on devoting herself to the life of a convent, and accordingly entered a Carmelite house, in the suburbs of Avila. She was then in her twentieth year.

"A sickness," says her biographer, "which seized her before her profession, increased on her very much after, with frequent fits of fainting and swooning, and a violent pain at her heart, *which sometimes deprived her of her senses*. Physicians finding no remedy for her extraordinary case, she was removed to her sister's house in the country, and remained there nearly a year in the care of able physicians. She derived no benefit from them. She suffered from continual fever, that preyed on her nervous system. Sharp pains afflicted her whole frame; her sinews began to shrink up; she got no rest by day or night; she had a complication of maladies, which terminated eventually in hectic fever. In this condition her patience was remarkable; she read the Book of Job frequently, and other holy works, and had often in her mouth the aspirations of Job, and fervent expressions of reverence for the Divine will. At length, in August, 1587, then in her twenty-third year, she fell into a lethargic coma, or trance, which lasted four days; and, during this period, it was expected that every moment would be her last. It being once imagined she was dead, a grave was dug for her in the convent, and she would have been buried, if her father had not opposed it, and testified that he still perceived in her body some signs of life. *Through excess of pain, she had bitten her tongue in many places*, when out of her senses; and for a considerable time she could not swallow so much as a drop of water without almost choking. *Sometimes her whole body seemed as if her bones were disjointed in every part, and her head was in extreme disorder and pain.*"—Vol. 1, p. 117.

It is necessary to remember these severe sufferings, these acute physical and mental disorders, when considering the nature and character of those visions which she professed to have, and which appeared to her so real and substantial. During the time of her illness, books on self-contemplation and spiritual peace

were her constant study. She, however, passed through various stages of piety, being sometimes in an ecstasy of religious enthusiasm, and sometimes cold and lukewarm. Her object was to attain to that state of tranquil abstraction and communion with the Deity, in which, according to monastic teaching, the soul rests in the Divine contemplation, so as to forget all earthly things. Her affectionate disposition and cheerful temper led her to converse with secular friends in the parlor of the convent more freely than the discipline of the order sanctioned, and this was set down as a grievous sin, and acted as powerfully and painfully as if it had been the violation of some direct Divine law. "One day, while conversing at the grate with a new acquaintance," it is said: "she had a vision which seemed to her intended to rebuke her for the dissipation she had indulged in. The apparition of our Lord was suddenly presented to the eyes of her soul, with a vigorous aspect, testifying to the displeasure occasioned by her conduct." The account she gives of her first perfect consciousness of the Saviour's presence, the precursor of those visions of the Redeemer's affirmed corporeal appearance, is so curious, not to say marvelous, that we venture to extract a portion of it:

"'Being in prayer,' she says, 'on the anniversary of St. Peter, I saw, or, to speak more correctly, I felt—for I saw neither with the eyes of the body nor those of the soul—that some one was near me, and it seemed to me that it was the Lord Jesus Christ himself who spoke to me. As I entirely ignored what it was to have similar visions, I was at first frightened, and I wept abundantly. But a single word of this divine Saviour encouraged me so much, that I became, as I had previously been, devoid of fear, but also very tranquil and much comforted. It seemed that He walked alongside of me, without my being able, however, to observe in Him any corporeal form, because this vision was interior and not sensible. I knew only very clearly that he was at my right side; that he saw every thing I did; and however imperfectly I might recollect, or that I may not have been extremely distrusted, I could not ignore that He was with me. This kind of consciousness,' observes Saint Therese, 'is quite different from that ideal presence which some persons—few, indeed, the number, deeply engaged and highly favored in it—have in the mental prayer of union. But how,' she asks, 'could I be sure it was not an illusion, or a mere fantasy of the imagination only, when that presence was not visible to the sight,



or cognizable to any of the senses?" She answers those who appeal to such Divine communications, that in 'the state in which she was there is no obscurity; the soul is assured of what it feels, by a knowledge more luminous than the light of the sun, which illuminates the understanding, to render the soul capable of enjoying so great a favor, and which is followed by so many others. God, moreover,' she observes, 'on such occasions, speaks to the soul without words or images, and makes Himself manifest to it. This language is so supernatural, and so celestial, that one in vain endeavors to explain it, if God does not give him the intelligence by the effects which it produces. This celestial mode of communication to the soul, it is above all to be remarked,' says the saint, 'is adopted when great mysteries or great truths are to be revealed to it.'"—Vol. 1, p. 124.

The visions of Joan of Arc were of a different character—entirely external; but both seem to have been the result of the same cause—a strong imagination working on a highly sensitive nervous constitution. There is something exquisitely touching in the personal narrative of this ill-fated, heroic maiden. Our readers need not be reminded of the anarchical state of France, her native country, at the time of her birth. The civil wars between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, which led to the introduction of the English into Paris, and the coronation of Henry V. at Notre Dame, had devastated the richest provinces, and spread over them alarm, famine, and death. The small hamlet of Domremy, the birth-place of Joan, was situated in Lorraine, near its junction with Champagne; so that, being a border village, it experienced more than its share of the miseries and horrors of war. Forests deep and gloomy, and stretching miles away, surrounded, or rather buried, this obscure hamlet, composed of only a few comfortless huts. In the neighborhood, however, were proud castles, edifices of great strength and military importance. These have passed away, while the humble tenement, where the Pucelle d'Orleans first saw the light, and spent the early days of her childhood, still stands a memorial of one who claims our best sympathies for her devoted zeal and heroism for her country, however misled she may have been by those visions which she deemed were sent her from heaven, but which a fickle, faithless, and ungrateful nation, in the hour of her imprisonment and distress, believed to

have been the inspiration of the Evil One. It is necessary to take notice of what we have said of the desolate condition of France at this time, and the general description given of the dwelling-place of this remarkable girl. The reason will presently be obvious. The river Meuse flows along a plain in the immediate vicinity of Domremy. Several villages situated on the sides of adjacent heights give a picturesque effect to the surrounding scenery. In close proximity with the cottage of our heroine is the old church, with its Lombard tower, large, massive, and delapidated. The house is one story high, with irregular windows. The room into which the outer door leads is the ordinary kitchen of a small country-house, with its customary large fire-place, extensive hearth, and chimney aperture of great width and height. An inner door opens into a small room, more narrow and obscure than the first, extremely dark and dismal. This was the chamber of Jeanne d'Arc. The walls are somber, rough, and uneven. A recess in the wall, with the aid of a few boards very rudely put together, served the purpose of a press or buffet; and there, we are told, all the worldly possession, the slender store of apparel, the Sunday and Feast-day best clothes of Jeanne d'Arc were kept. Of her education we have some few reminiscences. She was not taught to read and write; for reading and writing, in those days, were confined to the precincts of the convent or monastery, or to the walls of the Universities, or to a privileged few. But her mother taught her the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Angelical Salutation; and no other person but her mother taught her the truths of her religion, and gave her that instruction which a good child of those days was required to have. She also taught her to spin and to sew. It was only in her childhood that she was put to the field to take care of her father's flocks, if she ever was thus employed at all. Of the amiable character and excellent disposition of Jeanne, we have a testimony that speaks to the heart, in the deposition of one of the companions of her youth, named Haumette, three or four years younger than Jeanne:

"In childhood, she was simple in her manners, pious, and of a glowing spirit in her devotions, good and gentle, and often pensive and abstracted. She delighted in gathering flowers—not for chaplets or wreaths for herself, or for



her young companions, but for decorations of the statue of the Virgin, or other saintly personages. As Jeanne advanced in years, a change seems to have taken place in her tastes and habits. She began to take pleasure in the sight and management of horses, in laborious exercises, in the traditions of the evils which had befallen the country, and the struggles of its children. She became strongly excited by those relations. She had frequent visions, and those things may have influenced the destiny of Jeanne d'Arc."—Vol. 2, p. 20.

When asked by her judges what motive had induced her to abandon her home and domestic duties for the camp of soldiers, and a life so foreign to her habits and unsuited to her sex, she had only a few words for an answer: "La pitié qu'il y avoit au royaume de France." On another occasion, she gave expression to the extent and power of her suffering patriotism in the following words: "Je n'ai jamais vu sang de François que mes cheveux ne levassant."

We will, however, recur to one or two of those visions which Joan pretended to see, or, probably, under a mental derangement easily explicable to the physiologist, did really see in her mind's eye. It appears that there was an old tradition of a prophetic nature prevalent in France, in the time even of the childhood of "La belle et la brave fille," that a maiden should come out of Lorraine, by whose heroic deeds France was to be saved from ruin. Domremy, also, had its legends and traditions, and among its inhabitants a child of a highly sensitive temperament, and an imagination highly poetical, upon whom such prophetic teachings were not likely to be lost. By her own confessions, we are informed that, from the age of thirteen or fourteen, Jeanne d'Arc was subject to frequent hallucinations of the organs of sight, hearing, and smell. Luminous trains of surpassing brilliancy, and visions of angels, were seen by her at noonday. Strange voices were heard by her when she imagined she was quite alone; and fragrant odors, like incense, were perceived by her when some of her spiritual visitors made their appearance. She had communication and counsels in this manner with angels—visits from the archangel Michael, the angel Gabriel, St. Catherine, and St. Marguerite. She had reached, by her own account, her thirteenth year, when she heard, for the first time, the voice ("la voix") which an-

nounced to her that France should be saved by her.

"The first vision of Jeanne d'Arc, we are informed, occurred in the spring of 1425, about mid-day, in her father's garden, on the eve of a festival. The church was close to that part of the garden where she was, and in the direction of it she perceived, all of a sudden, a most brilliant dazzling light, and while she stood gazing with terror on this bright light, she heard a voice saying to her, 'Jeanne, sois bonne et sage enfant; va souvent à l'église;' and at the sound of this voice she was greatly frightened. Many days had not elapsed before she had another vision; the brilliant light was again seen, but in the midst of it she perceived figures of a noble appearance. One of these had wings, and seemed to be an angel, but his form and mien were those of a *prud'homme*. And this angelic personage said to her: 'Jeanne, va au secours du Roi de France, et tu lui rendras son royaume.' She answered, all tremblingly: 'Messire, je ne suis qu'une pauvre fille; je ne saurais chevaucher, ni conduire les hommes d'armes.' The voice ('la voix') said to her: 'Tu iras trouver M. de Baudricour, Capitaine de Vancouleurs, et il te fera mener au roi. Sainte Catherine et Saint Marguerite viendront t'assister.' The brightness passed away, the voice ceased to be heard, the poor girl remained some time stupefied with amazement, and burst out crying. The *prud'homme* was St. Michael, the Archangel, with the flaming sword, who battled with the devil and his angels. The same celestial visitor again appeared to her, found her spirit-troubled and dejected, and spoke to her, and encouraged her: 'Et lui raconta la pitié qui estoit au royaume de France.' The visions from this time became of more frequent occurrence. Figures all in white, saints adorned with crowns, appeared to her, and spoke with voices so sweet and full of tenderness that they could not be heard without weeping. But when they took their departure she wept still more, and she wished with all her heart they had carried her away with them. At other times she felt ashamed in their presence. Her manner of speaking of the saints is remarkable. In some of her responses, when under examination, she called them 'ses frères du Paradis.' In general she spoke of them as her voices ('ses voix.')"—Vol. 2, p. 30.

We can not indulge in further extracts, or in pursuing the career of this noble, but unfortunate maiden, through the paths of glory and victory, to the gates of her prison, or within view of her funeral pyre. We have coupled her with another visionary, and have spoken freely and frankly of their hallucinations. These are phenomena easily to be credited and explained now, though in former times, and till within a few years of our own

day, they were either denied to have occurred, or attributed to some evil and mysterious cause. We should have been happy to make further reference to Mr. Madden's two volumes and touched upon the really interesting chapters on Swedenborg, Maniacal Epidemics, the Flagellation Mania, the Convulsive Chorea, as well as what is termed Theomania. It is only fair to remark that Mr. Madden has collected in these volumes a large and varied mass of information on the subject

of mental disease and excitation. We could wish, however, that the matter had been arranged more commodiously, and that the work had indicated a greater faculty in our author for order and symmetry. The subject is specially interesting at the present moment, when electrobiology, clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping among the learned experimentals, and witchcraft and magic amongst the ignorant and superstitious, find unqualified acceptance.

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From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

## K I N G S W O R D A N D K I N G P E N.\*

As the Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa, which have afforded so curious an insight into the condition of France, military and political, during the last fifty years, are drawing to their close, they are arousing a vast amount of acrimony and ill-will in Paris. This was naturally to be expected, for the last portion of the Memoirs refers to statesman and warriors, some of whom are still left on the scene, or whose death has been so recent that they still live in the memory of their contemporaries. Hence, too, considerable hesitation has been evinced by the editor: originally he designed that the Memoirs should terminate with the overthrow of Charles X.; but fortunately he has altered his mind, and brought them down to the year 1841. The history of two such reigns requires hardly any commentary: it has been already verified by succeeding events, and the Bourbons, true to their character of learning nothing and forgetting nothing, paved the way for that happier state of things which can alone secure the prosperity and welfare of France.

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"Mémoires du Maréchal Marmont." Vols. 8 and 9. Paris: Perratin.

In truth, the French were magnanimous in the extreme: they allowed Charles X. the greatest latitude; and even when the pressure grew intolerable, they urged him to concessions which might have secured the throne for his family; and when at length they rose in self-defense, their treatment of the bigoted king was marked with a degree of moderation, which may probably be ascribed to the contempt they felt. The reign of Charles X. commenced under the most flattering auspices, and his abolition of the censorship put the crown on his popularity. But a false step soon changed the current of public opinion. The king had said to the general officers who followed Louis XVIII. on foot to the tomb: "You accompanied my brother's remains on foot; henceforth you will be near my person on horseback." A few days later they were dismissed on half-pay. It is supposed that this ungracious step was insisted upon by M. de Villèle, who was jealous of the popularity the king had acquired with the army, and wished to show that the power was in himself alone. The clergy, too, soon did their share in estranging the public mind:

"I must confess that the intriguing movements of the French clergy were perceptible every where. Now, if the French nation is religious and disposed to render to the priests all that is their due in the interests of morality and religion, the priests become an object of antipathy to them as soon as they interfere in secular matters: and yet, among us, it is a mania of theirs to do so. They were found in the provinces to be intriguants, and insubordinate toward their superiors; and, at court, seizing every opportunity to interfere in the highest political questions. Whatever lengths they might go to, they were always sure of impunity. A mandate of the Cardinal de Croi, Chaplain-general of the Army, and Archbishop of Rouen, an honest man, but passive instrument of the intriguers by whom he was surrounded, caused intense excitement. In this extravagant publication he seized the civil authority, and upset all the laws which governed the kingdom. This, however, produced no unpleasant results, so far as he was concerned. Prince Metternich, who was then at Paris, said to me: 'At Vienna, a priest, for such conduct, would have been stripped of his office and sent to a seminary.' But Cardinal De Croi did not even receive a reprimand from royalty. This mode of action, so terrible in its effects, was felt everywhere, even in the army. The chaplains of divisions had too great authority conceded them, which humiliated the officers. They made regular reports to the chaplain-general. They sent notes about the conduct of the officers, and the minister of war frequently gave appointments in accordance with them. More than once the chaplain-general overthrew the labors of the inspectors. In what country could such a system possibly succeed?"

The death of the Emperor Alexander secured Marmont the embassy to Russia, to which country he proceeded, with a magnificent retinue, in February, 1826. On the road, he stopped at Berlin, to pay a visit to the king. He speaks in high terms of all the military arrangements of the Prussians, and the simplicity which characterized the court. Among other sights, he visited the arsenal, which was decorated with an immense number of captured French flags. He consoled himself, however, on closer examination, by finding that these flags had belonged to the French regiments before the eagles were given in exchange. They had been found in a store during the occupation of Paris. There was also a large quantity of flags belonging to the Garde Nationale; and, as Marmont justly says, all these flags, collected with such care and displayed with such pride to the ignorant, only attested the entrance of foreign armies into France and Paris, of which the

whole world was aware. But as regards the praises he bestows on Russia, we are bound to be silent; for the French ambassador evidently succumbed to that rare fascination which is the specialty of the Russian reigning house. We may make room, however, for one anecdote referring to the present emperor:

"I witnessed with admiration the education given by Nicholas to his son, a charming prince of rare beauty, and in whom time will doubtless develop great qualities. I asked the Emperor to allow me to be presented to him, and he replied: 'You want to turn his head. It would be a fine motive of pride for the little fellow, if he were to receive the homage of a general who has commanded armies. I am much affected by your wish to see him, and you can satisfy it when you go to Zarskō Zelo. You will have an opportunity to meet my children. You will examine them, and talk with them; but a formal introduction would be unsuitable. I wish to make a man of my son before I make a prince of him.' The entire staff of this heir to a great empire consisted of a lieutenant-colonel, his governor, and the masters engaged in his education. More than once, the emperor, on hearing the details of the education of the Duke of Bordeaux, lamented with me the ridiculous pomp which surrounded that prince from his birth."

The coronation at Moscow was accompanied by an event of great importance—the unexpected arrival of Constantine, who had long declined being present. Even for that sanguinary tyrant Marmont can find words of apology—almost of praise. The only thing that can be justly said in his favor is, that he was sensible of his own defects, and therefore resigned the throne; but beyond that our sympathies with the butcher of Warsaw can not go. For the Emperor Nicholas, the effects of his visit were incalculable; for the Russians are great sticklers for the hereditary right of kings, and they could not quite comprehend the *escamotage* which had taken place. Constantine's presence at the coronation showed the legitimacy of the succession, and every murmur was hushed. After the coronation festivities were over, Marmont had the distinguished honour of dining *en famille* with the emperor, who added to the honor of the invitation by the remark: "I have asked you to a dinner without ceremony; you will dine with Madame de Nicholas." With the dessert entered the heir-apparent, who went through his exercise as a private in the presence of the guests. Who can doubt but that Nicholas had

thenceforward one stanch partisan the more at the court of France. It is, in truth, surprising at what a cheap rate monarchs can purchase friendship. After leaving Moscow, Marmont spent some days with Constantine at Warsaw. The grand duke, he tells us, was not a great general, for he was deficient in one of the most indispensable qualities. He also takes occasion of this visit to give us his views of the Russian army. The only noteworthy paragraph, as applying to recent events, is the following:

"To prove the indispensable slowness of recruiting in the Russian army, I will mention a recent fact. At the period when I quitted Russia, the army was at such a strength that, after deducting the troops in Asia, Finland, and the home garrisons, there were 300,000 men in readiness to be concentrated on any point, in addition to the army of Poland and the Cossacks. The two Turkish campaigns carried off by illness, plagues, etc., and the enemy's fire, 200,000 men. This estimate may appear exaggerated, but it was made by Prince Woronzoff, one of the most celebrated Russian generals, whose assertion is an authority for me. The state of Europe not being alarming, the authorities did not hasten to fill up their places. When the Polish insurrection broke out, in 1830, scarce 120,000 men could be collected. During that war, which lasted nine months, the utmost strength concentrated did not exceed 150,000 men, which prolonged the contest. The great strength of the Russian army, in 1826, resulted from the levies extraordinary of 1812 and 1813, which were only disposable in 1815, and were kept up by peace having endured since that period."

The embassy to Russia, although flattering to Marmont's pride, was his ruin in a financial point of view. During his absence, his affairs fell into such a state of confusion, that he was forced to sell up every thing to satisfy his creditors, and only reserved to his own use five hundred a year. The king lent him £20,000 in his hour of need; but the revolution of July finally stripped him of all the hopes he had entertained of being able to rescue his paternal property. A prospect was held out to him of the supreme command of the expedition to Algiers, but this he was eventually juggled out of by the minister of war. But these personal matters need not detain us; events were daily occurring in Paris which presaged the impending storm, the most important of which was the dissolution of the National Guard. On Louis XVIII.'s return to France, he

had decided that the National Guard should perform the service at the palace on the 3d of May, being the anniversary of his entrance into Paris. This was kept up by Charles X., who, however, altered the day to the 12th day of April, the anniversary of *his* entry in 1814. It was also the custom to have a grand review of the National Guard on this occasion. Things went on quietly till 1827, when the populace began to grow dissatisfied, and the king was inclined to defer the review *sine die*, but was over-persuaded by the Duke of Reggio, commandant of the force. The absolutist party did all in their power to exacerbate the people, and spread rumors that the king's life would be endangered at this review. The troops were consigned to their barracks, and cartridges issued to them. On the appointed day, 50,000 men of the Garde Nationale assembled on the Champ de Mars. Things went on very quietly, the only exceptions being, that in three of the legions the cry of "Vive le Roi!" was accompanied by others of "Down with the Ministers!" "Down with Villèle!" and isolated shouts of "Down with the Jesuits!" After the troops had marched past, the Duke of Reggio went up to the king to receive his orders. Charles X. replied to him, in our author's hearing: "M. le Maréchal, you will issue a general order, in which you will inform the National Guard of my satisfaction with the number and excellent appearance of those present at the review, as well as the sentiments expressed on my behalf, while adding my regret that a few cries which it pains me to hear were mixed with them."

"The king set out for the Tuileries. On arriving there and dismounting, he took leave of us at the foot of the staircase. He came up to me and said, with that air of *bonhomie* peculiar to him, 'Come, there were more good than bad.' I immediately replied, 'Why, more than seven eighths were good.' Such was the king's temper when he returned home; but the legion of the Chaussée d'Antin, the same which had uttered hostile cries, while passing under the windows of the Minister of Finance, set up one hoarse shout of 'Down with Villèle!' The minister was dining with M. Appony, the Austrian ambassador, and was immediately informed of the insult. In this fury he quitted the table and went to the Tuileries, where he induced the king to order the dissolution of the National Guard. The men on duty were dismissed hurriedly and disgracefully in the middle of the



night, without having even been relieved from their posts."

This extraordinary event had an immense influence on the destiny of France. After insulting and offending a vain body of men, they were sent home without being harmed, and were converted into the most bitter enemies of the king. To add to the general dissatisfaction, the censorship was restored, and Charles X. plainly evinced the sentiments by which he was led by visiting the camp of St. Omer. He was so well received that he gave way to some slight feelings of absolutism, and even said to the Duke of Mortemart, after a review: "With those brave fellows a king might make himself obeyed, and the progress of government be greatly facilitated." To this the duke drily responded, that "the king would be unable to dismount, and he was already fatigued." But, while paving the way in this royal fashion for despotism, the king yielded to public opinion by dismissing Villèle, and choosing a ministry from among the liberal elements. This step restored the affections of the people for a while; but it was soon seen that his confidence was given to the exponents of diametrically opposite principles. The ministry was placed in an equivocal position; for it had to combat the royal influence, which was exerted to thwart their progress. After various changes from bad to worse, Polignac was placed at the head of affairs, and the overthrow of the monarchy was consummated.

On Sunday, the 25th of July, the fatal ordinances were issued, although Polignac had given his word on the night of Saturday to Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador, that no *coup d'état* would be accomplished. Owing to the agitation prevailing in Paris, Charles ordered Marmont to assume the command, and thus his downfall was rendered a certainty. The old saying about *Quos Deus* must be true, or else the king would have remembered how Marmont behaved on a prior occasion, when intrusted with the command at Paris. After the Duke of Ragusa, the Dauphin most precipitated matters:

"The spectacle presented by the royal family on my arrival at St. Cloud was not very reassuring. Every one is acquainted with the range of the Dauphin's mind. It has not the capacity to combine two ideas; but, on the

other hand, his resolution is unchangeable, though the absurdity is, that this absolute decision, which no reasoning can change, is, in nine cases out of ten, the result of accident. Thus it is impossible to arrange any thing satisfactory with him. His share in the power, was therefore, fatal. He prevented any effective remedy being applied to the immense difficulties of the moment. King Charles X. was distinguished for gentleness and kindness. He knew that nature, in gifting him with those qualities which made him loved, had not endowed him with the eminent capacity to master and subjugate the situation. His heart was easily moved, and his mind could be worked upon, at least momentarily. The action might be fugitive, but it could be renewed. In addition, he remained under the influence of the opinions of his youth. I could recount a thousand instances which would recall the Prince of Goblenitz in all its purity; still there was considerable straightforwardness about him. All these qualities, had they been opportunely employed, might have saved both himself and us, but their effect was destroyed by the harshness and savage pride of his son."

Until the 28th, matters remained tolerably quiet in Paris, but then the people began to rise. Collisions took place between them and the troops, and Marmont's best resource was to send off messengers to the king, informing him of the state of things. By three in the afternoon it became evident that the whole population was up in arms against the Bourbons, and Marmont proposed concessions. A deputation of five notables waited upon him. After a consultation he decided on sending a statement of their grievances to the king. This was of no effect, for Polignac still kept Charles in the dark as to the true state of things, and entertained the opinion that the revolution must be put down by force. Marmont, who must have borne in mind the 13th Vendémiaire, had not, however, the courage to indorse such views, and allowed the popular party to strengthen their hands by his temporizing policy. As for any attempted reconciliation with the Parisians when their blood is once roused, the events of 1848 have amply demonstrated the fallacy of such measures. The king, who in this matter was far-sighted, consequently replied to Marmont's appeal by ordering him to keep his troops together, and operate in masses. Instead of this, he allowed them to be cut off in detachments, and when he saw the absolute necessity of concentration, the consequence of his delay cost a heavy loss of life. At the same

time, defection became visible among the troops, and M. Casimir Périer carried over the 5th and 53rd Regiments stationed on the Place Vendôme. This was the turning point, and henceforward the people had every thing in their own hands. One fault followed the other in rapid succession, and Marmont was saved the commission of further mistakes by a royal order to fall back with all his troops on St. Cloud. This was effected with such indecent haste, that the marshal was unable even to call in the detached posts he had stationed to defend the entrances of the narrower streets. What can we think of a general, grown gray in warfare, who calmly allowed a detachment of the 6th Regiment to cut their way through to the Champs Elysées, with a loss of twenty-eight of the fifty men which it originally counted. But it was Marmont's unhappy destiny to be continually exposed to circumstances which were altogether superior to him, and hence he committed one great succession of errors, each more inexcusable than the other. The only thing that can be urged in his defense was, that the garrison of Paris was numerically too weak. It only consisted of ten thousand men and twelve guns, and of this small number twelve hundred were disarmed and cut off when the insurrection broke out, as they were scattered over the city on detached duty. But we can not for a moment allow his plea that the events justified his attempting to negotiate with the insurgents. His duty was simply to repress the revolution as quickly as possible; for in no other case is it so true that the person who hesitates is lost.

On Marmont's retreat from Paris, he met the dauphin between St. Cloud and Boulogne, who received him with great coldness. The king, however, listened to his representation of the state of affairs in Paris, and sent off the Duke of Mortemart with full powers to negotiate. The next day Marmont spent in inducing the king to retire from the vicinity of the capital, and in the evening, fearing an attack on St. Cloud, of which he had been advised, he issued a general order to the troops without consulting with the dauphin, who was commander-in-chief, on the subject. This led to a very pretty scene.

"The dauphin entered the royal apartment at

the moment I quitted it, but by another door. I, consequently, did not meet him, but I had not long to wait for him. Two minutes had scarce elapsed when he came to me in a furious manner. He ordered me to follow him, and I hardly entered the room when he seized me by the throat, exclaiming:

"'Traitor, miserable traitor! you dare to issue a general order without my permission!'

"On this sudden attack, I seized him by the shoulders, and thrust him far from me—he redoubling his cries and recommencing his insults:

"'Give me your sword!'

"'It may be torn from me, but I will never give it up.'

"He bounded on me, drew my sword and I fancied he would strike me with it. He then shouted:

"'Gardes du Corps, help! Seize the traitor! carry him away!'

"Half an hour elapsed, when M. de Luxembourg, captain of the Guards, brought me back my sword, and informed me that the king wished to see me. I went immediately. The king said to me:

"'You have done wrong to publish a general order without submitting it to my son; but I allow he has been too quick. Go to him. Confess your fault: he will allow his.'

"'Too quick, sire! is it thus that a man of honor is treated? See M. le Dauphin? Never! A wall of bronze henceforward is raised between him and me. Such is the reward of so many sacrifices, the recognition of such devotion! Sire, the sentiments toward yourself are not equivocal; but your son causes feelings of horror to me.'

"'Come, my dear marshal, calm yourself: do not add to all our misfortunes by separating from us!' the king said, mildly. Then, taking both my hands, and throwing his arms around me, he led me to the door of his cabinet, which was purposely left ajar that all the officers on duty might be witnesses of the reparation."

The quarrel was patched up, however, in spite of the wall of bronze. The marshal said, in a solemn tone, "Monseigneur, I have come by the king's express orders to acknowledge that I was wrong in publishing an order without your consent." The dauphin replied: "As you allow your fault, I confess I was a little to quick." He then added: "Besides, I have been punished for it, for I cut myself with your sword." Here was a fine opportunity, which Marmont, as a Frenchman, could not neglect; so he added, "It was never intended to shed your blood, but to defend it." The dauphin then said, "Come, don't think any more about it—*embarras-nous*." Marmont had his revenge, for he would not stoop to be embraced,

and when the dauphin shook his hand, he would not press his in return. But, with all his faults, the dauphin displayed considerable generosity of feeling; for after he had abdicated the throne in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux, he asked Marmont to forgive him as a Christian and a man. It is a pity that Marmont did not imitate his generosity by erasing this circumstance from his Memoirs.

Every one is acquainted with the stratagem by which Charles X. was driven from St. Cloud, and the details of his progress to the sea-coast do not possess such interest as to cause us to dwell in any length upon them. Three commissioners were appointed to attend Charles X., and he summarized their character very simply: "*Au fait et au prendre, ce sont deux coquins et un renégat.*" At Cherbourg, two American packet-boats were placed at the royal disposal, one of them being the *Charles Carrol*, which, strangely enough, belonged to Joseph Bonaparte! On arriving at Portsmouth, Marmont received a certificate from the king of his good behavior, and the world was all before him where to choose a new master. He acted wisely in quitting the king, for the sight of the man to whom the final catastrophe was in great measure owing, must have been any thing rather than agreeable.

From England, Marmont proceeded to Vienna, to insure the safety of his Dalmatian property, and received a hearty welcome from the emperor. The late events in Paris formed the principal topic of his conversation with Prince Metternich, and the complicity of the Duke of Orleans was discussed. Marmont held him guiltless of such perfidy. He had not conspired directly, as was proved by the slight powers he was invested with at starting; but it was probable he had foreseen the revolution, and prepared betimes to profit by it. For this purpose, he neglected nothing which could increase his popularity and flatter the chiefs of the people. He had greatly injured the royal cause by blaming too openly the method of government; but he was innocent of any immediate attack on the rights of the king. Metternich was of the same opinion, and confirmed it by the following anecdotes:

"In 1815, and after the return from Ghent, the Duke of Orleans paid a visit to Metternich. He said that he must be aware of the unpopularity

of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and how destitute they were of ability; that a novel overthrow was evidently preparing for them; and he asked Metternich if the foreign powers would give him the advantage of their sanction, in case he might be summoned to take their place on the throne. The prince gave him a formal and negative reply.

"At a later period, the Duke of Orleans made the following overture to Prince Eugene. He informed him that it was superfluous to prove that the Bourbons were unfit to govern; he and Prince Eugene had each their partisans, and he proposed to him to unite them, in the event of a revolution occurring, and give the throne to the candidate who received the most suffrages. Eugene replied, that if France were ever again in a state of revolution, his influence would be exerted in behalf of the son of his benefactor. Eugene informed the emperor of Austria of this proposal, and his reply."

We think it may be safely assumed that the Duke of Orleans exerted his utmost strength to overthrow the state edifice, in the hope that he might find good entertainment for himself amidst the ruins. At the period of the catastrophe, Charles X. and his family first designed to retire to Austria, when the emperor told Marmont, with a laugh, "he would clear out the palace of Brunn for them," where the Duke of Reichstadt was then residing. The events of 1830, according to Marmont, had a pernicious effect on the son of Napoleon, by arousing his vanity and suggesting too flattering dreams of power. The young Duke had been educated to entertain some degree of reverence for legitimacy, and as long as the elder branch retained the throne, he remained quiet; but when they were expelled in favor of the Orleans branch, he considered that he possessed a right to the throne, for he, too, was legitimate in his way. The portion of Marmont's Memoirs referring to the young Napoleon will probably be read with great avidity; and the interest they possess will serve as our excuse for dwelling a little fully on this subject. His first introduction took place at a ball given by Lord Cowley, where all the imperial family was present. Marmont found that the young Duke bore considerable resemblance to his father: his eyes, deep set in their orbit, and smaller than Napoleon's, had the same expression, fire, and energy. His brow was like his father's, the lower part of the face and the chin were Napoleon's. His complexion, too, bore the same pallid hue;

but the remainder of his face was Austrian. He was, also, five inches taller than his father. During a lengthened conversation, the young man spoke ardently of his profession, and the desire he felt to be engaged in the field. He hoped that France and Austria would one day be closely allied, and their armies fight side by side. "For," he said, "I can not and dare not make war against France. My father's commands forbade me, and I will never infringe them. My heart also, as well as a wise and good policy, forbids me." Soon after this interview, Marmont received permission from the Austrian government to spend a large portion of his time with the young duke, and we fancy must have bored him sufficiently with the accounts of the French campaigns and his views of Napoleon's policy, such as have been described more than enough in these pages. The only passage worth quoting is the following, in which the duke seems to display a judgment beyond his years. In allusion to the last campaign, he remarked, "My father and mother ought never to have quitted Paris, the one for war, the other for peace." This is the pen-and-ink portrait Marmont draws of the young duke:

"The Duke of Reichstadt is one of the most remarkable examples of the caprices of fortune. Born on the step of the highest and most powerful throne, destined, apparently, to rule over a multitude of peoples, his star, so brilliant at its dawn, gradually paled. Each day during his life obscured his future, and finally all was over with him at the age of twenty-one, after having passed his brief life in a false situation, crowned with opposition, contradictions, and anguish. His body was naturally fragile. He was greatly weakened by the rapidity of his growth. Several of the most important organs were not sufficiently developed, while others seemed to absorb all the powers of his life. His stomach was extremely small, and his brain enormous. A bad system of living, at first resulting from a want of appetite, and then from an error of judgment, doubtless contributed to augment this state of suffering. His education was directed by an honorable man, Count Maurice von Dietrichstein. It might have been more extensive, and borne better fruit. He was well acquainted with modern languages; but he possessed slight aptitude for the exact sciences. A good memory had favored the study of history, which he was well versed in. Military studies possessed the chief attraction for him. He found but slight pleasure in the fashionable world, where, however, he was welcomed. At a later date, when his

development had been completed, he would undoubtedly have been different, but a pretense to stoicism and high reason would have kept him for a length of time on guard against the ascendancy of woman. He was a good and graceful horseman, and remarkably active. His face had something gentle, serious, and melancholy about it, though sometimes a piercing and harsh look, which reminded you of his father when enraged, flushed his face. His education and the strange position he occupied, had forced him to employ dissimulation at an early age. Thus this was a marked feature of his character. He has been accused of being false and deceitful. This accusation does not appear to me to have been justified; but his extreme reserve, and a degree of prudence beyond his years, prevented him from ever being carried further than he wished. In conclusion, his manners, sometimes caressing, and the seduction he exercised, when he chose to take the trouble, authorized, to a certain extent, this unjust accusation on the part of his enemies.

"His mind was lucid and clear. His comprehension was facile, his conceptions prompt, his applications correct. His chief defect was aiming at effect, and this was most perceptible in public. . . . This young man, despite his qualities and his seductiveness, was not perfect, and I know not if nature had endowed him with qualities to play a part of the first rank in the complications of the period, but he had precious elements in him, and, above all, character, graciousness, and finesse, qualities highly necessary in the difficult position in which he found himself. He was fond of his grandfather, and managed to say all he pleased to him without causing offense. The emperor, and, indeed, all the royal family, loved him tenderly. . . . His death was a great political event. The military party in France, known as the Bonapartists, had no bond of existence after his decease. It was only held together by the son of that man who had been the amazement of the world, in such manner that, for the past, it appealed to the imagination, and for the present, it was presumed to have the support of a powerful monarch. Without Austria, the Bonapartist party was a cipher. Being reduced to the other members of the imperial family, it has no longer even a nominal existence. It has passed away, and its reminences alone survive."<sup>\*</sup>

The death of the Duke of Reichstadt was superinduced by the exertions made to bring his regiment into a proper state of efficiency. He was obliged to lay up from an indisposition; but some evil disposed persons, among others a man of the name of Kutschera, side-de-camp general to the emperor, asserted that the young duke was effeminate and wanted energy,

\* It must be borne in mind that this was written in 1832.



as he allowed himself to be defeated so easily. These remarks were repeated to him, and wounded his feelings deeply. From that moment he voluntarily committed acts of imprudence to prove his courage. He was very fond of shooting, and indulged in this sport during the most trying weather. The result was speedy and terrible, and soon there was no hope left in saving his life. He died on the anniversary of the battle of Salamanca. Marmont received from him, shortly prior to his death, his portrait, with the bust of his father opposite, under which he wrote the following lines :

“ Arrivé près de moi, par un zèle sincère,  
Tu me contais alors l'histoire de mon père ;  
Tu sais combien mon âme, attentive à ta voix,  
S'échauffait au récit des ses nobles exploits.”

Marmont was received in the most affectionate manner at Vienna, and even Germans put themselves out of their way to pay him compliments. Thus, on being presented to the Archduchess Thérèse, the present Queen of Naples, then about fourteen years of age, her father said to her, “ If you are well acquainted with history, you will already know the marshal.” He speaks well of Viennese society, and has the justice to tell the truth about the paternal government. The following remark deserves quotation in the present ultra-liberal days :

“ An opinion, very generally spread, has established the fact that Austrian Italy is weighed down by the taxes, whose produce is sent to Vienna. According to an official report which I saw, and whose truth is incontestable, it is proved that, under the French administration, the amount of taxation was half as much again as at present, and at the same time a much smaller sum was devoted to the public works in the country.”

After a lengthened residence in Vienna, Marmont proceeded on his travels, of which he has already published an ample account in an immense number of octavo volumes. They need not, therefore, detain us ; but we will select one anecdote, for the express benefit of those travelers who pin their faith on the statements of their *ciceroni*.

“ On my arrival at Milan, the triumphal arch, begun by Napoleon and finished by Francis I., was receiving the last touches. This monument instances a fact honorable to the monarch

who completed it. Instead of emulating Napoleon, who obliterated from all monuments on which he put his hand the marks of his predecessors, and substituted his own, to create in posterity the illusion that he created them, the Emperor Francis desired that this arch should preserve the character and reminiscence of the times in which it was erected. History is imperishable. In lieu of changing facts, it should make them known in their proper succession. This principle was followed here. The arch represents in its lower part Napoleon's entry into Vienna ; the upper portion depicts Francis entering Paris. It is a *résumé* of our history of that day ! Still, while rendering justice to the intentions of the Emperor Francis, the spirit has been disguised in the execution. The bas-reliefs executed by Napoleon's orders have remained in their place, but the book which explains the monument applies to the Emperor Francis what refers to the Emperor Napoleon. The entry of the latter into Vienna has been transformed into a representation of the Emperor of Austria's entry into Milan. This manner of interpreting the bas-reliefs is the only one known at the present day, and will remain so in the future.”

During the course of Marmont's travels he appears to have spent some considerable time in Egypt, where he was intimately *lié* with Mehemet Ali. In the last volume of his Memoirs he supplements the details already published in his Travels. It is evident that the Pacha had long meditated a rupture with Turkey, and he told Marmont that, being well aware of the hostile intentions of the Sultan, he did not feel disposed to strengthen his hands by paying the annual tribute. Marmont was cognizant of the truth of his suspicions, for, on passing through Constantinople, he had learned from the French and Austrian ambassadors that their influence to prevent hostilities had proved ineffectual. Still he thought it his duty to advise the following mode of proceeding :

“ In spite of the justice of your views, you can not follow without danger the course you propose. You would lose in the eyes of Europe the rights you have acquired, and which have been recognized. The *de facto* power, however great it may be, and particularly in Turkey, where it frequently overthrows the *de jure* authority, can not cause the latter to be totally forgotten. Do not try to lose a useful ally. Your rights date from the treaty of Kutayah, when all Europe intervened, and thus you have a place in the European family. But you received the investiture of the provinces you govern as a vassal, subjected to tribute and various conditions. As long as you fulfill these

you have the opinion of the world on your side. If you try to liberate yourself from them, you tear with your own hands the title-deeds of your authority, and Europe will become your enemy, as the Ottoman Empire must not be weakened. . . . . As regards the tribute, you can delay the payment by various pretexts, or only pay it in part, but you must not state that you refuse to pay it longer. Do not sacrifice by one imprudent step certainty for uncertainty, or take the shadow for the substance."

Mehemet Ali, as may be supposed, was not particularly pleased at this advice, but ended by following it. He acknowledged the wisdom of such procedure, and never changed in it: he never gave any ground for the charges brought so gratuitously against him, and did not once think of marching to Stamboul or overthrowing the Sultan's throne. Marmont then informed Metternich of the advice he had offered Mehemet Ali, who conceived the idea of inducing the great Powers to interfere. France and England answered evasively, while Russia accepted the proposition, when suddenly the war broke out, owing to "the intrigues of the English ambassador, a species of madman, who served blindly and even with exaggeration the wild fury of Lord Palmerston against us, (the French;) for it has been clearly proved that the hatred of England for Mehemet Ali was based on the friendship the latter felt for France, and the ascendancy we exercised over him." But Mehemet Ali spoiled his own game by a desire to satisfy his personal feelings. He had such an intense hatred for Khosrev Pacha that he insisted on his dismissal from Stamboul, and at the same time Austria provoked an intervention which delayed the natural course of events. Prince Metternich entertained such a terror of the victorious march of Mehemet Ali, that he, in imagination, saw him already in Stamboul; he therefore ordered the Austrian internuncio to hand a note to the Porte engaging it not to yield to the demands of Mehemet Ali, but claim the assistance of the envoys of the great Powers in settling the matter amicably. Singularly enough, the Russian ambassador did all in his power to forward this intervention, while his court had strongly refused to have any act or part in it. But Prince Metternich was never inclined to allow his plans to be thwarted by any considerations of political honesty. The rage which this step of the Austrian produced

in the Emperor Nicholas was fearful. "Jupiter did not make Olympus tremble more violently; Neptune did not lash the waves more furiously than did the Emperor of Russia break out upon the Austrian ambassador. He declared that he saw in this conduct of Prince Metternich a horrible act of treason, and he was almost on the point of sending an army into Gallicia!" This access of rage had such a powerful effect on Metternich that he took to his bed immediately on hearing about it, and kept it for three weeks, during which he was in extreme danger. The result was, that finding himself compromised with Russia, he conceived his policy drew him to an intimate connection with England. "In addition," Marmont adds, "England is the natural friend of Austria, for there are no opposite interests between these two powers, nor any point of contact which can cause them to originate." We fancy, had Marmont been writing just at present, this passage would have been erased. The Danube will prove a most unpleasant point of contact, from which various divergences of opinion will emanate. However, we will throw in the following as a crumb for the Cobdenites: "From this period Metternich was the very humble servant of Palmerston!" This extract from Marmont's Memoirs will prove at any rate that our foreign policy is no creation of yesterday, and that Lord Palmerston's name possessed as great a prestige on the Continent seventeen years ago as it does now after the conclusion of a great war.

At the ensuing conference of London on Turkish matters, Nicholas went over to the side of England, although then governed by the Whigs—not through any predilection for us, but through his intense hatred to Louis Philippe. "He regarded it as a great victory to break an alliance of which he felt an intense hatred, and he found an indescribable enjoyment in separating two allies, whom opposing interests divided, and old animosities separated through so many centuries, but whom passing circumstances had brought together." It strikes us that this policy on the part of Russia is hereditary. However, the success of Nicholas's maneuvers was shown in the sudden separation which produced the treaty of the 15th of July, 1839. The following passage, which terminates a fierce diatribe on the part of Marmont, deserves quotation:

"The affection Austria entertains for England can be understood, nor must it be blamed. The two states have not a single interest opposed. Each of them has a peculiar part to play, which proves the complement of the other. Austria is powerful through her numerous army and large population. Her navy is unimportant. England is powerful through her navy, and her army is secondary. The one is rich through her extended commerce, her colonies, and her industry; the other, by her agriculture and her trade, which has nothing to fear from the rivalry of England. Hence there are natural relations between these two countries, and it is but a step from them to friendship and alliance. Ages have set the seal on these relations. They were only interrupted during ten years. Prince Metternich decided on reestablishing them. There is also another point of view which deserves notice: it is, that Russia is the natural enemy of Austria as of England, and in this matter the interests of England and Austria are mixed up, while France, necessarily the rival and enemy of England, may have a variable policy which accidentally draws us near to Russia."

Of course, Marmont speaks with great indignation of the conduct of Guizot, whom he calls the dupe of England, and bitterly laments that France did not take the initiative by seizing on St. Jean d'Acro. She would have had at that period a superiority of twenty vessels of the line, assuring her the Mediterranean as a French lake "for an indefinite period." Europe would have been at the feet of France, who, not pushing her advantages beyond the limits of reason, would have dictated laws without firing a single shot. Lord Palmerston's ministry would have been overthrown as a necessary consequence of such procedure, and then, who would have been left to check the ambitious designs of France? It is lamentable to reflect that the absence of Marmont from his country alone prevented such a consummation. Instead of this, M. Thiers aroused revolutionary passions, and the *Marseillaise* reëchoed in every street, as if the events it recalled were a guarantee of victory. And then, not satisfied with menacing the public repose, a still greater fault was committed by threatening Europe, without having the power to carry such measures into effect, and thus increasing the number of the enemies of France. But let Marmont speak for himself:

"And then, why bring up that eternal question of the banks of the Rhine? I certainly lamented as much as anybody the loss of our

provinces on the left bank and of Belgium; perhaps it was bad policy, at the Congress of Vienna, to deprive us of the old conquests, which only served to give France what she required to maintain her equilibrium with those states which had been aggrandized during the last fifty years. Recapture those provinces when the occasion is favorable; but do not speak about it when the thing is impossible, and do not regard as a magnanimous resolution what is only an empty boast. This headstrong and senseless policy developed the slumbering feeling of patriotism in Germany. No preparations had been made for the last twenty-five years for their defense—nothing had been organized; but these peoples, so suddenly, so brutally menaced in their repose, the enjoyment of their property and their honor, placed themselves in a posture of defence. Thus the confidence was destroyed which had been founded by habit and the interest of peace. But, in thus throwing down the gauntlet to Europe, the result was, that nothing was dared, no help was given to Mehemet Ali, and the squadrons, so superior to those of England, hastened to regain a sheltering port. There was a display of *faussonnerie* in words, of modesty and fear in action. Nations are like individuals; wisdom ordains apprehension of distant events; talent discovers them betimes, and prepares the means to conquer them, and when they have arrived, courage despises and surmounts them. But to do exactly the opposite, covers a sovereign and a nation with ridicule and contempt. Louis Philippe, in adopting the system suggested to him, lost the opinion for wisdom which he enjoyed, at a cheap rate, perhaps, and which he owed to the longanimity of his character, to the species of talent which nature had endowed him with, and which does not go beyond the means of conducting an intrigue which saves him from a momentary embarrassment, but never rises to the conception or the execution of a great system."

At any rate—however much Marmont may despise the preparations made for the Egyptian campaign, of which, he says, there was not a single man in Europe, excepting perhaps Lord Palmerston, who believed in their success—events proved the wisdom of our ministry. The affairs of Egypt were placed on a satisfactory basis, and the good effects of our policy were shown in the last war, when the Egyptian contingent behaved admirably, and did no light part in checking the Russians in the Principalities.

Marmont's Memoirs may be said to terminate with the Egyptian war. He appears, in his despair with France, to have determined on writing no more. He was evidently no prophet in his own country, and in other lands his views, though treated with respect, were not followed.

Hence he occupies his diary with *cancons* picked up in Viennese circles, or in descriptions of the countries he visited. Among the former, he has several referring to the Princess Metternich, who was a violent enemy of the new dynasty in France. Thus, on her being complimented by the French ambassador, M. de St. Aulaire, on some magnificent diamonds she wore, she replied, brutally, "At any rate, they were not stolen," in reference to Louis Philippe's usurpation. But the French minister would not put up with such rebuffs; he threatened the lady, in her husband's presence, that he would report home faithfully every remark she made insulting to majesty; and the princess, probably fearing an embargo being laid on her millinery, thenceforward maintained a discreet silence. Another anecdote refers to England:

"I must give here an account of a capital lesson Mr. Lamb, the English ambassador, gave the princess. The union between France and England had inspired her with extreme hatred against both countries. As she was a violent partisan of Charles V., the raising of the siege of Bilbao had caused her extreme rage. She spoke before twenty persons, myself among others, in the most unguarded terms. Among other remarks, she said, 'I should like to see Lamb hung, and would go and pull his legs.' This remark could not remain a secret, and Lamb was informed of it. Some time after, the princess made her usual request to him for his portrait, to be added to her collection, and the ambassador promised it to her. But, instead of sending it in the proper form for insertion in an album, he sent her a large crayon portrait, in a frame, and informed her that he had chosen this size to afford her the pleasure of hanging him."

From the remainder of the last volume, which consists of various *mélanges*, principally essays of Marmont, we need only select one as possessing the requisite importance for quotation. It is in the shape of a memoir on the commerce of Russia, written by Count Fiquelmont, former minister of Austria, and bearing date February 14, 1851. The remarks on Russian railways we especially recommend to the notice of our speculative readers:

"In the letter you did me the honor of writing me, you expressed a wish to have in writing the principal heads of a conversation we had on the commercial resources of Southern, as compared with Northern, Russia. I was, and am still, of opinion that the commerce of

the Russian empire is far more developed in the north than in the south. The following is the ground of my argument:

"There are three lines of river navigation between the Caspian and the Baltic. These lines converge in Lake Ladoga, and are in communication with the Volkhov and the Neva, by the Ladoga Canal. This fluvial system, which traverses and unites almost the whole of the central empire, is the object of continued care on the part of the Russian Government. Peter the Great created it; but the modern improvements in engineering have greatly increased the ramifications of this system, to which all the water-courses in the interior have been attached. The nature of the country renders the portages short, and they can be traversed at a slight expense.

"A plan of a canal still exists, which was intended to join the Dnieper to the Vistula, and thus establish a communication between the Black Sea and the Baltic: it bore the name of the Royal Canal; but, either owing to the difficulties of the ground or its slight utility, it has been neglected, and remained, I believe, a project. The Dwina and its affluents carry to Riga all the produce of this part of Russia. On the other hand, steps have been taken to make the Dnieper navigable since my departure from Russia. If the difficulties presented by this navigation, in the shape of cataracts, were overcome, the produce it would carry to Odessa is nothing in comparison with what now goes to the Baltic. Here is one fact established, which assures the north a superiority of commerce.

"The second fact is still more decisive: it is that of the sea navigation. Your residence at Venice enables you to procure there the most exact statements of the commercial operations of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. You will learn, in the most positive manner, what time is required in sailing from Odessa to Cadiz; for we must take into account the time spent in waiting a favorable wind to pass the Straits of Gibraltar. This is frequently as long as is required to sail from Petersburg to the United States. The Mediterranean only bears the commerce of its own basin; the North Sea that of the world. Russia would find a greater advantage in a connection northward than to the south, even if the system of her river navigation had not imposed this law on her.

"Your opinion has much weight in Europe, M. le Maréchal, and I have regretted, consequently, that, in your work, you strengthened the idea that the forces of Southern Russia are susceptible to a great development; I understand by forces, produce, trade, and commerce. The conclusion would be arrived at, that a want of expansion exists, which might, sooner or later, menace Constantinople. As I am of an opposite opinion, I may be allowed to express it here; for the question is a grave one, as it is one of the principal elements of European policy toward Russia. There are in Southern Russia climatic conditions, which produce, at nearly equal intervals, years of complete drought,



sometimes destructive to the whole of the sheep and cattle; when, during the month of May, the east winds prevail, there is no rain, and the steppes supply no herbage: this happened twice during the twelve years I spent in Russia. It is calculated that every three or four years the crop of cereals is below the average. Too much dry weather is the cause of this. They are satisfied when the grass is not completely dried up; still, years of famine are rare, for the superabundant supply in favorable years renders it possible to lay up the necessary precautionary stock. I know several Russian proprietors, who, seduced by the appearance of a warmer climate, and having too large a population on their estates, made use of the privilege, and transferred the excess to pasture lands in the south: they all regretted it. A Count Gourieff, on the other hand, performed the same operation from the center of Russia to the Volga: he doubled his fortune.

"These various facts, which I can authenticate, give me an explanation of a historical phenomenon which I could not understand. I asked myself frequently why that long southern zone, extending from Bessarabia to Asia, had never been peopled or civilized? The Greek colonies never went beyond the Crimean coast; the Romans did not proceed farther than Wallachia. The entire zone was only a highway for the migratory peoples from Asia and the Lower Volga: none of them stopped there. The Tartars, who arrived in the Crimea at the time the Turks took Constantinople, made no establishments there: they could neither advance nor retire; they remained in a nomadic state. The uncertainty of the produce was the reply to the question I asked myself.

"The impossibility of increasing the population, owing to the uncertain production, furnishes an invincible obstacle to the establishment of any large factories. There is no capital sunk in the south; for the commercial houses in Odessa are merely agencies of houses at Petersburg, Moscow, and foreigners; but there is nothing which has taken root in the soil. Some persons believe that the construction of railroads would change the face of this country by bringing the places of production and exportation closer. The landed proprietors would assuredly profit; but would the profit be in proportion with the expenses of construction and maintenance? General Destrem, a skillful engineer, better competent than any other person to give an opinion on matters connected with Russia, has proved most indisputably that the maintenance of the permanent way in Russia would be always too expensive. The soil freezes, even in the boasted south, to a depth of four feet, and the thaw would certainly derange the horizontal position of the rails. Immense labor and outlay would be required to repair such long distances of line. I can understand railways being made in countries which afford a sufficient return to private companies: it is a

good mode of laying out capital, and this way of traveling may be the cheapest. But are the circumstances similar when a state raises money to construct railways? The interest of the debt would require increased taxation, and hence those who do not travel would have to pay a portion of the expenses of those who benefit by the railways. This would be peculiarly the case with Russia, where the state alone could construct them. The time required in finishing the Petersburg line proves that marshes are as troublesome as mountains to overcome."

The remainder of this letter is occupied with a description of the military colonies, and the injury they inflicted on individuals, but this may be omitted, as not possessing special interest for our readers. We must not forget to mention, also, that some exculpatory documents are added by the editor to the last volume, with reference to the conduct of Prince Eugène in 1814, and which was strongly assailed by Marmont in the preceding volumes.

Our labor is ended: we have now examined, impartially, we trust, the memoirs of a man who played a far from unimportant part in the events which agitated Europe during the close of the last century and the commencement of the present. Regarding them dispassionately, and with the light thrown upon them by other writers, we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of these memoirs, and are inclined to give Marmont credit for honesty of purpose and a sincere wish to portray events in the manner from which he regarded them. It is but natural that many may be disposed to call his views in question, and deny the justice of the conclusions to which he has arrived; we have already done so in numerous instances. But we are not disposed to join in that insane cry of mendacity which has been raised; we are inclined to think that much valuable information can be procured from Marmont's revelations, which will be employed by future historians. The history of the Napoleonic age can not yet be given impartially; too much passion still comes into play, and this is more especially the case in France. That Marmont should be an object of suspicion in his own country, and his memoirs regarded as apocryphal, does not surprise us; he, the ardent follower of Napoleon, became the too faithful servant of royalty, and paid for his devotion by a lengthened exile. In

the calm retreat he selected for himself, he had many opportunities for moralizing on the strange scenes he had witnessed, and forming, what appeared to him, a faithful judgment. It is true that, as we have already stated in this magazine, we do not endorse his views about the emperor; we regret that Marmont should have been led away by a feeling of jealousy, which, in calmer moments, he must have deeply lamented; and we are not inclined to take his judgment on the Great Emperor as the one which will be ratified by future history. On the other hand, we have no reason to deny the truth of his facts; and it will be found that all the attacks made on these memoirs are the result of opinions he has expressed, rather than historical facts he has described. In truth, when we remember that a Frenchman is the author of these memoirs, we ought to give him all credit for the impartiality he has generally displayed.

In conclusion, we are bound to confess that these memoirs bear the marks of much excision and interpolation; but for them we must not blame the author. The gentleman intrusted with the editorial duties has surely a right to publish what he thinks proper; but, at the same time, must assume the responsibility of all short-comings. We have more especially to lament the reserve which is evident in the last volume, which would refer almost exclusively to men of the day; but here we find little of importance. Surely, after

exposing Marmont's memory to so great obloquy by the publication of his critiques on the emperor, justice would have required an equal *exposé* with reference to his successors; and there is so much connected with the reign of Louis Philippe which has not yet seen light, that even a slight instalment would have been greeted with satisfaction. We can not but assume that Marmont had written down much about our contemporaries which has not yet been made known, and we hope yet to receive a supplementary volume, serving to throw light on the events of the day, and indubitably possessing as much interest as the nine which have preceded it.

But, even if no further revelations appear, we have much in these memoirs of very great value, as furnishing further confirmation of the mistaken views hitherto entertained of the character of Napoleon I. We trust, therefore, that when the time comes for an impartial, because truthful, history of that great man to be written, the author will have recourse to the memoirs of his marshals for information, and amongst these he must not forget the *mémoires pour servir* which we owe to the pen of Marmont. Their publication has been accompanied by such a paper warfare, that much additional matter will thus be obtained, and we foresee many revelations which we may hereafter have occasion to make known to our readers.

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From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE COTTON TRADE.

A PARALLEL instance of rapid advancement can not, perhaps, be found in history to that between the rise and present position of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain. Weaving is among the earliest authenticated facts; Eastern countries still retain much of their original superiority, and it is difficult even to this day to

equal, or even rival some of the finest muslins of India; certain it is that among the higher ranks in that part of the globe their own productions of that peculiar description are still preferred to our own. In other countries, however, the taste for English goods has become so rooted, that they have a monopoly, though it is some-

what, but very slightly, interfered with by America, and some few Continental manufacturers.

The first mention of cotton spinning in England is to be found in a paper dated 1641, when it was said to have been located, even at that period, at Manchester; but it was nearly a century afterward before it became of the slightest importance, and it was not until about ninety-five years since that cloth wholly composed of cotton—a mixture of wool having been generally added—was an article of commerce. From about the year 1700 to 1760, the only manufacturers were weavers located in the various districts, who wove the thread during the day which their wives and children spun in the evenings and leisure hours; but at this period the raw material was sent to the operatives by agents from Manchester, who subsequently collected the manufactured article. Mechanical genius had long been directed to its machinery. In 1733, 1738, and 1753, patents were taken out for increasing the production by machinery; but the first grand step was in 1767, when the spinning-jenny appeared. Two years afterward, Sir Richard Arkwright projected his invention, which, sixteen years subsequently, was declared by law to be void, but which had already created a new trade. Just before 1800, the power-loom came into general use, by which the cotton trade greatly extended, and from that period to the present time, scarcely a week has elapsed, certainly not a new mill has been erected without some improvement or other having been brought into operation. Between the years 1701 and 1705, the average yearly importation of cotton was 1,170,911 lbs.; between 1705 and 1720, it was 2,173,287 lbs., or had not doubled itself in the fifth part of the century; but even up to 1775, when three quarters of the centennial period had elapsed, it was, on the average of the previous years, but 4,764,589 lbs. However, when weaving by machinery became introduced, so did the importation of the raw cotton increase; showing, what it is very necessary to bear in mind at the present moment, that the supply can be made to equal the demand. From 1775 to 1780, the average was 6,766,613 lbs.; from 1781 to 1785, it was 10,914,934 lbs.; but in these, the two last were exceptional years, since in 1784, it was 11,482,083 lbs., and in 1785, when Ark-

wright's patent was thrown open to all who chose to avail themselves of it, it had reached as high as 18,400,384 lbs. From this particular point we start; in 1800 the consumption was 56,010,732 lbs.; in 1810, it was 132,488,935 lbs.; in 1831, it was 280,080,000 lbs.; and again in 1841, it was 487,992,355 lbs.; in 1851, it was 7,379,749 lbs. To show the importance of the trade more particularly; the importation was, in

1775 . . . . .	4,764,589 lbs.
1857 . . . . .	1,023,886,528 “

Increase in 82 years, 1,019,121,939 “

Upward of *one thousand of millions of pounds* of cotton in one year! it seems almost incredible that such a quantity can by any possibility be consumed, yet stocks in the warehouses, and in the manufacturer's hands were low, and bear but a small proportion to the whole receipt at the commencement of 1857. Still, after making a most liberal allowance for waste,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. per lb., there remains a net quantity of yarn applicable to the production of goods of no less than 912,000,000 lbs. It has been noted above that other countries compete with us in foreign markets in goods, but part of this net produce of yarn goes to Germany, Russia, Holland, Belgium, and Italy, so that even to our rivals do we supply the necessary materials upon which they work.

The real importance of the cotton manufacture, and its consumption of other articles, are not represented by the foregoing statistics. Its consumption of flour is very large, and to this fact we owe the origin of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and the subsequent triumph of Free-trade. Some few years since, in a single establishment in Glasgow, the duty alone upon the flour used amounted to little short of £1,000 per annum, and as the coarser description of goods required the larger quantity of this necessary ingredient to their manufacture, so of course was the total profit upon the whole working of the factory diminished. The Corn Laws then were discovered really to cripple trade, by enhancing the price of goods, while they crippled the power of purchasing; hence the fundamental reason of the agitation for this repeal. An extended cultivation of wheat in Bengal, and other parts of India, which upon its arrival here

is taken for the cotton mills on account of its peculiar glutinous quality, has also resulted from this branch of business. There can be very little doubt but that, had it not been for the slow, uncertain, and expensive method of transit for goods between Liverpool and Manchester, the former being the importing and exporting place of business, the system or the principle of railways would not have been developed so extensively as it now exists. The first commercial line in England was between these two towns, and was projected upon a supposition that goods would be conveyed regularly at ten miles per hour. After a sufficient portion of the line was laid, a competitive trial was made of locomotives, in order to test the correctness of the calculation. The result was so far beyond what was expected, that Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, reported to the Directors: "I trust I shall not be digressing from the subject, when I add that in contemplating a speed of thirty miles an hour with passengers, and from fifteen to twenty miles an hour with a load of merchandise, at a cost of almost nothing, comparatively speaking, I can scarcely set a limit to the advantages which this country has a right to expect from this improved mode of intercourse, and even should no further improvements be made—and I doubt not but many and important ones will follow—there has been sufficient to show that locomotive engines are capable of producing and maintaining a speed beyond any other means at present known." This bears date nine months before the line was opened in 1830.

Another important trade is coexistent with the manufacture of cotton—that of printing the cloth. The number of hands employed in this branch bears a considerable proportion to those engaged in the conversion of the raw material, and upon this also depend many minor branches. To the revocation of the Edict of Nantes we owe the introduction of this art, like many others, into England. The first known establishment of the kind was at Richmond, in Surrey, in about 1690. At that period, Indian muslins and cloths alone were operated upon, and the demand for them interfered so materially with the consumption of silk goods, that after several serious disturbances in consequence, the government of the day took the matter up, and placed an excise upon

print works, by way of protection, very shortly afterward—although, originally, the use of these articles was absolutely prohibited, under heavy penalties. Subsequently, financial considerations rendered the revenue thus derived of too great importance to be given up, and thus the tax remained until the general revision of the tariff some years since. To the imposition of this tax was added the vicious system of drawback upon exportation, by means of which enormous money frauds were perpetrated upon Government, to the injury of the fair trader, great loss of morality to the persons engaged in the traffic, and the infliction of a most serious blow to merchants and mercantile credit in foreign markets. If a man required money, it was an every-day transaction to purchase a parcel of printed goods upon credit, ship them somewhere, obtain the drawback, and so get into possession of capital for other operations. Their ultimate destination was doubtful. They were either sent to an unsuitable market upon chance, or disposed of unfairly. If the former plan was adopted, legitimate traders found themselves forestalled, with unsaleable goods it is true, but still with sufficient stock to destroy their profit, and militate against future consignments of really useful fabrics. If the latter mode of disposal were selected, one of two methods of carrying it out was chosen; both consisted in smuggling the goods on shore, and substituting other packages in the room of those landed. But if it were actually necessary to procure consular certificates, as to the goods reaching their destination, in order that the bond given at the Custom House in this country might be canceled; then the common expedient was to sink the ship—precaution, of course, being taken to preserve the lives of the crew. Salt, chintzes, and such goods as were entitled to drawback were selected as cargo, which was "run" upon some concerned spot upon the coast. When at a distance from that place, another convenient place was chosen, the boats hoisted out, a few auger holes in its sides and bottom sent the ship into deep water, and the poor wrecked mariners landed amid the commiseration of the villagers. The underwriters were, of course, victims, and considerable sums were obtained from them also. Though the penalty, upon conviction, for this offense was death, few were found guilty,



on account of the difficulty of procuring legal evidence of the facts; at present the law has been improved, and evidence would be admitted now which would not then have been deemed to be sufficient. The last case which the late Lord Erskine argued as a barrister, previously to his elevation to the bench, contained a point connected with this subject and with the previous remark. On a fine, clear summer day, off the coast of Sussex, in sight of several spectators, a ship was seen to go down suddenly; the crew landed, and were relieved, upon the representation that the accident had occurred through a leak. The circumstances which led to her being raised are immaterial, but raised she was, and the cases in which printed calicoes had been shipped were then found to be filled with rubbish. The captain and merchant were tried together for the offense, and so clear was the evidence, that they were found guilty without hesitation, and sentenced to death. An arrest of judgment was however obtained, upon the ground that the court had no jurisdiction to try the case. It is unimportant whether it were at the General or Admiralty Sessions, or at the Old Bailey, London, but it was at one of them. The point raised was: "when was the offense committed; at the time of agreement to do it between the merchant and captain upon land, or upon its completion by the latter at sea?" If the former were the correct view, the Admiralty could not try the merchant, who had never quitted the land, for that which was done on the sea. If the latter were right, then the captain could not be tried by a peculiarly land tribunal, for an offense which had been done solely at sea. Lord Erskine's arguments were sufficiently potent to save his clients, but before they left Gray's Inn Hall, where the case was heard, they received an admonition from their advocate to be cautious of appearing before him as a judge, or they would assuredly encounter the fate from which he had just saved them, and which, as he told them, they richly deserved. One of his lordship's earliest subsequent acts was to amend this very law.

It is upon the Southern States of America that we now depend for our supply of the raw material. Previously to 1790 we imported none from thence, but the increase in the demand, and the abundant supply of slave-labor, stimulated cultiva-

tion to such an extent that, in 1831 we received nearly 220,000,000 lbs., and in 1856, 780,000,000 lbs., while the imports from other countries, except India, have been variable and decreasing. Any one description of machinery is not adapted to spinning every description of cotton, and, therefore, it will not answer the purpose of a manufacturer to adjust his machine for a few bales, unless he be certain that a sufficiency can be procured to keep it regularly employed, hence one great reason why the general cultivation of cotton has not gone on in other countries as in America on an increasing ratio. Some years since, importations from Manilla were frequent, which realized high rates, but from this reason they have almost wholly ceased, though its quality was much appreciated in Manchester and its neighborhood. In 1831, the West India Islands sent us 2,400,000 lbs., in 1856, 462,824 lbs.; the Brazils contributed 31,700,000 lbs. in 1831, and 21,830,000 lbs. in 1856, the importation having fallen as low as 14,700,000 lbs. in 1846; Turkey and Egypt forwarded 8,000,000 lbs. in 1831, and 34,616,000 lbs. in 1856. This also has varied materially, though it has been a steadily increasing source, for instance the 8,000,000 in 1831 had steadily advanced to upwards of 14,000,000 in 1846; in 1847, 4,800,000 lbs. only came in; the next year, 7,200,000 lbs.; in 1849, 17,400,000 lbs.; then in 1850, no less than close upon 49,000,000, an immediate drop to 17,000,000 in 1851—and not half—only 8,000,000 lbs. in 1852. Since the last year, however, the supply has been more steady, having been 28,000,000 lbs., 32,900,000 lbs., and 34,600,000 lbs. respectively. There are a few other places from which cotton comes, but in so uncertain quantities, and in so small a proportion to the aggregate, as not to demand particular notice. In 1831, India sent 25,800,000 lbs.; in 1856, 180,496,000 lbs.; but in the first of these years is included a small quantity from the Island of Bourbon, from which place a large portion of the seed originally planted in other places was procured. With the exception of Egypt, Hindostan is the only quarter in which an increased production has taken place; and it would appear to that country alone can we confidently look for a permanent supply.

Three things appear to be essentially necessary to the cultivation of the cotton

tree—namely, a rich soil, climate not below a certain temperature, and an abundant supply of labor. Since the abolition of the slave-trade, the production of those countries which were dependent upon that method of planting has fallen to almost nothing, and it is considered very doubtful if the maximum crop which can be raised in the United States, under existing circumstances, be not nearly reached. Much of the old soil has been already exhausted, and the present large yield has only been raised by extending the confines of the several estates. One negro can not attend to beyond a certain number of shrubs, and from the agitation, now of serious moment, which prevails between the Northern and Southern States upon the question of slavery, many years must necessarily elapse before, in the natural state of things, any great increase can be made in the number of cotton-producing laborers. The confines of the district devoted to cotton in the United States has the peculiar disadvantage of being subject to frost at uncertain periods, by which much damage is done, and the net quantity is reduced by an extent sufficient to cause an influence upon prices. One half-penny per pound on the price of the raw article appears to be but a small advance, but it must be remembered that it really represents a sum of £1,800,000 added to the cost to the manufacture.

The enormous disadvantage of so great a trade being wholly dependent upon a single country for its existence, is stimulating discoveries in other regions. Many of these will, doubtless, in the course of a few years, become large producing places. But manufacturers can not afford to risk the contingency. The discoveries of Dr. Livingston in Africa fully demonstrate the possibility, and, under proper management, the certainty of an abundant supply from that continent. The climate and soil are alike propitious, while labor is comparatively worthless. It will, however, occupy a long period of time before the natives become sufficiently civilized to grow it steadily. Excellent samples have been produced at Port Natal, but immigration is necessary to develop any one of the unbounded resources of that settlement. In very many other places, in various parts of the world, the cultivation of cotton has been successfully attempted, but in none on a scale sufficiently large to do more than to show clearly the certain-

ty that the land produces this staple. The subject has attracted the attention of the French Government also, and it is intended to extend the growth of the shrub from Egypt to Algeria. Judging by what has been done with wheat in that province, it is thought that France, before long, will set her manufacturers, in a great degree, free from their present sole reliance upon America.

That India possesses every thing required for the growth of cotton, may be deduced from the augmentation which has taken place in the quantity exported. The great drawback to the extension of planting in India seems to be, a want of irrigation, and means of conveyance to the seaboard. Much has been done by the Government to remedy the former, not on account of this one particular article, but for improving the land generally. Very much remains yet to be accomplished, and, before any system can be fully carried out, a more economical distribution of the revenue of India must be brought to bear, in order that larger sums may be appropriated to public works than have been paid hitherto. Private enterprise is working hard to overcome the other difficulty, and were a certain rate of interest generally guaranteed for any feasible project, British capital would readily flow to the East for the construction of railroads and other works. From such as have been constructed, it is evident that, comparatively, the cost is but small, while, from the reports of those already in operation, it appears that the natives eagerly avail themselves of this method of locomotion, both for themselves and for their merchandise. Where railways could not be formed without a heavy expense, or in inconvenient positions, a new plan of traveling has been recently projected—that of tramroads. Their expense is trifling and they will be formed with so much facility, that not only will means of communication be provided in a short period of time, but at a cost which will prove remunerative to the shareholders. The "Endless Traction Engine," which formed so important a feature in the London civic procession last year, may, perhaps, furnish an idea for drawing heavy goods upon common roads in that country. In Texas, the same difficulty of transportation of merchandise presents itself which is experienced in India, only, perhaps, in a much more formidable degree, inasmuch as it is necessary

there to pass over a long desert, parched, barren, and of volcanic origin. The Americans, however, set us an example in the way of overcoming difficulties. It will not answer for them to allow the rich lands in the interior to lie waste any longer, so they have introduced camels from Arabia, for the purpose of raising beasts of burthen, which may be capable of passing the track in question. One other difficulty to an almost unlimited supply of cotton from Hindostan, though of consequence, might be more easily removed—that is, the jealousy on the part of the Company to leasing land for a long term, or to selling it. Experience of other articles has proved what can be done if European skill and capital be employed. Castor Oil, for instance, not long since, was one of the most nauseous drugs imaginable, requiring a large capital and time to be employed here to make it at all fit to be dispensed by the chemist. Two young men went out to Calcutta as druggists; one of them found it profitable to instruct the natives in the proper way to prepare it, and the result has been that for many years the article has come here perfectly pure, and so tasteless as occasionally to be used for table purposes. Indigo, lac dye, and sugar all bear in the market a great distinguishing feature between native and cultivated, the latter equal, if not superior to, any produced elsewhere, the former bearing a much lower price; and so with very many other articles which might be enumerated. It was found profitable a short time since to cultivate the growth of oil seeds; and India has now completely superseded all other countries in the quality sent to Europe.

An association has been formed at Manchester for obtaining a regular supply of

cotton. It is proposed that a small annual subscription shall be raised to distribute machines, seed—and, in fact, every thing that can conduce to a better and regular receipt, no matter from what quarter it may come. The Liverpool merchants also have lately taken the matter up, and with all the facilities which we possess at home and abroad, the only questions for solution appear to be, shall this extensive manufacture be at the mercy of one single country, and the profits be abstracted and turned over to foreigners, for the encouragement of the slave-trade, which is now going on vigorously; or shall a much smaller amount of money be devoted to bringing out the resources of our own empire, to the real advantage of every one connected with it? Violent scenes have recently taken place in the Cortes at Madrid, and a long diplomatic correspondence is now going on in reference to the payment of interest upon the Spanish debt. Symptoms of repudiation have again been manifested on the part of a rich city on the other side of the Atlantic. No profit has ever accrued, either to individuals or to the country at large, from any of these loans. A glance at the official list of the Stock Exchange will give a slight idea of what has been lost by lending to other countries. True, losses have been sustained in forming railways and other works at home; still there is the satisfaction of knowing that it has improved, and not impoverished the nation; and now that experience has been gained, many of these undertakings are becoming remunerative to a certain extent. This experience will not be better applied than in bringing it to bear upon such of our own possessions as require it, and where a certain return can be obtained.

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From the Eclectic Review.

## FRAUDS IN FOOD AND MEDICINE.\*

THIS volume contains the substance and results of the analyses and observations,

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\* *Adulterations Detected; or, Plain Instruction for the Discovery of Frauds in Food and Medicine.* By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Co. 1857.

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with considerable additions, published as the reports of a sanitary commission, in the *Lancet*, during the years 1851–54, and afterward republished by their author, Dr. Hassall, under the title of “Food and its Adulterations.” The plan and objects of the

works are, however, distinct, the first and larger work being intended to demonstrate the very great and dangerous extent to which adulterations of all kinds were carried by the cunning and rapacity of traders in this country, but especially in all the more important articles of daily consumption.

The chief purpose of the present work is to furnish instructions concerning the means and methods, microscopical, chemical, and otherwise, by which even those who may not be scientific can easily discover whether they are dealt with honestly, in respect to the materials supplied by those to whom they intrust the health and lives of their households, so far as these depend on wholesome aliment. The conclusions and principal facts contained in the work entitled "Food and its Adulterations," are reproduced in a condensed form in this volume; but there is much additional matter of great value, and the results of analyses of several hundreds of samples of articles, both in food and drugs, which have never before been published.

This work is the best of the kind that has ever been published in any country, and quite superseded all publications that have hitherto appeared on the subject. It is scarcely possible to overstate the importance of the work in a sanitary, economical, and commercial point of view. Being the result of scientific, enlightened, and, we may say, philanthropic effort and industry, it is, in every respect, admirable. We say this the more earnestly and positively, because it is the interest and manifest determination of many persons, whose characters are affected by the exposures therein contained, to endeavor by all means in their power, however paltry and underhand, to depreciate and damage the reputation of the work and its author. The reason why they should do so is sufficiently evident: culprits, subjected to a public trial, would always invalidate the testimony that condemns them, if they could; and the stronger and the more damning the testimony, the more urgent and importunate will be the effort to deny and contradict it. In this case, however, there is no escape, for "facts are chieftains that winna ding, and dinna be disputed." No doubt, the traffickers in cheap, and spurious, and bad imitations of costly and genuine and good articles of diet, whether for invalids or for infants, or, indeed, for families in general, will try to soothe their

consciences, if they have any left, by showing how very innocent their fraudulence has been. For instance, the dealer in homœopathic cocoa and chocolate, knowing the falseness of his pretenses as to the peculiar purity of those articles, will not quietly allow himself to be considered a mere helper of humbug; but he will say: "Well, if people will be cheated, they must be cheated; and surely the public have no right to complain if fools make rogues. We only promote the sale of a little more potato-starch, and a few equally harmless substances, in the name of cocoa; and of course we have a right to make cent per cent or more, if we can, by our sham—for sham is always short of shame—and we can afford to make a joke of the matter, since we are, and ought to be, well paid for our superior wit."

The innocence of the article employed to adulterate and deceive is really offered as a reason why the deception should be permitted to proceed. Thus, the baker who mixes cheap potatoes and cheap rice with inferior flour that he may, while somewhat improving the appearance of the bread he produces, also enable the flour to take up and retain a larger quantity of water than flour alone would do, says to himself—yea, verily, and to us likewise: "What harm! are not potato, starch, and water, wholesome and good?" Yes; but is it only because these things are wholesome and good, that they are thus added by thee, O man of dough? Nay, but thou dost cheat, thou tamperer with God's gifts; thou dost substitute inferior and watery stuff for a fair proportion of daily bread; and multitudes of young children mainly dependent on it for their growing bodies, muscle, bone, brain, and nerve, are growing up in feebleness and distortion of mind and body, because bakers happen to be habitually unconscionable. "Rice and potatoes, both so commonly added to bread, contain not more than seven per cent. of gluten, (the nutritious part,) that is to say, they are little more than half as nutritious as good wheat flour;" and, therefore, so far as they are substituted for this flour, the bread containing them is robbed of its nourishment, the consumer of his strength, and the purchaser of his money. Then, again, *alum* in bread is positively defended by some bakers; and is used by almost all. Why? Just to beautify the loaf, and to accommodate the false taste of ignorant people.



*Alum is particularly injurious*, says Dr. Hassall :

"It is true that it causes the bread to be whiter than it would be otherwise, indeed, whiter than it was ever intended to be ; but it imparts to bread several other properties : thus, it hardens the nutritious constituent of the bread, the gluten, and so (on the authority of that great chemist, Liebig) renders the bread more indigestible ; it enables the baker to adulterate his bread with greater quantities of rice and potatoes ; and lastly, by the use of alum, he is able to pass off an inferior, and even a damaged flour, for one of superior quality."—P. 281.

How foolish that the public should countenance the use of alum as they do, for the sake of obtaining an unnaturally white, flatulent, and indigestible loaf! A white loaf! Why what does the elaboration of good life-blood need of a white loaf? Many of the most important elements of our blood, and brain, and bone, are found in greatest abundance in the colored outer part of the wheat, which we deem fittest for pigs ; so we fatten them, and suffer ourselves. The difference in nourishing properties between whole-meal flour and very finely dressed flour amounts, in many cases, to fully one third.

As respects the *habitual* use of *alum*, simply as a thing unfit for the blood, we can assert from close observation, in numerous instances, that it vastly interferes with all the processes of digestion, especially in irritable constitutions and in young children, producing acidity, flatulence, constipation, nervous distress, bilious disorder, neuralgic pain, feverish symptoms, and of course crossness of temper, in proportion to the mental and moral defects of the sufferer.

The cry for cheapness is, perhaps, the main cause of the almost universal art of adulteration. "The craft and mystery" of trade is no obsolete formula of words, but the expression of a fact that ought not to be. That there should be nothing false, and nothing to conceal in our dealings with each other, is a truism. The man who is so unjust as not to desire to pay the person well who expends his time and labor for the convenience and accommodation of him who buys the products of skill and industry, deserves to be deceived. Dishonesty begets dishonesty, and "doubtless the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat." The state of society

is at fault. If "righteousness exalteth a nation," and if righteousness means fair dealing, our nation now stands low. Pride and the mean extravagance *that would be economical without self-denial in appearances*, and would beat down the price of necessaries for the sake of maintaining show, are not only unjust, but they bring their own punishment. We fear our fair friends, mistresses of families, are very much to blame for the encouragement to fraud which they have afforded by their inattention to the politics of purchasing, and the *moral* importance of demanding a *good article*, and of paying a *fair price* for what is needed in the *kitchen* department. They should beat down the draper before the baker, and be proud of paying a fair price for food rather than a foolish price for finery ; for it is certain that more fortunes are made by the craft of the men-milliners with their dainty wares and wili-nesses, than by millers and bakers with their alum and alumina. It requires more wisdom to make a good choice of bread than of braidery.

Science has abundantly contributed to facilitate fraud, and that in a manner that science only can detect, expose, and prevent. These are forcing times, and it behoves all who have the ability and occasion, to see that they and their families are not imposed upon for lack of that small amount of science and insight which may now so readily be acquired. A little knowledge of chemistry may be very pleasantly and profitably obtained and applied by any one of education ; and it is absolutely necessary now, not only as an agreeable accomplishment, but as a means of defending one's self from the slow poisoners, who would willingly supply our tables with their "superior articles."

That exacter knowledge of chemistry, especially, which indicates the substances that may be safely substituted for others of lighter value in the market, and as articles of food drink, also supplies the means of imitating the sensible qualities of various substances, in such a manner as to render the worse materials so seemingly similar to the best, as to deceive any but those who are, in some measure, acquainted, practically, with chemistry. Dr. Hassall, in the work before us, not only applies chemistry, and makes it easy of application even by novices, for the purposes of detecting frauds in articles of consumption, but he brings the most ex-

tensive general knowledge of natural objects to bear on the subject, and imparts that knowledge in a clear and interesting manner. He especially and most adroitly investigates the difference in the minute anatomy of substances with the aid of the microscope; and this he does in an original and striking manner. The numerous and excellent illustrations of this work speak for themselves, as to the great value of microscopic investigation, in detecting adulterations in almost every substance employed by man.

As we have already said, proper trade and commerce are representative of pure justice. A want is supposed both in the buyer and the seller; both are supposed to render an equivalent—a *quid pro quo*. It is but justice, then, that those who would take advantage of superior knowledge to cheat their neighbors, by whom they live, should be exposed and held up to execration by still superior knowledge. The public must defend themselves; and as the conscience of trade can not be trusted to use science for our benefit, we must scientifically defend ourselves, and make trade honest if it would thrive. This is the right application of science, for science speaks the truth, and endeavors to render known good available to all. We dwell on this part of the subject because we can scarcely calculate the amount of evil resulting from the habitual use of impure or improper food or drink. Both body and mind are corrupted by it, and vice and disease equally encouraged. It is by no means improbable that, next to impure air, impure or unwholesome food has caused the awful extent of mortality amongst children, especially in large towns, where almost every article consumed by the poor is largely adulterated. Medicines even, as vended to the ignorant, are scarcely ever precisely what they should be. There is one department of fraud of vast influence, but more apt to be overlooked, namely, that which pertains to those substances which subserve our indulgence of artificial appetites; that is to say, in such things as are neither food, nor drink, nor medicine, but yet in some degree answering purposes beyond them all. We refer to the means of gratifying strange tastes, such as tobacco and snuff. It is our conviction, not without inquiry, that adulteration in those things, and also in stimulants in general, greatly tends to favor the development of insanity, as well

as other diseases. But this view of the subject must be reserved for another occasion. We refer to the matter now for the sake of introducing a remarkable and instructive case of slow poisoning by snuff, as an example of the insidious way in which such poisoning operates in mimicking constitutional and spontaneous disease. The case is stated by Mr. Erichsen, and quoted at full by Dr. Hassall. We give only an abbreviation of Mr. Erichsen's statement:

"Whilst on a professional visit in the country, I was requested to see a gentleman who had been invited down to a friend's country-seat, in the hope that change of scene and air would influence favorably an attack of paralysis, which was said to be of a rheumatic character, by which he had been disabled from work for many months past, and from which he despaired of recovering, having relinquished all treatment. I found the patient in bed. He was peculiarly sallow, the complexion having almost an icteric tinge, (jaundiced;) but the countenance was lively and expressive, and the intellect as bright as usual. He could stand, and, if supported, walk feebly and with difficulty. He complained much of pains, and especially of burning sensations in the soles of his feet.

"I was particularly struck with the appearance of the hands and arms. There was marked 'wrist-drop,' the hands hanging flaccid and at right angles with the forearms, without the patient being able to raise or extend them in the slightest degree. He could flex the fingers pretty firmly."—P. 617.

He had led a sedentary life, much devoted to literary pursuits, and for some years previously he had suffered from pains of a rheumatic or gouty character. On examining the gums, they were found tinged with a deep blue-black or leaden-colored line around the teeth. The paralytic symptoms had gradually increased to a state of complete physical helplessness. In short, the symptoms altogether led Mr. Erichsen to conclude that the patient was actually suffering from saturnine paralysis, and it was evident that he had been slowly poisoned by lead. But the difficulty was to discover how. Every thing in the patient's habits were examined; no source for the poisoning could be traced. It was then found that the sufferer had taken snuff in considerable quantity; the snuff-box was emptied, and its contents analyzed, and there the enemy was detected, the snuff containing rather more than one per cent of red oxide of lead. On this discovery, suitable treat-

ment was adopted, and with results so favorable, that ere long the patient was able to resume his public duties with his usual energy. It is well understood that the sufferer in this case was a Christian minister, residing in a fashionable watering-place, and famous for his lofty and elevating eloquence.

This case is by no means solitary, but we deem it peculiarly worthy of consideration from the circumstance that so very small a quantity of lead, and that not in the most poisonous form, and received into the system in so slow and indirect a manner, should yet have produced such exceedingly grave consequences. From no small observation and experience of the effects of tobacco on the nervous system, we are strongly impressed with the conviction that the symptoms were due partly to the tobacco and partly to the lead; both operating the more powerfully by their admixture. The mental idiosyncrasy, or, rather, perhaps, the remarkable cerebral energy of the sufferer, rendered him the more liable to the poisonous effects both of the tobacco and the lead, for it is a fact that men of that peculiar nervous conformation which accompanies mental refinement, are more readily affected by any agent that disturbs the nerve-powers than individuals of coarser fabric. Hence the danger of indulging in tobacco by such persons. The very comfort they experience in its use is almost certain to conduct to its abuse. It does not soothe them as it would persons of greater muscular power accustomed to bodily fatigue, but it confers a kind

of dreamy satisfaction, by enabling the brain to work on with uninvited thoughts when it ought to be at rest; thus leading to an unnatural liveliness of intellect while promoting the diminution of muscular power. This effect is visible in the countenances of persons of that order who are addicted to tobacco, and we judge from the appearance of the admirable minister whose case we have related, and who now attracts large and entranced audiences, that he still suffers from snuff, though without lead.

Dr. Hassall has appended some judicious observations on the properties, uses, and abuses of tobacco, which our young men, too often infatuated by "the weed," would do well to consider before it is too late. We would say with him, that the habit of smoking, in the majority of cases, is not simply useless, but that it panders to that spirit of self-indulgence which leads to the gratification of the senses in a variety of ways most pernicious to the conscience. Let it not be forgotten that in America and in Germany many are known to die of the most miserable forms of nervous disease, induced directly by the abuse of tobacco. In America, as Dr. Hassall informs us, it is no uncommon circumstance to hear of coroner's inquests on the bodies of smokers, especially youths, the ordinary verdict being, "Died from excessive tobacco-smoking." Our own experience warrants the belief that many who are said to die of epilepsy, apoplexy, and various nervous horrors, in this country, might be more truly said to have been destroyed by tobacco.

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From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

## NEW LIGHTS IN HISTORY.\*

MR. FROUDE'S volumes embrace a most important and interesting period of Eng-

lish history; for in those already published he treats of the grave momentous occurrences between the accession of the House of Tudor and the time when Henry VIII. assumed the title of Supreme Head on Earth of the English Church. The work is remarkable, no less than the period it

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\* "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." By James Anthony Froude, M.A. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1856. 2 vols.

embraces, for it seems designed to justify many of those atrocities of his ensanguined reign which have excited the horror and detestation of posterity; and to persuade us that the Nero of the Tudor race has been unjustly calumniated, that he was not so bad as historians have represented him, and that some of the worst acts of his selfish, capricious, and cruel tyranny were dictated by patriotism and a sense of duty. The book professes to found this justification upon unpublished documents found amongst the Public Records, and thus to throw their authority over the representations of the historian.

Some people, whose views are darkened by the haze of Exeter Hall, and who seem to think the Reformation and the Protestant cause identified with the character of Henry VIII., and strengthened by its vindication, received Mr. Froude's book so exultingly, that we took it up with the expectation of finding that some documents hitherto unknown had been discovered among the Public Records, by which a new light was thrown upon Henry's character and the acts of his reign. Mr. Froude mentions in his preface the discovery, by Sir Francis Palgrave, among the Public Records preserved in the Rolls' House, of a large number of documents relating to the opening years of the English Reformation, which had not been published, many of which are highly illustrative and curious, and contain matters hitherto unknown, and are intended to be published by Mr. Froude, who, meantime, only refers to them as "MSS. in the Roll's House." Mr. Froude elsewhere propounds, that to the statutes of Henry's reign, and to these original state papers, we must look, if we would form a just estimate of his character and policy; and he lays down as a principle, that "facts which are stated in an act of parliament may be uniformly trusted." (!) Now, although Mr. Froude is not by any means the first historic inquirer who has recognized the authenticity and importance of the Public Records as materials for history, he seems entitled to the distinction of originality in being the first writer who has been so perverse as to draw from them any conclusions in favor of Henry VIII., or who has ventured to question the verdict of posterity on that sacrilegious and bloodthirsty tyrant. That many of the manuscripts referred to in Mr. Froude's work contained matters

not hitherto published, matters highly curious, and illustrative of the cruel, dark, rough years to which they relate, is unquestionable, and their discovery and selection is another benefit conferred upon the public by the judicious vigilance of the learned deputy-keeper.

But confining our present remarks to that part of Mr. Froude's work in which he narrates the history of the suppression of monasteries, we can only say that, as far as we have observed, Mr. Froude does not adduce any newly-discovered documents, nor bring forward any new evidence with regard to the monastic delinquencies which were made the pretext for that memorable act of sacrilege and spoliation. His "authorities," as he calls them, for the darker scandals affecting the monasteries, are the letters of those veracious and impartial functionaries, the visitors appointed by Thomas Cromwell—at once accusers, witnesses, judges—a selection from which was published from the MS. volume of Cromwell papers in the Cotton Library, by the Camden Society, in its book of "Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries;" but "some of the statements of the visitors," Mr. Froude candidly says: "I can not easily believe." For his other authorities, this new elucidator of history takes the mild and impartial Burnet, to whose *Collecanea* he frequently refers; as if the libels raked together by that sour calumniator were of any authority as a matter of evidence; and Mr. Froude also follows the gentle Fox, besides Strype, and Latimer's Sermons, and the recitals in the statute-book of the reign, in which humiliating record, we must say, we can only discover how ready parliament was to do the will of the king, and blow hot and cold at his bidding.

The journals of the session of the fatal parliament of 1532 are lost; the "Black Book," or return of the Visitation Commissioners is lost; not one original information or sworn deposition is cited; but Mr. Froude wishes us to believe that, in the Cromwell letters in the Cotton Library and the Roll's House, and in some Tudor statutes, we may read true accusations against the monks, and a justification for rooting out the whole monastic system; and he tells us that, if we are anxious to understand the English Reformation, we should place implicit confidence in the statute-book.



It is, of course, only as a historical question that in this busy onward age people revert to the suppression of the monasteries, and discuss the justice of Henry's exterminating acts; and to review the troubles and oppressions of that dark and cruel time is, indeed, of no more use, save the elucidation of historical truth, than the inquest of the Lydford jury, who were said to

— hang and draw.  
And sit in judgment after.

In whatever way the question may be viewed, the holders of abbey lands will not be required to relinquish them to their former owners, and the interests of the living need not now prevent them from doing justice to the dead. Yet the question relating to the suppression of the monasteries is one which is seldom discussed without prejudice, and upon which the case has been too commonly taken *pro confesso* against the monks, and without anything like trustworthy evidence. We have less reliable information as to the state of the English monasteries in the opening years of the Reformation, than we have as to the grounds on which those renowned military monks, the Templars, were suppressed in the reign of Edward II.; and though the stately edifices they raised, and the literary monuments of industry they accumulated, in the golden days of monastic institutions, may well plead for the piety and industry of the monks of old, Englishmen have generally no more sympathy for them than for the rule under which their unobtrusive lives were passed.

In his chapter on "the Social State of England in the Sixteenth Century," Mr. Froude eloquently says:

"The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolved like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins . . . and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. . . . Only among the aisles of the cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures on their tombs, does some faint conception float before us of what those men were . . . and their church bells that sounded in the mediæval age now fall upon the ear like the echoes of a vanished world."

The old monastic life is, indeed, hidden from us. To many people the name of monk—once revered by prince and prelate, soldier and saint—seems only synonymous with all that is sensual, slothful, and superstitious; and the turf and ruins that cover the cemeteries in which the monks of England were laid for their final rest, are to many of us only as "the grass that waves over the ruins of Babylon." But in these days of historic inquiry, we should endeavor to see what the monasteries were; and this has been very well described recently by a reviewer in a decidedly Protestant contemporary, who says:

"The abbeys which towered in the midst of the English towns were images of the civil supremacy which the Church of the middle ages has asserted for itself; but they were images also of an inner, spiritual sublimity, which had won the homage of grateful and admiring nations. The heavenly graces had once descended upon the monastic orders, making ministers of mercy, patterns of celestial life, witnesses of the power of the Spirit to renew and sanctify the heart. And then it was that art and wealth and genius poured out their treasures to raise fitting tabernacles for the dwelling of so divine a soul. Alike in the village and city, amongst the unadorned walls and lowly roofs which closed in the dwellings of the hilly, the majestic houses of the Father of mankind and of his episcopal servants rose up in sovereign beauty. And ever at the sacred gates sat Mercy, pouring out relief from a never-failing store, to the poor and the suffering; ever within the sacred aisles the voices of holy men were rising in intercession for the sins of mankind; and such blessed influences were thought to exhale round these mysterious precincts, that even the poor outcasts of society . . . gathered round the walls as the sick man sought the shadow of the Apostle, and lay there sheltered from the avenging hand. The abbots of the middle ages withstood the waves of war, and like the ark amidst the flood, floated inviolate and revered."

while over secular institutions the fierce swift tide of change swept by, and dynasties decayed.

But Mr. Froude says, we ought to go to the statute-book for trustworthy testimony. Take, then, the declaration which a parliament of the mighty Edward made five centuries and a half ago on behalf of the religious houses, then impoverished by the extortions of the alien priorities by their monastic superiors abroad. (It is in the "Statute of Carlsbad," A.D. 1305.)

"Whereas monasteries, priories, and other religious houses were founded to the honor and glory of God, and the advancement of Holy Church, by the king and his progenitors, and by the noblemen of the realm; and a great portion of lands and tenements have been given by them to the monasteries, priories, and religious houses, and the religious men serving God in them, to the intent that clerks and laymen might be admitted into such houses, that sick and feeble folk might be maintained, that hospitality, almsgiving, and other charitable deeds might be done, and prayers be said for the souls of the founders and their heirs."

But we should never complete this article within reasonable limits if we were to dilate on the purpose of monastic institutions, or to adduce testimony to the character that the religious houses for centuries enjoyed in England. Mr. Froude does not deny their ancient grandeur, nor wish us to forget the days when they were filled by communities bound by religious rule, whose whole duty it was to labor and to pray; when the world laid its riches at their feet, and for eight centuries saw the notable spectacle of the owners of vast property administering it as a trust, and reaping from it no aggrandizement for themselves. He recognizes, too, the fair beauty of the monastic spirit, and bids us view it still imaged in the calm sculptured forms with folded hands that are recumbent on the pavement of our abbey churches, and seem resting, as they lived, in contemplation of heaven. and he says:

"A thousand years in the world's history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer remained still anchored in the stream, the strands of the ropes which held them near their last parting, but still unbroken. *They were what they had ever been.*"

Why, then, were they to fall? Because, according to Mr. Froude himself, the monasteries owned only the visitorial jurisdiction of the Pope; and when by the transfer of Henry of the ecclesiastical supremacy in England, that visitorial jurisdiction could be no longer exercised, the monasteries "fell," as he tells us, "by a natural tendency to corruption and decay." Faith, he says, had sunk into superstition, and duty had died into routine. The Pope had not found it necessary to order any general visitation of the monasteries; but parliament had no sooner transferred the ecclesiastical supre-

macy to the crown, than the king undertook a general visitation. Now, why was this done? It does not appear that stories of the degeneracy of monastic manners were in circulation until the time when a general visitation was decided on. But we know that Henry's idea of spiritual authority, when vested in himself, was the destruction of those who resisted it; and he soon found that his usurpation of papal authority in England could not coëxist with the monastic institutions, which were, by foundation, immediately subject only to Rome, and formed (as Professor Stephen has called them) the distant bulwarks of her power. The blood of heroic men, faithful and constant even unto death, like the monks of the London Charter-house, might ensanguine the Tudor scaffold, but the spirit of resistance to usurped authority could not be quenched by the executioner; and, accordingly, the king—who, for the indulgence of his unlawful passion for Anne Boleyn, revolutionized his kingdom and quarreled with the rest of Christendom, and who afterward did not hesitate, for the sake of Jane Seymour, to shed innocent blood, and conspire with his council to cloak the deed by forms of law—determined to sacrifice the monasteries, and to make the irregularities which seem to have disgraced certain convents a pretext for destroying all the monastic foundations of the country, and transferring their possessions to himself.

The apologists of Henry VIII. have lately turned very triumphantly to the indictment contained in a letter addressed by Cardinal Morton to William, Abbot of St. Alban's, in 1489. That charges so revolting were true almost surpasses belief; and the more so, as the accused abbot was only invited to reconsider his doings and amend them. As such dreadful charges were brought against the mitred Abbot of St. Alban's so recently as the year 1849, it might be supposed that wickedness and corruption would be found there, if any where, by Henry's visitors, but they do not appear to have reported any immoralities at St. Alban's; they only say, there is "just cause of deprivation against the abbot, not only for breaking of the king's injunctions, but also for manifest dilapidation, negligent administration, and sundry other causes." Perhaps, like the Abbot of St. Andrew's, Northampton, he had grown so dainty in

his taste as to reserve rents payable in roses instead of corn and grain, in some of the abbey leases, which is made a subject of accusation against the monks of St. Andrew's.

But granting that the Abbot of St. Alban's, in 1489, was guilty of the matters charged against him by Cardinal Morton, what evidence does that furnish to justify Henry's spoliation of the other monasteries fifty years afterward? And if we were asked to believe that the crimes of the Abbot of St. Alban's, in 1489, were shared by all other abbots, and that, as time went on, the monasteries were deepening in profligacy and corruption until their overthrow could be no longer delayed, we answer that history is silent as to any such abuses; and it must be remembered that in the reign of Edward IV., the reign of Henry VII., and the reign of Henry VIII., until his statutes against Rome, there was no lack of power in the Pope to visit and depose, and there were many instances in which that power had been used with firmness. Mr. Froude would have us believe that Henry did no more than the Pope's visitors would have done if the Holy See had authorized a visitation of the English religious houses; but although they might cause delinquent monks to be deposed and punished, the visitors in former times did not suppress and destroy their monastery.

As to the motives for this purifying visitation, Mr. Froude bids us look at the necessity of Henry's position, and would have us believe that, like his divorce from Queen Katharine, it presented itself to him as a moral obligation. We are all familiar with the hypocritical pretenses put forward for the divorce when that measure was demanded by Henry's fickle appetites; and we are not surprised by the pretense that the visitation of monasteries was undertaken for the reformation of manners. Accordingly, the monks were accused of being profligate, self-indulgent, and forgetful of their vows, and the monastic institution was declared effete and delusive. Henry, we know, professed a great zeal for true religion, as became the "Defender of the Faith;" and the purity of his own character assures us, that any self-indulgence or profligacy must have been unendurable by the royal accuser of the monks. It is true that some suspicion is cast upon the motive, when we find that even before the suppression,

and by the inquiring visitors themselves, the jewels and plate of the "sick man" were packed up for the king's use; and that, (as Mr. Froude himself tells us,) in 1529, at a time when the visitation of the monasteries had hardly begun, the destructive party were so confident in the temper of the approaching parliament, and in the irresistible pressure of the times, that the conversation in the great houses of London was an exulting anticipation of the downfall of ecclesiastical institutions, and the confiscation of ecclesiastical property. If Mr. Froude means by "the irresistible pressure of the times" that the public voice accused the monks, and demanded their destruction, we take leave to say, that there is no more evidence of any such accusation and demand by the people of England than of their alleged impatience for the decision of the Pope in favor of Henry's divorce. If, as Mr. Froude represents, the monasteries were regarded by the people with "gathering indignation" when their sacrifice was declared necessary to render the kingdom independent of the Pope, what does he say to that popular insurrection in their favor some years afterward—the ill-fated "Pilgrimage of Grace?" Perhaps "the irresistible pressure of the times" was to be found in the Protestant Association of those days, "the Society of Christian Brothers," as they were called, who are described by our author as "poor men, poor cobblers, weavers, carpenters, trade apprentices, and humble artisans, who might be seen at night stealing along the lanes and alleys of London, carrying with them some precious load of books which it was death to possess."\* For then, as in later years—

"The oyster-women locked their fish up,  
And trudged away to cry 'No bishop';  
Butchers left old clothes in the lurch,  
And fell to turn and patch the Church."

But this new-born zeal, in 1529, contrasts somewhat remarkably with the indifference—nay, according to Mr. Froude, hatred of the mass of the people toward Protestantism only two years before. The time had not yet come when a pious horror of Popery pervaded the taproom of every English hostelry, and we believe the people had no wish to lose their old

\* Froude, 2 : 152.

friends the monks, who were, confessedly, liberal landlords and charitable neighbors.

Thomas Cromwell has always been supposed to have urged upon the king the dissolution of the abbeys. It was necessary, however, to lay some evidence before parliament to justify their sacrifice; and so, with the preconceived purpose of spoliation, the reforming visitation was constituted. "Rough and ready" instruments were found in the infamously famous Lee and Layton, and they were constituted visitors in the king's name. There were six hundred and twenty-three monasteries in England. The two commissioners were appointed in September, 1535; the parliament that was to be asked to suppress them was to meet in the following February, and we are asked to believe that the condition of each monastery was investigated in the interval! The very sameness of the result which the commissioners pretended to discover, shows the *animus* of the inquiry; and one would suppose that the visitors found the monks only waiting for their friendly ear to confess their iniquities—just as we read now and then of a man looking out for a policeman to give himself into custody for some real or imaginary offense. Amongst many other suspicious circumstances, is the readiness with which a monk—as, for example, him of Pershore—was induced by the visitor to confess to neglect of the rule, and to the commission of various delinquencies. If such confessions were genuine, they only show, what was very probable, that there were miscreant, backsliding monks, or monks who were impatient of their vows, and covetous of the pension which they were told compliance would secure. But why a confession obtained from a Worcestershire monk was to work the suppression of a Yorkshire abbey, does not appear. The suddenness, too, with which monks are represented to have been converted to the new order of things, when Henry had assumed the supremacy, shows the hand of the commissioners—witness the letter printed by Mr. Froude, (vol. 2, p. 478,) where the monk informs against his superior for allowing "the Bishop of Rome's" name to remain in the service-books. But when monks were found who emulated the constancy of their noble brethren of the Charter-house—monks who were neither impatient of their vows, conscious

of guilt, or desirous to bid for the king's favor, the commissioners were obliged to forge confessions, or resort to subornation of perjury; and they seem to have done so with considerable success.

After the visitation, the king's highness seems to have placed the monks under surveillance. They certainly were not so indulgently treated as our ticket-of-leave convicts are. Mr. Froude accuses some of them of a "fraudulent concealment" of property, by withdrawing the dedicated plate and jewels of their church from seizure by the commissioners. But in fraud of whom, we would ask, was their church property retained? It had not then been divested from those who legally held it in right of their Church; and even if it had been transferred by act of parliament to the king, what fraud would there have been in concealing for their altar what had been inalienably dedicated for its use?

And so the famous "Black Book" of the monasteries was presented to the Commons. Mr. Froude says, he "can not discuss the question whether the stories it contains were true;" he is content that "it was generally accepted as true by the English parliament." When we think of the stories it was said to contain, of the sacrilegious determination of the king to secularize the property of the monasteries, of the number of time-servers and courtiers expectant of abbey lands who were in parliament, and of the temper of the anti-papal party, we may perhaps believe that, as Latimer tells us, there arose in the Commons House, when the report of the visitors of abbeys was read, one long cry of "Down with them!" And like the cry—"Away with him!"—that rose on a more awful occasion in the hall of Pontius Pilate, it prevailed, and without trial the monasteries were suppressed; the lesser monasteries first, but the greater monasteries not until some time afterward, "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."

The commissioners report that they found in some of the larger abbeys the same delinquencies and immoralities that they report in the lesser houses; and if the crimes alleged against the monks had been the real cause of the suppression, justice would have required that all, being equally guilty, should equally fall, yet the measure was confined to the less wealthy houses only; and in the statute for their



suppression, it is even recited "that in divers great and solemn monasteries of this realm—thanks be to God—religion is right well kept and observed."

Mr. Froude says, that in the reforming party there was difference of opinion as to the legality of secularizing property that had been dedicated to God. Latimer was anxious that the monasteries should at least be converted into places of education, and he deprecated the lay appropriation of abbey lands. Cranmer, on the other hand, was reluctant that clerical corporations should exist in any form. However, parliament was soon induced to resolve that reformation was hopeless, and, without trial or hearing, to dissolve all the lesser abbeys, (that is to say, all monasteries having an income of less than £200 a year,) declaring it to be "much more to the pleasure of Almighty God, and for the honor of this His realm, that the possessions of such spiritual houses, now spent, and spoiled, and wasted for increase and maintenance of sin, should be converted to better use;" and Mr. Froude has told us how trustworthy the declarations even of a Tudor statute are. The "better use" aimed at was that of the compliant noblemen and gentlemen expectant of abbey lands, by whom of course they would not be spoiled and wasted; but, for the present, parliament (by statute 27 Henry VIII., chap. 28) gave those possessions to the king. "And this measure," says Mr. Froude, "we must regard as bravely and wisely resolved."

As to the great monasteries, that is to say, as to all the religious houses not within the statute just mentioned, the policy of the court was (as Mr. Wright has justly observed, in his edition of letters on the Suppression of Monasteries) to persuade or terrify the monks into a voluntary surrender, but this policy was successful in a comparatively small number of instances. Where the abbots were stubborn, they were indicted for high treason, and upon one charge or another disposed of by the gallows. Thus it was that the noble and ancient abbey of Glastonbury fell. Can any Englishman think without indignation and horror of the mockery of justice by which this outrage was accomplished? Glastonbury was doomed because the visitors found in the abbot's study a MS. "book of arguments against the divorce of the king's majesty and the queen dowager;" and, moreover,

a printed life of "Thomas Bequet." It does not appear that the king's visitors could discover any immorality or other matter of complaint against this great abbey. They, however, managed to have the abbot executed, upon a charge that he had robbed Glastonbury church. Probably he had endeavored to conceal some of its plate from the hands of the spoiler. The true reason for the dissolution of the abbey was, that the commissioners found it (to use their own language) "the goodliest house of the sort they had ever seen. The house," they say, "is great, goodly, and so princely, as we have not seen the like, with four parks adjoining, a great mere five miles in compass, well replenished with great pike, bream, perch, and roach; four fair manor-places belonging to the late abbot, being goodly mansions."

In this way the greater monasteries gradually shared the fate of the lesser houses which had fallen at one stroke under the act of parliament; and so rapid was the work of suppression, that whereas in the parliament of 1536 twenty-eight mitered abbots were present or voted in the House of Lords, they diminished in the parliament which opened on the 18th of April, 1539, to twenty; and in the session begun in the following year all the abbots had disappeared. In the mean time, and before the dissolution of the great houses, the king's visitors were sent to any abbey which, like St. Edmund's at Bury, was particularly rich and provokingly innocent of any offense, to visit for the purpose of confiscating "the superstitious relics." How gold and silver, to the value of five thousand marks (a sum equivalent, perhaps, to £18,000 of our money,) came to be regarded as "superstitious relics," does not appear; but the more valuable the spoil, the more superstitious seems to have been its use.

As Henry VIII. had been able to intimidate even the clergy in convocation into pronouncing the opinion he wanted in favor of his divorce, it is not surprising that he induced a parliament, poor, servile, and corrupt, to suppress the lesser monasteries, and to vest in him these houses, and afterward the possessions of the greater monasteries that had been dissolved. The manner in which the abbey lands soon came to be possessed by the courtiers and statesmen who had been active in these measures for the crown,

forms a significant commentary on the motive for the whole proceeding.

Henry had found parliament very compliant to his will, and ready to vote his measures "acceptable to God," or "for the benefit of the realm," as the case might be. The obsequious Commons — whose learning of course had qualified them to judge of such a matter — had affirmed the invalidity of his marriage to Katharine; then, the invalidity of his marriage to Anne Boleyn; and when he wished to marry again, humbly entreated him to do so; they were ready to vote Mary and Elizabeth illegitimate, and then to vote them legitimate again, as the policy of the time should require; they had complaisantly assisted him to dispose of wives of whom he was weary and take others whom he coveted, and why should they not help him to the monastic wealth of which he likewise desired to possess himself? They had assumed to declare him Supreme Head of the English Church; and when, later in his reign, the anti-papal king turned suppressor of religious houses, separated from the communion of the Church of Rome, and formally deprived by the Pope of the title he had conferred, the legislature assumed to confer it and annex it for ever to the crown. He did not find the clergy so compliant in 1531, and had to resort to most oppressive means before he could extort from the clerical body a recognition of his title of Head of the Church. It was pretended they had incurred the penalties of the statutes of *præmunire*, and they had to buy their ransom by humiliation and a subsidy of £100,000. In the following year, the impoverished clergy were sufficiently servile. They endeavored to outbid parliament for the king's favor. They volunteered in the opposition to the Pope; and, hating a burden upon their purses more than they loved the union of Christendom, they in convocation addressed the king, and offered to revolt from Rome. While the visitation was in progress, and while parliament was busy with the measures of suppression of the monasteries, the bishops were paralyzed by inhibitions, and "submitted," says Mr. Froude, "in a forced conformity." Our author confesses that the Lords of Parliament, spiritual as well as temporal, "existed as an ornament rather than as a power, and, under the direction of the council, followed as the stream drew them,

when, individually, they would have chosen, had they dared to do so, a different course." By the King and the Commons, through the instrumentality of Cromwell, the work of sacrilege was done, and we have many a glimpse of the selfish scheming of that unscrupulous adventurer; — witness, for example, the letter addressed to him by Lee, the commissioner for the northern district, in which the writer offers to promote Cromwell's desire for the stewardship of the possessions of Furness Abbey, if he will aid Lee in obtaining a grant of Holm Cultram. So, too, Mr. John Beaumont sends Cromwell a present of £20, and prays that he may be allowed to purchase the nunnery of Grace Dieu. And so, *ad nauseam*, the harpy courtiers contended for the possession of the monasteries, or for the offices of stewardship created by their suppression. But Mr. Froude wishes us, nevertheless, to believe that the suppression was occasioned by the corruption of the monasteries, and was undertaken by the government as a duty which the interests of religion obliged them to perform; yet he elsewhere admits that the monasteries were "sacrificed to the policy which rendered it necessary to throw off the papal jurisdiction." Henry VIII. had no wish to abridge the papal power until its authority restrained his licentious and adulterous will. On the divorce question, the fickle tyrant, as we all know, first appealed to the Pope's dispensing powers, but when he found that he could not obtain sentence in his favor, then made it treason to assert them; and it was not until the long-suffering Katharine appealed to the Pope that Henry abolished the papal power in England. With regard to the suppression of monasteries, Protestant sympathies are in favor of the destructive reformers and against the constructive monks; but it is a mistake to view that measure was undertaken with any view to the Reformation. That change was the gradual consequence of Henry's assumption of the supremacy. Some time before the suppression of monasteries, the mass of the people, says Mr. Froude, fancied "it was possible for a national church to separate itself from the unity of Christendom, and, at the same time, to retain the power to crush or prevent innovation in doctrine; they fancied that faith in the sacramental system could still be maintained, though the priesthood should minister

in gilded chains. But Wolsey saw that plain men could not and would not continue to reverence the office of the priesthood when the priests were treated as the paid officials of an earthly authority higher than their own." When, in 1534, parliament assumed to declare Henry Supreme Head of the Church of England, the government took care to disclaim any intention to decline or vary from the congregation of Christ's Church in any thing concerning the articles of the Catholic faith, or any thing declared by Holy Scripture and the Word of God. But no final rupture had then taken place with Rome.

The political complications of the time, and the power of England, led Henry to imagine that, notwithstanding his self-willed acts of defiance and sacrilege, the

nation might remain in religious communion with Rome; and the statutes against the papal power, which were enacted when that expectation was given up, are to be viewed as dictated by a roused spirit of national independence and jealousy of foreign jurisdiction, rather than by any altered convictions of Englishmen on the score of doctrine. How soon the result foreseen by Wolsey came to pass, we have no present occasion to show; and having intended to confine the present article to that part of Mr. Froude's work in which he treats of the suppression of the monasteries, we need not trace the history of the early Reformation statutes, or of their victims, "whose high forms, seen in the sunset of the old faith, seem to stand on the horizon tinged with the light of its dying glory."

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## A B D A L L A H     A N D     S A I D A .

### A TALE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

THE glory of Bagdad has departed. The city where a Caliph once displayed a gorgeous splendor and magnificence that astonished an ambassador from Stamboul, and where Haroun-al-Raschid used to play his pranks of love and merriment attended by Jaafer the vizier and Mesroor the executioner, amid gilded halls and luxurious gardens, is now reduced to the insignificance of a dirty, second-rate Turkish town. Basrah, formerly her rival in wealth, has shared her fall; those quays and magazines which of old teemed "with the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind," are now silent and unfrequented; a population of two hundred thousand souls has been reduced to six thousand; marshes and stagnant pools have replaced her fragrant orange-groves and her rose-beds, famous as those of Shiraz. Such have been the

consequences of plague, cholera, and, deadliest pest of all, Turkish rule. Nor has the country fared better than the towns. All this region, like Holland, depends for its prosperity on its dykes and embankments; the remains of such works, constructed by ancient princes, are still of an extent and magnitude to arrest the traveler's eye and claim his admiration; but, having been long neglected, they have fallen into ruin, and now the greater part of the south-eastern district of Mesopotamia is a huge lake, interspersed with jungles of reed, the habitation of frogs, wild-fowl, and amphibious Arabs. The great tribe inhabiting the northern side of this peninsula, washed by the Tigris, is the "Abou Mohammed;" the tribe exercising dominion over the southern or Euphrates side, is the Montefik.

Both nominally acknowledge the sovereignty of the Porte; but they levy black-mail, which they modestly term "duties," on all boats passing through their waters, and woe be to the luckless wight who endeavors to claim exemption from payment by exhibiting a firman from the Pasha of Bagdad! Circumstances have lately led me to pass through this region in a native boat. I found myself one day in the Hyeh, a large water-course connecting the waters of the Tigris with those of the Euphrates; the black tents of the Montefik were numerous in the neighborhood, though not visible from the river, owing to the dense jungle that lined the bank. While our men were cutting some wood to cook their breakfast, one or two Arabs came down, and I overheard them saying, that during the night a lion had carried off and devoured one of their cows, not far from our boat; some of our crew had heard the lordly brute roaring over his prey, but I had slept too soundly to be thereby awakened. This incident led me to talk with the Arabs about lions, of which there seem to be a considerable number in those jungles; and one of them told me the following story, which he stated to be founded on facts well known to persons still living:

"Some years ago, a wealthy merchant of Basrah, having contracted his daughter, Saida, in marriage with the son of a brother merchant in Bagdad, sent her up, with several female attendants, in one of his merchandise-boats, in order that the contract might be fulfilled. One night, while the boat was moored to the bank of the Hyeh, it was attacked by a large party of the Montefik, who, having easily mastered and bound the crew, proceeded deliberately to appropriate and carry off the bales, which promised an amount of booty exceeding their utmost expectations. In the party was a young Arab named Abdallah, famed for his daring courage, who, having made his way suddenly into the cabin, found himself in presence of the females there assembled. Saida, in her fright and confusion, had dropped the veil from her head; and he was so struck by her exceeding beauty, that he caught her up in his arms and carried her off to his reed-hut, unnoticed by his companions, who were too busily engaged in their work of plunder to pay any attention to his

movements. The booty obtained by the plunderers proved to be of such great value, that Abdallah, who was equally feared and liked by his comrades, and who claimed no share of the spoil excepting a box containing Saida's clothes, was permitted to retain his prize unquestioned and unopposed.

"The city maiden had already passed several days under the roof of her wild captor, who treated her with as much reverence as if she had been a queen, and he her subject. Her every wish was a law—her slightest word a command; but she was a prisoner on parole—for when he went out to provide for her the fattest lamb, the tenderest partridge, and the daintiest antelope, he made her promise not to leave the hut, and to draw the bolt of the rough door that he had constructed for her protection. Thus did he hunt for her, cook for her, and watch over her, as a miser over his treasure; at night, he lay on the roof of the hut, with sword and spear by his side, to guard her from all harm. In truth, the love of her had struck deep into his heart; his liver was consumed by its devouring fire, and his soul was a sacrifice to the dust beneath her feet.

"And how felt that maiden toward Abdallah? Daughter of a wealthy and haughty merchant, she had never stirred beyond the luxurious precincts of her father's harem; she had never dreamt of having any will but his; and now, when she saw the proud and fiery eye of Abdallah melted into tenderness whenever it rested upon her—when she saw the graceful and sinewy limbs that daily traversed miles of desert and jungle in her service, and the muscular arm that trembled as he offered her the choicest morsels of his chase, is it to be wondered at if she sighed with emotion hitherto unknown, and if her little heart fluttered within her like a bird newly encaged? One evening they were sitting together in the hut, after having finished their simple supper; the door was open, and she was seated opposite to it, he being at a little distance, listening to her artless description of her childish days in Basrah, when a slight rustling was heard without the hut, immediately followed by a faint cry from the affrighted maiden: 'The lion—the lion!' To draw his sword, to envelop his left arm in the triple folds of his blanket, and to throw himself between



the door and Saida, was to Abdallah the work of a moment. There, confronting him, were the glaring eyes of the jungle-king. Could he enter the hut, Saida's life might be endangered: Abdallah hesitated not for an instant, but rushed at the lion, and plunged his sword into its breast. Fruitless were the struggles of the wounded lion; in vain did it rend to shreds the blanket that enveloped Abdallah's left arm, tearing away with them several pieces of the skin and flesh. Twice and thrice did Abdallah's sword pierce the vitals of his enemy; and at length a terrific expiring groan announced the victory of the heroic Arab.

"What were the feelings of Saida that night, as she bound up the lacerated arm of her deliverer? Was not her heart in her eyes and on her tongue, when she looked into his face and prayed to Allah to bless and reward him! But no word of love was spoken between them. The proverb says: 'There is a road from heart to heart;' their spirits may have traveled on that road, but their thoughts were still unuttered. Abdallah's healthy and hardy frame soon recovered from the effects of the contest with the lion, and again they were sitting together in the hut after their evening meal. Saida's tone of voice and manner had of late unconsciously become more soft and tender, and she was much surprised at hearing him abruptly exclaim, in a tone of anguish, as he prepared to rush from the hut: 'Allah, Allah! I can bear this no longer.'

"What has happened, Abdallah?" said Saida, holding out her tiny hand gently to detain him; 'have I offended you? have I done anything wrong?'

"No; you are an angel, a houri; O, Saida! it is I who am a monster.'

"You, Abdallah!" said Saida, in unfeigned astonishment; 'you, who have been so kind and gentle; you, who risked your life with the lion to defend mine; you, whom I——'

"Was the word 'love' trembling on the tip of her tongue? Perhaps it was; but maidenly reserve drove it back to her heart, and in its place there came out—'You whom I have so much cause to thank.'

"Saida," said he, in a voice almost rendered fierce by contending emotions, "that lion was a lamb compared to what is here—here—here," smiting his breast with violence as he spoke. 'Bolt

the door, and Allah bless and protect you.' So saying, he sprang to his feet, and rushed out of the hut.

"For several hours did Abdallah stride up and down, in the vain endeavor to still the tumult of passion within. He had undertaken a task which he felt to be beyond his strength—that of dwelling alone with the lovely girl who had gained entire possession of his ardent and passionate heart. His high spirit recoiled from the thought of taking any unfair advantage of the helpless situation of an unsuspecting maiden who had not yet seen fifteen summers. Yet he thought she loved him; and when, just before he left the hut, her soft hand had rested but for a moment on his arm, her touch had vibrated like an electric shock through his frame. He felt the fierce temptation was more than he could bear. Daylight had nearly dawned ere he had mastered his stormy passion; he threw himself on his stow pallet on the roof of the hut to snatch an hour's repose before carrying out the resolution that he had formed. Saida, too, had wept through the night; she knew not the cause of his agitation; she thought of him only as her brave defender, her kind and gentle companion; she saw that he was unhappy, and her tears flowed fast and often until she heard him seek his couch above her head, when she fell into a tranquil sleep. Abdallah had already gone out when she awoke; and the day was far advanced when he returned, bringing with him a middle-aged woman, of pleasing, matronly appearance, whom he presented to her, saying: 'Saida, this is my mother's sister; she is a widow, and has no children; she will be to you a mother and a companion.'

"Saida received her protector's aunt with a sweet smile of welcome and a kiss on the cheek, that inclined the matron's heart to her at once. They soon became intimate, and attached to each other; and Abdallah, having voluntarily made the presence of his aunt at once a check upon his own tumultuous passion and upon the scandal which busy tongues might whisper against Saida, recovered his spirits, and resumed the labors of the chase to provide dainties for the table of his beloved. For a short time all went smoothly and pleasantly in the hut; but this happiness was soon destined to interruption. One day the chief sheik of the tribe sent

for Abdallah, and, on his obeying the summons, said to him :

“ ‘My son, the agent of Mansour, the Basrah merchant, is arrived, and is charged to pay us the ransom of the women whom we took from his boat. That of the servants we have already fixed; his daughter is with you; and as you shared not in the spoil, it is for you to name and receive her ransom.’

“ ‘Sell Saida!’ cried Abdallah, while the heaving of his breast and the swelling veins of his forehead attested the violence of the storm that raged within. ‘Never—never! not if——’

“ ‘Peace, my son,’ interrupted the old sheik. ‘Listen to the words of one who was your father’s friend, and cast them not to the winds. Mansour the merchant is rich, and has the ear of the Pasha of Basrah. We are not now, as our forefathers were, able to laugh at the beards of these Turks; for our fathers could plunder them, beat them, and yet, when occasion required, could retire into the desert, where no Turk dared to follow. We now have fields of rice and wheat; we have pastures with thousands of sheep and buffalo; we have palm-groves that bear many thousands loads of dates. If we refuse to ransom this maiden according to custom, all the forces of the Pasha will be sent against us, and we must abandon our fruits and our crops—perhaps even our flocks and herds; therefore be persuaded, my son; name the ransom of this maiden, to which you are well entitled—suffer her to depart, and avert these misfortunes from our tribe.’

“ Fierce was the struggle in Abdallah’s breast, but it was not of long duration; pride, regard for his tribe, and habitual deference to his aged chief, triumphed over his passion.

“ ‘It shall be as you desire,’ he said; ‘but I will not see this bargaining agent; I will write to the maiden’s father myself. Be pleased to call your kâtib.’

“ Agreeably to this summons, the sheik’s secretary no sooner appeared than Abdallah dictated the following letter :

“ ‘Abdallah ebn Jaffer, ebn Obeid, restores to Hadjee Mansour, merchant of Basrah, a pearl without stain and without price, which all the gold in his coffers, if seven times told, were insufficient to ransom.’

“ Having affixed his silver seal to this letter, Abdallah saluted his chief, and returned with a heavy heart to the hut. We will pass briefly over the few days that elapsed ere the preparations for the return of Saida, accompanied by her female attendants, were completed. The morning arrived, and Abdallah, feeling that the adieu would unman him, rushed into the jungle and disappeared, having left his aunt to give his farewell messages to Saida. The Basrah maiden’s heart had whispered to her its secret, now that she was about to leave her protector’s hut. She could not pronounce his name, but she wept in silence, with her face pressed against the matron’s shoulder.

“ ‘Give him this,’ she said, as, with a broken voice, she detached a gold chain from her neck; ‘let him wear it, and believe that my prayers to Allah are for him, and——’

“ Sobs choked the poor girl’s utterance, as the matron gently placed her on the mule sent to bear her to the boat which was to convey her to Basrah.

“ Weeks and months have passed; Saida had recounted to her parents the story of the lion, and the gentleness, the courage, the devotion of her protector, whose proud and generous letter had moved the heart of her father; for, to do him justice, although a stern, imperious man, and ardent in pursuit of gain, he was not of a mean or niggard spirit, and loved his daughter even better than his money; but he had not penetrated the secret of her heart, though it had not escaped the quicker feminine perception of her mother. His word had been given to his friend in Bagdad, and, in fulfillment of his engagement, Saida was ere long sent up thither, accompanied by her mother, himself proposing to follow as soon as certain affairs which demanded his presence at Basrah should be terminated.

“ Saida’s voyage to Bagdad was performed without interruption or accident; and in spite of the deep sadness which had lately crept over her spirits, she was soon called upon to receive the visits of her affianced lover. He came attended by his father; and she sate by her mother’s side, her face completely concealed by the long veil, through the upper gauze of which she was able to see the features of her intended. A shudder passed through her frame as she saw their mean and sinister expression, and his form emaciated by

early debauchery and disease. His father soon took his leave, and the son remained, aiming dull and insipid compliments at Saida through her mother. The latter happened to go for a moment into the adjoining room to bring her handkerchief, and during her absence a large rat, which had missed its footing while crossing a rafter of the ceiling, fell to the ground between Saida and her admirer. The latter, frightened out of his wits, jumped up and ran out of the room. Saida laughed aloud, and her laugh astonished her mother, who had not seen a smile on her face for weeks; for it was a laugh strangely compounded of mirth, and scorn, and anguish.

“What are you laughing at, my child?” inquired her mother.

“Because,” she replied, “you have taken me from a *man* who risked his own life to save mine from a lion, and you give me to that *thing* who runs away from a rat!”

“It was not long ere the merchant arrived at Bagdad, and learned how matters stood. Saida looked upon her intended with undisguised abhorrence; neither did he stand much higher in the opinion of her mother. Observation soon satisfied the merchant that his intended son-in-law was a worthless and disreputable scamp; and on his hinting at these failings to the youth’s father, the latter answered with such insolent violence, that the merchant’s

pride took fire, and he scrupled not to break off the engagement. Having done this, and received Saida’s grateful thanks for so doing, he assured her that now he would find for her the best and worthiest husband in Bagdad. But the smile came not back to her lip, nor the rose to her cheek; and the grieved father saw his once blooming child daily wasting before his eyes from some unknown and unexplained disease. One day, when talking on this subject with his wife, she found courage to say to him:

“O my husband, be not angry; but know you not that Saida is dying of love for Abdallah, who saved her life from the lion? If you refuse your consent, or give her to another, she will soon be in her grave.”

“For some time the merchant’s pride rebelled against this strange and unusual alliance; but at length his parental fondness gained the day, and adopting the Moslem consolation that it was *kismet* (destiny) and the will of Allah, he gave his consent. The arrangements for the marriage were soon completed; the roses speedily returned to Saida’s blooming cheek and lip: and never was seen such a feast among the Montefik as on the day when the Pearl of Basrah became the bride of Abdallah, the lion-slayer of the Hyeh.”

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From the Eclectic Review.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.\*

VERY different from the “Life of Louis Napoleon by a British Officer” is this biography of the Second Emperor of the French, by Mr. St. John. In the one instance, we have a rhapsody of adulation, a vague and distorted outline of events, described in a shuffling and inartistic style,

an attempted narrative in which error and ignorance compete for the mastery. On the other hand, the biography of Mr. St. John is well-studied, well digested, full of anecdote and information, and written in his most pleasing manner. It has also the great merit of being calm, impartial, and severe, as might be expected from his well-known Miltonic cast of thought. Those who have read Mr.

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\* A Biography. By James Augustus St. John. London: Chapman & Hall. 1857.

St. John's various philosophical works, and are acquainted with the inflexible manner in which he has always inveighed against despotisms, whether oligarchical or autocratical, may perhaps be surprised to find how little the warmth of his feelings has in this case biassed the decisions of his judgment. He has endeavored to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and, as we believe, the success of the attempt is a remarkable feature in the work. The book is impartial; it is also deeply interesting throughout. It is true the subject of the biography makes no conspicuous appearance on the scene at first. But then the interval is rendered luminous by the introduction of the beautiful and charming Hortense Fanny Beauharnais, whose affection, whose tenderness, whose suffering, whose heroism as a mother—traits graphically described by Mr. St. John—almost make us overlook her character as a daughter and a wife. Then, as accessories, we have the exciting events which fore-shadowed the overthrow of a dynasty—the impression of disaster, the whispers of defeat, the alarm of a siege, the terrors of flight, and all the bewildering accompaniments of the loss of empire. The subsequent calm introduces us to the education of the young prince, Louis Napoleon, to the signs of his character, the studies of his youth, his dreams of ambition, his faith in destiny, and the Italian episode full of peril, death, and ruin; whilst the conspiracy of Strasbourg, the exile in America, the Boulogne attempt, the imprisonment at Ham, the escape into England—all grand epochs in the life of this hitherto throneless adventurer—leads us up to the events which were once more to place a diadem on the head of a Bonaparte. It is not our intention to dwell upon those events. They are discussed with the dispassionate candor of a historian by Mr. St. John. We regret to see, however, that the public at large, by a

false process of logic, is apt to extenuate the guiltiness of those dark deeds which deepened the gloom of the December of 1851. It is too frequently affirmed as an excuse, that the Assembly and Louis Napoleon had assumed such an antagonistic attitude that one or the other must yield, and that to yield was to fall; that, therefore, in self-defense, Louis Napoleon was justified in taking the step he did. As well might the highwayman plead he had a right to assassinate a resisting victim. The Assembly had committed no act of violence against the Constitution; and if it had, the nation, and not Napoleon, were the judges. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, from the moment he had taken the oaths to observe the laws, to uphold the Constitution, and protect the lives and liberties of the people, never ceased secretly to plot against that Constitution, and openly to violate his oath. He stood, a culprit, at the bar of France. There are occasions when the accuser must also be the judge. It is when a nation rises to defend itself against the machinations of a treacherous subject. In such a position was France placed at this crisis. The offender, however, acting with the greater promptitude and energy, succeeded in crushing the Republic. He has reached the cold and solitary pinnacle of power—the object of his ambition. But from that frozen eminence he can not but look down and behold the mass of seething misery he has created. He must behold it in the dreary wanderings of those exiles whom he has outcast, in the wasting forms of those wretched convicts whose home is in the torrid fever-fens of Cayenne, and in the sufferings of those who people the political prisons and dungeons of *la belle France*. As the future shall unvail the deeds of the present, we fear the charges against despotism in France will be found to be still more numerous than we contemporaries would wish to imagine.



From Fraser's Magazine.

## A C H A P T E R O N T H E S E A .

THERE are very few people who know any thing about the sea. Myriads there are who sail on it, row on it, or walk by by it, bathe in it, fish in it, rave about it, and write about it, but scarce one of these who has any acquaintance with it. Sailors least of all. I never knew a sailor who had any real knowledge of the sea. What it may do to him and his ship, how he may circumvent and be even with it, by what judicious manipulation of cloth and cordage he may utilize its power or disappoint its voracity—on such points he is knowing enough; but of the sea as that which in this strange and awful life-theater of ours is the most astonishing result of creative power and love—of the sea in that “infinite variety” of attribute which “time can not wither nor custom stale”—of the sea in its terror, its wonder, its sublimity, its majesty, its fury, and its pride—of the sea in its peace, its calm, its gentleness, its purity, its fascination, and its delight—he, who of all others ought to know most, knows (I speak generally) absolutely nothing. “Oh! the sea is so delightful,” says young Crinolina; and in her innocent little heart she thinks—of what? Of the new hat with its “charming” broad brim that will throw into such soft becoming shade the delicate young face, of the fun it will be to walk on the beach without seeming to know that she is seen by those terribly bored and *blasés* officers peering all day out of the window of the “Subscription Rooms;” of the ride along the sand under the cliffs with cousin Frank, whose chestnut moustache and cut-throat collar have figured (fortunate appendages) in many an innocent young dream. Perhaps, too, the little darling, if she is of what is vulgarly called a “romantic” turn, thinks pleasantly of the fresh sea-breezes, and the grand overhanging cliffs, and the dark expanse of blue water, diversified here and there by the fitful gleam of a sea-gull or a sail; or, if she is a sketcher, she thinks of the long washes of green, blue, and purple, which she will inflict

upon the “block,” and go home in the happy delusion that she has made a faithful likeness of the sea. But as to the sea itself, she is no more intimate with it than she is with a man whom she knows merely because she has danced with him once. She sees it every day, and she thinks she admires and likes it: but does she feel or understand it? Has she, so to speak, any sympathy with the sea? Not at all. It is ten to one that she does not even note the changes which it undergoes from hour to hour. Exulting in the fresh rosy light of morning, or heaving in the hot mist of the languorous noon, or brooding in the calm celestial light of evening, its language is much the same to her. If there is a storm, she is a good deal frightened, and perhaps a little pleased, when in the furious onset of the waves upon the shore, their sharp, dark edges break into cata-racts of fiercely-boiling foam. But on the whole, she comes to the conclusion that “the sea looks so wild and dreary to-day,” and that she hopes it will be all quiet again to-morrow.

Has any thing good been written about the sea? Not much, considering its poetic value. Of course, when a man is a great poet he can not altogether avoid thinking occasionally of the sea; and, accordingly, from the harps of the immortals in all ages have sounded here and there the most precious melodies in its praise. Homer never speaks of it but with “tender dread,” and both he and all the other poets of old Greece, though they dealt less in the picturesque than is the fashion now-a-days, understood far better than our modern bards the comparative poetic interest of the sea. Every Homeric epithet for the sea goes to the heart, and recalls to the genuine lover of it, with an almost painful fidelity, some of his idol’s numberless delights. Think of all the convulsive attempts of our modern poets and poetasters to express the same or a kindred idea—think even of Byron’s “o’er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,” and

"the green wave that trembles as it glows," and say whether any of them can equal this. We can not express it in English, for that glorious Greek definite article has here a force triumphant, and all its own; and the color, *γλαυκος*, not green, not blue, but that indescribable one seen only on the sea, and expressible only by this one Greek word, and the wonderful skill with which dactyl and spondee are handled so as to express the tremulous volitant motion of a breeze upon the wave—these things are inimitable in our less perfect language.

It seems strange that the Latin poets should have done so little for the sea; but the truth is, admire them as we may, they were "made up" poets; and that Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and the rest, are to the Greek bards as old gentlemen, wigged, rouged, and tightened, are to young ones. Horace was a great poet, but his muse was curbed by the stiff collar of refined society, and jammed in the strait-waiscoat of imperial flunkeyism, so that in the region of the picturesque, which by nature was her own, she was very ill at ease; and Virgil, with all his opportunities of subject, could not for the same reason make any thing of the sea.

Shakspeare, Milton—we were going to name many others, but none ought to be named in the same breath with these two, if, indeed, any other in the same breath with the first—how Shakspeare felt the sea any one who reads *The Tempest* may know; and every now and then throughout his plays he speaks of it as only he, and perhaps Æschylus could have spoken:

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine"

is one of the grandest of his lines; and there is one which we like still better. It is in that noble specimen of martial oratory which might make a coward brave and a quaker rush into the battle—the address of Henry V. to his soldiers before Harfleur:

"Let the brow o'erwhelm it, (the eye)  
As fearfully as doth the galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wide and wasteful ocean."

"Wild and wasteful"—what art of Turner or of Stanfield—what richest rhapsody of Ruskinian eloquence could come within five hundred miles of that? It is the

actual poetic truth, which your soul has so often yearned for when you have tried to recall your impressions of a surf-beaten shore; and if you will repeat the whole line over to yourself till you are quite familiar with it, you will see and hear, as if you were on the wave-worn rock itself, the long impetuous roll of the threatening surges, as their fierce battalions break upon its adamantine base; and then, leaping wildly in the air with impotent fury and vast expenditure of useless foam, fall back at last upon their advancing comrades with a long-drawn melancholy wail. And here I am reminded of a simile taken from a mock-heroic or burlesque poem published in our day, of which I forget even the title, and of which my impression is that it has little to recommend it except the lines in question, which, however, are exquisitely beautiful:

"As in obeisance lowly  
To Ocean's argent Queen, in some calm bay,  
By moonlight ebbs the uncomplaining tide,  
O'er sheeny sands serenely drawn away."

Yes; a small sand-paved bay by moonlight (say in Guernsey or Jersey, pre-eminent for their delicious bays) is in itself enough, though seen but once, to make life a blessing. Silence, seclusion, mystery, calm; the pale radiance of the moon—the ebb of tides "serenely drawn away"—not sound, but its beatified spirit; not light, but its sanctified soul; deep, peaceful sadness, ineffable love, "divine despair," and stronger, perhaps, than all, the memory of the past; for, somehow or other, explain it as we will, there is an unfailing link between memory and the moon. Milton loved the sea only as a great poet can love it, though his acquaintance with it was any thing but familiar; and though in *Lycidas* he insulted it by calling it the "watery floor"—a chamber-maid's metaphor. But from the time when his bright chestnut hair curled about his smooth young forehead and deep poetic eyes, and he wrote in his ode "On the Nativity," how—

"The winds with wonder wist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean:  
Which now had quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charm'd wave:"

to the day of his consummate power when, in the *Paradise Lost*, he sang, in

lines of elaborately wrought and matchless melody—

“As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are passed  
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabæan odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the Blest: with such delay  
Well pleased they slack their course, and many  
a league  
Pleased with the grateful scent, old Ocean  
smiles.”

Milton was a worshiper of the sea. To our thinking he could have done something really worthy of it: something which would have been to the sea what “Paradise Lost,” was to the land, and which the mermen and mermaidens “would not willingly let die.” There is, perhaps, no one like him who can give you that delicious sensations which he only has felt who has been at sea in some latitude verging on the Tropics, when the air at once fresh and languorous, and laden with the subtle odors of some spice-island fifty miles away—*ἔνθα μακάρων ναυοῦς, Ωκεάνιδες ἀνυραὶ περιπνέουσι*,—plays round his temples as he leans against the bulwarks, gazing over that wide expanse of silvery blue water, that wears an aspect of calm delight, and only here and there testifies by an ebullition of freshening foam the exuberance of its joy. In that long abstracted gaze, if the man has a grain of feeling or imagination, what thoughts unutterable of divine power and love—of rest and peace somewhere—of the glory and wonder, but, above all, of the mystery of creation—of death, of life, of human ignorance and helplessness—of things far other and deeper than these, and which in truth, there are no words to express—will chase each other through his charmed but bewildered brain: and all this strange composite sensation, if once it has been felt, a few Miltonic touches shall have power to recall.

Byron has been said by some to be the only poet who has written any thing worthy of the sea; a statement quite saddening in its unverity. When Byronism was at its height, when shirt-collars were turned down, and you could not be interesting unless you were miserable and vicious, it might pass, as did much other counterfeit coin; now few, we should think, would accept it. The four or five stanzas, beginning: “Roll on thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll,” contain some

noble versification, (how should it be otherwise with such an ear as Byron’s?) but the thoughts, with one or two exceptions, are not of the highest order.

“Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,”

is a bold and masterly use of a suggestion in a sonnet of Shakspeare:

“Time writes no wrinkle on thine antique face,”

and is altogether fine. But the idea of the power of man “stopping with the shore”—one in itself rather questionable in point of poetic truth—is overstrained; and that of the eternity of the sea as compared with the perishableness of empires, is far from a good one, (for the same may be said of the land,) and is worked out into absolute nonsense. The truth is, that Byron, born a poet and a gentleman, lived, according to his own account, as Thackeray has well said, the life of a snob. and thus, through all his poems, immortal though they be, there runs a vein of more or less snobbishness; and thus, when he came to speak of the sea, which of all created things seems the most intolerant of snobbism, he was apt to flounder and to fail.

Scott—with his eye for the picturesque, his fine ear, and his genial but superficial nature, could write very prettily of the sea. A fresh, life-like, and soul-stirring picture is that voyage of the Nuns of Whitby, when

“It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,  
But far upon Northumbrian seas,  
It freshly blew, and strong.  
Upon the waves she stooped her side,  
And bounded o’er the swelling tide  
As she were dancing home;  
The merry seamen laughed, to see  
Their gallant ship so lustily  
Furrow the green sea-foam.”

But it was little more than the face of the sea, and not its deep passionate heart that Scott could understand. Coleridge? Yes; in the author of the “Ancient Mariner” there was a deep sympathy with the sea, as any one will confess who has lain for three days and nights (for it is too hot to sleep below) on the deck of a vessel becalmed on the Line, when the sea is like solid glass, and though you feel a lazy motion in the vessel, looking over the side you can detect none in the water, down

into whose vitreous depths for many a fathom you can see, and watch there the sportive wriggings of small particles of fish that look like serpents without heads, and wonder how it is possible that waves can ever again appear on that floor of transparent stone, varied here and there by the tortuous courses of currents stealing far away with a strange mysterious interest in their wanderings, till they are lost in the hot mist that confounds at no great distance sea and sky.

"Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor sense nor motion,  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean."

Then, in another kind, how wonderfully fine is this:

"The fresh wind blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
*We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.*"

After reading that you hold your breath, and ponder on it with astonishment and delight.

And this reminds us of Barry Cornwall. Of this gentleman, I was for a time inclined to think that his song of "The Sea" was too melo-dramatic to be really laudable. But there are one or two redeeming touches which lift it well out of that category:

"The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born,  
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean child."

Compare this with:

"The blue above and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go."

Yes; the sea is both noisy and silent, and the man who could feel this was a poet not altogether of the "Black-eyed Susan" order. There is silence in every sound of it, from the lulling undertone that is just enough on a calm summer evening to mark the union of sea and land, to the wild roar of the fierce Atlantic, maddening in its eternal strife with the iron-hearted cliffs of Western Ireland, making every cave and inlet, won from them by the

toil of ages, a seething, howling caldron of contending waves, which show here and there amidst the deluge of their surf glimpses of black-blue water, and sending up to the very summit of the giant rock traces of its wrath and power in flakes of scattered foam and blinding mists of spray. In this, too, there is silence, for loud as is the noise, there is nothing to jar upon the ear—or rather, to the ear there is stunning sound, to the mind there is profound and solemn stillness. This may be paradoxical; but who feels that silence is really broken by the vociferous chorus of birds deep in a thicket of June? Who does not feel, indeed, that the silence is rather deepened by the sound—that it is not sound, but melodious silence, that is there?

Our greatest living poet, (to say the least of him,) Alfred Tennyson, has not as yet done much for the sea; but not a few gems which take their luster from it are to be found in his poems. Every one remembers that masterly touch, so true to the German Ocean, about

"Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks  
the sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

And in the same poem signs of sympathy with a tropical sea in

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple  
spheres of sea."

"In Memoriam" has a noble landscape in one stanza:

"Calm and deep peace in yon great plain,  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
*To mingle with the bounding main.*"

And in the final stanza of the same most exquisite lament:

"Calm on the seas and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
That heaves with but the heaving deep."

Looking at this stanza by itself, I should have guessed that the sea which Tennyson here speaks of was a winter or late autumn sea; for it is then, as it seems to me, that the splendor, gladness, and beauty of light (not of color) upon the sea are most



conspicuous. And accordingly, (for a great poet is potentially a great painter, too,) when we look back to the first stanza, we find that it is in that season when "the chestnut patters to the ground."

As to painters, I really do not remember ever seeing a sea-piece which I thought thoroughly good. Mr. Ruskin's abuse of the Vans and Backs and all their brother charlatans is only too well merited. Claude could paint most exquisite pictures in which the sea figured prominently; but it is in his rendering, not of the sea, but of the light upon it that he is so consummate a master. If a mill-pond touched with the light of the setting sun were faithfully painted, the picture would be of incalculable value; and so Claude's pictures may be worthy of all the praise bestowed upon them, and yet not be good as "sea-pieces." Turner's "Fighting Teméraire" is a picture absolutely perfect in its way; but then it is only the shallow, smooth, artificial sea of a harbor—the sea emasculated and civilized to suit the ways of men. In Stanfield's "Abandoned," exhibited last year, there was fine feeling and much power in the roll of the surging waves, tossing as easily as children would a ball from one to another the huge, desolate ruin; but is there any picture of Stanfield's, whether of sea or land, which, with all its merits, is not deeply tainted with conventionality, which does not in some sort remind us of the drawing-master and his masterly tree-touches at a guinea an hour?

I said that very few people knew any thing about the sea; and in this respect I must at once confess that I am little, if any, better than most of my neighbors; and if I am asked: Why, then, do I write about it? I answer, it is because I know enough, and wish to teach others enough, to show that there is far more of wonder and delight in the sea than is currently supposed, and what a sacred duty it is, not only to our Maker, but to ourselves, to learn more about it. For myself, I feel respecting the sea as a man does about some specially delightful person—a woman, let us say—by whose side he has sat at one of our much-abused English dinner-parties (at which, stiff and solemn as they are or are said to be, you may never-~~theless~~ less, if you are lucky in your neighbor, pass an hour or two with considerable satisfaction)—whose charms of face, of manners, and of mind, he learns quite as much

as, but no more than, the reserve of passing acquaintance will admit of his attempting to learn, but enough to send him home with a kind of half unconscious feeling that there would be both pleasure and profit in making such a character the study of a life.

The strangest, if not the most delightful, sensation which one has about the sea is, I think, in childhood. What a field for wondering interest in the dawning intelligence of six or seven years, when it is first told "you will soon see the sea;" or, "there is the sea!" The sea—what is it, who made it, and how? why is it not land? And in spite of parents, nursemaids, and governesses, the child feels that there is reason in what it says, and that it is asking questions which it is perfectly natural to ask, but which can not be answered satisfactorily. In my own case, when this event in my life occurred, we were approaching Scarborough. Along hot, dusty, chalky roads, winding as it seemed for ever, over breezy, turf-clad downs, the lumbering old carriage had dragged its way; and there was in the air that strange sense of freshness and freedom, and that delicious briny odor caused by the proximity of the sea; but these sensations could scarcely be noticed or understood at seven years old; and the feeling, when they said we should soon "see the sea," was one of far more pain than pleasure—that pain I suppose which the human race incurred when it ate of the "tree of knowledge"—the dawning, half-conscious apprehension of the great mystery of life. And when between the horizon and the turfy hill the sea itself appeared, I remember no pleasure in the sight of it—I remember nothing but an all-pervading sense of novelty and wonder.

You may say, perhaps, it is all very well to tell us we ought to study the sea, but who can do it? how many can afford the time and the money for a sea-voyage? Well, but you may study the sea for half your life, and yet have much more to learn about it, without taking any sea-voyage at all. To have made a sea-voyage of any length is indeed a magnificent recollection. Even the feeling when the last faint outline of the cliffs that have long ago lost their whiteness has melted into the distant sky, and for the first time you find yourself in the midst of the vast circular desert of water with its great

dome of sky, is most memorable in its strange novelty; and when after only a five or six days' passage you glide softly into the delicious harbor of Funchal, and feast your senses on the rich odors stealing from the shore, and the intense and gorgeous coloring of the dark blue water, you feel at least several years older, both for the exciting sensations which the voyage has given you, and for the startling contrast between the green shores which you have left, and the paradisiacal beauty of that to which you have come. And then the long weeks of that floating prison, whose barriers are stronger than a wall of triple brass; the strange consciousness of dependence upon your fellow-passengers, who are all the world to you now; the delight of leaning over the bows and watching their progress through the green waves, that come laughing and dancing round them, and then gracefully part to make way for them; while here and there your eye falls upon a nautilus sailing calmly on the heaving bosom of a wave that seems proud of its delicate little burden, or a host of flying fish start suddenly out like a flight of silver arrows from before the ship, and as suddenly disappear.

Then there are the nights of danger, when the vessel reels and staggers through the storm, and you can hardly keep your footing as, to the astonishment of the officers, you brave it out on the deck with your "plaidie" round you, exulting, perhaps, in the darkness, the peril, (which we will suppose not to be great,) and the fierce struggle of the ship with the winds and waves, as fearlessly she plows her way through that terrible and trackless solitude. Or, perhaps, on the sultry evening of some more sultry day, you see at no great distance the outline of what is apparently a mountain just started out of the sea for your special amusement; and before nightfall you are inclosed in a blue bay of one of those torrid African islands, (the Cape Verds, suppose,) whose desolate and adust beauty sets the imagination all on fire, but to yield to whose charms and dwell long upon whose loveliness is, to the European, death. So you leave in a day or two that beautiful mischief, and your vessel runs southward on the wings of the trade-winds, whither I will not follow you, for I was forgetting that what I had to show was that to get some knowledge of the sea it was not necessary to go so far.

Nor is it; for you have only to take a short run by railroad, with perhaps a very few miles by coach, and however intense a Cockney, however steeped in the utilitarian pursuits of these unsentimental days, you may be with the sea and (literally, if you are a bather) in its arms; and believe me, she is not a mistress that will disappoint you, if you come to her with a reverent mind. You have been luxuriating, we will say, for months in the sights, and smells, and sounds of London; stunned by the eternal brayings of the Belgravian brass-band, or the greasy grinding of the Tyburnian hurdy-gurdy; howled into a state of chronic bewilderment by all that horrible gradation of shrieks and groans which lies between the suicide of Lord John Russell and hare-skins; distracted and humiliated by the charlatanism and chicanery of your party or your profession. At last you find fresh air and sea-breezes absolutely necessary, and you determine on seeking them. You can hardly go wrong, but let me recommend the south coast, and especially the south coast of Devon. When you arrive at the little watering-place which you have fixed upon, go down at once (and if possible alone) to the shore of the sea. Already you feel a strange sensation of altered existence. Instead of the rumbling omnibus, the fussy cab, and the everlasting jostle, there is a figure in cap and shooting-coat lounging about, or a tarry old fisherman hobbling along, or a broadbrimmed beauty tripping down to the beach with a basket for those dear anemones. And now you are on the dry, clean "parade," and your mind feels suddenly let loose as your eye rests once more upon that glorious expanse, and you taste the well-remembered balmy breath of the sea, and hear the long-lost voice of its glorious monotony. With a bound you have leaped from the sea-wall, and thrown yourself on the shingle, as it were, at the very feet of the sea. And here you may stay, if you like, for hours, and all the time in a state of enchantment; for wherever you turn your eyes some exquisite picture meets them, and the regular, lulling sound of the waves gives a sort of dreaminess to the whole view, without detracting for one moment from its delight. On either hand cliffs—gigantic, but turf-clad to the summit on the land-side, and on the sea-side wild, jagged, and rifted, but covered with a thick under-

growth of innumerable plants and flowers—shut in the valley that shelters the little town; but on the left, that stately hill that terminates in the cliff, is only the first of a long array, each with its weather-beaten face, whose time-worn rifts and scars are colored with every sort of luxuriant vegetation, turned proudly to the sea, and making strange contrast to that part of its smooth turfy side which is not concealed by its neighbor hill, and on which you may see the white sheep pasturing the calm sunlit sward.

What a place for a pedestrian! It is impossible to stay longer where you are. You must up and follow the long white sweeping curve of shingle, heavy walking though it be, that lies between the base of that mighty battalion line of cliffs and the blue water on which they gaze, to where it ends in a snow-white promontory, beyond which all is hidden from your view. And if you do that, you will be really alone with the sea. As you advance, you have a feeling almost of terror, as if you had no business there, so desolate and self-contained is the beauty of shore, and cliff, and sea; but this is only because you are a Cockney, and fancy all that wild loveliness can not be meant for you. Onward you tramp through the deep shingle, now casting a look upward at the tremendous overhanging cliffs of red sandstone, with their huge boulders like buttresses of an enormous cathedral, and peaks starting up abruptly into the deep blue of the sky, and streams trickling down their furrowed sides—now turning to refresh your eye with the clear, gray green of the fresh tumbling waves, and let it wander with never-ending delight over that illimitable expanse, whose colors are too many and too beautiful to describe, and which stretches far out into calm sunlight, till it joins in faint yet luminous distance a sky of that pale celestial gold that sympathizes with all that in the human heart is deepest, tenderest, and most divine. And now you are clambering over wild rocks, about which the sea is foaming and splashing, and which have hitherto hidden what was beyond them from your view—so that when you have passed them there is the delight of satisfied curiosity to add to the beauty of the scene itself. The cliffs are now high, but not so steep, and covered in

parts with turf and with all kinds of creeping plants; but above the rich green of their sides huge gray, fantastic, primeval rocks are peering, in somewhat irregular array, with kites wheeling about them, and here and there a bit of sky serenely blue seen through some cleft in their hoary sides. Beyond, the opening of a deep narrow gorge or "combe," shut closely in on all sides except that toward the sea by hills covered thick with wood, and perfectly enchanting you with its profound seclusion, its winding paths through impenetrable woods, its tracts of cool green sward, its deep glades into which none but the midday sun can shine, and the hillocks of smooth soft turf that crown its guardian hills when they near the sea, and catch the last rays of the descending sun, and the stream buried deep in its bosom, and which you can hear, but can not see, for the wild flowers and creeping plants that cover it. Or you may ramble under the cliffs to the right of the town, as far as that huge wall of dark red sandstone, barred from head to foot with long buttresses, every one of which is faced with a strip of green turf, and overhanging a secluded nook of the finest and smoothest sand; and when you are tired of strolling about on the sand, you may begin to explore that wilderness of rocks and pools that stretches from where you are standing for miles along the shore, every yard of which is a submarine garden, and every pool starred round with anemones, crimson, white, or brown, and, most beautiful of all, green; these last having their multitude of undulating arms tipped with a purer and more delicate rose-color than the fingers of Venus as she rose from the sea. And here I will venture to say, that though you be no naturalist, you will linger till the clear tide comes welling up almost to your feet, and begins to cover the "rich and strange" wonders of marine existence you have seen.

Though I have confessed that I know very little about the sea, I could go on writing about it for a long time, perhaps longer than my readers would like; but if this paper, far below the subject as it is, shall induce any one of the thousands who read "Fraser" to think of the sea more as it is—a fountain of exhaustless wonder and delight—I feel that I shall not have written altogether in vain.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

# ROBERT HUNTER'S GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RED-COURT FARM."

It was a gusty night in spring. Two young ladies were seated over the fire in a small sitting-room of a commodious mansion, listening to the wind as it boomed round the solitary house, and shook the shutters, and rattled the window-frames. One of them was tall and fair, looking all the fairer for her mourning dress, with handsome features, a calm blue eye, and a compressed lip. Ten or eleven weeks ago she had been a high-spirited, blooming girl: since then, her gayety had left her and she was worn to a skeleton. It was Miss Thornycroft. Her companion, a young lady who had come in to spend the evening with her, was not pretty, but an interesting girl, with mild hazel eyes and a pleasant cast of countenance.

"I'm sure if the ghost comes abroad at all, it will be out on such a night at this," remarked the latter. "Ghosts are said to favor windy weather."

"Don't joke about it, Annie," exclaimed Miss Thornycroft, with a perceptible shudder.

"I was not exactly joking: I believe I said it half in belief. But, of course," added Annie, after a pause, "seriously speaking and thinking, there is no truth in it. You can not possibly think there is."

"Have you seen my brother Isaac to-day, to speak to?" was the rejoinder of Miss Thornycroft.

"No."

"Or perhaps he might have told you. Though I don't know that he would. He saw it last night."

"Nonsense!" uttered Annie.

"Ah! So I have exclaimed when others have asserted that they saw it. But Isaac is so calm and cool: there's not a shade of imaginative feeling or superstition about him: he is the very last—save, perhaps, Richard—to be led away by fears or fancies. Listen, Annie. Last night I was drinking tea at Mrs. Connaught's, and I had made Isaac promise to fetch me home

—for, to confess the truth, after all that has happened, and especially these last few days, when these superstitious reports have been prevalent, I do not relish being abroad after nightfall with only servants. He came at ten o'clock, and I noticed he seemed absent and silent. Once Mrs. Connaught addressed him three times before he answered: a remarkable thing for Isaac, who is naturally merry. We came away. In passing the churchyard, this corner of it, near the waste land, where the graves are thick, Isaac slackened his pace and walked with his head turned sideways. 'What are you looking for amongst the gravestones?' I asked.

"'For Hunter,' he replied. And do you know, Annie, though I was then really thinking of poor Robert and of this horrible report about his spirit, Isaac's words gave me a shock, and I held his arm tighter. 'Mary Anne,' he went on, 'I saw him to-night.'

"I squeezed closer to Isaac, closer still when I saw the grave anxiety of his face, for that told me he was not joking. He continued:

"'If ever I saw Hunter in my life, I saw him to-night in this church-yard, close to his own grave. I saw him, Mary Anne, every feature of his face, as plainly as we see the gravestones at this moment.'

"'How did it look?' I shuddered.

"'It looked as he looked in life: as he must have looked when he was shot down, the hat over the brow, and that remarkable coat on: just as those describe who profess to have seen it. Now I know that I am not one to be deceived by ghostly fancies, Mary Anne, and I was staggered. I ran back to the gate, and searched the churchyard all over, but I saw no more of

Miss Thornycroft ceased, and her hearer trembled. "Do you think he *could* have been deceived?" she whispered.

"No, Annie, I do not. When a cool,



collected man, like my brother Isaac, dispassionately asserts such a thing, added to the terrified assertions of others, I, at least, believe that there must be some dreadful mystery abroad, supernatural or otherwise."

"How in the world shall I go home to-night with only Sarah?" exclaimed Miss Anne, in a dismayed tone. "I shall never pass that churchyard."

The two young ladies sat on, over the fire, conversing in dread and doubt. Gradually they relapsed into silence, listening to the sighing wind, and suffering their imaginations to roam on the marvelous. About half past eight one of them spoke. It was Miss Annie.

"What can have become of Sarah? My aunt was not well, and said she should send her at eight o'clock at the latest."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when that personage entered in a most remarkable manner. A respectable maid-servant, getting on for forty. She banged to the door behind her, and sat down in an arm-chair, in the presence of the young ladies.

"Sarah!" uttered her young mistress, in a reproving tone.

"Ay, you may well stare, young ladies, but I can't stand upon no forms nor respects just now. I don't know whether my senses is here or yonder. There's the ghost at this blessed moment in the churchyard!"

Annie screamed, and caught hold of Miss Thornycroft. The latter spoke, turning deadly pale.

"Your imagination has deceived you, Sarah."

"If any thing has deceived me, it's my eyes," retorted Sarah, really too much flustered to stand upon forms; "but they never did yet, miss. When it struck eight, missis called out to me, from the parlor, to come after Miss Annie. I thought I'd finish my ironing first, which took me another quarter of an hour; and then I put my blanket and things away, and off I come. I was a shutting the house-door when I heard master's voice a singing after me, and back I went, into the parlor. 'Is it coals, sir?' I asked. 'No, it's not coals,' says master, and I saw by his mouth he was after a bit of nonsense, 'it's to tell you to take care of the ghost.' 'Oh bless the ghost,' says I, 'it had better not come anigh me, I'd knock it down as soon as look at it.' And so I would, young ladies," added Sarah, "if I got the chance."

"Go on, go on," eagerly interposed Mary Anne Thornycroft.

"I come right on to the churchyard," continued Sarah, "and what we had been a saying made me turn my eyes on to it as I passed. Young ladies," she added, drawing her chair near to them, and dropping her voice mysteriously, "if you'll believe me, there stood Robert Hunter. He was close by that big tombstone of old Marley's at this end of the churchyard, not three yards from his own grave."

"O Sarah!" exclaimed Miss Thornycroft, "do you not think your sight—your fears—played you false? It may have been through talking of him."

"Miss, I hadn't got no fears, so they couldn't have done it. No, I saw him. And I'd take a oath of it, as solemn as I took it at the crowner's inquest. It warn't many steps away from me: you know old Marley's grave: there was nothing but the ditch and the low 'edge between us. There he stood, his features as plain as ever I saw 'em in my life, and that uncommon coat on, which I am sure was never made for any body but a Guy Fawkes."

"You were frightened, then," exclaimed Annie.

"I was not exactly frightened, but I won't deny that I felt a creepishness all over me, and I'd have given half-a-crown out of my pocket if any human creature had but come up to bear me company."

"Did you speak to it?"

"I don't know but I might have had the courage, but it didn't give me no time. The minute it saw me a looking at it, it glided away among the gravestones, as if making off for the back of the church. I made off, too, as fast as my legs would bring me, and I come right in here to you, instead of to the kitchen, for I knew my tongue must let it out, and I thought it might be better for you to hear it than them servants."

"Quite right," murmured Miss Thornycroft.

"I never did believe in ghosts," added Sarah, "any more than I'd believe in dreams, and such wishy-washy trash, and I never believed in Hunter's. But I'll not ridicule 'em after this night. Poor wretch! It can't rest quiet in its grave. It may want to denounce its murderer."

With the last words Miss Thornycroft was attacked with a violent fit of shaking.

"I can not bear this," she wailed. "I

can not bear it. If this horror is to continue, I must leave the neighborhood."

How were the two to go home, and pass the churchyard? Annie declared with a shudder she would not, and Sarah did not particularly urge it. Only women-servants were in the house, none of whom would feel inclined to escort them, and risk the ghost; so they remained on, waiting till one of the young Mr. Thornycrofts should come in. But, between nine and ten, Captain Copp made his appearance in hot anger, shaking his stick, and stamping his wooden leg at Sarah.

"Had the vile hussy taken up her gossiping quarters at the Red Court for the night? Did she think——"

"I could not get Miss Annie away," interrupted Sarah. "The ghost's in the churchyard. I saw it as I came along."

The sailor-captain was struck dumb. One of *his* women-kind avow belief in a ghost! He had seen a mermaid himself, but ghosts were fabulous monsters, fit for nothing but marines, and they who said they saw 'em wanted a taste of the yard-arm.

"Do not talk so, uncle," interrupted Annie. "It is Robert Hunter's spirit. Isaac Thornycroft saw it last night."

"Stow away your ignorance, Miss Annie," commanded the captain. "A parson's lass avow belief in a ghost? ho, ho, ho! I'll send you home to him to-morrow. I told the coroner I would at the inquest, but now I *will*. Shameful!" striking away at his wooden leg. "Get your things on. I'll teach you to see rubbing ghosts."

"It's my opinion ghosts is rubbish and nothing better," chimed in Sarah, "for I don't see the good of 'em; but this was Robert Hunter's, for all that. I saw his face and his eyes, as sure as ever I saw my own in the glass. I don't say I saw his legs, for they was hid by the hedge and the tombstones; but I saw that precious white coat of his, and the ugly fur on it. He was buttoned up in it, like he used to be in life. Master, you can't say as ever I believed in this tale afore to-night."

"You credulous sea-serpent!" exclaimed the captain to his servant. "And that same white coat lying now in the tallet at the Mermaid, covered with blood, just as it was took off his body! Ugh! fie upon you."

"If there's apparitions of bodies, there may be apparitions of coats," answered

Sarah, between whom and her master there was always a struggle who should have the last word, to the exceeding exasperation of the choleric, but really good-hearted merchant-captain. "I'm as sure that it had got that coat on as I am that your leg's off, master."

Away pegged the captain in his rage, scarcely allowing himself to say good-night to Miss Thornycroft, and Annie and her attendant flew after him, the latter clasping tight hold of him.

As they neared the churchyard—in turning off from the path leading from the Red Court, past a piece of ground called the waste land, you came sharp upon it—Annie, in sickening terror, in spite of her uncle's mocking assurance that a parson's daughter should be upon visiting terms with a churchyard ghost, clung close to him, and hid her face on his arm, trusting to him to guide her steps. The captain had a great mind (he avowed it afterward) to guide her into the ditch, believing that a ducking would be a panacea for all ghostly terrors; but at that moment Sarah, who was a step in the rear, leaped forward, and clung violently to his coat tails.

"There!" she cried, in a shrill whisper, before the astonished gentleman could give way to his towering indignation, "there it is again, next to Marley's tomb! Now, master! is that the coat or not?"

They turned their eyes in the direction of the churchyard, even Annie, as if impelled by an irresistible fascination. It was too true. Within a few yards of them, in the dim moonlight—for the moon, watery and not long risen, gave but a feeble light—appeared the well known form of the ill-fated Robert Hunter; the very man whose mangled body Captain Copp had helped to lay in the grave, having followed as a mourner at his funeral.

The captain was considerably taken aback, had never been half so much so before an unexpected iceberg: his wooden leg dropped submissively down and his mouth flew open. He had the keen eye of a seaman, and he saw beyond doubt that the spirit before him was indeed that of Robert Hunter. Report ran in the village afterward that the gallant captain would have made off, but could not rid himself from the grasp of his companions.

"Hallo! you sir!" he called out presently, remembering that in that vile Sarah's presence his reputation for cour-

age was at stake, but there was considerable deference, not to say timidity, in his tone, "what is it you want, appearing like a figure-head?"

The ghost, however, disappeared, vanishing into air, or behind the tombstones; and the captain lost not a moment, but tore away faster than he had ever done since the acquisition of his wooden leg, Annie sobbing convulsively on his arm, and Sarah hanging on to his coat tails. A minute afterward they met Isaac Thornycroft, coming from the direction of the village.

"Take these screeching sea-gulls home for me," cried the sailor to Isaac. "I'll go down to the mermaid, and with my own eyes see if the coat is there. Some land-lubber's playing a trick, and has borrowed Hunter's face and stole the coat to act it in."

"Spare yourself the trouble," rejoined young Mr. Thornycroft. "I have come straight now from the Mermaid, and the coat is there. We have been looking at it but this instant. It is under the straw in the room over the stable, doubled up and stiff, having dried in the folds."

"I should like to keelhaul that ghost," cried the discomfited captain. "I'd rather have seen ten mermaids."

Isaac Thornycroft drew Annie away and supported her himself. The captain walked on first, and Sarah kept in close proximity to him. Isaac took care to widen the distance between himself and them, and then stole his arm round Annie's waist, and so held her up more efficiently. But, sobbing and terrified as she was, she yet shrank away from him.

"Annie," he whispered, "How is this? Why is it? Let me have an explanation this night: now, at once. For several weeks you have shunned me."

"Is there not a cause why I should shun you?" was her answer. "I think I will speak out," she added, in agitation. "I *must* speak out: but only to you. Isaac Thornycroft, have you no dark crime upon your conscience?"

"I a dark crime!" he echoed.

"A dark, heavy crime," she went on, "the worst and most cruel that man can commit on man, the same which stained the hand of Cain? Mind! I have been silent to the rest of the world; I will be silent: but the truth must lie between us."

"No, on my soul!" he vehemently an-

swered. "Peccadilloes I may commit in plenty, but of such crimes my conscience is clear. Explain yourself Annie."

"That night; that dreadful night—O Isaac, I have never breathed it beyond my lips—I thought—that—man—who—ran on to the plateau, was like——"

"Say on, child," he prompted, and but for Annie's agitation she might have noticed the sad tone, quite devoid of surprise, in which the words were spoken—"say on."

"Like you, Isaac," she shivered.

"You were mistaken," was his reply. "My hands will never be red with such a crime. It is against my nature."

"It was so like you," she resumed, in a whisper. "Though I had but a momentary look before I fainted."

"I was not there," he repeated. "I swear it to you."

"Oh! what a relief!" she murmured, "what a relief!" Then, as a sudden thought seemed to strike her, she spoke again, in a more hushed tone: "Was it Richard? You are alike in figure."

"Annie," he rejoined, in a reproving, but a solemn tone, "I can not tell you. It is an inquiry which neither you nor I do well to dwell upon, which we have no right to pursue. Let the consciousness of our own innocence suffice for us."

"The knowledge of yours will suffice for me," she answered. "Since that night I have been most wretched."

"You need not have distressed yourself," was the reply of Mr. Thornycroft. "If my hand was stained with red, I should break with you, sooner than you could with me. Whatever else a murderer may covet, let him keep clear of wife and children."

Whatever suspicion Isaac Thornycroft may have had, it was not his place to denounce his brother Richard. He did suspect him. And he suspected also that Cyril was mixed up with it, else why keep out of the way? Isaac was not a cruel man, or one devoid of conscience. He had many estimable qualities: though it is true he cheated her Majesty's revenue, and thought it glorious fun. Richard had not made him his confidant; and, put the question deliberately to him, Isaac would not; but the uncertainty had long worked painfully within him.

Thus talking, they reached the house of Captain Copp, and the captain pressed Isaac to enter, and introduced his brandy.

There they sat, discussing what they had seen and heard, the captain telling his tale, and Sarah telling hers, to the intense horror of Mrs. Copp, who had the bump of marvel strongly developed, and who declared she would never go up to bed alone again.

Meanwhile, Mary Anne Thornycroft was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. She had never believed in ghosts—as children say—would have ridiculed the very idea. Yet she knew that Robert Hunter was dead and buried, and how reconcile that fact with this mysterious account of his reëpearance? She had paid little attention to the first reports, that Hunter's spirit had been seen, for she knew how prone the ignorant are to supernatural tales, but the moment her brother Isaac imparted to her the fact that he had seen it with his own sensible, dispassionate eyes, a sickening conviction flashed over her that it *was* his spirit. And now was added the testimony of the matter-of-fact Sarah. Mary Anne Thornycroft had been attached to Robert Hunter; a tacit engagement had existed between them; but, stronger even than the grief and regret she had felt at his untimely fate, was the fearful dread that overpowered her for her brother Richard, lest he should be discovered, and brought to punishment—tried, condemned, executed! The words of Sarah—"Perhaps it wants to denounce its murderer"—rang in her ears like a knell. As she sat there, trembling, Richard entered. Had *he* seen the ghost? He looked as if he had. His damp hair hung about in a black mass, and his face and lips were ghastly as Hunter's. His sister gazed at him with surprise—the always self-possessed Richard!

"Have you come now from the village?" she asked.

"From that way."

"Did you look into the churchyard as you passed it?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"You know what they say: that *his* spirit appears there."

"I have seen it," was Richard's unexpected answer.

Miss Thornycroft started up. "O Richard! When?"

"Now; as I came by. There's no mistake about its being Hunter, or some *fool* made up to personate him."

"It has taken away your color, Richard."

Richard Thornycroft did not reply. He sat with his elbow on his knee, and his chin resting on his hand, looking into the fire. Mary Anne resumed, in a low, firm tone:

"Richard, if you will accompany me for protection, I will go and see this spirit. I will ask what it wants. Let us go now."

"You!" he somewhat contemptuously exclaimed.

"I will steel my nerves and heart to it. I have been striving to do so for the last half hour. Better for me to hold communion with it than any one else, save you. You know why, Richard."

"Tush!" he exclaimed. "Do nothing. You'd faint by the way."

"It is necessary for the honor and safety of—of—this house," she urged, not caring to speak more pointedly, "that no stranger should hear what it wants. I will go now. If I wait till to-morrow my courage may fail. You are not afraid?"

For answer, Richard rose, and they left the room. As they passed through the hall, Mary Anne threw on her woollen shawl and garden-bonnet, which were hanging there, and they started.

Not a word was spoken till they reached the corner of the churchyard. The high, thickset hedge on the side facing them, as they advanced on to it, prevented their seeing into it; but they would soon come in front, where it would be plain. "You stay here, Richard," whispered Miss Thornycroft. "I will go on alone."

"No," he began; but she peremptorily interrupted him.

"I will have it so. If I am to go on with this, I will be alone. You can keep me within sight." And Richard acquiesced, probably nothing loth, for the ghost could not have been an agreeable sight to him.

Now, shall we go on mystifying the reader, or solve the secret? It may be better to solve it, for space is growing limited, as it was solved that night to Mary Anne and Richard Thornycroft. The ghost was still in the churchyard, prowling about, and *looking for her*—the object it had been looking for all along: but it was not Robert Hunter's ghost; it was Robert Hunter himself; for Robert Hunter was not dead.

He had been in London all the while they mourned him so, as much alive as any of his mourners, quite unconscious that he was looked upon as murdered, and



that the county coroner had held an inquest on his body. A week since, he had come down from London to Coastdown, had come in secret, not caring to show himself in the neighborhood, and not daring to show himself to Richard or Isaac Thornycroft. His object was to obtain an interview with Mary Anne, but he remembered and respected his oath to Richard. He knew of a lonely hut, inhabited by a superannuated fisherman, where he could hide in the day, and he came down to it, taking up his station in the churchyard at dusk, which was in the line of road to the Thornycrofts' house, and only to theirs, and he was aware that Miss Thornycroft constantly passed it at the evening hours, going or returning from visiting. Not a very brilliant scheme, but Robert Hunter could think of no better to obtain speech with her; and it must be recollected that he had sworn in that dangerous interview with Richard, when the pistol was held to his forehead, not to write to her. The old fisherman, of dim sight and failing memory, did not recognize his guest as being the gentleman he had once seen with Miss Thornycroft. Thus, Hunter lay hid there in the day, and never dreamt he could be taken for his own ghost at night, for he knew nothing of the murder. It was not often that the churchyard was passed at night, except by those going to or coming from the Red Court; and if Robert Hunter hastened to disappear when he had once ascertained that a passer-by was not Mary Anne, it was that he might not be recognized and spoken to. His retreating-place was under a shelving gravestone at the back of the church, where none would think of looking for him.

A load was taken off the heart of Richard Thornycroft when the night air brought to his ear sufficient evidence that Robert Hunter was a living man. In the first blissful throb of the discovery, the thought that struck him was: "If he is alive, I am no murderer." He rushed forward, gained the spot where Mary Anne and Hunter stood, grasped the latter's hands and embraced him—he, the cold, undemonstrative Richard Thornycroft! he, with all his dislike of Hunter!

"I do not understand it, Hunter," he whispered; "it is like awaking from a horrible dream. If I shot you down, how is it you are here?"

"You never shot me down. Old Joe Parkes has been driving at some obscure

tale, about young Hunter being shot from the heights, but I treated it as an old man's fancies. Mary Anne, too, is wearing mourning for me, she says, and came here to have speech of my ghost. I thought ghosts had gone out with the eighteenth century."

"Come this way," cried Mary Anne, who was shivering again, and caught hold of her brother's arm for support; "let us go and sit down in the church-porch."

They walked round toward it. It was on the side of the church, facing the Red Court. The brother and sister placed themselves on one bench, and Hunter opposite: the moonlight streamed upon them, but they were in no danger there of being observed by any chance passer-by.

"That night," began Richard, "after you had gone away, what brought you back again?"

"Back where?" asked Hunter.

"Back on the plateau. Watching the fellows from the boats."

"I was not there. I did not come back."

"Why do you say that, Robert?" interrupted Miss Thornycroft. "I saw you there: I and Annie. We were coming up to speak to you, and got as far as the Round Tower."

"And, what was worse, I saw you," eagerly broke in Richard. "I was shocked at your want of faith; I was maddened by your bad feeling, your obstinate determination to spy upon and betray us; and I stood by the Round House and shot you down."

"I do not know what you are talking of," cried Hunter. "I tell you I never came back, never for one moment. I got to Jutpoint by half past ten."

"Did Cyril go there with you?"

"Cyril! Of course not. He left me directly after we passed the turning to the village here. I have been looking for Cyril, while I have been dodging in this churchyard. I would not have minded trusting him, and I thought he would take a message to your sister. He was not so violent as you were, and I believe wished us well."

"We have never seen Cyril since that night," said Miss Thornycroft.

"Not seen Cyril!" echoed Hunter. "Where is he?"

"But we are not uneasy about him," said Richard, dropping his voice. "We

expect he went off in the boats with the smugglers when they rowed back to the ship that night, after the cargo was run. Indeed, we feel positive of it. My father once did the same, to the terror of my mother: I believe she had him advertised. But Master Cyril is taking a tolerably long spell on the French coast."

"Still you have not explained," resumed Hunter. "What gave rise to the report that I was shot down?"

"Report!" cried Richard, vehemently, his new-found satisfaction beginning to fade, as sober recollection returned to him. "Somebody was shot, if you were not. We had the coroner's inquest on him, and he lies buried in this churchyard as Robert Hunter."

"But the features could not have been mine," debated Hunter.

"The face was destroyed. It had struck against the rocks in falling. But the dress was yours; a black dinner-suit, and—— By the way," broke off Richard, "what is this mystery? This coat, which you appear now to have on, is at this moment in the stables at the Mermaid; and has been, ever since the inquest."

Does the reader notice that one word of Richard Thornycroft's? "Appear." *Appear* to have on! Was he still doubting whether the man before him was real?

"Oh! I borrowed this to come down in," was Hunter's answer. "You never sent me my own. They are exactly alike. I and a friend of mine had them made together. The weather in London is mild now, and he was not wearing it, so he lent it me. We are much of a size. Why did not mine come with the portmanteau, Mary Anne?"

"When you left, that night, you had your coat with you," she answered, more and more amazed.

"But I found it an incumbrance. I had taken more wine than usual, which made me hot, and I did not relish the prospect of carrying it on my arm for five or six miles. So I begged Cyril to take it back with him, and send it with the portmanteau the following morning."

Mary Anne Thornycroft suddenly started, gasped, and laid her face on her brother's shoulder, with a sharp, low moan of pain. *He* leaned forward and stared at Hunter, a pitiable expression of dread on his countenance, as the moonlight set off his ghastly face and strained-back lips.

"Cyril said he was glad of it, and put

it on, for he had come out without one, and felt cold," continued Hunter, carelessly. "It fitted him capitally."

A yell, shrill and wild as that which had broken from the dying man in his fall, now broke from Richard Thornycroft. "Stop!" he shouted, in the desperation of anguish, "don't you see?"

"See what?" demanded the astonished Hunter.

"*That I have murdered my brother.*"

It was too true. The unfortunate Cyril Thornycroft, arrayed in Hunter's coat, had been mistaken by Richard for him, and had been shot dead. There was no doubt that, in returning home after parting with Hunter, he had gone to the heights to see whether the work, which had been planned for that night with the smugglers, was being carried on, or whether the discovery made by Hunter had checked it. Mary Anne also mistook him for Hunter. Alas! it was the coat that deceived them. It is certain the two young men were of the same height and size, and the outline of their faces was not dissimilar; but it was the conspicuous coat, like none else, which had led to the fatal mistake. In the broad light of day they might have detected Cyril's features, but it was impossible to do so amid the shades of night.

A silence of horror fell upon the three. Richard had started up, and his sister's face then sought a leaning place against the cold trellis-work.

"How was it you never wrote to me?" at length asked Robert Hunter, in a low voice. "Had you done so, this mystery would have been cleared up."

"Wrote to *you*?" wailed Richard. "Do you forget we thought you were here?" stamping his foot on the sod of the churchyard.

"I can hardly understand it yet," mused Robert Hunter.

Richard Thornycroft turned and touched his sister. "Let us go home, Mary Anne. We have heard enough."

Without a word of dissent or approval, she rose and put her arm within Richard's; her face white and rigid, as it had been at the coroner's inquest. Hunter spoke then:

"But, Mary Anne—what I wanted to say to you—I have not yet said a word of it."

"I can not talk to-night," she shuddered. "Come up to the house to-morrow."

"Yes; come to-morrow," repeated Richard Thornycroft. "No necessity for concealment now. I absolve you from your oath."

They walked out of the churchyard, Hunter standing still in the porch. His egress lay in an opposite direction, over a stile. He was preparing to leave it when he saw Miss Thornycroft returning.

"When I said you might come to the house, I spoke without reflection, Robert," she said. "It must not be. You must still be—in this neighborhood—as dead and buried."

"Why? Far better to let them know I have not been murdered: and set their suspicions at rest."

"That you have not, but that another has," she returned, resentfully; "rake up the matter, and have a second inquest, and so set them upon my unfortunate brother Richard! His punishment, as it is, will be sufficiently dreadful and lasting."

"Mary Anne, you need not speak to me in that tone of reproach. You may be sure that I deeply sympathize and grieve with you all. I will continue to conceal myself: but how shall I see you? One more day, and business will enforce my return to London."

"I will see you here, in this place, to-morrow night."

"At what hour?"

"As soon as dusk comes on. Say seven."

"You will not fail, Mary Anne?"

"Fail!" she repeated, vehemently. Then, in a quieter tone, as she would have walked away, "No; I will be sure to come."

Robert Hunter grasped her hand, as if to draw her toward him for a loving embrace, but Miss Thornycroft wrenched her hand away, with a half cry, and walked on to join her brother. "Good-night, dear Robert," she presently called out, in a gentle voice, as if to atone for her abrupt movement: but oh! what a mine of anguish that voice betrayed!

## II.

SHE was true to her promise. The following night, before the moon was up, Robert Hunter and Miss Thornycroft sat once more in the church-porch. The night was very cold, but from a feeling of considerate delicacy, which she understood,

and mentally thanked him for, he was without a great-coat. He rightly judged that the only one he had with him could in her eyes be nothing but an object of horror. What a day that had been at the Red Court! Mr. Thornycroft had sat on the magisterial bench at Jutpoint, trying petty offenders, unconscious that there was a greater offender at his own house demanding punishment. Richard Thornycroft felt inclined to proclaim the truth and deliver himself up to justice. The remorse which had taken possession of him was greater than he knew how to bear, and it seemed that to expiate his offense at the criminal bar of his country, would be more tolerable than to let it thus prey in silence on his vitals. Consideration for his father and sister, for their honorable reputation, alone withheld him. He and Cyril had been fond brothers. Cyril, of delicate health and gentle manners, had been, as it were, the pet of the robust Justice and his robust elder sons. At mid-day, Richard was in his sister's room; not sitting—he had never sat, or lain, or rested, since leaving the churchyard the previous night—but pacing about it in despair. Isaac, to whom the truth had been disclosed, was present. At this dread consultation, every word of which will linger in the remembrance of the three, during life, Richard decided on his future plans. To remain in the neighborhood of the fatal scene, ever again to look upon the Half-moon, where the body had lain, he felt would drive him mad, and he determined to leave it. The substance of this Miss Thornycroft disclosed to Hunter.

"Isaac is driving him over to Jutpoint for the night train," she added, "and will go with him to London."

"To return when?" inquired Hunter. "I mean Richard."

"Never again," she mournfully answered; "he has taken leave of us for the last time. My poor father is broken-hearted. It was dreadful a shock to him, when he came home this afternoon, to find his eldest and favorite son waiting to bid him farewell for ever. He has always liked Richard best: perhaps because he partakes more of his own free, daring nature. They did not disclose to him the awful secret about Cyril. They said Richard had fallen into a serious scrape, which could only be kept quiet by his leaving the neighborhood for a few years, and begged him not to inquire particulars, for

that the less said about it the better. And so they parted."

"And will Richard remain in London?"

"He goes to Australia. I thought I said so. But my head is confused to-night. He will take the first ship that sails. O Robert!" she added, in a tone of suffering, "what a secret this is for me and Isaac to carry with us through life!"

"It is indeed! But time will soothe it to you, for you are both innocent."

"Time will never soothe it to me. My poor brother Cyril! so kind, so offensive as he was to us all." I never had words with him as I had with Richard and Isaac. And to be hurled away unprepared!"

She raised her hands and concealed her face, as if she would hide its tribulation from the dark night. "And what a career is before poor Richard!" she continued to wail. "My heart bleeds for him, guilty though he is. Remorse and anguish to the end of his days! remorse and anguish!"

Robert Hunter drew her hands from her face, and, keeping them in his, sat down by her. Hitherto he had been standing.

"Time is wearing on, Mary Anne. May I say what I came down from town to say? Though it pains me to enter upon it now you are in this grief."

"What is it, Robert?"

"I have had a situation offered me abroad: in the East: and I have accepted it. It is to superintend the formation of a railway. It will keep me there for five years at least. The appointment is excellent in a pecuniary point of view, better than I thought would fall to my share for years to come, and the climate is good. In two months we shall take our departure for it."

"Yes," she answered, in a tone of the utmost apathy. "What else?"

"Is there need to tell you, Mary Anne? Can you not perceive what brought me down—why I could begin no preparations until I had obtained speech of you?"

"No," she repeated, in the same abstracted tone, as if her mind were dwelling on other things. "Make haste, Robert; I must be gone: I am beginning to shiver. I have these shivering fits often now."

"I want you to go with, me, my love," he whispered, in an accent of deep tenderness. "I came down to urge it; but now that this unfortunate affair has happened,

I would doubly urge it. As my wife, you will forget——"

"Be quiet, Robert!" she impetuously interrupted, "you can not know what you are saying. You and I, of all people in the world, must live apart. Was this what you had to say?"

"I thought you loved me," he exclaimed, quite petrified at her words.

"I did love you; I do; if to avow it will do any good now. But this dreadful sorrow has placed a barrier between us."

"Mary Anne Thornycroft! You surely are not so blind, so unjust, as to lay its blame to my door?"

"Listen, Robert," she returned. "I am not so unjust as to blame you for the murder, but I can not forget that you have been the innocent cause of it: you and I."

"You!"

"Yes. I. When my father heard that I had invited you down, he came to me, and forbid me to let you come. I see now why. He did not want strangers in his house, who might see more than was expedient. He commanded me to write and stop you. I disobeyed: I thought he spoke but in compliance with a whim of Richard's: and I would not write. Had I obeyed him, all this would have been spared. Again, when you were here, when we spoke about what the supervisor said, that there were smugglers abroad, my father ordered us, you especially, not to interfere. Had you obeyed him to the letter, Cyril would have been alive now. These reflections haunt me continually. No, Robert, you and I must live apart. If I were to marry you, I should expect Cyril to rise reproachfully before me on our wedding-day."

"O Mary Anne! Believe me you see matters in a false light. If——"

"I will not discuss it," she peremptorily interrupted; "it would be of no avail, and I shudder while I speak. Do you forgive me, Robert, if I cause you pain. Nothing in the world, or out of it, shall ever induce me to become your wife."

"Is this your fixed determination?" he asked, in a low, grating tone.

"Fixed and unalterable. Fixed as those stars above us. Fixed as Cyril's grave."

"Then nothing remains for me but to return," he gloomily said. "And the sooner I start the better. Fare you well."



She put her hand into his, and, overcome by the dread anguish at her heart, suffered him to draw her to his breast. None can know what that anguish was, even of the parting. He held her to him and soothed her sobs, now with a loving word, now with a gentle action; but he used no argument to induce her to retract her determination. He knew Mary Anne Thornycroft, and knew that it would be useless.

"O Robert, strive to forget me," she murmured. "We have been dear to each other, but you must find another now. Perhaps we may meet again once more in after-life: when you are a happy man with wife and children!"

He supported her to the churchyard gates, and watched her as she turned to her home. And so they parted. Robert Hunter retraced his steps to the churchyard, and from behind a gravestone, where he had laid them out of sight, took up his little black traveling-bag, and the coat, the counterpart of which had proved so unlucky a coat for the Thornycrofts. Then he set off to walk to Jutpoint, avoiding the village road by means of a by-path, as he had set off to walk that guilty night some weeks before.

There is little more to tell. Richard

Thornycroft departed for Australia, and the mysteries of the Red Court were never again enacted. Long and perseveringly did Supervisor Kyne look out for the smugglers; many and many a night did he exercise his eyes and his patience on the edge of that black plateau: but they came no more. Old Mr. Thornycroft, deprived, he hardly knew how, of his sons, lived on, at the Red Court, a disappointed man. Not that he cared to make more money; he had plenty; but he loved adventure, and his occupation was gone. His daughter remained with him, growing more grave and sad, day by day.

Isaac Thornycroft was the only one of the family whose fortunes turned out happily. He married Captain Copp's niece and settled in London, where he entered into legitimate business. While the whole neighborhood of Coastdown is, to this hour, under a clear and immutable persuasion that the ghost walks in the churchyard: and Captain Copp, while taking his glass in the parlor of the Mermaid, never fails to descant upon the marvels of that night, when he and that woman-servant of his (who, he adds in a parenthesis, is undaunted enough for a she-pirate) saw with their own fearless eyes the spirit of Robert Hunter.

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From Titan.

## MY FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO HARROWGATE.

YES! yes!—the point is decided. Fate and inclination compel me to it. I will keep a journal. Shakspeare speaks of the "tide in the affairs of men;" who knows that, without particularizing them, he may have meant women also! It is a crisis in my life. I feel it so. Every pulse throbs when I think I am to go to Harrowgate this season with papa and Bess. That something great will arise from this visit, this unwonted emotion

foretells. Feelings of a nature unfelt before agitate my breast. What do they portend? Now is the time to portray them, while they live, and are passing. And who knows what may be the fate hereafter of this little narrative? In some old castellated mansion, my grandchildren may drag it forth to the light of day, and read with wondering comments these domestic annals of the nineteenth century. In the checkered scene to which

we hasten, I may perchance meet with celebrities—men of genius—born, alas! before their time; men who, two or three centuries after their birth, will have the humble cottage where they first saw the light purchased and preserved by a grateful nation, for information, of whose daily life every waste-manuscript bureau in old families will be searched. Then with what avidity, in the year of our Lord two thousand, perhaps, will learned antiquarians peruse the diary of Caroline Ross! What a reflection—to live, like John Evelyn, in history! Had any of the Roman ladies in Herculaneum or Pompeii kept such a book, how they would have lived in Gibbon and Mrs. Markham; and what a chance, too, for the Bodleian Library or the British Museum!

From to-day, then, I will begin. I shall note every thing that happens; and how delightful it will be, when I go to spend Christmas at Aunt Alington's, to sit up till four o'clock in the morning, reading to my cousins of these scenes of splendid triumph. And Miss Denman will yet learn that her best pupil in English composition has not disgraced her by hurrying over the details.

*Monday morning.*—We are to start to-morrow, by the nine o'clock train; and I also, in spite of all that Mr. Lindsay has said against it. That disagreeable man! I am sure I do not know why, because he is papa's partner, he is to interfere and dictate about us. Let him domineer over the clerks in the counting-house, if he pleases, but he never shall over me. He takes a pleasure in curtailing every amusement I am to have, although he is indulgent enough to Bessie. All through his preaching to papa and mamma, I was sent off three years ago to Miss Denman's; but one comfort—instead of the banishment he intended it should be for me, I have gained many dear, dear friends whose love I hope to retain while life shall last. Now I am home, to remain, and to come out, which I should not till doomsday, if Mr. Lindsay had his will; for he declared, the other night, he thought a Harrowgate hotel no place for a girl of seventeen. Seventeen, indeed! I should like to know what harm that would do me. I might get a husband, if that be any sin; though I dare say he thinks I am too great a baby even for that. But I could remind you, my good Mentor, that one day you showed me, in Exeter Hall, a very lovely young

duchess, who was married when not much older than I am now, and I never heard her called "childish." By the time I could come home and have settlements drawn, and my *trousseau* made, a good many months would be added to seventeen. But I am forgetting to record the events of the day. At breakfast, papa, in a sudden fit of generosity, gave Bessie and me a present of money, to buy various things we wanted before going to Harrowgate. Mamma charged us, as we were going out, to buy handsome parasols, as she said a shabby one would destroy the look of the best bonnet Madame Blazon ever made. I wanted some money to buy a journal, with a lock and key; so I bought rather a cheap parasol, and kept the rest of the money. Of course, Bessie was very angry; but I persuaded her to keep it quiet, and slipping into a stationer's, bought the nicest book, with a lock and a little gold key, that I could wear next my heart day and night. I was afraid all evening mamma would ask to see our purchases, but she was too busy; and once in bed that night, I knew I was safe.

*Tuesday morning.*—Up early to finish the packing. We had so many trunks, that mamma, with great cleverness, sent off Hopkins, our page, with them to the station-house before papa saw them, for he always gets cross when he finds much luggage. At breakfast, Mr. Lindsay announced he was out of health, and he thought Harrowgate water would do him good; and as soon as Uncle Joseph came back he would follow us. Out of health! Preposterous! the man is well enough, as any one can see; but papa encouraged him all he could to come, for not another reason, I am sure, than that it would be convenient sometimes to leave us in his charge, when papa had any amusement for himself in hands. We shall be well off, I think, with such an escort. We would require a Hercules to annihilate such a dragon, if any one wanted even acquaintance with us. When we got to the King's Cross Station and saw Hopkins, like Marius in the ruins of Carthage, seated on the top of a perfect mountain of trunks, I laughed; but Bessie knew better, for sure enough papa grew perfectly savage, and ordered Hopkins to get a cab and take all the large boxes home again; and began himself to pull out one after another from the heap, saying, "this one," "and this," "and this," without any dis-

tion of contents and proprietorship; when Mr. Lindsay, who had come with us, went up, and by degrees got him pacified, and himself had the luggage stowed away in the vans. It was well to see my lord Lindsay doing that much for us, for I never before saw him do any good to man or beast. What an old tiger he is. He handed us into the carriage, saying to Bess: "A pleasant trip, Bessie;" but to me not one single word, but shaking hands in a sort of "you would not go if I could help it, and you would not play many pranks if I could go and stop *them*" sort of air; and I felt greatly relieved when the train moved on, and we left him behind us. Bessie had got up to the far end of the carriage, but I was just next papa, and a pleasant seat I had of it, too, for he never ceased for three stations abusing about the trunks. At last, as the best means of avoiding this delightful strain, I pretended to be asleep, and at last was really so. I woke up at the stations, which were few, as we had an express train; but except papa got out, I did not venture to open my eyes, for fear he should begin again. At Church Fenton, a good many people got out; others joined us, and we went on to Harrowgate. Papa had taken rooms at the Diadem, a very handsome hotel, not far from the Pump-room, and to it we drove at once. It was so near dinner-time when we arrived, that we had to use great expedition to be dressed before the bell would ring; but when it did, we were ready, and issuing from our room, found papa on the lobby waiting to escort us. Every one was taking their seats when we came in, so we hurried to ours, those nearest the foot of the table, as is the custom for new-comers. I had not time to look about me during the soup, but I took no fish, and that gave me time to enjoy a good stare up and down the table. I never saw so many handsome men together before; and the women were more than passable, but not a face I had ever seen before, so I could not tell if any one was sitting next their own relatives. Suddenly I heard a voice I thought I knew, and looking farther down our side of the table, who should I see but Lydia Grantham, one of the dearest friends I ever had at Miss Denman's, and who left school half a year before I did. My heart throbbed at the sight of this dear friend, from whom I had been

so long separated, but I stilled its beatings by a strong effort, and waited patiently to try and catch her eye. This I failed in doing, and these two warm hearts were sundered for more than an hour by the tedious formulary of a dinner-party. At last the ladies rose, and we all filed out. When Lydia came out, I went up to her, and laying my hand on her arm, spoke but one word, "Lydia!" No more was needed; my dearest friend and I were in each other's arms, mingling our tears, regardless of heartless lookers-on. Among these, I am sorry to say, was my sister, who rated me afterward for what she called "a silly scene;" but I could afford to pity her, as she had never known the blessing of true friendship. But Lydia and I disregarded the sneers we saw on faces around us, and went into the drawing-room with our arms passed lovingly round each other's waists. There I heard from Lydia that she was here with her uncle, who was her guardian, and I breathed a thanksgiving when I heard I was to enjoy her much-prized society for another week. Some of the ladies came up and talked to Bess, so I was free to devote myself to Lydia, which I did, and we were so happy together that I forgot to note any thing that passed around us, or any of the people.

*Wednesday night.*—Too much fatigued to write much to-night; yet the events of the day have been too varied and important to be consigned to utter oblivion. How gay life is here; may it be our lot to enjoy abundance of it! Heaven send papa may not think it too expensive! I have drank that odious water; bitter bad it is. Two comforts—and two only—I had when imbibing it: it is fashionable; and that Mr. Lindsay will find, when he comes, what a long journey he has had all for such a nauseous draught. After a day of walking and talking, and introductions to some of dearest Lydia's friends, we threaded the mazy dance this evening in each other's much-loved society.

*Thursday.*—Went with a party to Studley Park; thought very little of the ruins. Not half so pretty as some crayon sketches we copied of it at school. Looked everywhere for two large stones that were in the foreground of one of mine; could not find them, nor a bare trunk of tree that was in one of Lydia's. Hope no one has carried them away. Think it would be advisable to mention it to

Earl de Gray. Will consult Lydia to-morrow.

*Friday.*—A day to be much remembered. To-day, dearest Lydia reposed in the faithful bosom of her friend her heart's cherished secret. Ah! how little I dreamed the deep feelings buried beneath that light exterior. Dearest Lydia, how I sympathize with her. Lydia is attached; in how few words this can be written; but even in this sacred treasury I must not write his name; sufficient it is a noble one—one worthy of Lydia Grantham. Countess ——! how pretty it will sound. Perhaps he may be above Lydia in rank, but she has personal qualifications fit to grace a throne. He is a foreigner. I write no more.

*Saturday.*—To-day Lydia's beloved has arrived, and I have seen him. We were all coming out of the lunch-room, when a cab with luggage drove to the door, and a dark, handsome stranger stepped into the hall. When I felt my companion droop upon my arm, then I knew the arbiter of her fate stood before us. I hurried her up stairs into her room, and bolted the door, to prevent prying curiosity witnessing her emotion. I tried every remedy to restore her equanimity that affection could suggest. I washed her face with camphor soap; I slapped her hands, and pinched the soles of her feet; I unfastened her dress, and brushed her hair with a hard brush; and, after half-an-hour's labor, I had the gratification of seeing her quite recovered, and putting on her pink bonnet to walk in the square. We met Count ——, and Lydia introduced me. What an interesting person the count is! Who can it be he resembles? I must ask Lydia. What a sensation his appearance made at the dinner-table! He did not talk or even venture to glance at Lydia, as her uncle was present; but to me, as next neighbor, he made several remarks. Little Mrs. Tuffnell, who is married to an old man forty years her senior, kept glancing across the table at us through her eye-glass, and after dinner asked me, "where I had made acquaintance with the corsair, as she heard him call me by name." Lydia squeezed my arm; so I answered, guardedly: "He had been introduced to me that day." I did not say by whom; but she laughed, and said: "Very well, Miss Caroline, you would not be a school-girl, nor your friend there either, if you had not a secret be-

tween you of some kind; I wish you joy." So she walked away, and, I must say, I thought her remarks impertinent, presuming, and disgusting. A school-girl!

*Monday.*—The count tells us he has a friend staying at the Dragon Hotel, who will avail himself of the first vacant apartment in the Diadem to move thither, for the pleasure of his friend's society, and —— What? He looks at me, and smiles. What can this mean?

*Tuesday.*—In the height of our felicity, we forgot that to-day my Lydia will be torn from my arms by a relentless guardian. They are to return home.

*One o'clock.*—That dear little woman, Mrs. Tuffnell, has suggested a plan. If my father would consent to take charge of Lydia, and Bessie were contented, perhaps Mr. Grantham could be induced to leave Lydia with us during our stay. Happy thought! we may still be together for a little longer. Lydia will throw herself at her guardian's feet, and I at papa's. We will entreat for a respite.

*Two o'clock.*—Papa was in the best of humors, smoking a cigar, (a good sign,) and agreed at once, without the least trouble. Lydia tells me she went through a most harrowing scene; but she did not seem more than two minutes in her uncle's room. I then went to Bessie, and told her. She was much annoyed; said she did not like Lydia, and I should have consulted her before I settled it. Such nonsense! She thinks she has the charge of me; but she is mistaken there. A girl of three-and-twenty, with a common-place mind, shall never rule me. Thank goodness! there is one comfort in papa: the more you oppose him, the more obstinate he becomes. Bess has been with him, and talked herself tired; but in vain: papa is firm. We then went to unpack Lydia's trunks, and prepare our dresses for the ball to-night. To-morrow I shall give an account of the ball; to-night I will be too tired.

*Tuesday.*—What a delightful thing a ball is! I must begin regularly. Mrs. Tuffnell matronized us; two of her sisters went with us. One is a gay young widow, who dresses in very becoming grays and lavenders, with that delicious adèle color under her bonnets, which would make any face in the world look well. Of course, she did not wear all these shades of what Cousin Joseph calls "mitigated woe" at the ball; but that is her usual style of



dress. Mrs. Tuffnell's other sister is very young, looks younger than I, but seems bent on getting a husband. We were scarcely into the room, when the count, released from the presence of Mr. Grantham, crossed to Lydia, and engaged her for the next dance; so I was left sitting by Mrs. Tuffnell. Suddenly, I perceived a tall, mysterious-looking stranger leaning against the wall near the door. His expressive countenance was shaded with melancholy. I felt that some secret sorrow corroded his breast; that the star of hope had perhaps declined within him; that his keeping thus alone in a crowd betokened the sun of a joyful existence had set for him for ever. At the thought of such misery, my breast heaved, and, with a deep sigh, I clasped my hands, and almost sobbed aloud. At this moment, Mrs. Tuffnell called off my attention to look at the handsome officer her sister, Mrs. Bridges, was waltzing with, and when I next looked round, the melancholy stranger had disappeared. Where could he be gone? Perchance the dark waters of some secluded pond or river had already closed over that manly form for ever. Pensive thought! even now might the nightingale be singing his knell. I had much ado to refrain from weeping when these thoughts presented themselves; but the fear of making my eyes red, and knowing that my pocket-handkerchief had not more than two square inches in the center of cambric, the rest being lace, and consequently quite unfit to hold tears, came to my relief in time to save me from thus giving expression to my feelings. The next moment, Lydia stood beside me, leaning on the count's arm: "Dearest Caroline, Count Ernski wishes to introduce his friend to you;" and, on looking round, who should I see but the fascinating, melancholy-looking stranger waiting for his introduction. I thought I should have sunk on the floor; but seeing Mrs. Bridges watching us very keenly, I did not wish her to think I was such a baby as not to know how to behave under extraordinary circumstances; so I sat still, and heard "Baron von der Schweip, Miss Ross," without moving a muscle of my face. A quadrille was just forming; so we took our places, with Lydia and the count for our *vis-à-vis*. The baron spoke very little; indeed, he seemed to know the English language but imperfectly. He merely said, now and then, such sen-

tences as, "Ma-de-moi-selle, dat ist, Fraulein Ross, dance shuperb, elle est all angle." The poor man, I suppose, mistook "angle" for "angel;" but I was quite satisfied, and could make allowances. When speaking, he always put his hand on his heart, which made his remarks very expressive. Bessie made such a fuss about my dancing with him, or even with the count, that I had to refuse them both several times. This was very vexatious; but I was consoled by the prospect of a day of great pleasure on the morrow, planned and settled by the count and Mrs. Bridges. We had some difficulty in getting Mrs. Tuffnell to chaperon us; but we all set about her, and she at last gave in. We were to go to Knaresborough, a nice select little party: Mrs. Tuffnell, Mrs. Bridges, Miss Hope, Lydia, and myself, of ladies; and the count, the baron, Mr. Tuffnell, and two officers, of gentleman; and we agreed that, no matter how any one else should beg and pray to be taken, not another member should be admitted. So we all parted at night, looking forward with delightful anticipation to the morrow.

*Wednesday.*—Rose early, in order to get papa's consent before Bessie would see him; and got it without difficulty, when he heard Mr. and Mrs. Tuffnell were to be of the party. Came suddenly on papa and Bessie after breakfast, in one of the drawing-room windows, talking, and found it was of me; stepped up, thinking it my duty to be present, whatever Bessie might say. She was talking very rapidly and energetically of Lydia, saying she thought her very artful, and no companion for me; and concluded by saying she rarely saw me, or knew what I was about, as I had moved into Miss Grantham's room, instead of sharing hers, as I had at first done. Upon this I got very angry, and asked them if they thought the girl I slept two years and a half with at Miss Denman's was an unfit companion for me for a week here. But the discussion was cut short by papa, who thought his judgment impugned by Bessie's remonstrance, and declared I must go if I chose it; and, as I said before, the more papa is opposed, the more obstinate he becomes, so the more Bessie talked, the less he listened, and finally left the room. Bessie then turned to me; but I followed papa's example, and escaped to my room, where I have filled my leisure by writing this

down. Lydia just come up to prepare for our drive. How fleeting a thing is beauty! my blue bonnet that I wore at Studley is faded nearly white. How unfortunate! for I am of opinion it is the duty of every woman to make herself look as handsome as possible; and on that principle I meant to have worn the blue bonnet; but white, at least, will not fade—so white it must be.

We drove from the door in two carriages, every one in the height of good spirits, and, not to flatter, many in their very best looks, too. All along the road we discussed "Eugene Aram," and pitied poor Madeline. When we reached the village, of course we had to go and see the dropping well, which is just as great a humbug as any one would wish to see—a paltry little place, not worth walking even from the carriages to see. We then agreed to go and look for Eugene Aram's house, which the count declared was all in perfect preservation, just as he had left it. To this Mr. Tuffnell cried, "Fudge!" and the gentlemen had some high words about it, whereupon the count offered to guide Lydia and me to it by a way he knew; and very willing was Lydia to go, only I was afraid of offending Mr. Tuffnell, who was rather inclined to be testy; but the whole scene was ended by the old gentleman drawing off his party, saying: "Very well, go any way you choose, and when we meet, we shall see who has seen most of the beauties of Knaresborough." The count seemed satisfied, as did Lydia, so there was nothing for me but to follow them, attended by the ever-constant baron. The gentlemen talked so much, and we all walked so fast, that I observed nothing until I found myself in front of the railway terminus, and my companions entering the door. "Lydia!" I called, "what is this? where are you going?" "My dearest Caroline," she answered, "I am now about to test your affection for me. In this matter I feel assured of your support. We are going to Scotland."

"Who is we?" I interrupted. "Alphonse and I," she exclaimed; "away from cruel, mercenary guardians. The baron accompanies us: so will you." "So I will not," I said, roused into anger by such a proceeding, thus arranging my movements without either my knowledge or consent. "O Caroline! you will not desert me in this crisis; you will come and be my bridesmaid; how could I go to

the altar without the friend of my youth?" "You may go or not, as you choose," I said; "but when you laid your plans thus without consulting the friend of your youth, doubtless you are competent to carry them out also." "Think," Lydia whispered, "you will have the baron's society all the way; we will be so taken up with each other, you may be able to arrange every thing on your account; I know he is devoted to you, and I will beg the count to give you away." The audacity of the scheme petrified me, and I saw myself so completely in their power. Here the count turned round, and said in a low voice, from between his teeth, to the baron, "She shall go;" and then turning to me, said, in the most unmistakably unbroken English I ever heard: "Miss Ross, you *must* go with us; you may as well consent with a good grace as a bad one, for I will make you go." I glanced round in the hope of seeing some one to whom I could appeal; at this both gentlemen laughed, and said the officials were all prepared for any extravagance I might commit. I would not shed a tear, or show any signs of fear; but I had still hope, for I heard one say to another, there would be time enough to bring me round before the train came up, and I had still hopes of succor from some unexpected quarter. This came before long, in a shape as unlooked-for as could well be imagined. Suddenly, as we stood, a train came up and stopped, and the first person I saw get out was—Mr. Lindsay, and then Bessie. With what joy I flew toward them, but quite unable to speak, or to give the slightest explanation. Bessie comprehended it at a glance. "Miss Grantham, where are the others of your party?" A scornful toss of Lydia's head was her reply. "Caroline, why are you here without Mrs. Tuffnell?" "If you please," said the count, smiling graciously, and stepping forward, "the young lady came here of her own accord, very willingly; she is going to join us upon our wedding trip." I tried to speak, but not a word would come. "Yes, yes," said Lydia; "Carry goes with us to Scotland." Mr. Lindsay looked hard at me. "No, no," I gasped out. "I think not," he said, quietly. "Miss Grantham, you are ready to return with me to Harrowgate." "I am no such thing," she answered, briskly. "You have no authority over me; I know nothing about you, so I ac-

knowledge not your authority. I have made my choice;" and she waved her hand theatrically toward the count. "My authority," he spoke in a calm tone. "is that of Mr. Ross, delegated to me. The same power he gives me over his own daughter, I have over you, as left in his charge by your uncle. When you are again under your guardian's roof, this gentleman can put forward his wishes. In the mean time, you come with me." "Thank you for nothing," Lydia said, pertly, and turned round for assistance from the count; but that gentleman, seeing the enemy in possession of the field, had turned his back, and with his friend vanished in the crowd. On seeing this, Lydia's temper gave way, and she set no bounds to the expression of her indignation. "It is you," she said, turning to Bessie, "I have to thank for this. You never liked me, and I hate you. You did every thing in your power to sunder me and your sister, and you tried to poison your pompous old father against me. I heard you apply the term 'artful' to me this morning, and I am glad to see you understand the word in its fullest sense, and can act up to it. I hate you, but I like your sister. She is silly, it is true, but she is good-natured; you are the one, without being the other." Here Mr. Lindsay interposed, and went to hand her into the carriage, but she refused his proffered aid, and flung herself into one corner. "And now, Miss Grantham," said Mr. Lindsay, "as we are off the platform, I must tell you I fear you have been deceived as to those two gentlemen with whom I saw you in company just now; do you know who they are?" "Exiled foreign noblemen," Lydia said, in a triumphant tone. "They have deceived you, then: they are ticket-of-leave men." Lydia tried to protest, and to defend them, but I saw it was with an effort; and she then relapsed into a sulky silence for the remainder of our time in the train. Mr. Lindsay, however, told her, that some days before they had robbed a gentleman at Leeds of his portmanteau, and that the officers were in pursuit of them; that they had come down in the train with Bessie and him, but he was thankful that for this time the delinquents had made their escape, lest our names should be mixed up with the story of their arrest.

When we arrived at Harrowgate, Mr. Lindsay got a fly, put us inside, and got

up outside himself. When he handed us out at the door of the Diadem, Lydia turned to him, and said, in the very loftiest tone she could assume, "Mr. Lindsay, I have one antipathy, which I believe Dr. Johnson had also: I hate and detest Scotch people; and of all I ever met, I think you have managed to bring my antipathy to the greatest height. I wish you a very good-morning." So with a sweeping courtesy to us all, she glided into the hall, and up stairs to her own room.

I could have cried with vexation. I was so ashamed of Lydia, of my own obstinacy in choosing her for an associate, in spite of Bessie's sage warnings; and above all, I was annoyed that the only scrape I had got into since I came to Harrowgate, I had been rescued from by Mr. Lindsay, who had so confidently predicted the evil likely to arise from my visit. I learned afterward from Bessie, that we had not long left the hotel when he arrived, and to him Bessie had only to hint at the fears she had so broadly stated to papa in vain. In a moment, though before so tired with his journey, he was quite alert, saying, "Come, then; suppose you and I go and see Knaresborough too;" and what happened after that I have related. We three held a consultation how papa was to be told. Mr. Lindsay offered to do it, advising us to keep out of papa's way for a few hours, until the first ebullitions of wrath were abated; but I would not allow this, but took the informant's part upon myself; and the moment papa came in, I went and told him all, from the first day to the present. I have often seen papa angry, but I never saw him in any thing like the passion he was in—at Lydia, her beloved, at me, at Bessie, at every one; and though the dinner-bell was ringing, he could not get one boot on, so angry and impatient was he even at the poor unoffending boot. We had agreed that it might strike the Tuffnells as odd if we did not go to dinner, so we went; and to my surprise, when I went in, I saw Lydia seated at the table, flirting and laughing with young Battersby, as if she had not had, two hours before, what she called "an eternal parting from her betrothed." Mrs Tuffnell attacked us at once about the sudden flight we had taken from under her wing; but Mr. Lindsay took up our apology very gracefully—a rather confusing speech,

to be sure, especially across a dinner-table, amid the usual Babel of tongues—"His unexpected arrival—following with Miss Ross—foreign gentlemen obliged to take a hasty journey—brought the ladies home—sent her a message—Mr. Ross his best friend—children like his own to him"—etc. etc.; to all of which Mrs. Tuffnell tried to listen, but only caught about the half of what was meant—quite enough for a woman of such a limited understanding. Lydia heard all distinctly. Once she colored a little, but it was momentary. She went on deluging the young captain, *alias* lieutenant of militia, with conversation, causing Mr. Lindsay to turn round and ask Bessie, "if she knew of any other resemblance Miss Grantham bore to Dr. Johnson." And Bessie replied, "Yes;" and the young officer seemed to fall in with her views exactly, as from the commencement of dinner Mr. Battersby had listened with scarcely more than a monosyllable now and then in reply; from

which she was sure Mr. Battersby must be the very perfection of a companion.

*Friday.*—To-day Mr. Grantham came, summoned by my father, to take Lydia into his own care. Mr. Lindsay only waited to explain his part in the transaction, and lay before Lydia's guardian proofs of his assertions respecting the count, and then started for home. We follow him to-morrow.

*Saturday.*—At home again. With what dread I came! Though papa's anger was over, I had a nervous fear of what mamma's would be at my folly. I longed to shut my eyes for a week, and be insensible to words or deeds around me: not very possible, certainly. Found mamma, contrary to all my fears, quite gentle and affectionate, and very glad to see us all home again. She said very little to me, owing, I believe, to Mr. Lindsay, who had told the story, freeing me from far more blame than I deserved. I thank him truly in my heart.

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From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

## THE SPIRIT AND THE SUNBEAM.

### FRAGMENT.

It was a festal day in heaven; for summer had begun, and the monarch of the sky rose with increased splendor, to celebrate this his season of beauty and luxuriance.

Aurora, to whom the ceremony of his rising was intrusted, exhausted all her resources to do honor to the occasion. She decked her handmaidens, the clouds, in their brightest attire, bordering their fleecy garments of the purest white with a golden rim, and casting a roseate veil over all. Then she paved their aerial path with orange, graduated to the palest primrose, and studded this, also, with golden spangles, which shone resplendent on the deep-blue vault of Heaven.

The potent monarch of the sky was well pleased with these arrangements, and he consequently rose in the very best of tempers, and shone benignantly on the children of Earth.

First the great towering mountains received his smile—and a glow of ruddy pleasure lit up their snowy heads, creeping from them gradually down, until it reached their base, where sat a crowd of noxious, malicious vapors, enemies of man, artificers of diseases to him in the shape of rheumatisms, consumptions, and many other ills.

The smile of the great heavenly potentate just touched them, and it acted like a charm; for off they all flew in dudgeon,



crowding together in a dark and sullen mass, sitting half way up the mountain, sulking and lowering, and threatening to come down again as soon as ever King Sol (for so this great monarch was named) had gone away again.

How glorious all nature looked! Millions of spirits, unseen to mortal eyes, danced jocundly in the pure morning air, chanting their heaven-born songs of praise and joy. All nature was happy—all, save one etherial being, who, with drooping wings and broken harp, stood in the pathway of the monarch of the sky.

"Iris, mine own loved messenger, wherefore so sad?"

But the wings drooped still, and the harp fell lower in her hands.

Then there arose a chorus of heavenly music. 'Twas the morning hymn. Its melody stole over the sorrowing spirit, and, as it ceased, her voice was heard, like the last tone of an Eolian harp.

"I sorrow that this glory which I share, these sunbeams on which I dance, should be denied to some of those who pine in misery. I would crave a boon, great monarch"—and she knelt before him: "Grant me one warm sunbeam to carry where I will."

Then the voice of heaven's children broke forth again in a rejoicing song of grateful praise, as the spirit's request was complied with.

Now, her drooping pinions were spread in rapid flight, as, folding a sunbeam to her bosom, she took her way from heaven to earth.

On she flew—and she hugged her treasure yet more closely, for she feared it would be stolen from her. Down her colored way she sped—down, and down, and down—until she alighted on a glittering dome of gold.

It was an eastern palace, a monument of magnificence. Gems of rare value adorned its marble walls; the treasures of the earth had been ransacked to provide for its embellishment.

"Shall I leave thee here, mine own sunbeam?" asked the spirit—shall I make this thine home?" and she just peeped into her bosom at her treasure; and there it lay, so pure and bright! Then she looked at the magnificent work of man, the palace; but its glory had departed, its luster had faded before the beauty of nature's handiwork, before the brilliancy of the warm sunbeam; and Iris then

knew that this was no place for her treasured gift. So, on she flew with it for many a long and weary mile, over both sea and land. At last she came to a city—a great noisy, dirty, bustling city, with its smoke and filth of every kind.

"Here art thou wanted! here art thou wanted, my treasure!" said the gentle spirit; "but how can I leave thee in this human den with naught worthy of thee?"

"Naught worthy?" said a still, small voice. "Presumptuous spirit! fold thy wing, tarry in thy course, and see whether thou can'st not bestow thy gifts worthily here. Behold!"

The spirit closed her half spread-wings. Before her stood one with heavy eyes and famine-pinched face—a child in years, a woman in sorrow and experience. Her clothes hung in rags about her, and displayed her delicate limbs of marble whiteness. How that loving spirit longed for a mortal tongue, to whisper words of comfort to that friendless being!

A stranger passed, and gave her alms. They were seized with avidity, and the wild eyes looked an intensity of joy. How swiftly the bare feet sped on! in quest of bread, perchance? No, she entered a fruiterer's shop, and spent the whole of this, her fortune, in a few strawberries.

On again, until she had traversed the length of the dirty street, and turned into a narrow alley, swarming with riotous children.

The spirit hovered over her, and, with her zephyr wings, fanned each noisome air from the poor child's heated brows.

On again, until she reached a court leading from this alley, and looking still more wretched and uninhabitable. She entered a miserable abode, and, with a quick and happy step, ascended the stairs. With a gentle hand she unclosed a door. The room she entered contained a miserable bed, one chair, and a deal table.

A lad of about sixteen was lying on the bed. How his eyes beamed with affection as he saw the girl approach!

She placed her hand on his head; alas! there was no abatement of the fever.

She held up a strawberry to him—another, and another!

The eager eyes of the suffering boy proclaimed his delight at so unexpected a treat. The girl raised a strawberry to his lips.

"No, Ruth, not one morsel, unless you taste it first."

To please him, she consented. There they sat, those two friendless beings—he, so soon to be in a happier world, she . .

The boy's eyes suddenly rested on the window.

"Look, dear sister," he said; "look!—a gentle radiance seems to come even from those dull clouds, and a balmy fragrance spreads around, reminding me of other days, before we came to the smoky town, when we lived 'mid green fields and glorious valleys, when the lark, with her wild melody, roused us from our morning slumbers, and the nightingale's plaintive note lulled us to our evening rest! Ah! Ruth—that was a happy time!"

For some moments his mind seemed to be absorbed in the past.

"Ruth," he at length said, "what will you do when I am gone? Who will love you then, my sister? Who—who be kind to you and speak the word of sympathy to your heart?" He bent his dying eyes sadly on her. She took his wasted hands in hers, and pressed them to her lips, then in an attitude of prayer. The gesture alone was an answer; but her words also replied to his question.

"The same God," she said, "who has loved me for sixteen long years, will love me still—still show me His loving kindness. In mercy has He afflicted, to make me turn to Him; even in this poor place, amid our past and present wretchedness, He has thrown over my trembling soul the balm of His heavenly comfort. He, my brother, will be my support when you are gone—my stay, my comfort, my hope, my all!"

There was a bright glow on that bed of death; a sunbeam fell on the pallid face, as the wings of the hovering spirit lulled the dying boy to his last slumber.

Hour after hour passed—daylight faded.

"Die ye together, ye things of earth and heaven!" sighed the gentle Iris; "die, my treasured sunbeam, even as the soul of that sufferer fades from earthly woe!"

The fragile girl had laid her head beside her brother; one hand pillowed her head, the other was clasped in his. Gradually, she lost the consciousness of all external things; she slept; and then—a

murmur, like music, but still not music—only a tone, like the south wind singing its own sad requiem, stole over her senses.

She fancied she was wafted along in air, her tattered garments changed to floating vapor, her tangled locks to golden tresses. Suddenly, she seemed to stop in her ethereal flight, and a voice bade her observe what would pass.

In the distance, a small white cloud appeared. It came nearer and nearer, and then she discovered two forms of heavenly radiance. The one looked down on the dim earth beneath, and its tears fell fast on the distant land; the face of the other was raised to heaven, and there was seen joy, worship, gladness, adoration. Carried between these two, as in a couch, resting peacefully in their arms, was a form of angel brightness, bearing a semblance to humanity, but beatified—changed; the mortal, clothed with immortality—the imperfect, perfected by the reünion with its God.

Ruth's eyes were fixed on the recumbent figure; in it she recognized her brother's soul!

It was now twilight, but the spirit's wings were playing still, fanning away the soul of the lingering girl to those realms of bliss whither her brother had passed before her!

Waft! waft! as the pale cold moonlight streamed into the room, and a sigh—the last vestige of earth—sent that girl's imprisoned soul to heaven!

Earth, ye have their bodies—the poor corruptible bodies—the empty, useless casket.

Heaven!—their souls—their incorruptible, imperishable souls—are yours.

Mortal, who readest this, pause and think; thou livest for the one—dost thou live for the other also?

Does earth absorb your love, your thought, your care? Take heed, lest earth swallow up heaven in your heart!

Earth and Heaven!

Earth for all now—Heaven hereafter, for those alone who live on earth for heaven.

From Titan.

## ART AND SCIENCE ABROAD.

## SPOTS ON THE SUN.

THE attention of astronomers, amateur and professional, has for the last two months been directed to some remarkable spots on the sun's disk. The frequent occurrence of these phenomena, together with the ascertained connection between them and certain magnetic and meteorological changes, invests the subject with an unusual degree of interest. But the most important discovery in relation to these spots is that of their *periodicity*—a discovery which one man, M. Heinrich Schwabe, of Dessau, in Germany, has spent thirty years in making and confirming.

M. Schwabe commenced his observations in 1826, at a time when the periodicity of the sun's spots had scarcely been hinted at, even if it had been so much as suspected. Twelve years of patient observation were devoted to the task, before he could feel satisfied that the recurrence of these spots, and similar groups of spots, was periodical; and eighteen more were spent in further observations, for the purpose of collecting evidence that should satisfy and convince mankind. In 1851, Alexander von Humboldt announced this discovery in the third volume of his "Cosmos;" but the many wonderful things contained in that extraordinary work diverted the attention of general readers from a matter so apparently insignificant as a few cloudy spots on the sun's disk. This year, however, the Astronomical Society of London have shown their sense of the value of M. Schwabe's labors, by awarding to him their large medal; and the address delivered on that occasion by the president (to which we are indebted for some of the facts we are now recording) has brought the whole subject before the British public; to a very large portion of whom the account of the discovery will doubtless possess an air of novelty.

The spots had been observed and speculated upon by the elder Herschel; but at the time when Schwabe commenced his investigations, all that was known of them was—that many of them were perfectly black, some being surrounded by a border less dark, called the penumbra; that they were not permanent, but enlarged or contracted their forms, and sometimes suddenly disappeared altogether. What was their nature, or how they were caused, was, of course, a matter of the wildest conjecture; nor have the researches of M. Schwabe thrown much light on this department of the inquiry, although he lost no opportunity of seizing hold of any circumstance which might assist him in forming, at a future time, a consistent theory of their formation.

The exact period of the recurrence of the solar spots is not yet fully determined; but the result of the thirty years' research goes to establish, with a probability almost amounting to certainty, "that the solar spots pass through phases of maximum and minimum frequency, and *vice versa*, in a period not very different from *ten years*." The period is evidently liable to perturbation. During twenty-seven years, the appearance of similar groups at regular intervals suffered but the slightest interruption. For the last three years there has been an obvious disturbance, and the minimum, which should have occurred in 1853, did not occur till 1856.

The *penumbra* of the spots was made a subject of close investigation; and some phenomena which Schwabe observed rendered it very difficult for him to accept Sir W. Herschel's theory as a correct one. The latter imagined the sun to be a dark body, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere of considerable thickness. This luminous atmosphere he further supposed to contain several large cavities or perforations, through which the dark body of the sun was seen; and the sloping sides

of these cavities, he thought, would produce the penumbra. This theory has sufficed to explain most of the phenomena of the spots; but it fails to meet one which Schwabe has noted; for, on Herschel's theory, the penumbrae, as they passed on toward the edge of the sun's disk, would, in virtue of perspective, appear narrower in that part nearest the sun's center than in any other part, as one may convince himself experimentally by holding the concave surface of a soup-plate or flower-pot-stand straight before him, and then gradually turning it round, so that one of its edges shall recede. The sloping surface of the rim will appear narrower on the side nearest to him, and the same change would occur in the appearance of the sun's penumbrae, if caused as Herschel supposed. M. Schwabe, however, has ascertained clearly that this is not the appearance which the penumbrae present. On the other hand, there are frequently phenomena connected with the penumbrae for which he is unable, even theoretically, to account, and especially this one, that, while the border toward the sun's center is dark gray, and that most distant is light gray, there is between the latter and the dark nucleus of the spot, a string of light almost as bright as the sun's disk.

Additional evidence has also been furnished by these observations of the connection between the sun's spots and the variations in the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism.

#### MANGANESE AND METALS.

OF the forty or fifty metals known to chemists, less than one-half that number have hitherto been put to any extensive use; while the rest are scarcely known beyond the precincts of the laboratory, except in the form of salts or other compounds. During the last year, however, several of these rarer metals have been made the subject of a searching scientific investigation, and one of them, (aluminium,) as the readers of our scientific papers are well aware, has fairly passed from the hands of the chemist into those of the metallurgist and manufacturer.

Manganese—a substance known to every tyro in the form of the black oxide of manganese, and from which, perhaps, he has generally obtained his oxygen gas—has more recently been made an object

of study, and from the memoir of M. C. Brunner, inserted in the "Comptes Rendus," we give a condensed extract.

M. Brunner takes a Hessian crucible, and half fills it with alternate layers of fluoride of manganese, and of metallic sodium, cut into plates of from one to two lines in thickness, in the proportion of two parts by weight of the former to one of the latter. The whole is then gently tapped, so as to leave as few interstices as possible, and covered with a layer of anhydrous chloride of sodium, nearly half as thick as the mixture, and over this a layer of fluoride of calcium, (fluor spar,) in pieces as large as a pea. The crucible, thus charged, and covered with a lid, is placed in a forge, and heated gently for some considerable time. Before the crucible has become red, the reduction of the metal has taken place; this is indicated by a whistling noise in the interior of the mass, and a yellow flame rising above the crucible. At this point, the heat is augmented, and carried to a reddish white. The whole is kept at this heat for a quarter of an hour, and then left to cool. On breaking the crucible, the metal is found in one lump at the bottom.

Manganese thus prepared possesses properties essentially different from those commonly attributed to it. Its color is that of cast iron; it is brittle, and does not flatten out under the hammer, or other mechanical forces; it is too hard to be scratched by a file, the edges of the best tempered files being turned by it; it takes, as might be expected from this circumstance, a very fine polish. At common temperatures, it is unalterable in moist or dry air; and polished plates have been kept during two months in the atmosphere of the laboratory, charged throughout with moisture and other vapors, without the polish having suffered. Heated upon a slip of platinum, it approaches in color closely to steel, passing afterward to a brown, by covering itself with a coating of oxide. It is not attracted by the magnet, and even in a state of powder does not affect the magnetic needle. Its specific gravity is not yet accurately determined, but varies between 7.1 and 7.2.

There can not be a doubt that manganese, prepared in this manner, will find applications in manufactures. The great hardness of this metal fits it for mechanical use. Set at a sharp angle, it can be advantageously substituted for the dia-



mond in cutting glass, and in the polishing of steel and other metals. It is so susceptible of polish as to appear applicable to the construction of telescope mirrors and other optical instruments. The alloys of this metal are capable of yielding useful substances; and the attention of manufacturers is invited to the subject. It is an established fact, that all steel contains small proportions of manganese. It has also, for a long time, been considered indispensable to add substances which contain this metal to the powder used for the purposes of cementation in making steel. The valuable variety of steel, known under the name of wootz, is thought to owe its properties to the addition of manganese.

#### SOLUBLE GLASS.

THE discovery of a species of glass that would dissolve in water, was originally made by J. N. von Fuchs, about thirty years ago. The discovery was made light of at that time, but its value having since been tested, and its applicability to several technical purposes having been proved, the author of it has been encouraged to draw up a memoir, in which he has collected the results of some of his most important experiments, and pointed out the conditions which must be observed by others who wish to repeat them.

There are three kinds of soluble glass—characterized by their degrees of fusibility—namely, *soluble potash* glass, *soluble soda* glass, and *double soluble* glass. The first is made by mixing together 45 pounds of quartz sand, 30 of potash, and 3 of charcoal powder. These ingredients are well mixed and fused for five or six hours in a fire-proof glass crucible with a strong fire, until the whole has reached a uniform and quite fluid state, for which purpose no lower temperature is required than that for the fusion of ordinary glass. The fused mass is then taken out with iron ladles, and the crucible again filled with a new charge. The glass thus obtained is pulverized, and gradually put into an iron kettle containing boiling water: it is constantly stirred, and fresh hot water is frequently added, to replace that which evaporates, and the whole is kept uninterruptedly boiling, until it is dissolved, and a tough film, capable of being drawn out into threads, is formed upon the surface—usually from three to four

hours. This film indicates that the solution is approaching concentration; on reaching which it has a specific gravity of 1.24 or 1.25. At this strength it is still tolerably fluid, and capable of being employed at once for many purposes; for others it requires to be diluted. There are cases, on the other hand, in which it is necessary to continue the evaporation till the solution acquires the consistency of syrup. In this state it solidifies on cooling, and may be packed up and sent to any part of the world.

The second kind of glass differs but little from the first, beyond having soda in its composition instead of potash, and in being more easily fusible.

The third is a compound of the two former, and is still more readily fusible.

The most useful properties of this fused soluble glass, which, when pure, has the appearance of common glass, are, its solubility in boiling water, and its almost complete insolubility in cold. If a larger quantity of silica (quartz) be combined with a given weight of potash, it becomes absolutely insoluble in cold water.

Acids dissolve this glass in its solid form very rapidly, and in this respect it differs much from ordinary glass. When loose, porous substances are made to absorb a quantity of the solution, they become converted into hard, stony masses, and the glass ceases to be soluble in water. In this list are included all objects of burned clay, as bricks, tiles, pottery, &c., as well as limestones, sandstones, and wood-work. According to Buchner, if a fragment of chalk be immersed in a moderately-concentrated solution of glass, and left in it for about two days, then taken out, dried, and again laid in a more dilute solution for a time, it is completely penetrated by the glass, and, when dried, acquires a hardness throughout which approaches very nearly to that of marble: it takes a good polish, and does not soften in water. Liebig and Buchner have both convinced themselves of these properties of soluble glass combined with chalk, by their own experiments.

One of the most useful applications of soluble glass is, to painting, and to monumental painting in particular. Fresco-painting is likely to be entirely superseded by it. In Prussia, fresco-painting has already been given up to a great extent, and the wall-pictures in progress there are being executed by the *stereo-chromic* pro-

cess—the term by which the application of soluble glass to the purposes of art is designated. The method is also said to be gaining ground in England; encaustic painting, as it is called, being in no way comparable to it.

The durability which may be given to molded works in clay and plaster, by saturating them with soluble glass, and allowing them to harden, will suggest itself to every one.

#### VARIORUM—CRYSTALS—GEMS—DIAMONDS.

WE have already made our readers acquainted with some of the experiments conducted by Continental chemists, with a view to determine how far certain gems hitherto produced by the agency of natural powers may be imitated by artificial means. The crystallization of boron will be fresh in the recollection of all. The commonly-received theory, which stated that crystals were hard in proportion to the time occupied in their formation, was completely upset by this discovery: for here was a substance formed in a few days rivaling in hardness the diamond itself, while the latter was supposed to have been the result of the natural process of crystallization continued through several centuries; moreover, crystals, which in the hands of the chemist really occupied a considerable portion of time in their formation, crumbled before the *boron diamond* like unburned clay. The success which has attended these researches has induced chemists to investigate the pro-

perties of other gems, and attempt the artificial production of them. In a memoir lately read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Becquerel gave an account of some interesting experiments by M. A. Girardin, and exhibited several crystals which, in the course of those experiments, had been produced. The substance operated upon was *alumina*, the oxide of the metal aluminium, recently introduced into the arts, and somewhat copious accounts of which have been from time to time inserted in this Magazine. Alumina is the main constituent of common clay, and in pipe-clay is tolerably pure. When crystallized, (naturally,) alumina is known under the names of corundum, sapphire, and ruby: the blue and red colors of the two last being caused by the presence of metallic oxides. The aim of M. Girardin was to produce these gems in his own laboratory so as to rival the natural types in hardness, brilliancy, and color. He placed in crucible a quantity of calcined alum, mixed with an equal quantity of sulphate of potash, the whole being covered with lamp-black; on submitting the crucible thus charged to the most vigorous action of a forge fire for a quarter of an hour, the contents assumed the form of crystalline alumina mixed with other substances. By the addition of a little of the oxide of iron or chrome, the ruby or sapphire is produced. A lapidary who was employed to pierce one of these crystals assured M. Becquerel that it was considerably harder than the ordinary rubies which are employed for pivots.

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From the Westminster Review.

### THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.\*

PERHAPS no poet of the present day has a more exuberant fancy than Mr. Gerald Massey, but he rarely shows any higher power than fancy. The majority of his poems are like children's May-gar-

lands, bright with flowers which have no root, and are only artificially woven into close contact. There is one poem in the volume which we have continued to read with increasing admiration. It is one of a series entitled "The Mother's Idol Broken," a series which interests more than any other division of the volume, because

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\* "Craigcrook Castle." By Gerald Massey. London: Bogue. 1856.

it is founded on personal, deep-lying experience. Most of the other poems in this division, however, fail to affect us deeply, because feeling is thrust aside by fancy, producing the same sort of effect as the substitution of lace, feathers, and satin for the simple outline and divine expression of the human form and face. But the following passages are, we think, exquisite; and they are so, because of their truth and simplicity :

"O ye who say, 'We have a child in heaven ;'  
Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp  
Defined in Death's own face ; who have stood  
beside  
The Silent River, and stretched out pleading  
hands  
For some sweet babe upon the other bank,  
That went forth where no human hand might  
lead,  
And left the shut house with no light, no  
sound,  
No answer, when the mourners wail without !  
What we have known, ye know, and only  
know.

"We saw, but feared to speak of her strange  
beauty,  
As some hushed bird that dares not sing i'  
the night,  
Lest lurking foe should find its secret place,  
And sieze it through the dark. With twin-  
love's strength,  
All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,  
We fenced her round—exchanging silent  
looks  
*We went about the house with listening hearts,*

*And eyes that watched for Danger's coming  
steps.  
Our spirits felt the shadow ere it fell.*

"We stood at midnight in the Presence dread.  
At midnight, when men die, we strove with  
Death,  
To wrench our jewel from his grasping hand.  
Ere the soul loosed from its last ledge of life,  
Her little face peered round with anxious eyes,  
Then, seeing all the old faces, dropped con-  
tent.

"And there our darling lay in coffined calm ;  
Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow,  
And o'er her flowed the white, eternal peace ;  
The breathing miracle into silence passed :  
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile  
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers ;  
Never to wake us crying in the night :  
*Our little hindering thing forever gone,  
In tearful quiet now we might toil on."*

Here Mr. Massey is his best self. But, alas ! he gives us very little from this deeper fount ; he is soon amongst his starry smiles, starry eyes, "starrily-walk-ing" ladies, dew, roses, and fragrance—fragrance, roses, and dew. His best descriptions of Nature are in the introductory division — called, specifically, "Craigcrook Castle ;" his best lyric, one introduced in "The Bridegroom of Beau-ty ;" and we would gladly have quoted these if we could, as favorable specimens of the writer in his habitual fantastic mood.

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From the London Times.

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—RISKS AND DOUBTS.

ALL the details connected with the manufacture and stowage of the cable are now completed, and the conclusion of the arduous labor was celebrated yesterday with high festivity and rejoicing. All the artisans who have been engaged on the great work, with their wives and families, a large party of the officers, with the sailors, from the *Agamemnon*, and a number of distinguished scientific visitors, were entertained upon this occasion at a kind of *fête champêtre* at Belvidere House, the seat of Sir Culling Eardley, near Erith.

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The grounds round Belvidere House are unusually rich and picturesque, and, as the day was magnificent, the scene was one of peculiar gayety and animation. An immense *marquée* was pitched on the lawn in front of the house, under which a sumptuous cold collation was provided for the 850 visitors of all ranks who were invited to share in the rejoicings of the day.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the usual loyal toasts and speeches expressive of the amity and cordial feeling which

exists between this country and America followed, and were most enthusiastically received. Mr. Cyrus Field, one of the principal promoters of the great plan, in returning thanks, read a letter which he had received from the President of the United States, in which Mr. Buchanan warmly expressed his sense of the honor which it would be to him to receive the first message on the completion of the undertaking; and this, Mr. Field said, it had been arranged should be sent from this side of the Atlantic by no less a personage than Her Most Gracious Majesty. Mr. Glasse, the maker of the Greenwich half of the cable, in a few brief and well chosen remarks, adverted to the manufacturing difficulties which had to be overcome in the completion of such a gigantic work within so brief a period, the contract having only been made last January, and 2,600 miles in all being now finished, shipped, and ready for the fulfillment of their great international duties.

The *Agamemnon* is still moored off the wharf at Glasse & Elliot's yard, though this afternoon, with the ebb of the spring tide, she commences her voyage to Sheerness. There her compasses will be adjusted, as she is too deep in the water to be swung at Greenhithe. The wire, as we have already explained in previous notices, has been wound over the floating stages from the wharf into the hold of the vessel.

The machine by which this was done registered each fathom, furlong, and mile as it passed, while the usual apparatus was employed to test the integrity of the conducting wire. This test, however, would only show when the conductor was severed, and not until the time for its committal to the deep arrives will it be seen whether it has been so attenuated in certain portions as to part during the process of paying out. From the small machine on deck it was wound at once to the hold, where it now lies in one stupendous solid coil, 45 feet in diameter, and nearly 14 feet high. It is beautifully arranged here, laid coil over coil with the most perfect accuracy, and every precaution taken to guard against a "kink" or fault occurring in the paying out. Its being ranged in one mass will much facilitate the operation of submerging. On board the *Niagara*, we believe, it is stowed away in three coils, a decidedly objectionable arrangement, but one which it was impos-

sible to avoid. While looking at the ponderous mass on board the *Agamemnon*, one can not fail to be struck by the heat of the place in which it is stowed away, a heat which might excite well-founded fears as to its influence on the gutta serena. If we are not misinformed, the heat of the sun destroyed many miles of the wire by melting out the gutta serena while the cable was lying in Glasse & Elliot's yard. Proper precautions should be taken to avert risk from this point. We have already explained to our readers how the cable is coated with closely woven spiral wires, to prevent damage to the core in paying out; but, in consequence of the two halves being made at different places—one at Birkenhead, by Messrs. Newall, and the other at Greenwich, by Glasse & Elliot, a most egregious blunder has been committed. It will scarcely be credited, but it is nevertheless true, that the twist of the spiral wires of the Birkenhead half is in exactly the opposite direction to the twist of the wires in the half made at Greenwich. Thus, when joined in the center of the Atlantic they will form a right-hand and a left-hand screw, and the tendency of each will be to assist the other to untwist, and expose the core. By attaching a solid weight to the center joining it is hoped difficulty and danger may be overcome, but none attempt to conceal that the mistake is much to be regretted. We are informed that Messrs. Glasse & Elliot had nearly 100 miles of their portion of the cable completed before Messrs. Newall commenced theirs, and that therefore the fault rests with the firm which began last.\*

The apparatus to be used in paying out the cable is also looked upon by engineers as very ill adapted to its purpose. With a cable of such extreme lightness and no great strength, and attached to a vessel like the *Agamemnon*, the slightest possible check or hitch occurring would part it like a thread. The friction-drums should therefore have been of the slightest kind consistent with preventing a "rush," and in fact only sufficient to ease it over gently. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the machinery to be used is the very reverse of all this, and its massive aspect strikes dismay into every well-wisher to

\* This singular blunder was editorially mentioned in the *Albion* of the 11th ult.



the scheme. Some of the first engineers of the day consider it too heavy, and have expressed most unfavorable opinions concerning it and its probable effects upon the cable; and even those intimately connected with the plan and its details do not disguise their regret that such a machinery should be resorted to. It consists of four pulleys or iron wheels, about six feet diameter, with very deep flanges or V grooves, in which the cable will rest. Round two wheels the cable will be wound twice, and round two wheels once, so as to form two figures of 8. As if the friction of this were not enough, each wheel is connected with massive toothed wheels, and the motion of all made equal at the expense of a proportionate strain on the cable. In case of a fault or kink going overboard, there is an auxiliary apparatus, consisting of two wheels, round each of which the cable will be wound five times. These will be worked by a small engine placed immediately beneath, so that, if necessary, a portion of the cable can be hauled in again and the kink or fault remedied. The machine which works this can also be made to turn the wheels over which the cable passes, if their friction should be thought too much for its strength; but, though this will lessen the strain in paying out, it increases the risk from a sudden lurch of the vessel, when the cable must either run rapidly or part altogether. Strong brakes are attached to the wheels of the paying-out machinery, which act powerfully, though very slowly. But, with the friction we have mentioned on the wheels themselves, the brakes are never likely to be resorted to. Of the auxiliary engine for hauling in we need say nothing, except that we sincerely hope its services may never be required.

After passing off the wheels, the cable runs in a protected groove along the quarterdeck over a large wheel at the stern of the vessel. This wheel has a very deep trumpet-shaped groove, and all around it is carefully finished off, and wood-work placed so that not an angle is in the way. The screw of the *Agamemnon* is also caged in to prevent any chance of the wire fouling it. In case of a strong stern-wind before which the vessel would pitch too heavily, or a gale blowing, a simple but very ingenious apparatus is provided to suspend the process of submerging till more favorable opportunities occur. Two wheels, similar to that at

the stern, are fixed one on each side of the bows of the vessel. In case of a strong wind, only a powerful wire rope of great length, and capable of bearing a strain of 10 tons, will be fastened to the coil, which can be severed and allowed to sink as near the bottom of the ocean as the length of the wire mooring-rope will permit. The *Agamemnon* will then turn head to wind, and, steaming against it, take off any undue strain upon the electric cable itself, and so remain until moderate weather allows the operation to be continued. The wire rope, with the cable attached, can then be hauled in, the cable carefully rejoined, and the submerging gone on with as before. Should the squadron meet with very severe weather, and it not be considered prudent to retain the cable end on board at all, the wire rope will be attached as before, and the end of that secured again to an immense buoy. The whole can then be let adrift, to bob about as the winds and waves may choose, the vessel remaining as near to the buoy as possible. In order to assist them in finding it again immediately, the uppermost end of the buoy will be fitted with four powerful reflectors placed under a flag, so as to be plainly visible amid the dark expanse of waters, even at a considerable distance. The buoy once picked up, the wire rope can be wound in, and with it the electric cable at its end. The buoys are capable of supporting a weight of seven tons—of course much greater than they will ever be required to bear, and so placed at the sides of the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* as to be launched clear of the ship in an instant.

As we have said, the *Agamemnon* leaves Greenwich to-day, and after the adjustment of her compass proceeds at once to Queenstown, where the other vessels composing the squadron—the *Niagara*, *Susquehanna*, and *Leopard*, will also rendezvous. During the trip from Sheerness to Queenstown, experiments will be made by laying down about 20 miles of cable, in order to ascertain that every thing is in good working condition. By this means the stiffness of the paying-out gear, of which considerable distrust is entertained, will be accurately tested, and the amount of risk known which the scheme will have to encounter in mid-ocean. These trials, however, are to be strictly private, and none but those actually connected with the operations about to be

undertaken will be allowed on board. After taking in coals at Queenstown, the four vessels will start together for Valentia Bay. It has been thought advisable to alter the arrangement by which the cable was to have been joined in mid-sea, and the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* then make the best of their way to shore—the former to America and the latter to Ireland. Now the plan is, to submerge the whole cable in a continuous line from Valentia Bay to Newfoundland. The *Niagara* will lay the first half from Ireland to the middle of the Atlantic; the end will then be joined to the other half on board the *Agamemnon* which takes it on to the coast of Newfoundland. During the whole process, the four vessels will remain together, and give whatever assist-

ance is required. While it is being laid down, messages will be sent back to the coast of Ireland reporting each day's progress, and, if necessary, of course, each hour's. Scientific men look forward to the result of the undertaking with deepest interest, as some wonderful electrical phenomena are certain to be observed during the process of submerging. Those most nearly interested in the plan are sanguine as to all being successfully completed within a month, and the state of the markets at New-York known every morning throughout England. Most earnestly do we hope that their fullest expectations may be realized, though it is useless attempting to conceal that the risks of failure to the present plan are many and most serious.

WINDING-UP.—What a pace we are going at!

I'm not thinking of the literal gallop though, often as it quickens my fancies; but of this whirling world of ours, and its events, matters and things in general. What a pace it is! What a hard run to the death-cry of Time.

Folks differ strangely about this mighty question. One man will discern human progress barely emancipate, just developing in the incipience of a comparative freedom, and hopeful to run a more and more glorious course of myriads of future years. Another will judge that every thing about us appears to be nearing its great wind-up, approaching the uttermost *ne plus ultra*, and leaving next to nothing now for men to do or to discover, but simply to wait awhile and see the end of all things.

Where is the spot of earth untrodden, of sea unchartered, of literature unhackneyed, of science uncultivated, of reality unknown, of romance unimagined?

From the North-West Passage to Central Africa, from Formosa to Enderby's Land, from Hammerfest to Patagonia, all's known, and done, and used up; nothing remains for enterprise to accomplish or adventure to find out. Every shelf of every book-case is full, and not one topic left unindexed; and with far more intens-

ity than the wise king of old, we may in truth murmur about there being nothing new under the sun.

Is not the top-stone set to every old beginning; and all the raveled skeins of Nature and Providence being gathered up neatly, as with house-wife's care?

Ay; we live in a time that looks very like the consummation of times; though very possibly every Christian age in its hope or its ignorance has thought the very same thought about itself; there is a complacent self-importance in the fancy.

Of dates, signs, and seasons none dare speak confidently, forasmuch as prophets' years are of an uncertain length, and there may be many typical fore-shadows of the one final consummation. But the world's harvest does seem to be ripening speedily; chronology tells us that we are in the Saturday evening of our poor old mother Earth's six working-days of her misery, each such day being a thousand years, before the one grand forthcoming Sabbath of millennial rest.

And faster is the pace we rush at, even while we talk of it. Some short twenty years ago, the world's wheels drove heavily in comparison of their rapid rushing now. The trains of circumstance are going at express speed, and Time's quickest gallop seems likely to be his last.

FOR THE ECLECTIC.

## T H E A Q U A R I U M .

LONDON, June 8, 1857.

A "NEW delight" is in store for the American public. Nature has made another revelation. The telescope and the microscope have often opened up to us rich stores of bounteous and beautiful nature but the end is not yet. Art often affords us pleasure, the inventions of man frequently impart sensations of delight, but great and glorious Nature ever surpasses all else. The flower-garden has no limit to its beauty—its charms are ever new and everlasting. What shall we say to the "Ocean garden," and the river conservatory of living, moving flowers! The "Aquarium" or "Vivarium," the modern wonder which is at present delighting all England, is indeed a new delight. It opens to us the wonders of the deep, and makes us acquainted with its delightfully curious and strange perfections. It has, of course, long been known that fishes can not live for any considerable period, in a confined body of water, because they breathe the air which is dissolved in water, and thus deprive it of its oxygen, the place of which is supplied with carbonic acid. Thence the water must be frequently renewed, or the death of the fish ensues. A few years since, a scientific gentleman in London discovered that aquatic plants, placed in the same vessel with fish, would decompose this acid, absorb the carbon, and restore the oxygen. Acting upon this hint, he succeeded, after numerous and patient trials, in planting a marine grass in the same jars with living fish, which grass evolved a sufficient quantity of oxygen gas to purify the water, and thus preserve the fish in vigorous health, *without requiring any change of water!* Here was, indeed, a very great discovery of another of Nature's hitherto hidden and beautiful laws. But, like all experiments, he soon found unforeseen impediments to contend with. After a short period, some of the leaves of the grass began to decay, and the clear water contained in the crystal globes became turbid. The surface and sides of his glass receiver began to

collect a green slimy mucus, and the vitality of the fish was seriously jeopardized. Weeks and months were devoted to the discovery of some agent which should remove this mucus and restore the purity of the water. The grand desideratum was at length attained. He succeeded in discovering a kind of water-snail whose ordinary sustenance is the very mucus and decay of vegetable matter which threatened to render his former experiments futile. This "useful little scavenger" effectually and beautifully completed the sequence, so that all could live in perfect harmony together, preserving the water pure and clear, *without the necessity of changing it for years!* This beautiful discovery is now carried out on a large scale. The managers of the London Zoological Gardens have established a "Grand Aquarium," consisting of a score of fresh and salt water crystal ponds, varying in capacity from twenty to one hundred gallons. These ponds, inclosed in plate-glass, measure in the aggregate some ninety feet in length. They are perfectly translucent, and being artificially furnished with rocks, sand, etc., with varieties of seaweed growing in it, afford a vivid representation of the bottom of the sea; and here we have, in their natural element and conditions, every variety of living marine and fresh-water fish, molluscs, zoophytes, and plants. The scene is at once wonderful and intensely beautiful. Hours of delight may be spent in watching the habits of the lobster, oyster, and muscle, and in examining the singular mechanism with which the shrimp, the star-fish, the sea-spider, the trout, pike, sea-anemones, and nudibranchs, seize and devour their prey, and disport themselves as freely as if they were still enjoying their "full latitude" in the ocean or rivers where they first saw life. No pen can describe the beauty of the brilliant zoophytes, which embody nearly every color and shade known to us. Many of these sea animals have every appearance of belonging to the vegetable kingdom; and we are thrilled with an in-

describable sensation as we behold these apparent plants and flowers extend their stems or leaves, and seize such prey as comes within their grasp. I shall not trespass upon your space by a more elaborate description of this new delight. Suffice it to say, books and engravings, almost without number, are being published upon the subject of Aquariums, and thousands of families in Great Britain have their beautiful parlor Aquaria, placed at the side of their bird-cages, and their garden and hot-house plants and flowers. Indeed, the mania for the Aquarium has become so general that *Punch* recently let off the following rhymes upon the subject:

"INVITATION TO THE AQUARIUM.

"Oh! come with me, and you shall see  
My beautiful Aquarium;  
Or, if that word you call absurd—  
Well, say instead, Vivarium.

"'Tis a glass case, in fluid space,  
Where over pebbles weedy  
Small fishes play. Now, do not say,  
You think they must be seedy.

"My minnows thrive, they're all alive;  
My gudgeons also flourish;  
Trout, perch, and jack, and stickleback,\*  
Within that glass I nourish.

"Then there's the roach, and there's the loach,  
And there's the crawfish crawling,  
And efts, and newts—don't call them brutes—  
O'er one another sprawling.

"Oh! pretty sight, how I delight  
Of nature in the study!  
The water here is, oh! so clear!  
It would not do if muddy.

"My Dicky sings, and claps his wings.  
I know that what he wishes  
Is, to escape his cage, and scrape  
Acquaintance with the fishes.

"Now tell me, do, suppose that you  
Your mode of life could vary,  
Which would you like to be?  
My pike, or to be my canary?"

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\* The "Stickleback" is a small fish which builds a nest, not unlike a bird's nest, in which the spawn and young fish are protected by the male parent. A beautiful illustration of this fish and its nest is given in Noel Humphrey's "Ocean and River Gardens;" published by Sampson, Low & Son, London; and sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co., New-York.

THE RUINS OF THE TOWER OF BABEL. —The *Journal de Constantinople* publishes a letter relative to archæological discoveries made in Western Asia, by M. Place, French consul at Mosul. The passages which refer to the ruins of the Tower of Babel are interesting. These ruins are still most imposing, and can be discovered at a distance of twenty leagues. Six of the eight stories of the tower have crumbled away. Its base forms a square of 194 meters. The bricks of which it is formed are of the purest clay, and almost white. Before being baked, they were covered with inscriptions, written in a clear and regular hand. Some persons in modern days have inquired where all the bitumen came from which was employed in the construction of the tower, as recorded in the 11th chapter of Genesis. It happens that a stream of bitumen still exists in the neighborhood of the tower, and

flows in such abundance as at times to form a *bonâ fide* river. The inhabitants then set fire to it, and calmly wait until the flames die away from want of fuel. Several interesting photographic views have been taken by M. Place of the ruins, as well as of various parts of Nineveh. Amongst these ruins, he discovered a quantity of small jewels, engraved stones, and a profusion of coins. Some of the engraved stones are remarkable; one is of a cylindrical shape, and pierced in the direction of its axis, in order to be suspended round the neck, if necessary. On this piece of transparent quartz the sculptor has engraved a figure with fine curling hair, dressed in a long, narrow tunic, bordered with fringe. It is upright, and extends one hand toward an altar. Amongst other discoveries are inscriptions on bands of gold, silver, and copper, and a species of unknown substance, similar to ivory.



## M I S S J U L I A P A R D O E .

THE portrait of Miss Pardoe is placed in the present number for the gratification of the many new subscribers to THE ECLECTIC whose names have been added since its insertion, a number of years since. We add a brief biographical notice of this excellent and talented lady.

Miss Julia Pardoe has traveled much, and written many books. Her works have all been reprinted in the United States. The British reviews commend her talents highly. Miss Pardoe is the second daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, an able and meritorious officer, who, after having partaken of the hardships, and shared the glories of the Peninsular campaigns, concluded a brilliant military career on the field of Waterloo, and has not since been in active service.

Miss Pardoe gave promise, at a very early age, of those talents which have since so greatly distinguished her. Her first work, a poetical production, was dedicated to her uncle, Captain William Pardoe, of the Royal Navy; but it is not much known, and though exhibiting considerable merit, will hardly bear comparison with her more mature and finished productions. The earliest of her publications which attained much notice was her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," a book which was extensively read and admired. Written in early youth, and amid all the brilliant scenes which she describes, there is a freshness and charm about it which can not fail to interest and delight the reader.

The good reception which this book met with determined the fair author to court again the public favor, and she published several novels in succession—"Lord Morcar," "Hereward," "Speculations," and "Mardyns and Daventrys." In these it is easy to trace a gradual progress, both in power and style; and the last-named especially is a work worthy of a better fate than the generality of novels. But we are now approaching an era in the life of Miss Pardoe. In the year 1836, she accompanied her father to Constantinople; and, struck by the gorgeous scenery and interesting manners of the East, she em-

bodied her impressions in one of the most popular works which have for many years issued from the press. "The City of the Sultan" at once raised her to the height of popularity. The vividness of the descriptions, their evident truthfulness, the ample opportunities she enjoyed of seeing the interior of Turkish life—all conspired to render the work universally known, and as universally admired. This was speedily followed by "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," a work like "The City of the Sultan," profusely and splendidly illustrated, and this again by the "Romance of the Harem."

Miss Pardoe's power of description and habits of observation appeared to point out to her her line of literature as peculiarly that of recording the wonders of foreign lands; and a tour which the family made through the Austrian Empire enabled her to give to the world the results of her observations on Hungary, in that excellent work, "The City of the Magyar," a work now more than ever deserving of public notice. Less gay and glittering than "The City of the Sultan," her work on Hungary exhibits deeper research; its statistics are peculiarly accurate, and it is on all hands admitted to be one of the best books of travel ever submitted to the public.

A very short time after, the publication of "The Hungarian Castle," a collection of Hungarian legends, in three vols., interesting on all grounds, but especially as filling up a very little known page in the legendary history of Europe.

About this time, Miss Pardoe, finding her health suffering from the too great intensity of study and labor to which she had subjected herself, retired from the great metropolis, and has since resided with her parents in a pleasant part of the County of Kent. The first emanation from her retirement was a novel, entitled "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," a production which was eagerly read, and rapidly passed into a second edition. In due course of time, this was followed by another, "The Rival Beauties." These tales

are more able than pleasing; they are powerful pictures of the corruptions prevalent in modern society, and bear too evident marks of being sketches from the life.

We conclude by a notice of those admirable historical works on which Miss Pardoe's fame will chiefly rest—her “Louis the Fourteenth,” and “Francis the First.” The extremely interesting character of their times admirably suited Miss Pardoe's powers as a writer; and she has, in both cases, executed her task with great spirit and equal accuracy. The amount of infor-

mation displayed in these volumes is really stupendous; and the depth of research necessary to produce it fully entitles Miss Pardoe to take a very high place among the writers of history.

Her style is easy, flowing, and spirited, and her delineations of character as vivid as they are just; nor would it be easy to find any historical work in which the *utile* is so mingled with the *dulce*, as in those of Miss Pardoe.

She is now, we hear with much pleasure, engaged on a life of Mary de Medici, a subject extremely suited to her pen.

HOW TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY.—Who grows old gracefully? Who can display a charm through the dim and sunken eye, the faded cheek, the thin gray hair, the shrinking, weakening frame, on which time strikes the hour more punctually than a minster bell?

Not the worldly-hearted, who grudge each year that cuts off a portion for enjoyment, and shortens the lease of life; who walk in thoughtlessness among seen things, and regard not things unseen and eternal. Not the covetous, whose satisfied to-morrow never arrives, and who have always something more to gain ere the account may close. Not the fashionable beauty, who trembles at decay, and blames the bad taste of modern styles that hint at unbecoming changes. Not the student, who has always schemes of discovery and attainments in view, for which even patriarchal age were insufficient. On these old age sits awkwardly, as if it were a burden suddenly alighted on their shoulders from some unknown region whither they had been accidentally betrayed. No; it is in nothing earthly to patent an invention that can remedy the trace of time, or supply a substitute for joys “that perish with the using.”

But it is the high privilege of Christianity to proclaim the heavenly recipe whereby the hoary head may become a crown of glory, and to point to “the path of the just,” which is as “the shining light, that shineth brighter and brighter unto

the perfect day;” wherein old age glides serenely to the gates of “the celestial city,” and “to live is Christ,” while “to die is gain.”

If temperance, industry, benevolence, benefit the health, and reap a present reward, how much more the tranquilizing influence of peace with God, holding the passions in subjection, regulating the mental powers, and spreading the charm of contentment over the placid face, and the smile of love around the lip where “the law of kindness” dwells! Here is no melancholy caricature of life, aping what is gone, for the merry sport of more youthful folly: but here is the grace that dignifies what is, and commands the respect even of those who know not whence it springs.

The same God who watered the seed ere the blade had sprung to light, and whose care has cherished it to maturity, still gazes with infinite complacency on the shock of corn fully ripe; and while he permits it to linger on the stem, it is only that more witnesses of its goodness may gather round, ere he reaps it in triumph for the garner of heaven.

He, whose life has been an epistle of Christ, and whose ever-presiding motive has been the glory of God, and he alone, grows old gracefully, and hails time as a friend, who just touches only to remind him that “the night is far spent,” and “the day is at hand.” — *The Object of Life.*

## T H E E D I T O R ' S N O T E .

SOME two or three years since, our accomplished artistic friend and engraver, Mr. Sartain, whose portrait and historic delineations have so richly embellished this journal from its commencement, fourteen years ago, expressed a desire to try his skill on the face of the editor. Hoping to gratify some personal friends, the request was acceded to. The plate was engraved from a crayon daguerreotype. Whether from a long personal friendship or native kindness of heart, the artist has executed a very truthful and accurate likeness, for which we here record our indebtedness and thanks, though due to him three years ago.

Desirous of looking in the face of our numerous friends and patrons, in whose service we have labored some eleven years, we take this mode of offering to them all a kindly and personal greeting at their own homes, expressing, at the same time, our best intentions of filling these pages with the most attractive and acceptable articles for their reading which it may be in our power to furnish. We only add, briefly, that the editor (using the third person) is a native of Farmington, Conn.—graduated at Yale College with the class of 1827—for some years held a pastorate,—and since 1840 has been in editorial life.

A REMARKABLE BROOCH.—There was lately seen, at a jeweler's in the Rue de la Paix, a fantastical object that provoked inquiry. It was a small brooch, of oblong shape, set with brilliants of considerable value. Within it, upon an enameled ground, and protected by glass, was enclosed—what think you? A miniature likeness? No! A lock of hair? No! What then? Why, something much more piquant: four pins, four old brass pins, crooked and rusty!

Such a curiosity demands an explanation. We have taken especial pains to get at the truth, and this is what we have ascertained.

There are at this moment in Paris a count and a countess. Their country . . . but we can not name it, and you will perceive the reason. The count formerly devoted himself to politics, infinitely more than suited the excessively absolute sovereign of this undesignated country. It was for this dangerous zeal that the said count was, one night, seized in his bed by four agents of the police, and thrust into a cell on four wheels drawn by post-horses, which carried him . . . . Heaven, he, and I know where!

The unfortunate nobleman was plunged into a dungeon, blacker than the soul of his persecutor. Days, weeks, months passed away—and not a sign of examina-

tion. The prisoner, thus snatched from the exercise of his dearest affections, from his friendships, from his interests, buried in silence and obscurity, soon began to feel his body waste away, and his mind wandering. He became apprehensive—apprehensive of himself more than of his prince! but, being still sufficiently clear-sighted to foresee the incalculable danger of this solitude and of this gloomy stagnation, he determined at all hazards to defend himself against the double torture; and this is the plan that he hit upon.

Searched from head to foot by the ruffians who had thrown him there, it chanced that in his dress had remained four pins which escaped the overhauling. They suggested to him a mode of conjuring the terrible void or the dangerous arrest of his thinking powers, in this solitude, this darkness, this silence. You would scarcely guess what benefit a poor prisoner of State could derive from four pins. Well, you shall see. He threw them from him hap-hazard in his dungeon; and, once scattered, set himself to work to find them! When found, he threw them from him again . . . and so on, and on, and on! He often consumed two or three days, sitting, kneeling, or stretched on the ground, before he succeeded in picking them all up!

This sport, this healthful torture, lasted

—one scarcely dares to say it—lasted for six years! A grand political event then abruptly restored his liberty to the prisoner. But the count would not quit his cell without carrying with him these instruments that had saved his reason. And when he reëntered the bosom of his family; when he found himself in the midst of his children—left at so tender an age, that he recognized them only through the eyes of his heart—he related his touching story, and showed to them, all weeping with joy and sympathy, the four pins to which he was indebted for his reason—perhaps for his life! His wife, so long widowed—not by death, but by politics—took possession of them more eagerly than Pope Urban IV. laid hands upon the four nails of the veritable Cross.

It is then these wonderful pins, these atoms of brass, lost so often, and so often re-found during six mortal years of desolate imprisonment, that the Countess has had set in ten thousand francs' worth of diamonds, that she may bear about with her, in pious regard, so strange and affecting a memorial. Is not this anecdote a touching one, and worth preservation? —*Paris Paper.*

THE STING EXTRACTED.—Death has a sting. It is a very dreadful evil. It is dismal to endure, and scarcely less dismal to anticipate. To lie down in pain, perhaps in racking agony: to count the slow-creeping minutes, and wish for evening dusk or morning dawn, which does arrive, but brings no balm of sleep, no sense of betterness: to grow confused, but still conscious of misery: to have wishes that can not be understood, and words that will not utter: to see dear ones fading into the distance, and to be able to exchange no more love's wonted tokens, not even a twinkle of the eye or a murmur of the voice: to feel the breath stifling and the heart-strings breaking, and to be left alone in the midst of this cold and dreary mystery:—what can be more awful, unless it be his case who is the helpless looker on; who watches pangs which he can not assuage, and imploring looks which he can not interpret; who plies cordials at which the King of Terrors mocks, and who importunes science for miracles which it can not work; who in frantic desperation would detain the spirit which has already burst its earthly fetters, and, more

frantic still, refuses to believe that the gulf is already crossed, and that the form which he inclaps is no longer a father or a mother, but only senseless clay; who must see these dear familiar features grow so ghastly, and then learn to love them in this new and mournful phasis, only to endure another woe when the coffin-lid is closed, and the funeral pomp sets forth, and from the macerating leaves and plashy turf of the churchyard the survivor comes back to the forsaken dwelling, and upbraids himself that he should sit under the bright lamp, and before the blazing fire, while, beneath the bleak November night, that dear form is left to silence and to solitude. Death has a sting. There is often a pang in its very prospect. You are well and happy; but the thought crosses you: "I must soon work my last day's work, or play out my last holiday. soon must I take my last look of summer, and spend my last evening with my friends. Soon must I be done with these pleasant books, and put the marker in where it will never again be moved. Soon must I vanish from these dear haunts, and this most beautiful world; and soon must I go down to the house of silence, and say to the worm: 'Thou art my sister.' And yet, soon as that may be, still sooner may precious ones be taken, and force me to say: 'I would not live always.'" Whether in the actual endurance or in the awful anticipation, death is very dreadful, and it used to have a sting which not only slew the victim, but extinguished the survivor's hope. Thanks be to God for Jesus Christ. Thanks that there is one tomb which has already lost its tenant, and thanks for the news and how that happened. Thanks that the old penalty is now exhausted in the sinner's Substitute, and that, whatever great stone be placed on our sepulcher, there need be no grave-stone of guilt on the immortal soul. Thanks, O Father, for thy gift unspeakable; thanks, O Saviour, for thy love unfathomable. Thanks for tasting death for every man. Thanks for Thy glorious resurrection and beneficent reign. Thanks for Thy gracious promise to destroy the last enemy; and thanks, O Holy Spirit, the Comforter, for those to whom thou hast given such union to Jesus that they feel as if they could never die—nay, that to depart and be with Christ is far better.—*Lessons from the Great Biography.*



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE famous French periodical, the *Journal des Savans*, which is very nearly two hundred years old—an age perfectly astonishing in that unstable country across the Channel—is about to undergo a change in its destinies. The emperor has decreed that, instead of being under the control of the Minister of Justice, as it has hitherto very unaccountably been, it shall be placed under that of the Minister of Public Instruction, to which, certainly, it naturally belongs. But this change will not, in any respect, modify the character of the journal, and will rather add to than diminish from that excellence which has secured it so high a place amongst the learned periodicals of Europe. The journal has no editor, but it is conducted by a commission, consisting of Messrs. Mignet, Cousin, Hase, Naudet, Moll, and other eminent members of the University and the Institute, and amongst its contributors are some of the most distinguished *savans* of France.—*Lit. Gazette*.

SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & Co. publish "Lectures on Temperance," by Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., President of Union College. The volume is edited by Amasa McCoy, late editor of the *Prohibitionist*, and contains an Introduction by Prof. Taylor Lewis, from which we extract: "The following Lectures produced a very marked effect at the time they were delivered, and few works, it may fairly be believed, have done more to place the cause of temperance on elevated, rational, and Scriptural grounds. The entire absence of what some are pleased to call fanaticism, or of any thing that could by any possibility be brought under that odious and much-abused name, the transparent candor, the cogency as well as clearness of argument, the patience of examination, the deference to the Scriptures, and, at the same time, that spirit of fairness which would oppose their being wrested even to serve what might be deemed the best interests of humanity—add to these the learning, without pedantry; the science without pretense; the calm, sound reasoning, without the imposing show of argumentation, and we have the leading characteristics that must be conceded to the work by every intelligent and fair-minded reader, whatever may be his opinion on the final merits of the question that have called it forth. If we allude to the noble style of the writer—that easy and vigorous command of language which marked his earliest widely-spread productions, rendered still more attractive here by the mild and mellowed dignity of age—it is simply done with the truthful purpose of commending the book as a most agreeable and instructive classic to all who have a taste for elevated composition, who can appreciate true eloquence as well as distinguish good wine, or who have a relish for the beauties of thought and diction, whether they relish temperance or not.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY have published their "Illustrated Family Christian Almanac, for 1858," containing the usual meteorological and chronological tables, and a variety of compendious information as to our National Government, together

with copious extracts from various authors on religious subjects. The illustrations always form a prominent feature of this valuable annual.

WHITTIER'S POEMS.—THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Complete in 2 Vols. Pp. 310 and 305. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

THESE two beautiful volumes of Whittier's poems may be called the diamond edition, so neat and attractive are they in execution, and adorned with a portrait of the author. Vol. 1. has eighty-two poems, with copious explanatory notes, adding interest to the text. Vol. 2. has a hundred and twelve pieces, also with notes. The lovers of poetry, and the admirers of Whittier's versatile poetic pen, will here find a treasure and a fund of enjoyment, while the author expresses gratification that "these scattered children of his brain have found a home." He regrets, by reason of illness, that he could not have imparted to some of them a more perfect character, intimately connected, as they are, with the author's "life and times."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. From Original Documents, including Anecdotes and Incidents of Travel, Biographical Notices of former Pastors, Historical Sketch of Park-street Chapel, and an Outline of Mr. Spurgeon's Articles of Faith. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1857. Pp. 141.

THE life, character, and ministry of this truly modern Whitfield, overflowing with burning eloquence in his pulpit ministrations, attracting immense crowds of hearers in the metropolis of Christendom, can not fail to find numerous readers who will find pleasure and profit in its perusal.

MEMOIRS OF THE LOVES OF THE POETS. Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry. By MRS. JAMESON, authoress of "The Diary of an Ennuyée," etc. From the last London edition. Boston: Ticknor & Field. 1857. Pp. 517.

THIS is a neatly executed volume of beautiful sketches, mental and moral portraits of remarkable women. The object of the author is to exhibit, in a small compass, and under one point of view, many anecdotes of biography and criticism, and many beautiful poetical portraits, scattered through a variety of works, and all tending to illustrate a subject in itself full of interest—the influence which the beauty and virtue of women have exercised over the characters and writings of men of genius. Mrs. Jameson has gathered into this book many beautiful "flowers of paradise, song, beauty, youth, love, joy," to gratify the minds of her readers.

THE *Courier and Enquirer* and *Evening Post* have devoted considerable space lately to an inquiry into the authorship of "Nothing to Wear." The claims of Mr. Wm. A. Butler are contested by a young lady, daughter of Rev. Isaac Peck, who advances some strong evidence in her behalf, while Mr. Butler positively denies ever having received any hint, aid, or assistance, in the composition of the poem from any other person.

WILEY & HALSTED have got out an illustrated poem, as a companion to "Nothing to Wear." It is entitled "Nothing to Do," and is a very clever and spirited retort upon the former production.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE LATE RICHARD S. GEDNEY. With a Memoir of the Author by JAS. OGDEN, M.D., M.A., etc. London: Whittaker & Co.

WE perused the book with avidity; and, as we are not stoical, so we are not ashamed to say that we felt the heart throb and the eye grow moist over the manly pages of a boy who, consumed by the fire of his own genius, dropped into the grave at the early age of seventeen. A life so young, so soon past, was necessarily uneventful; it was a life of feeling rather than of action, the best record of which lives in the author's poems.

At Cheltenham College it was that the self-same fatal malady which had stricken Kirke White and Keats came once again to extinguish all that was mortal in a youth of genius. This is almost all we know of Richard S. Gedney, save that he died on the 15th of July, 1856, after a protracted illness, in which the poet's love and the Christian's faith brought him glimpses of beauty to the last, and that his body was embalmed and forwarded to America. It is a melancholy history, brief as it is melancholy—not that a youth died at the age of seventeen, for that is not uncommon, but because a mind was recalled from earth which might have done so much to brighten, and bless, and beautify it. If nine tenths of the poets who have had the privilege of long life and long experience had only written with half the power and pathos of this wonderful boy, we should have assigned them a rank in literature. We pause in absolute wonder over some of those pages, and frequently forget the erratic course of the author's imagination in its evident power. What could we not forgive in a young poet who could write

"PROEM.

"Thoughts that from the soul come flowing,  
Like a fairy-haunted stream,  
With the light of spirit glowing,  
Living, speaking, form my theme.

"Thoughts of goodness, thoughts of gladness,  
Tending to a joyful end,  
Mingled, true, with mists of sadness,  
But the night and morning blend.

"Through these pages there lie scattered  
Genis whose worth few eyes may see,  
Yet a vase, though small and shattered,  
If God will, shall hold the sea.

"Think the poet not assumptuous,  
Howsoever few his years,  
Even youth is not presumptuous  
When its pride is bleut with tears.

"And remember, that the morning  
Comes before the sun's full ray—  
This is but the poet's dawning,  
Judge not harshly of his day."

Alas! we have no opportunity to judge the poet's "day;" we are only privileged to imagine what it *may have been*. There is a poem which does not present the poet in his highest mood, but which is finely expressive of his feelings, and very beautiful.

"AT LAST.

"I hear the distant murmur of the fountain  
Flowing in flute-like music down the wind:  
The voice of torrents on the far-off mountain  
Sounds like the utterance of a human mind.

"The bees' low monotone floats from the bowers;  
The ivy rustles like a living thing;  
The balmy breath of fragrant summer flowers,  
Fans my flushed brow like some kind angel's wing.

"Soft as the murmur of a maiden dreaming,  
Ripples the cooing accent of the dove;  
And all around me here the sunshine streaming  
Wavers and quivers like the light of love.

"Through my worn heart there flows a sound of singing,  
And on my soul crowd visions of the past;  
The pulses of my life again are ringing,  
For Hope has come to me—has come at last!"

We shall also quote a few stanzas from a poem entitled "The Death Ride," which refers to the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. "The Death Ride" was published in the *Manchester Weekly Advertiser* the same week as the intelligence of the battle reached England.

"THE DEATH RIDE.

"On, o'er the rocky ground,  
Cannon on all sides round,  
Belching forth death and wound,  
Madly they rode.

"On! like a demon-blast,  
Thundering and fierce and fast,  
Fear to the winds they cast,  
Needing no goad!

"On! through the rocky dell!  
On! through the cannon's hell!  
On! though by heaps they fell,  
Dying and dead!

"On! with a whirlwind's leap!  
Down on the Russ they sweep!  
Madly their swords they steep  
Where the foe bled."

Only a few hours before his death the young poet wrote the following dirge. It will awaken mournful ideas, for it was the gifted boy's last, though not his best, effusion:

"MY DIRGE.

"Let the bell toll! another soul  
Has passed the Stygian river:  
Without a fear, without a tear,  
'Twas render'd to the Giver.

"To God's high throne that young heart's moan  
'In pity spare!' ascended—

Now, spared the woe that reigns below,  
That mournful prayer is ended.

"Sorrow and doom, and fear and gloom,  
No more within its vision;  
It now doth raise soft hymns of praise  
In happiness Elysian!

"A distant strand, a foreign land,  
Received his parting sigh:  
A mournful fate and desolate,  
So far from home to die!"

Through the whole of Mr. Gedney's poems we trace the personal history of the writer. There is a mournful tone ringing like a knell through the pages, a feeling of regret that the beautiful forms of earth must so soon pass away. But, though there is sadness, there is nothing like despair; it is only a natural and a manly grief. It is too painfully apparent that the affections had been aroused to that intensity which belongs exclusively to the poetic character—aroused, and, by unfortunate checks, stretched to the very verge of torture. We can almost see the radiant life throbbing itself away under the pressure of disappointments which, whether fancied or real, are no less difficult to bear. The last throb is past; but this book remains to show how much beauty, and power, and sensibility, had their empire in the brain of a mere boy!

**MONSTRUM HORRENDUM.**—One of those strange phenomena by which the waywardness of nature is displayed, was exhibited privately, for the first time, yesterday, by Dr. Kahn, at his museum, in Coventry street.

It consists of a heteradelph, or double-bodied boy. As its expression may not be intelligible to non-medical readers, in plain terms, the *lusus nature* to which we refer is a live male child, just six weeks old, from whose chest a second, or parasitical body projects, more than half the size of its natural person. The arms of the second body are very slightly developed, but the trunk and lower limbs are properly shaped. Whether the child may possess the power of moving the second body, it is not possible to conjecture. A very interesting lecture by Dr. Kahn on the subject stated, that this peculiar kind of malformation had been frequently met with in Europe, but never in a child that had survived its birth. In China, one instance had occurred of a man who had a second body, like the child exhibited, but the appended body did not grow in proportion to the man's years, and so, when he had arrived at manhood, the appended body was still only that of an infant. Whether such will be the case with respect to the English child it is difficult to say, but the most probable conjectures lead us to expect a similar result.

The child exhibited yesterday seems to enjoy perfect health, and there is as yet little prospect of its not surviving. The parents of the infant are perfectly healthy, and the present is their ninth child. It is, of course, impossible to enter into detail on this subject to general readers. It is enough to state that, scientifically, this child must prove more interesting to physiologists than the Siamese twins, or any similar *lusus nature* that have been exhibited; while to the public, who love "to see some new thing," what novelty can surpass a child with one head and two bodies?—*London paper, July 15.*

**THE AQUARIUM.**—The sea-beast movement has assumed of late such very formidable dimensions, that we can easily understand, although we do not sympathize with, the feelings of those who look upon the monsters of the deep which we have introduced into our drawing-rooms with hardly more toleration than that with which the courtiers of Pharaoh must have regarded the frogs who came up into the king's chamber. Ere long, we have no doubt, the great public will get heartily tired of Aquaria, and will consign them without remorse to the gulf of oblivion, which has swallowed so many of the fashions of our fathers, and which yawns for so many of our own. As instruments, however, in the hands of the naturalist, both fresh and sea-water tanks will continue to be highly valued. It is impossible for the most unwearied diligence to watch animals in their native haunts one half so carefully as can easily be done in our own homes; and many mysteries of the lower forms of life await the solution which will be given to them by the labors of scattered Aquarians, assisted by

"The slow, sweet hours that bring us all things good."

It is well that the Aquarium fashion should have existed, even if it be destined utterly to pass away. To not a few to whom it has brought a mere smattering of knowledge, it has given many ideas which may hereafter fructify, and which may tend perhaps to indispose them to various forms of error which are only too widely spread. Many, also, who perhaps do not even inquire at all into the nature or the habits of the creatures with which aquaria are stocked, may be led by the beauty of some of them to observe, at least with an æsthetic purpose, the tenants of the stream and of the sea-shore. It may be that, as the interest in Nature increases, the arts may owe much to forms which have hitherto been little regarded: and buildings may not improbably arise which may, with even greater propriety than the Campanile of Florence, be described as "colored like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea-shell."

**THE "FOX" AND HER EQUIPMENT.**—The "Fox" is provisioned for nearly three years. Her stores are of the very best description—and it is gratifying to record that they include a great many presents from various mercantile houses. The equipment of the yacht is of the most perfect nature, every advantage having been taken of the large experience gained by former Arctic Expeditions. Besides the large mahogany boat, whose curious adventures have been recorded in the papers, the "Fox" is provided with a life-boat of novel and admirable construction, built by Mr. White of Cowes, and presented by that gentleman to Lady Franklin.

**EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.**—The following letter from the Hon. Charles Murray, her Majesty's Envoy to Persia, has been handed to us for publication by Sir Charles Lyell:

"BAGDAD, May 23, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES: We have lately witnessed here a phenomenon so strange that a brief description of it may not be uninteresting to you. On the 30th inst., a few minutes before 6 P.M., (which is here about an hour before sunset,) I was sitting with my Mirza reading some Persian letters, when on a sudden I became sensible of an unusual obscuration of the light on the paper; I jumped up, and, going to the window, saw a huge black cloud

approaching from the north-west, exactly as if a pall were being drawn over the face of the heavens. It must have traveled with considerable rapidity, for in less than three minutes we were enveloped in total darkness—a darkness more intense than an ordinary midnight, when neither stars nor moon are visible. Groping my way amid chairs and tables, I succeeded in striking a light, and then feeling assured that a simoon of some kind was coming on, I called to my servants to come up and shut the windows, which were all open, the weather having been previously very sultry. While they were doing so the wind increased, and bore with it such dense volumes of dust or sand, that before they could succeed in closing the windows, the room was entirely filled, so that the tables and furniture were speedily covered. Meanwhile, a panic seized the whole city; the Armenians and other Christian sects rushed through the gloom to confess and pray in the churches; women shrieked and beat their breasts in the streets, and the men of all classes prostrated themselves in prayer, believing that the end of the world had arrived.

After a short time, the black darkness was succeeded by a red lurid gloom, such as I never saw in any part of the world, and which I can only liken in imagination to the effect that might be produced if all London were in a conflagration in a heavy November fog; to me it was more striking (I may almost say fearful) than the previous utter darkness, and reminded me of that "darkness visible" in which the poetic genius of Milton placed the demons and horrid shapes of the infernal regions. This lurid fog was doubtless occasioned by the rays of the western sun shining obliquely on the dense mass of red sand or dust which had been raised from some distant desert, and was borne along upon the blast. I enclose you a specimen of the dust. The Arabs here think that it came from Nejd. The storm seems to have traveled in a circular direction, having appeared first from the south, then south-west, then west, then north-west. After about two hours, it had so far passed away that we were able to open the windows again and breathe the open air. It can not have been a simoon, for during those which I have experienced in Arabia and Egypt, the wind is hot and stifling. On the 20th, the wind was high, but only oppressive from the dense mass of dust that it carried with it."

Professor J. Quekett, of the Royal College of Surgeons, having kindly examined the specimen of red dust from Bagdad, which accompanied Mr. Murray's letter, has informed Sir Charles Lyell that he could detect, under the microscope, only inorganic particles, such as quartz sand, in the dust. There are no relics of Diatomaceæ apparent; and, though a small portion of calcareous matter was present in the sand, yet he could observe no microscopic shells or other organic matter.—*Literary Gazette*.

**A NEW KIND OF DIAMOND.**—That diamond is nothing but the substance of charcoal, or carbon in a crystallized state, is a fact pretty generally known; but that there is another elementary substance, called *boron*, which bears a strong analogy to carbon, is less so, perhaps; because boron has hitherto been obtained in such small quantities, that it is still a curiosity even in the laboratory of the chemist. MM. Wohler and Deville have lately made some interesting experiments upon this body, from which it appears that it can exist in three states, exactly correspond-

ing to those of carbon—namely, the amorphous, the graphitic, and the crystallized state. In order to obtain the latter, 100 grammes (3½ ounces) of boric acid and 80 of aluminum are exposed, during five hours, to a violent fire, in a black crucible coated with charcoal-powder. The mass is then left to cool; and on breaking the crucible, two distinct strata come to view—one consisting of vitrified boric acid, or boracic acid containing some alumina; and the other of aluminum in a metallic state, mixed up with crystals of boron. To separate the latter, this metallic mass is treated with boiling caustic soda, to dissolve the metal: then with boiling hydrochloric acid, to carry off the iron which may have been separated from the plumbago of the crucible; and, lastly, with a mixture of nitric and hydrofluoric acid, to dissolve the silicium left by the soda. After this, the boron is obtained pure in three varieties of crystals—namely: 1. Black and opaque laminae, which will cut diamond, though not so well as diamond-powder; 2. Long prismatic crystals, perfectly transparent, and as brilliant as diamonds, but not so hard as the former variety; if without flaws, they might be used for jewelry; 3. Very minute, but distinct crystals of a red chocolate color, and quite as hard as diamond. They may be used as diamond-powder, and give a fine polish.—*Galvani's Messenger*.

#### THE WILL AND THE WAY.

You mutter that temptation is too strong;  
You would do right, yet are forced to do wrong.  
Now I tell you vice's torrent you can stay,  
As wherever there's a will there's a way.  
Do not say you can not do it, for you CAN;  
Up! a battle is before you—play the Man!  
You ought to win the victory; and you may;  
For, wherever there's a will there's a way.  
Yet not in your own strength can you win;  
But if Christ help in the battle against sin,  
Then, indeed, with joyful triumph shall you say:  
"Now I KNOW where there's a will there's a way."

**HOW HUMBOLDT SPENDS HIS TIME.**—A visitor to the famous Humboldt says: "It may be interesting to learn how this great naturalist spends his time. Humboldt rises about half past eight o'clock; at breakfast, he reads his letters, which he generally answers immediately. There is perhaps no letter-writer so punctual as he, though very few persons have so large a correspondence to all parts of the world. After this he dresses, with the aid of his *valet de chambre*, to receive and announce visitors, or to make visits himself until two o'clock. At three o'clock he goes to the royal palace, where he generally dines, if he does not invite himself to dine with some family of his acquaintance. He remains mostly at Alexander Mendelssohn's, in whose house he lives. At seven o'clock in the evening, he usually returns to his home. He then goes to the court or in society, from which he returns about midnight. Now is his real and best time for working; in the profound nightly silence, he writes his immortal works, often in summer until the day shines through the windows. It is always three o'clock in the morning when this juvenile old man thinks of allowing a short rest to his almost ninety-years' old body, to gain the necessary power for the new day's work. Indeed, we think this a strange story, and still every word of it is true.

"Humboldt has no family of his own—his nearest relations being the sons and daughters of his excol-



lent brother William, for whom he has a touching, fraternal regard. 'You should have known my brother,' says he, with amiable modesty; 'he was always the most talented of us two brothers.'"

**LUTHER'S WRITINGS IN GERMANY.**—In the principality of Rudolstadt, Mr. Henigge, formerly a Councillor of the Government, a member of Parliament of Frankfort, has been condemned to three months' imprisonment for having published a selection of pithy passages from the writings of Luther, concerning the princess and persons of his time. The Prince of Rudolstadt imagined that some of these passages were aimed at him. The defendant strove in vain to convince them that the obnoxious passages were literally found in the Great Reformer, and that a condemnation of his pamphlet would involve a condemnation of Luther himself. The Court, all the members of which are Protestants, found the defendant guilty, to the great amusement of the Roman Catholic press of Germany.

**SCIENCE AMONG THE JAPANESE.**—M. Von Siebold, the distinguished scientific author, states that the knowledge of the natural sciences amongst the Japanese is much more extensive and profound than is generally supposed. They possess a great many learned treatises thereupon, and an admirable geological map of their island by Buntajo. They are well acquainted with the systems of European naturalists, and have translations of the more important of their works. They have also a botanical dictionary, in which an account is given of not fewer than 5,300 objects, and is embellished with numerous fine engravings.

**THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD** is announced in London, by his son, W. Blanchard Jerrold, who succeeds him in the editorship of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*.

**THE LAST JUDGMENT: A POEM.** In Twelve Books. London: Longman & Co.

WHAT first will strike a casual reader of this wonderful and daring poem is its excellent diction; what will grow with every page on a more studious reader is its imaginative boldness. "The Last Judgment" is a theme so vast that nothing short of success could justify the act of that mortal who would attempt to portray it. The age seems favorable to grand and bold poetic flights. We have only just descended from Mr. Howard's "Genesis," and a new edition of Mr. Heraud's "Judgment of the Flood," to the unambitious haunts of song, when we are again snatched up into the highest heaven of invention by the "The Last Judgment." This new poem may have, at least, one good effect—it may draw within its vast area the whole of the fragmentary poets, as the ocean collects the rivers in its wide embrace. The author of "The Last Judgment" has brought to his theme a becoming dignity: he has been careful, elaborate, penetrative. The author, whoever he may be, often grows into the fiery description and awful grandeur of Dante. The whole of the fifth book is a terrible picture, only such as angels fallen from their high estate, and tortured less by remorse than by pride, could have made. We shall quote only one brief passage, where Satan is gathering his fiendish hosts to do battle once again with the Omnipotent; and it will do as well

as any other accidental passage to show descriptive power and purity of diction:

"High on a mountain top all fiery red—  
Himself a mountain—Satan rears his head;  
Towering above that firmament of clouds,  
Which veils the skies, and all the prospect shrouds,  
Till, by his breath dispersed, those vapors flee,  
And hell becomes as clear as hell can be.  
How changed from when before the eternal throne  
He bowed, the brightest, loftiest scraph known,  
Outshining all the archangelic throng.  
With mightier intellect and sweeter song!  
How altered e'en from when, in speechless woe,  
He first beheld the gloomy realms below!  
E'en then, though shorn of his primeval grace,  
Celestial beauties lingered on his face.  
Speaking his origin and heavenly birth,  
His former glory and and transcendent worth.  
But now deep lightning-scars of pain and care  
Indent his brow, all furrowed with despair  
Each feature shows—what in his bosom stirs—  
The gathered anguish of ten thousand years.  
Sublime in ruin, awful e'en in pain,  
He breathes around defiance and disdain.  
Like globes of fire his eyes, dilated, roll,  
And tell the hate and malice of his soul.  
Full o'er the crater's burning mouth he stands,  
Nor heeds the pain, though rage his breast ex-  
pands  
The circling flames above his head aspire,  
And form around his brow a crown of fire."

**THE "GREAT EASTERN."**—At a late meeting of the Eastern Steamship Company, it was announced that the vessel may be launched in September, but that the trial trip to Portland, Maine, will be deferred to the April following. Her total cost will amount, including all contingencies, to £597,195, of which £190,000 remains to be met. Of this, £92,000 will be provided by calls at present in arrear, and to supply the balance of £98,000 the directors were empowered by the meeting to borrow £100,000 upon debentures.

**A NEW PLANET.**—The forty-fourth of the minor planets was discovered by M. Goldschmidt, at Paris, on the 27th of May. The planet resembles a star of the 10.1th magnitude. A new star has been discovered in the nebula of Orion, by M. Porro at Paris. It was first seen by him when trying an object-glass of 20.5 inches in diameter, the eye-piece magnifying 1200. He has again seen it twice, and his observations have been since confirmed.

**ASTRONOMICAL.**—In the transactions of the Astronomical Society, the Astronomer-Royal has given a statement respecting certain ancient eclipses which have recently engaged his attention, namely, the eclipses of Thales and Agathocles. The eclipses of Thales happened during the occurrence of a battle between the Medes and Lydians; and, according to Herodotus, the combatants on both sides were so terrified that an immediate cessation of hostilities ensued. The eclipse of Agathocles is also associated with a remarkable incident. Agathocles, having been blockaded in the harbor of Syracuse by a Carthaginian fleet, took advantage of a temporary relaxation of the blockade to quit the harbor, land in Africa, and lay waste the Carthaginian territories. "It is stated

that the voyage to the African coast occupied six days, and that an eclipse, which was manifestly total, occurred on the second day." The conclusion to which he has been conducted by his researches is, that Professor Hansen's solar and lunar tables very well represent the phenomena of the three eclipses—of Agathocles, B.C. August 14, 309; Larissa, B.C. May 19, 556; and Thales, B.C. May 28, 584—as far as the historical account of those eclipses can be interpreted.

**THE PAVEMENT OF LONDON.**—The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers nearly 3000 acres, two thirds whereof consists of what may be called mosaic work, done in plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging. Such a series of works far transcends in quantity, as it excels in quality, the Appian way, which was the wonder of ancient Rome, and which would cut but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our commonest streets. The ancient consular way was but fifteen feet wide in the main, and was filled in with blocks of all shapes and sizes joined together, and planed only on the surface—the length of its devious course, from south to north of Italy, was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5000, and exceed 2000 miles in length!—*Building News*.

**FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.**—Within a very short time two young ladies have been burnt to death, owing to their light muslin dresses catching fire from a lucifer-match—one in London, the other at Colchester. It ought to be generally known that ladies' light dresses may be made fire-proof at a mere nominal cost, by steeping them, or the linen or cotton used in making them, in a diluted solution of chloride of zinc. We have seen the very finest cambric so prepared held in the flame of a candle and charred to dust without the least flame; and we have been informed, since Clara Webster, a dancer, was burnt to death from her clothes catching fire on the stage, the muslin dresses of all the dancers at the best theaters are made fire-proof. Our manufacturers should take the hint.—*Medical Times*.

**WIND CHARTS.**—It is recommended to all ship-owners the purchase of the charts lately prepared by Government, showing the prevailing winds of the great oceans. A short time only is necessary to make any intelligent shipmaster familiar with the mode of applying the information they contain, which may be the means of shortening very much the duration of extended voyages, such as to India, Australia, etc. The principle adopted is very simple, though much trouble and a careful examination of ships' logs was necessary before the results could be arrived at. Our readers will better understand these charts by a short explanation being given. Suppose a point taken on the Atlantic Ocean, the next process is, by means of all the records to be met with, to ascertain the direction of the wind at this point during the year; this being ascertained, a line is drawn which not only shows the direction, but the duration and the months in which it prevails. Other winds are taken in like manner, until a star is

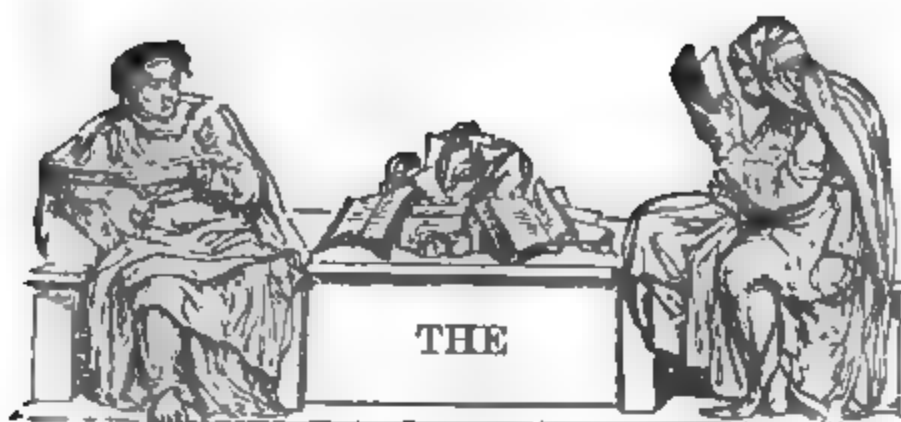
formed on the chart, a glance at which enables the mariner to ascertain that, on an average of years, at certain periods, the wind blows in one arc for a certain period. The chart being covered with such stars, it is only necessary to find out the point where the proper wind is to be met with to enable a master to make an almost certain passage at any season. In the case of a vessel doubling the Cape of Good Hope, the chart at once, according to the season, shows the very line in which the fair wind may be expected; so that if there be two vessels, the one furnished with a chart, and the other depending on the chance of a wind, it will occur that, while the one is becalmed, or baffled by a head-wind, the other, by keeping a little more north or south, as instructed by the wind-chart, may not require to alter a sail for days at a time.

**PORTRAITS AND PAINTINGS.**—The collection of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, exhibited at the rooms of the Archæological Society in Suffolk-street, will set at rest the controversy, if not as to her virtue, at any rate to her beauty.—It is stated that Mr. Gerome's wonderful picture of the "Duel after the Ball" has been purchased by the Empress Eugénie for 15,000 francs.

The annual exhibition of paintings, etc., at Paris is now open. The total number of works of art exhibited is 3464, of which 2715 are paintings.

**LORD JEFFREY ALMOST NONPLUSSED.**—A good anecdote is told of Lord Jeffrey: It happened, one autumn, that, after the rising of the Court of Session, Jeffrey came to spend the long vacation in the parish of I.—. Soon after his arrival, the minister intimated from his pulpit that upon a certain day he would "hold a diet of catechizing" in the district which included the district of the eminent judge. True to his time, he appeared at Lord Jeffrey's house, and requested that the establishment might be collected. This was readily done. But what was Lord Jeffrey's consternation, when the entire household being assembled, the minister said, in a solemn tone, "My lord, I always begin my examination with the head of the family. Will you tell me, then—What is effectual calling?" After a pause, during which the servants looked on in horror at the thought that a judge should not know his catechism, Jeffrey recovered his speech, and answered the question in terms which completely dumfounded the minister: "Why, Mr. Smith, a man may be said to discharge the duties of his calling effectually, when he performs them with ability and success."

**WATER-LENSES.**—In Paris, two ingenious Frenchmen have made a successful attempt to improve water-lenses. They have overcome the difficulties which have hitherto caused failure, and produce lenses, as we are told, which "have the purity and perfection, nearly, without the cost of lenses of solid glass." This success is likely to prove beneficial in more ways than one; for a water-lens properly illuminated will send its light to a distance of ten or twelve miles—the very thing, as it would seem, for railway signals, and for ships navigating the Channel.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1857.

From the British Quarterly.

## THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.\*

A LIFE of the authoress of "Jane Eyre," by a writer who holds so high a place among our novelists as Mrs. Gaskell, can not but command attention, even had the details of that life been scanty and common-place. Charlotte Brontë, however, experienced no common trials, nor was she surrounded by common-place circumstances, during her short, sad journey through life; and thus the story of this remarkable woman, told with such deep and simple pathos by her gifted and affectionate biographer, becomes as interesting as the tale of a second Jane Eyre. Fortunately, too, Mrs. Gaskell, in addition to the interesting character of her materials, has had access to a mass of correspondence, and this gives to the memoir almost the charm of an autobiography, for in the half-unconscious revelations of the letters written to her old and cherished friends, we may trace the formation of her peculiar intellectual character, and the origin and growth of many a feeling and opinion, which, strongly impressed on her own

mind, became, of necessity, impressed upon her works. Every writer of fiction should, we think, be judged with reference to the events of his life, and the scenes and characters by which he has been surrounded; let us try the author of "Jane Eyre" by the same tests, and we shall have no difficulty in pronouncing both a just and a gentle judgment.

Charlotte Brontë was the daughter of a clergyman, Irish by birth, and thoroughly Irish in his impulsive waywardness, and of a mother, a gentle west-country woman, refined, well educated—as education was some fifty years ago—and a conscientious Methodist. At the time of his marriage, Mr. Brontë resided in Yorkshire, holding, at the period of Charlotte's birth, the incumbency of Thornton, from whence he removed to that of Haworth, when "the seven heavily-laden carts, early in the year 1820, lumbering slowly up the long stone street, bearing the new parson's household goods," to that long, low, dull, gray parsonage, with its desolate background of bleak moorland, told the gazing parishioners that Mr. Brontë, with his delicate and already sickly wife, and their five little children, had come to take up

\* *The Life of Charlotte Brontë.* Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," etc. By E. C. GASKELL. Two Vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

their life-long abode there, and, alas! to find their graves among them. At this time, Charlotte was scarcely four years old, with two elder sisters, and a younger brother and sister, and to these another sister was soon after added.

The account of these poor little ones, as given by the woman who watched the death-bed of the gentle mother, is really painful. "They were such still, noiseless, good little creatures, you would not have known there was a child in the house;" and yet there were six, and the eldest only seven years old. Six children in a house, and no laugh and shout of merry childhood! It is true, the shadow of death then brooded over the chamber where the poor mother lay thinking of far-off Cornwall, and longing, perhaps, for a sight of its grand sea-coast, instead of those barren, uncongenial moors on which alone her eye rested. But after she had been laid in her grave, still the motherless little ones pursued their lone walks—not along fields bright with buttercups and daisies and blossoming hedge-rows, but out upon the wild dull moors, too stern for beauty, yet not stern enough for sublimity; those trackless wastes yielding but scantily even that precious heritage of childhood, wild flowers. But dull, daily walks might have mattered little, had there been sunlight and gladness at home; and the imagination might even have taken wider sweep, stimulated by the monotony around. But a happy home was what the little Brontës were never to know. The gentle mother was dead, and in their case it was emphatically an irreparable loss, for the father, with "his strong passionate Irish nature," that "worked off its volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back-door in rapid succession," or by sawing down the backs of chairs, or making an *auto de fê* of the parlor hearth-rug, obviously stood far more in need of a wholesome discipline for himself, than the poor little creatures who stood shrinking before him; and happy had it been for them, had he, immersed in party and local politics, just handed them over to some decent old woman, who would have carefully superintended their physical well-being, and for abstract propositions and political dogmas, fed their young minds with the wild and the wonderful, although in the homely guise of old-world stories. But these unhappy little ones were not even

to enjoy the benefit of a "little wholesome neglect." The Rev. Mr. Brontë, although Tory to the backbone—one of that furious, but almost extinct kind, common enough when "George the Third was King"—had most incongruously taken up his notions of infantile education from those awful republicans, Rousseau and Thomas Day; so the children of a delicate mother, quiet and spiritless, and "so different to any other children," were to be placed under a *Sandford and Merton* discipline, and "potatoes for dinner" were substituted for that full and nourishing diet which their consumptive tendencies imperatively demanded. Would that Mr. Brontë had theorized on a less important subject than the physical education of young children! Would that he had experimented on cabbages and potatoes, rather than on the delicate human plant!

Unhappily, a similar wrong-headedness presided over their mental training. No children's books seem ever to have been sought for these little ones. We readily acknowledge the slight respect we have for formal "children's books;" and for those children who evince superior abilities, we would in great measure reject them; but the merry nursery rhymes, the pleasant story that holds the little child spell-bound at the nurse's knee, are surely better child's food than the newspaper; yet the wayward father who, acting on Rousseau's principles, would *taboo* Cinderella, and Bluebeard, and place even Æsop's fables in the *Index Expurgatorius*, allowed his little daughter Maria, then seven years old, the privilege of "a newspaper in the children's study," and when she came out, "she could tell one every thing, debates in Parliament, and I don't know what all," as the admiring old nurse declared. Alas! for the poor children, starved in body and starved in mind! Looking back upon our bright and joyous childhood, we feel intense pity for any little one to whom the wide realm of fairy-land is an unknown region, and before whose eyes all the gorgeous wonders of the Arabian Nights have never passed along. Dull, indeed, must those silent walks on the moors, hand in hand, have been to little children fed upon the husks of speeches in Parliament, and editors' tirades against Catholic emancipation, and whose objects of hero-worship were but the men of the present day. The father, however, although we think he could not



but have observed the gloom which this matter-of-fact teaching, this utter contempt of the wild and the beautiful, cast over their minds in after life, expresses himself, even now, as fully satisfied with his system; and to prove how well it answered, tells us how that, when the eldest was about ten, and the youngest four, he determined to question them, and "in order to make them speak with less timidity"—wherefore should the little child feel "timidity" in the presence of its father?—"happening to have a mask in the house, I told them all to stand and speak boldly from under its cover."

"I began with the youngest, (Anne, afterwards Acton Bell,) and asked her what she most wanted; she answered: 'Age and experience.' I asked the next, (Emily, afterwards Ellis Bell,) what I had best do with her brother Branwell, who was sometimes a naughty boy; she answered: 'Reason with him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him.' I asked Branwell what was the best way of knowing the difference between the intellects of men and women; he answered: 'By considering the difference between them as to their bodies.' I then asked Charlotte, what was the best book in the world; she answered: 'The Bible.' And what was the next best; she answered: 'The book of Nature.' I then asked the next what was the best education for a woman; she answered: 'That which would make her rule her house well.' Lastly, I asked the eldest, what was the best mode of spending time; she answered: 'By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity.'"

We agree with Mrs. Gaskell, as to the strangeness and quaintness of this proceeding, especially as to the mask, but its "simplicity," we can not acknowledge. Nor can we find any proofs of the "rising talent," which the father discovers in answers which were evidently mere echoes of "the fragments of clerical conversation which they overheard in the parlor." "The best book in the world." What a question for a little girl of seven to answer!—indeed, excepting little Emily's answer, what were they all but mere common-place apophthegms, each fit to be written with the most carefully selected pen in most unexceptionable round-hand, in the copy-book which was to be handed round to admiring friends during the Christmas holidays? Of the religious teachings afforded to these poor children, Mr. Brontë tells us nothing, but from Charlotte's letters, as well as from her pub-

lished works, we think it must have been sadly inadequate, if not positively wrong. We do not find them learning any little hymns, nor ever referring to those portions of Scripture History, which dwell upon the mind of every little child. There is scarcely an allusion to the Gospels in any of Charlotte's writings, and yet the parables, and the teachings of Him who bade little children come unto Him, were especially suited to those desolate, motherless little ones, who had need to look up from their strange, wayward, earthly father, to a tender Father in heaven. But a religious gloom seems to have rested upon all the sisters; and Charlotte in some of her letters, when rising into womanhood, paints with a lurid eloquence which in its strength and its weakness, reminds us of Cowper—her fears that she is a castaway.

For more than a twelvemonth after the poor mother's death, the children continued with no companionship but the two servants, and then their mother's sister, an elderly, stiff, well-meaning, but formal woman, came to take charge of the household. Soon after, we, however, find Mr. Brontë proceeding with his two eldest girls to the school at Cowan's Bridge—that institution destined to enduring ill-fame as Lowood School—and hither, in the autumn of the same year, 1824, he also brought Charlotte and her next sister Emily, a poor little child under five years old!

Little did Carus Wilson, little did the gentle lady superintendent, or the more ungente teachers, dream when they first saw the little old-fashioned, plain-featured girl of eight years old glancing timidly round with her strange, troubled eyes, that a *child*—yes, that mere child—was "among them taking notes," and stealthily but sternly marking every character and every incident, "destined to be reproduced in fiery words a quarter of a century afterwards."

Much has been said respecting this school at Cowan's Bridge since these volumes have been before the world—much we think that is unfair. Mrs. Gaskell gives us its general rules and its dietary, and neither are exceptionable: she also remarks, from personal observation, that the situation seemed to be well chosen. Now that the cook was careless and dirty, and that sanitary regulations were not sufficiently attended to—though in what

school were they so, thirty years ago?—were certainly grave faults; but they were such as the best institution might be liable to; and when we are told that, as soon as discovered, they were remedied, we think Cowan's Bridge School has scarcely deserved the bitter things said both of it and its founders. That its memory should be bitter to Charlotte Brontë was natural enough. If it had been even faultless, the shy little recluse, unaccustomed to any companionship save that of her brother and sisters, must have found a school of a hundred young girls, strong and healthy, and brought up in ways so widely different to that in which she had been trained—a strange and a foreign land, and herself a melancholy exile among them. And then ere the impression of strangeness had worn away, the sickness and death of her two elder sisters followed, and she henceforward added the charge of shortening their lives to the other rankling memories of hated "Lowood School." Now these poor girls, whose deaths at an interval of only six weeks from each other must have powerfully impressed that earnest, gloomy child's mind, were, it should be remembered, sickly like the others, starved like the others on a potato diet, and actually sent off to a distant school, ere they had recovered from the joint effects of those two most trying disorders of childhood—especially in their after influence on the constitution—measles and hooping-cough. That the father considered no blame to attach to the school authorities in this case, is evidently shown by his sending Charlotte and Emily back again. Let us then justly denounce the cruel tyranny of Miss Scatcherd, and laugh at the busy wrong-headedness of others; but let not errors almost unavoidable in the management of a new institution be so severely censured on the authority of a fiction.

Ere the next winter vacation came, Charlotte and Emily were fetched home, and from thenceforward until she was fifteen years old, the author of "Jane Eyre," had no school instruction, and scarcely an acquaintance beyond her own family. Her aunt taught her needlework and household duties; but it does not seem as though her father troubled himself to give her any lessons. Her self-education, however, went on rapidly, and in reading the list of works written by herself when just turned of fourteen, and which form twenty-two volumes, we are astonished at

their number and length. But the most striking peculiarity of this list, is the singular matter-of-fact character of all her compositions—judging from their names, and the utter absence alike of the historical and the supernatural. Few, if any, children commence their literary career with scenes of every-day life. "The Adventures of Prince Silverwing," or the trials of some fairy princess with a very long and very fine name, or stories of Red-cross knights, or "The Bandit of the Apennines," very fierce and very handsome—such are the subjects that mostly employ the tiny fingers of the child-writer, who probably enjoys more pleasure in contemplating the carefully-written copy than is felt in after years when he actually "sees himself in print." But Charlotte Brontë's interest even thus early seems all confined to the present day. There are, among many others, the "Search after Happiness," a tale; "An Interesting Incident in the Lives of some of the most Eminent Persons of the Age," a tale; "Tales of the Islanders," which are especially devoted to the glorification of her hero Wellington; and "Romantic Tales," consisting of adventures in Ireland. We wish Mrs. Gaskell could have afforded some extracts from some of these, since in the extract she has given from the "History of the Year 1829," the prosing homeliness of the style is really startling, when we compare it with the burning words in which Jane Eyre tells her sorrows and her wrongs. But Charlotte wrote poetry also; and many of those little volumes are filled with her early versifyings. No specimens of these are given; but one poem written before she was seventeen, perhaps some time earlier, is inserted. This is painfully overshadowed by the gloom which seems to have constantly brooded over her, and is just such a poem as Cowper, in one of his deepest depressions, might have written. A wounded stag is described lying "pained and crushed amid the shadowy fern"—a fine expression this for a young girl—and she mournfully conjectures what his dying thoughts might be. Did he, like man, feel the pang of friendlessness? or did pain and grief together "strive in his mangled breast?"

"Did longing for affection lost,  
Barb every deadly dart:  
Love unrepaid, and Faith betrayed,  
Did these torment his heart?"

"No! leave to man his proper doom!  
 These are the pangs that rise  
 Around the bed of state and gloom,  
 Where Adam's offspring dies!"

How stern, almost to misanthropy, is this; how terse and emphatic its point. But while Charlotte was thus actively preparing—all unconsciously—for her future high literary standing, and during the six years that succeeded her sojourn at Cowan's Bridge, quietly, if not cheerfully, fulfilling with her sisters the routine of household duties, a deep sorrow was preparing, though slowly, for these affectionate girls. While the father had thought it necessary to send his timid little girls to school, his only boy, rude and wayward, had, with the exception of a few hours' daily instruction, been literally allowed to run about wild; and while the father took his solitary walks and solitary dinner, musing over Catholic Emancipation, or the lawlessness of Radicals, he was all unconscious—but culpably unconscious—that his son had already formed companionships with the low and the vicious, and was now, even in his boyhood, a welcome guest in the tap-room of the Black Bull. It is necessary to note, in passing, Branwell Brontë's early tendencies and habits, for these were the commencement of that downward career, which eventually rendered even his premature death a relief to his family.

In 1831 Charlotte went for two years' schooling to the Miss Woolers, of Roe Head; and here amid pleasant scenery and pleasant companions, and under a kind and judicious teacher, one of the brightest periods of her life was passed. Miss Wooler continued her friendship to Charlotte's dying day, and two of her school-fellows became her affectionate friends and correspondents, as long as life lasted. During this time she was an indefatigable student, and pursued the various branches of instruction with all the energy which was so marked a characteristic of every member of the Brontë family. On Charlotte's return, she undertook the education of her younger sisters, keeping up meanwhile a thoroughly school-girl correspondence with her two young friends; thoroughly school-girl, we say, from its voluminousness, and amusing variety of topics. There are many criticisms on the books she is reading. In one of these the girl of sixteen,

who had never seen even a large town, commends Scott's "wonderful knowledge of human nature," in his character of "Varney," in "Kenilworth;" in another, she congratulates her friend, in stilted phrase, on a visit to London, not without fear of the baleful influence so strange and wicked a place might have upon her. Indeed, as Mrs. Gaskell remarks: "London, that great apocryphal city, seems to have been to her mind the very Vanity Fair of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" In another, she gives her friend a list of books for a course of English reading, and a very characteristic list it is. She selects, in this, matter-of-fact works in preference to purely imaginative, and when in her list of poets she mentions Shakspeare, she advises her friend to omit his Comedies! That her discrimination in literary matters was singularly obtuse for a mind so gifted, is evidenced too by her classing Shakspeare and Byron together, and gravely remarking: "Both these were great men, and their works are like themselves."

In 1835, Charlotte returned to Miss Wooler as a teacher, and spent a very happy time, until sickness, which took the form of extreme nervous irritability, and which was intensified by religious melancholy, compelled her to meditate a change from the monotonous routine of school-teaching. It was then the idea of turning her literary tastes to account seems first to have occurred to her, and she wrote a letter to Southey, which he replied to with abundance of cold, formal advice. We can not see what cause poor Charlotte had to be thankful for such a letter. If she did write poetry, she might truly say with Pope—

"I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed."

Indeed it was because she wished it to be *not* "an idle trade" that she wrote. Southey, however, gravely tells her—and it was in 1837—that "literature can not be the business of a woman's life." Why, at that very moment had not Joanna Baillie, and Mary Mitford, and Harriet Martineau, and half a score beside, made it their business, and received both fame and emolument? Were not inferior lady-novelists pocketing their hundreds, while one, far more gifted than them all, was toiling in a school for her board and six-

teen pounds a year? Southey seems always to have been terribly afraid that the literary market should be overstocked; so he gently but solemnly denounced the unauthorized intrusion of women into his department, much in the way the wood-engravers did, and the watchmakers are now doing. Poor Charlotte! "resigned, she kissed the rod." It had been better if some of the "Jane Eyre" flame had blazed out in her answer.

Sorrowfully, with the pang of disappointment added to her already many troubles, Charlotte went on; nothing but the calling of a governess seemed before her, and she and her two sisters went forth to that "white slavery." But while the delicate girls were toiling hard, the young visitant at the Black Bull was lounging about, right willing to be clothed and fed at their expense, and from all that appears to the contrary, the father was not unwilling that it should be so. Charlotte's first situation was detestable—in a purse-proud family, bloated with the insolence of rapidly-acquired wealth: thus another dark shade was added to the future novelist's still limited view of human life. On relinquishing this situation, Charlotte again turned to literature; inward voices, mightier than that of the laureat, bade her go on; but this time she adopted prose, and began a very long story. It was never completed; and when the three sisters met in the winter of 1840, their half-formed plan was that of a school of their own; but this was also soon laid aside, for in 1841 Charlotte again went out as governess. This time she entered a most worthy family, and characteristically she expresses her delight at meeting "the society of cheerful faces and minds, and hearts not dug out of a lead mine or cut from a marble quarry." From that pleasant abode the illness of her youngest sister Anne summoned her, and soon after the project of her journey to Brussels with her next sister, Emily, was entertained. This, after many delays and disappointments, was, through the kindness of her aged aunt, who still continued a resident at Haworth parsonage, finally accomplished, and in February, 1842, Mr. Brontë left his two daughters at Madame Héger's *pensionnat*, Rue d'Isabelle, Brussels.

What a crowd of stirring images would arise in the mind of a young person, only moderately versed in continental history,

from the mere name of the street, and how many more from its earlier historical associations. But the two sad exiles, who never had learned the pleasant art—if it be not a gift, rather—of turning from the dull and mournful present, to the bright and glowing past, sat moodily side by side in the great wainscoted room, determined to achieve the purpose for which they came, but equally determined to maintain a cold isolation from every one around them. They found a wise and a kind instructor in Mons. Héger, and when Charlotte finally left him, it was with the pain of parting from an old and kind friend. Emily had quitted Brussels earlier, upon the news of Miss Branwell's death; but a severe accumulation of anxieties hastened Charlotte's return in 1844. Her father's eyes were rapidly failing, and it was feared blindness might follow; the health of her youngest sister Anne was very delicate; and, worse than all, sad intimations had been given her of the profligate course her brother was pursuing. No wonder that on her return she so sadly wrote "something in me that used to be enthusiasm is tamed down and broken. Haworth seems such a lonely, quiet spot, buried away from the world. I no longer regard myself as young—indeed, I shall soon be eight-and-twenty; and it seems as if I ought to be working and braving the rough realities of the world as other people do. But," she adds, "it is my duty to restrain this feeling at present," and so she calmly sat down with her sisters to make shirts, and to talk over their plan of opening a school.

Charlotte and Emily were now thorough French scholars, they were tolerable proficient in German, and Emily to this added music; so they wrote to their friends, had cards printed, and waited four long months for pupils. Autumn came, and then the chance of success seemed very small, for the parsonage, dull even during the summer, must now indeed have looked too bleak and desolate for the abode of young children, as Charlotte sadly remarks; but while the anxious sisters were striving, though almost in vain, to bear up under the burthen of that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," all chance of establishing a school was cut off by the return of their wretched brother, a maudlin drunkard, who utterly refused to do aught for his living, and who seems to



have claimed, as his right, to be clothed and fed, and supplied with money by his much-enduring sisters. As Mrs. Gaskell has publicly retracted the Brontë version of this distressing story, little need now be said; we can not, however, but remark that the statements of a confirmed drunkard should from the first have been received with distrust, and that a man who could acknowledge to his own sisters such gross iniquity, ought to have been viewed as unworthy of belief, even by them. Indeed, Branwell Brontë, from the first notice we have of him, appears to have been any thing but a hopeful, well-conducted lad; even, therefore, were the story true, we could scarcely join in the fierce denunciations poured upon "the mature and wicked woman" who had tempted "the old man's boy"—a boy who had reached the tolerably mature age of twenty-seven!—for in these denunciations both the landlord of the Black Bull, who enticed, and the father who so fearfully neglected him, certainly deserve to share. We must add that we lament the apology for these shocking statements has not been more regretful; for what has been once said, is never altogether forgotten.

In the midst of their troubles, in the utter disappointment of their hopes of a school, a faint hope arose once more, that literature might afford these anxious, toiling sisters some aid. All three had written poetry, and it was at length determined that a small collection of poems should be published, under the joint pseudonyms, now so well known, of "Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." The story of how the little volume was printed, and published, and fell almost still-born from the press, is meekly told by Charlotte in her letters here, and in that touching introduction to her sister's novels. But she had scarcely time to think of literary disappointment, for the brother was still a worthless incumbrance at home, and her father was now stricken with total blindness. Few women have suffered the accumulated trials of Charlotte Brontë; but how very few, with that stern sense of duty, that unselfish regard for others. And yet very sad is it to find her—in so far as her letters reveal her feelings—receiving no consolation from those bright hopes which many, tried like her, have been able to realize; destitute of "the consciousness that He, whose presence makes heaven, is with us now, transform-

ing even here, our dark chamber into one of the many mansions;" but trying to school her mind to suffering, by viewing it as the common lot, and seeking a vague comfort in the thought that

"There's something in the world amiss,  
To be unravelled by-and-by."

In the autumn of 1846, she went with her father to Manchester, where the late Mr. Wilson operated upon his eyes with eventual success, and while there, doubtless thankful for an occupation that could relieve her mind by turning it forcibly away from her family troubles, she began "Jane Eyre." It was under the pressure of a double literary disappointment that this fine work was meditated. Hoping to succeed better in prose than in poetry, each of the three sisters had written a one-volume novel; and Charlotte's tale, "The Professor," after going a weary round among the publishers, had been returned upon her hands on the very day when her father submitted to his operation. "But she had the heart of Robert Bruce within her;" again she sent her manuscript in search of a more favorable reception, and "among those gray, weary, uniform streets, where all faces save those of her kind doctor, were strange and untouched with sunlight to her, there and then did this brave genius begin 'Jane Eyre.'" In September, father and daughter returned from Manchester; and the winter came on, and the spring slowly drew nigh, and still "The Professor" was passing from one publisher to another; but still "Jane Eyre," though slowly, was making progress. At length, "as a forlorn hope," the so-often-rejected "The Professor" was dispatched to Smith and Elder's, and ere long there came a letter which "Currer Bell, Esq., opened in the dreary anticipation of finding two hard, hopeless lines, intimating that Messrs. Smith and Elder were not inclined to publish the MS." But there was, instead, a letter—a letter of two pages—a letter of encouragement, though of refusal, and a hint that some other work might meet acceptance. How heartily must the almost finished "three-volume novel" now have been proceeded with; how anxiously must it have been packed up; and, with how many hopes which she scarcely dared to cherish, with how many fears which she could not subdue, must that so-often disappointed writ-

er have carried it to "the small station-house," and left it to its fate. This was at the end of August, and within six weeks "*Jane Eyre*" was accepted, printed, and published!

From this time the literary character of Charlotte Brontë was prosperous even beyond her most sanguine hopes. A second edition was called for in January, and the unknown writer, who a twelvemonth before was scarcely honored with an answer from the booksellers, was the great puzzle of the literary coteries of Christmas, 1847-48. "The whole reading world of England was in a ferment to discover the unknown author;" and writers whom Charlotte Brontë had humbly admired afar off, now proffered congratulation and applause in lengthened epistles to "Currer Bell." Would that Southey had been living to find out that literature could be a woman's business, and aid her in surrounding the old age of her father with many an unlooked-for comfort, and in soothing the last days of her sisters with blameless luxuries, which only by this means she could obtain. But alas! while her literary career was thus bright, even deeper shadows were brooding over her home. Her wretched brother, worn out by his vices, died at the close of September. *His* death must have been a relief; but ere three months passed, she was called to part from her sister Emily, who died on the 19th of December; and the sole surviving sister, "the darling little one," Anne, died at Scarborough just five months after! Poor Charlotte! the sole survivor now of those six little ones who, grave beyond their years, had sadly wandered hand in hand together. "Fame's steep ascent" she had found "hard to climb," and now, at the summit, there were no sweet sister-voices to cheer her. Little did those who censured so bitterly the passionate "unrest" of "*Jane Eyre*," and the gloom so painful of some portions of "*Shirley*," know amid what stern strife of conflicting feelings the one was written, amid what blank household desolation the other.

Still, after a brief interval, Charlotte found, like many other writers, amidst bereavement and sorrow, that there is balm, even actual consolation, in literary composition. "The faculty of imagination," she writes, "lifted me when I was sinking three months ago; its active exercise has kept my head above water ever since; its

results cheer me now, for I feel I have been enabled to give pleasure to others." How, in the very face of this passage, could wiseacres have found out that Charlotte Brontë's gifted mind was a fatal dowry? And other benefits and alleviations of her desolate lot did her high literary standing obtain for her. Kind and sympathizing friends, who but for her works would never have known the obscure country clergyman's daughter, now pressed forward with thoughtful offers of needed recreation; and invitations to family circles, where all that was interesting in our great metropolis, or soothing in beautiful rural scenery, would be combined with the pleasant social intercourse of refined and gifted minds. Charlotte availed herself, although but sparingly, of these friendly invitations, and made more than one rather lengthened sojourn in London. She visited the lakes, and took a short look at Edinburgh too, and made many an acquaintance—friendship, we might indeed say—with those whom for years she had admired from afar. Her letters during these visits are to us very suggestive of her peculiar intellectual character. With great mental power, her faculty of association seems remarkably limited, and her sense of beauty far less keen and vivid than might have been expected. The magnificent scenery of the lakes, we should have thought, would have burst upon the sight of the dweller beside desolate moors as a vision of glory almost too dazzling for the "aching sight;" but, though she speaks of "these grand hills and sweet dales," it is in measured phrase—the expression of a well-pleased tourist, not the enthusiasm of the poet. Her limited powers of association are most singularly displayed in her estimate of the Great Exhibition of 1851. This magnificent and marvellous collection of every work wrought by human industry—this Exhibition, that astonished even those most accustomed to displays of gorgeous and suggestive material beauty, she describes as "a marvellous, stirring, bewildering sight—a mixture of a *genii* palace and a mighty bazaar; but it is not much in my way." What other writer, equally gifted, would so languidly, almost so contemptuously, have turned from that "*genii* palace"? And even after five visits, she says: "I never was able to get up any raptures on the subject; after all, its wonders appeal too exclusively to the

eye, and rarely touch the heart or head." Exclusively to the eye!—did the very canoe in which the Red Indian paddled, the very jewels worn by the Eastern princess in her zenana, the very bournous that wrapped the Arab ranger, the arms, the utensils, the products of far-off lands—did *they* but appeal "exclusively to the eye"?

Poor Charlotte! had her childish imagination been fed upon its appropriate food instead of newspapers, she would have found surpassing interest in every thing that enlarged her views of the present, or vivified her dreams of the past. What a noble writer would she have been—how much happier, too—had her religious and intellectual training been more wisely superintended.

Little more remains to be added to the biography of the authoress of "Jane Eyre." In 1853, "Villette" appeared—"it was received with acclamation; and in the June of the following year she married Mr. Nicholls; a gentleman who had been curate to her father, and who had loved and "served for her" even longer than Jacob's seven years for Rachel. "From henceforth," says her delightful biographer,

"We, her loving friends, standing outside, caught occasional glimpses of brightness, and pleasant, peaceful murmurs of sound, telling of the gladness within; and we looked at each other, and gently said: 'After a hard and long struggle—after many cares, and many bitter

sorrows—she is tasting happiness now.' We thought of the slight astringencies of her character, and how they would turn to full ripe sweetness in that calm sunshine of domestic peace. We remembered her trials, and were glad in the idea that God had seen fit to wipe away the tears from her eyes. Those who saw her, saw an outward change in her look, telling of inward things. And we thought, and we hoped, and we prophesied, in our great love and reverence.

"But God's ways are not as our ways."

The work of this gifted woman, was alas! now ended. The following six months were passed in calm happiness, grateful indeed to that spirit, so long, so severely tossed and tried; and amid the pleasant alternation of visits to cherished friends, and the quiet routine of parochial and home duties, her days were filled up so completely, that she found no time for literary occupation—scarcely any for correspondence with her oldest friends.

Early in 1855 she took a severe cold; this was ere long succeeded by nausea, and distressing low fever, followed by delirium, from which she was only aroused to find herself dying. And then, on Saturday morning, March 31st, "the solemn tolling of Haworth church bell" told that Charlotte Brontë's brief period of wedded happiness was ended, and she was laid to rest beside her sisters, the last remaining child of that numerous family, those six little motherless children, having scarcely completed her thirty-ninth year.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

## PHENOMENA OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.\*

THE microscope, that wonderful triumph of inventive skill, when directed by a dexterous hand, now magnifies the com-

ponent parts of material structure until invisible points expand into magnificent webs of many woofs and dyes. Surfaces,

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\* 1. *A Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice*. By AUGUSTE DE LA RIVE, Ex-Professor in the Academy of Geneva. Translated for the Author by CHARLES V. WALKER, F.R.S. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1856-7.

2. *Magnetical Investigations*. By the Rev. W. SCORESBY, D.D. 2 vols 8vo. London: 1852.

3. *Experimental Researches on Electricity*. By Professor FARADAY, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1849-55.

by its aid, can be made to seem four millions of times larger than they really are. Yet the minutest point which is thus discerned in these surfaces, so far from being the last refuge of material substance, is itself still a congeries of molecules, a mighty labyrinth of atoms. Nature's own raw material, the ultimate element of substantial composition, has never yet been brought within the scope of the human senses; as an element, it has never been felt or seen. Yet, strange to say, man speaks of *ultimate atoms*, believes that such things exist, and knows that he can tell beforehand how they will comport themselves under particular arrangements. By means of his atomic theory, the chemist appears to have penetrated to existences which even the microscopic eye can not see.

The power of theoretic deduction has recently made vast incursions into this invisible atomic world which lies beyond even the scrutiny of the microscope. It has been admitted, on all hands, for some time, that the constituent molecules of terrestrial substances, even of the densest kind, are so far suspended in isolation from each other, that no force which human agency can bring into play, is equal to the task of driving them into absolute contact. The constituent molecules of lead and steel can be compressed nearer together by the energetic persuasion of Bramah's hydraulic press or Nasmyth's steam-hammer; but when these mighty engines have done their utmost, there still remain yawning gulfs between the contiguous particles. Lurking amid those molecules there is a repellent force, more potent than any engine the intelligence of man can wield. A name has been conferred, for convenience sake, upon this antagonist of molecular compression; it is called "Heat." The powerful agent was at first conceived to be a mysterious fluid, not amenable to the necessities of ponderable substance, but capable of flowing through matter, and performing various other astonishing feats of legerdemain. Recent researches of MM. Joule, Claudius, and Thomson, have, however, served to introduce a more rational idea of this subtle influence. Heat is now held to be a condition of material substance, rather than a superadded ethereal mystery; and it is further conceived to be highly probable, that each primary atom of matter exists, closely as

it seems packed in with its neighbors, in a state of incessant rotatory movement; a state originally impressed upon it as a necessary attribute of its atomic being. This movement is capable of undergoing considerable modification; it may languish under certain extraneous influences, or it may be urged on with augmented speed. The greater the speed, the more the rotating atoms repel each other, and the higher the temperature of the constituted mass becomes. How rotatory movement exerts itself as repulsion does not yet, even in hypothesis, appear.

Such is the mechanical theory of heat; and truly wonderful is the conception which is thus presented for contemplation. All material bodies, however quiet they may seem, and dense, and still, are nevertheless made up of an infinity of whirling parts, which never touch one another, and never pause, even for a passing moment, in their restless whirl! It requires rather strong faith in the sure-footedness of science to induce men, who have long believed in the habitual sobriety of matter, to trust themselves to the guidance of so giddy a scheme. Those, however, who are best qualified to form safe judgments in such matters, having looked well into the proceedings of the originators of the theory, report that they find ample warrant for the conclusions in the carefully elaborated experiments which have been made.

One particular branch of physical science seems especially commissioned to advance the views of these experimentalists, and to tell further tales of the atomic and molecular vicissitudes of matter. Electricity was once, like heat, conceived to be an inponderable fluid, which, notwithstanding its levity, could be bottled up in glass, and could flow along metallic wires. But now electrical force seems to be following the fortunes of its calorific comrade, and resolving itself into a material condition. In this state of affairs, a very masterly exposition of the facts and views of electrical science, by the accomplished ex-professor of the Academy of Geneva, M. Auguste De la Rive, has made its well-timed and welcome appearance. The first two volumes of the work comprise within themselves ample indications of the promise held out by the more abstract departments of this branch of physical research. The third volume (which is on the eve of publication) contains the



more popularly interesting matters, connected with the practical application of the propounded theories to the explanation of natural phenomena—physiological, atmospheric, and terrestrial—and of the manifold uses to which this wonderful agent is put, when harnessed to the car of art. M. De la Rive has been very happy in the accomplishment of his task. The work, although of voluminous dimensions, yet possesses the high merit of being a thoroughly readable book, from the excellence of its arrangement, and the unaffected simplicity of the style. A close and full exposition is given of the experimental proceedings by which the several deductions of the science have been arrived at; but in each section these deductions are so lucidly and pleasantly set forth by themselves, that the reader who enjoys only a limited command of time, may by a slight exertion of tact easily carry away, from a cursory perusal of the text, a comprehension of the leading features of the science. The work is equally suited to be the text-book of the practical experimentalist, and the resource of the philosophical reader; and it is likely that this comprehensive treatise of M. De la Rive will remain for a long time the classical work on the theory and practice of electricity.

Everybody knows that "Electricity" derived its name from the property of amber and some other substances, when briskly rubbed to attract light bodies. But what is it that happens to these excitable substances when they are made attractive by friction? M. Ampère tells us that this is what occurs: The little particles of the bodies get deranged by the friction, from the state of placid equilibrium in which they previously existed—an equilibrated state which is due to every particle being saturated with electrical fluid of a particular kind, whilst it is surrounded by an atmosphere of another sort of fluid. When bodies are in an unexcited state, these unlike electricities—namely, that belonging to the particle, and that which is external to the particle—saturate each other in virtue of their opposite powers. But so soon as their normal molecular condition is disturbed by friction, each electricity is torn asunder from its ordinary companion, and then, striving to return to its pristine relations with it, sets up the peculiar tension or force which is the characteristic of the

electrization of the body. Such is M. Ampère's idea; a notion which constitutes a great advance when compared with older hypotheses, for reasons which will be presently apparent, but which, nevertheless, is in itself insufficient as a theory. It accounts readily and completely for most of the observed peculiarities of electrical action, but fails no less signally in one particular. Most susceptible bodies are capable of exhibiting different kinds of electrical energy when brought into relation with dissimilar bodies. An electric which manifests a *positive* tension when rubbed by one body, has a *negative* tension when it is rubbed by some other. The assumption that each integrant particle of a given substance has a specific electrical fluid natural to it, can in no way satisfactorily account for this fact.

Berzelius was of opinion that every little ultimate atom of matter possessed two poles opposite to each other, and of unlike influence. M. De la Rive adopts this notion of Berzelius, and extends it in a very interesting way. Seizing upon the deductions of the mechanical hypothesis of heat, he points out that, as a necessary consequence of atomic rotation, each little rotating atom must have a direction of movement, and an axis round which the movement is performed; as it has an axis, it must also have poles, and each of these poles must be differently circumstanced with regard to the direction of the rotatory movement. Here there is an amply sufficient reason for the existence of a polar force among atoms. Every ultimate atom of matter possesses, as an attribute of its atomic existence, a *natural polarity*, dependent upon its inherent rotatory movement.

M. De la Rive further conceives the phenomena of electrical force to warrant the conclusion that the subtle imponderable ether, which pervades the universe, and gives rise to the vibrations of light, holds certain specific relations with the elementary rotating atoms of matter, and that the conditions of electrical excitement or electrical repose are determined by changes in these relations. In this sense electricity takes rank as the immediate link which unites ponderable with imponderable nature, and so acquires a very high degree of importance and dignity.

M. De la Rive suggests that it is very probable the condition of atomic equili-

brium and electrical repose is established in bodies, simply by the constant set of an electrical current through the axis of each constituent atom in one direction, and back in the opposite direction, along its external surface—atoms being in this electrically quiescent state necessarily, when they are isolated to a certain distance from each other. When atoms are nearer together, several are clustered to form an integrant molecule, by presenting poles of opposite power towards each other, the precise character of the atom determining the size and mass of the molecule, and then an electrical current circulates round the constituted molecule, instead of around each isolated atom. Molecules naturally so arrange themselves that all their indwelling polarities and electrical currents neutralize and counter-balance each other, unless some extraneous force deranges this balance, when the derangement takes effect as tension exerted on external bodies. The following extract contains M. De la Rive's own statement of his views on this subject:

"We are able to establish as a rigorous principle demonstrated by experiment, that not only friction, but that every mechanical action which disturbs molecular equilibrium, by deranging from their natural positions the particles of a body, becomes a cause of the production of electricity; electricity, the manifestation of which is more or less sensible, according to the various conditions under which the bodies subjected to these mechanical actions are found." (Vol. ii. p. 644.)

There is one circumstance capable of producing disturbance in the molecular equilibrium of electrically excitable bodies, which appears very extraordinary to the uninitiated, and which is, in reality, as important as it is strange. It is the mere close neighborhood of a substance already in a disturbed or electrized state. Every body which is in an electrical condition tends to trouble the peace of its neighbors, and to call up a like state in such other bodies as lie comparatively near to itself. Molecular disturbance is communicated, as it were, contagiously around it. This constitutes what is known as the process of *induction*.

When light bodies are attracted towards excited electrics, the effort occurs, indeed, because those bodies are inductively electrized by the near neighborhood of the excited electrics. This elementary

phenomenon of electrical action, therefore, serves as a fitting, because familiar, illustration of inductive disturbance. Now, when these light bodies are thus inductively influenced, it is seen that the influence is exerted from a considerable distance. Pith balls rush towards a stick of rubbed sealing-wax, while it is still two or three inches away. Professor Faraday, however, holds that, notwithstanding the appearance, inductive action is *only* exerted at comparatively inappreciable distances. The invisible air, omnipresent, and insinuating itself into every possible crevice, becomes electrized by induction when pressing near to an excited electric; it then inductively electrizes other layers of aerial substance, and these ultimately electrize inductively the bodies which are at some little distance from the primary source of the action. The influence is propagated, wave-like, onwards through the successive atmospheric layers. By his ingenious and elaborate investigations, Professor Faraday seems at least to have securely established the very important position, that there never is manifestation of electrical force except through the direct intervention of material particles. He has shown how immediately and readily the repulsion of similarly electrized bodies—that difficulty which, when negative electricity was concerned, drove *Æpinus* rashly to attempt to set up a revolution in the kingdom of cohesion, and to attribute to the atoms of matter a mutually repellent power—how readily this repulsion is explained by disturbance induced in the circumambient air. The seemingly repelled bodies are really *attracted* in the direction of their movement by the inductively electrized aerial particles lying there. According to Professor Faraday, the opposite electrical forces are due, not to the presence of antagonistic ethers, but to alternating changes in the aerial positions of the rotatory atoms and molecules. When a body is electrized, it is considered, in this view, to have successive strata, in which the poles of the constituent atoms range different ways. In each stratum the rotatory axes of the atoms are parallel to one another, but the axes of the atoms of contiguous strata are transverse to one another, and it is by the onward propagation of these alternated strata of axial positions that the effects of induction are carried to a distance. So long as the

atoms are maintained in this disturbed condition of alternate strata, the mass manifests electrical tension, and so soon as they cease to be so, the tension disappears, and the electricity is said to be discharged. M. De la Rive subscribes unconditionally to Professor Faraday's conclusion that there is no such thing as electrical force, apart from the intervention of matter. But he has more reserve touching the inability of induction to take effect at a distance: he thinks that there are some results derived from experiments carried on *in vacuo* which are opposed to this notion in its strictest sense, and he inclines to the suspicion that the electrized condition of air intervening between a primarily and inductively excited object may be due to the inductive influence simultaneously exerted by these objects upon the air, instead of the air being the medium whereby the influence is extended to the distance.

Whatever causes disturbance amidst the molecules of material substance, produces also a manifestation of electrical force, friction being merely one of the mechanical methods whereby molecular disturbance is effected. Of this fact there can be no question. Under certain molecular conditions, change of temperature produces the result. Increased rotatory velocity of atoms is connected, as cause or effect, with augmented temperature. But increased rotatory velocity of necessity elevates the energy of atomic polarity. If all the atoms in a heated body are equally free to move, they instantly accommodate themselves to the new state of affairs, by establishing a fresh equilibrium of position; for the intensities of the two opposite polar forces are raised in an equal degree. When, however, there is a want of homogeneity in the constitution of the heated body, the heat is transmitted unequally amongst its molecules, and the ordinary molecular condition is sufficiently disturbed for a manifestation of electrical tension to take place. This is why ductile metals are heated without any electrization being effected, and why electricity invariably appears when crystalline bodies, whose atoms are grouped not uniformly but in a particular distribution, have their temperatures raised or depressed.

Chemical changes are alterations of molecular condition; therefore there should always be a development of electricity, where chemical transformations are going

on. Here facts accord most rigidly with the deductions of theory. Chemical operations constitute the great source whence art derives its supply of electrical power, as instanced in the employment of the voltaic battery in the service of telegraphy. M. De la Rive holds heat, electrical force, and chemical affinity to be so nearly related, that the quantity of heat generated, or of electrical force set free, in any case, serves as a delicate and accurate measure of the operations of affinity. Indeed, he seems inclined to consider that electrical polarity and chemical affinity are actually identical things, and he has a method of his own of showing how the two results may flow from the one cause. He conceives that, although each atom of matter has two electric poles, of contrary kinds of energy, but of equal force, dissimilar elementary bodies have atoms whose poles are endowed with unlike energies. When contiguous atoms are dissimilar and possess different degrees of force, the positive pole of the stronger atom coerces the negative pole of the weaker, and draws it towards itself, constituting chemical union, and issuing in the formation of a compound atom. Heterogeneous atoms of unequal power attracting each other by their opposite poles, contract the union of *chemical affinity*.

It has been objected to M. De la Rive's electro-chemical theory, that it can hardly be philosophic to assume atomic rotation as the cause both of temperature and of electric polarity, since atoms which are chemically unlike, and therefore endowed with different polarities and rotatory movements, occasionally have the same temperatures. To this M. De la Rive replies that, in the mechanical hypothesis of heat, regard must be paid to the particular mass of the rotating atom, as well as to its rotatory velocity. The same velocity of rotation may not be necessary for the production of any given temperature, in atoms whose respective masses are different. And then, again, it is but reasonable to suppose that the action exerted by the polar force of any atom is greatly modified by the particular state in which it exists in molecular aggregation, and by its degree of isolation. The strong point about this very ingenious electro-chemical theory is, that a very large series of experiments and observations have shown positive electricity actually to possess a greater expansive force than negative



electricity (whatever that may be) at the same tension, and that, therefore, the positive pole of an elementary atom *ought* to possess the ascribed predominance of power.

The electrical force, which is manifested by bodies, when their normal state of molecular equilibrium is deranged, is termed *static* electricity, or electricity in a condition of rest. When the electrical state is in the act of being propagated from one part of a substance to another, or from one body to another, the force manifested is termed *dynamic* electricity, or electricity in movement. Static electricity makes itself manifest merely by its *tension*; that is, the disturbance it produces in bodies external to itself. This tension is but a particular form of expression for the effort which the disturbed molecules are exerting to restore their original equilibrated state; why, therefore, does this effort not at once take effect in restoring the internal molecular balance? The reason is that there is some peculiar condition present among the molecules of electrically excitable bodies, which acts as a kind of *vis inertiae*, and prevents the original arrangements from being immediately recalled. The atoms of electrics are stubborn, and when once their usual orderly distribution has been disturbed by extraneous interference, they refuse to recover their pristine conditions, until forced to do so by some new exertion of power. When electrical force was conceived to be due to two different ethers, which were commonly combined, but which were capable of being separated and held asunder, it was supposed that the bodies possessed of electrical *vis inertiae* were such as were able to oppose the movements of the separated ethers in their attempt to return into combination; they were deemed to be substances capable of imprisoning the opposite electric fluids, so to speak, and they were thence called *insulators*. Bodies, on the other hand, which were incapable of being made to manifest electric tension, unless when entirely surrounded by insulating substance, and which were able to relieve electrized insulators of their tension, when brought into communication with them, were called *conductors*, under the notion that they served as channels for the electric influence, and allowed it to flow along them.

Professor Faraday has rendered great

service to the cause of electrical science by effecting a radical change in these notions. He has shown that the distinction of bodies into insulators and conductors of electricity has no real existence in nature. Every substance does oppose some resistance to the transmission of electrical influence, and every substance does allow that transmission in a certain degree. The secret of the difference in the facility with which bodies transmit the influence, is merely that some, in virtue of their intrinsic molecular constitution, offer greater resistance to the destruction of their normal molecular equilibrium than others, and also resist, in the same degree, its restoration when once disturbed: they have more molecular *vis inertiae*. Now all bodies which possess this *vis inertiae*, and, therefore, the so-called insulating capacity, in a marked degree, are also capable of initiating a true inductive influence. The comparative persistence of their disturbed molecular states issues naturally in this result. Professor Faraday consequently replaces the old term "insulator" by the new and unobjectionable designation "*di-electric*," while he still names all those substances which evince slight capability of retaining the disturbed molecular condition, "conductors." The question, therefore, here presents itself, what is it that really constitutes conducting power?

The transmission of electrical force seems to be due, not actually to the passage of any stream of fluid, ethereal or other, but to the *propagation onwards of molecular disturbance* in the substance of the transmitting body, in a very rapid way. In insulating bodies, successive inductions and neutralizations of disturbed atomic polarities take place very sluggishly, but in conducting bodies they are produced very speedily. The transmission of electric force in conductors is always preceded by the induction of axial deflections in the atoms, and it always occurs by the neutralization of the induction, and the return of the polarized atoms to their normal positions. So long as the transmission continues, the successive alternations of polarization and neutralization go on with inconceivable velocity. There is an incessant vibratile play of the axes of the material atoms backwards and forwards. Here then it becomes at once apparent why there must be two kinds of electric force, and why there can be no such thing as the transmission of a single



kind of electricity alone. Two opposite states of polar deflection are continually interchanged amongst all the material atoms lying along the line of the electric march. When the transmitting line is placed between two bodies which are themselves oppositely excited, as is the case with the conducting wire situated between the poles of the charged voltaic battery, or between the inner and outer metallic coatings of the charged Leyden jar, each source of action operates from opposite directions in establishing identically the same atomic movements; the effect therefore is doubled.

This view of the nature of electrical transmission at once removes a difficulty which has been felt by many as a great stumbling block to their thorough comprehension of the wonderful effects accomplished by the electric telegraph. An individual desires to send a message from London to Edinburgh. He sees the telegraphing clerk at work at his commutator, and is told that he is directing a stream of electric influence to flow along four hundred miles of insulated wire, each time the key is turned; but he is also told that the electric influence so transmitted, has to find its way back by the earth to the cellars containing the voltaic battery of the operator, or that there could be no result. Now while this is taking place there will, in all probability, be numerous other messages passing transversely to the London and Edinburgh wires, between other stations, and the electric influence employed in all these will also be thrown into the earth and allowed to find its way back to the spot whence it has started. How strange that these several streams of influence, thus thrown together in the terrestrial mass, should, with unswerving truthfulness to their several missions, and with incorruptible fidelity, return, each like an electric dove to its own ark, notwithstanding the myriad of distracting inducements to which it has necessarily been exposed during its course. Why does not the electric stream poured into the earth at Edinburgh, find its way to Newcastle, or Hull, or Liverpool, when at each of these places a similar stream is due? The answer is the simple one, that there is really no *stream* in the case. The effect is produced, not by actual substantial flow, but by the propagation of alternating atomic polarizations in a vibratile way. The extremity of a wire, with its atoms

in a state of positive polarity, in consequence of its connection with the positive pole of a voltaic battery, is made to touch the earth at Edinburgh. Another wire with its atoms in a state of negative polarity, in consequence of its connection with the negative pole of the battery, is made to touch the earth at London. The contacts with the earth allow the vibratile alternations of atomic positions, upon which electrical transmission depends, to be set up. The terrestrial substance, acting as a vast reservoir of neutralization, contains within itself all that is necessary for the immediate reversal of each successive polar disturbance, and for the consequent renewal of the polar susceptibilities of the atoms, and for doing the same thing to any extent to which demands may be made simultaneously upon it. So long as the wires are not in contact with the earth, they possess a certain measure of static tension, each wire of an opposite kind; the moment the terrestrial communication is made, the tension is neutralized, and then set up again, and then neutralized again, and this in continued rapid succession; the voltaic battery reproduces the tension, and the earth repeats the neutralization, and so the force which was static in the wire, is rendered dynamic. If it be the wire from the positive pole which is placed in communication with the earth at Edinburgh, and that from the negative pole which touches it at London, the successive polarizations which are propagated, are initiated in one direction; if the arrangement of the contact poles be reversed, they are initiated in the other direction; and this determines the precise behavior of the magnetized needle which has to tell the tale of the character of the propagated polarizations, and so become a recognizable signal. It may be remarked, however, as a curious fact, that M. Marianini has shown any number of so-called electrical currents may be simultaneously propagated through a bulky conductor, like the earth, or a reservoir of liquid, quite independently, and without the one interfering with, or modifying, the other.

A large amount of ingenuity and industry has been applied to the task of finding out what the rate is with which this propagation of the electrical state can be made through conducting wires, and the inquiry is not without great practical importance now that it is in contemplation

to throw the telegraph cable across the basins of wide oceans. The first accurate experiment that was attempted with a view to determine the speed of dynamic electricity, was made in the year 1748, soon after the invention of the Leyden jar. The experimenter, Mr. Watson, then passed the electric shock through his own body and 12,276 feet of wire, he himself forming the middle of the line. He stood near the jar and marked the spark with his eye, while he felt the shock in his arms. His conclusion was that the spark was seen, and the shock felt, simultaneously, and that the time occupied by the passage of the influence along 6138 feet of wire was altogether inappreciable. Professor Wheatstone has, however, by the employment of a very refined process of observation, since arrived at a different conclusion. The Professor makes use of a board having three pairs of copper balls upon it. The middle pair interrupts a line of copper wire, half a mile long, in the midst, and the outer pairs are connected with the respective extremities of the wire. All the three pairs are so arranged that sparks can be seen passing between them when an electric discharge is made along the wire. The object of the observer, when he uses this apparatus, is to detect whether the three sparks all occur at the same instant, and he is aided in this delicate investigation by a kind of micrometer of the most exquisitely scrutinizing power, it being composed of a rapidly revolving mirror, whose rate of rotation is accurately known. By the employment of this very ingenious apparatus, Professor Wheatstone finds that the image of the spark between the middle pair of balls is in arrear of the images between the extreme pairs to the extent of a 1,152,000th part of a second. He therefore concludes that, since the electric influence takes the 1,152,000th part of a second to travel through a quarter of a mile of wire, it would pass through  $1,152,000 \div 4 = 288,000$  miles in a complete second.

Other experimenters who have concerned themselves with investigations relating to the speed of dynamic electricity, have arrived at very different conclusions from those of Professor Wheatstone. It occurred to Mr. Walker and Mr. Mitchell in the United States, that they might determine the period a signal required for transmission along a lengthened line of telegraph wire, if they had the transit of

a given star observed at the extreme stations as it passed over the meridian. The transits of the star at the two stations would fix the precise local time there; and any difference remaining in the recorded time of the electric signal at those stations, after due allowance had been made for their relative situations in longitude, could only be due to the time occupied by the transmission of the signal. Several series of careful observations by this method gave, as the results of the two observers' experiments, a rate of 18,760 and 28,526 miles per second. Mr. Gould, taking advantage of a colossal circuit of wires extending to no less a distance than 1045 miles, between Seaton, near Washington, and St. Louis, registered a signal upon two evenly rotating clock-regulated cylinders of paper, one placed at each extremity of the wire, and then, by comparing the registers, fixed 12,851 miles per second for the velocity of the transmitting agent. It is very curious to remark the precision of this estimate, 12,851 miles per second! MM. Fizeau and Gonelle operated with double wires, iron and copper, between Rouen and Paris, and between Paris and Amiens, and deduced their indications of velocity from the deflections of a magnetized needle, caused by the interrupted current transmitted through a rheotome. The rates deduced from their experiments were 62,130 miles per second for the iron wire, and 111,834 for the copper wire. The Astronomers Royal for England and Scotland have even more recently attempted to apply Messrs. Walker and Mitchell's method of combining the signal of the telegraph with astronomical observations at the extreme stations: from experiments made between the observatories of Greenwich and Edinburgh, the rate came out 7600 miles per second; and with the observatories of Brussels and Greenwich, the estimate was 2700 miles per second.

In this last experiment Mr. Airy appeared to have found a speed for electricity, while traversing a good conductor, 100 times less than that which was attributed to it by Professor Wheatstone from his early experiments with the spark-board and revolving mirror. It was therefore at once felt by electricians, when the Astronomer Royal's result was made known, that either this strange discrepancy must be accounted for, or discredit

would be thrown upon the entire series of investigations accomplished at the cost of so much time and labor. Professor Faraday, with characteristic gallantry, threw himself into the gap, and undertook the complete examination of the question in its entire bearings. The result is an unqualified triumph for the experimenters. The Professor has been able to account most satisfactorily for the differences of speed deduced in the several cases.

It is a curious consequence of the operation of induction, that an excited electric, having inductively called up a state of electrical tension in a neighboring body, then has its own tension inductively heightened in turn through the influence of that very disturbed state of atomic polarity which it has itself caused. If the two bodies thus electrized, one primarily and the other inductively, be separated from each other by a thin layer of insulating substance, their tensions become exceedingly strong under this mutual action, and the heightened tensions remain imprisoned by the powerful attractive hold each exerts upon the other through the impassable intervening layer. While this state of matters continues, the electric tensions manifest themselves *only* by the effort they make to neutralize each other through the intervening layer; they exhaust their energies entirely upon themselves, and produce no external effect; they are therefore, in the language of electricians, said to be "*disguised*." The charged Leyden jar is an instance of this production of disguised electrical force under the operation of induction. The inside metallic coating of the jar being positively electrized and insulated by means of the thin glass of the jar, negatively electrizes the outer metallic coating through induction, and then has its own tension greatly augmented by the active state of the outer coating. The two electrical tensions pressing towards each other through the thin glass, are retained in their positions of close propinquity by their tendency to take the nearest, and yet also impracticable, route to get together, until some conducting path is arranged for them from one coating to the other, when they leap through this course, and the static electricity of the jar is discharged.

Now Professor Faraday has pointed out that the long wire of an electric telegraph, if insulated by means of a coating

of gutta percha, which is itself surrounded by water or moist earth, is in precisely the condition of a Leyden jar. So soon as a charge of electrical tension is communicated to the wire, that tension immediately calls up inductively an opposite tension in the layer of moisture which covers the outer surface of the insulating tube, and this, in its turn, reacting inductively upon the electricity of the wire, tends to hold it there, impeding the production of those alternating charges of molecular polarity upon which the onward transmission of the electric force depends. The gutta percha-covered wire of the electric telegraph is indeed a lengthened out Leyden jar, instead of being a simple conductor. Therefore the electrical state loiters and hangs back in it, instead of being freely propagated onwards. In the experiment of the Astronomer Royal, made between Greenwich and Brussels, a portion of the line of communication lay in the sub-marine cable, and so far the transmitted electricity had to run the gauntlet through circumstances which were able to exert upon it a strong inductive pull, and thereby to delay its progress. The Professor has been able to show, by direct experiment, that when only wires freely suspended in the air are employed in the transmission, the propagation of the electrical influence is practically instantaneous through a wire 1500 miles in length, and that through a tube-insulated subterranean wire of the same length a retardation of two seconds is experienced. In strictly aerial lines of wire some inductive retardation of this kind is almost sure to occur, in ordinary arrangements, in consequence of the wires being carried in places near to the ground, or past walls, or in the neighborhood of other kinds of masses capable of being influenced, and of influencing, inductively. In all probability the results of the experiments, lying in point of time between those of Professor Wheatstone and of the Astronomer Royal, were made as discrepant as they proved from causes of this nature.

In consequence of Professor Faraday's discovery of the subjection of the coated telegraph-wire to the influences that produce disguised electricity, the question has been anxiously mooted, whether in a sub marine cable 1900 statute miles long, this disturbing force would be likely to be of sufficient moment to interfere with



the free transmission of signals. The ingenious investigations of Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, tend to throw considerable light upon this matter. In the researches which this experimenter has made, and upon which indeed he is still engaged, the very beautiful method has been adopted of making terrestrial gravity measure the electrical force and telegraphic capability of any given arrangement, instead of trusting to the indications of the capricious galvanometer in previous use. When currents of any considerable degree of intensity are in transmission, the magnetic needle of the galvanometer throws somersaults and leaps about so madly, that any exact reading of its indications is simply impracticable. Mr. Whitehouse has therefore contrived a very delicate steel-yard, so exquisitely hung that it will turn with the variation of the fractional part of a grain, although it is able to weigh thousands of grains under special arrangements. Weights of different capacities can be hung upon the long arm of the steel-yard, and be shifted to any required position upon it. The short arm carries an armature of iron, which is drawn down through a limited space by a soft iron bar placed beneath, whenever that bar is magnetized by a current of electricity passing through a surrounding coil. These arrangements being effected, the number of grains which is the limit of the lifting capacity of the electro-magnet, becomes the exact indication of the force of the current which produces its magnetization.

Standing by the side of this "magneto-electrometer" in his inquisitorial office, Mr. Whitehouse also has another curious little familiar of his own creation, which seems to have been endowed by his hand with almost super-physical sensibility. The apparatus is designed to ascertain the *velocity* with which the electrical current travels in any given case through gutta-percha-covered wire, as the magneto-electrometer is intended to estimate its *force*, and therefore the extent to which its available influence can be extended. The primary power in this piece of apparatus is a second's pendulum which sways backwards and forwards with incorruptible fidelity. As the pendulum swings, it reverses at each beat the direction in which the current issuing from a voltaic battery flows. The current calls

into activity relay-batteries, which then print a trace upon a ribbon of chemically sensitive paper, as it is unwound from a cylinder. There are, however, two printing styles, each supplied by its own relay-battery, the one set to work by the primary current as it enters a long wire under examination, the other set to work by the current as it passes out of the wire. Two traces are thus impressed on the paper, side by side, in very convenient positions for comparison, although the wire lying between the styles effecting those traces may be hundreds of miles in length. As the ribbon of paper is drawn along evenly under the two styles, one trace is necessarily as much *behind* the other, as the one style is later than the other in being electrically excited to begin its printing work. Each trace, from each style, is broken, too, every second by the beating of the pendulum, so that the degree to which one trace lags behind the other can be accurately estimated in proportional parts of this second's length. If the electrical current be four tenths of a second in traversing the length of any wire under examination, then the style at the end of the wire will commence to print on the paper-ribbon four tenths of a second later than the style at the beginning of the wire, and this will be visibly indicated by one printed trace lying on the paper four tenths of its own second's length behind the other.

Operating with these very efficient and novel instrumental assistants, Mr. Whitehouse finds that if he takes a fragment of the Atlantic cable fifteen miles long, and leaves its further end insulated by hanging it up in the air, he can communicate to the interior wire of the cable an electric charge, (just as a charge is communicated to the inside insulated coating of a Leyden jar by an ordinary electrical machine,) which is able, by the mere act of discharge passed through the magneto-electrometer, to lift 1075 grains. With 200 miles of cable he communicates an electrical charge which lifts 2300 grains by its discharge. This at once *proves* that the cable is a Leyden jar, and acts as one, and not as a simple conductor. *The longer piece of cable manifests the greater lifting force on its discharge.* It had received and held for the time the greater quantity of electricity, and the greater quantity had produced the greatest effect when it was transferred from the static to the dynamic



state. This is why, in the arrangements of the Atlantic telegraph, a small conductor is used in preference to a large one. The larger conductor of any given length would be a more capacious Leyden jar to be charged, and would therefore require a heavier measure of electricity to work it. The wire is fully charged and discharged, as a Leyden jar, every time a signal is transmitted. Mr. Whitehouse finds that a *small quantity* of electricity, in a state of *high intensity*, and passing through a comparatively *small wire*, acts far more satisfactorily than any arrangement which depends upon a capacious conductor and a large charge. The matter is, in fact, altogether an affair of proportion and symmetry. Success requires that every condition and element of the arrangement shall be weighed and adjusted to the details with which it is to be associated. There is no royal telegraphic road through the depths of the Atlantic, either upon the simple base of conducting capacity or of electrical force.

Nothing can more completely establish this proposition than one experiment which Mr. Whitehouse has devised and carried out. It had been suggested that the mere attenuation of the soft copper core of the Atlantic cable, in consequence of the drag of its own weight in laying down, would be likely so to diminish its capacity of transmission that it would become useless for telegraphic purposes, under the influence of the law which causes a conductor to carry electricity with a facility which is proportional only to its smallest part. This law is correct for transmission through a simple conductor, but it does not apply where the transmission is by means of the charge and discharge of a Leyden jar, and Mr. Whitehouse has experimentally established the fact that there is no ground whatever for apprehension in this particular. He first passed a current from a pair of magnetic induction-batteries through 600 miles of the cable, and ascertained the number of grains it was able to lift in the magneto-electrometer. He then passed a similar current through the same length of cable, *having a fine wire of a mile-length introduced mid-way*, and observed the number of grains it was able to lift. In the first instance the electro-magnet lifted 745 grains, In the second instance it lifted 725 grains. Only twenty grains of force were lost in consequence of the mile

of attenuation, although the mile of wire employed in the experiment was actually *eleven times as small* as the conducting core of the cable. When the apprehension is felt that the soft core of the cable may be stretched two feet in a mile in laying down, and be so rendered useless, Mr. Whitehouse replies by stretching one mile in 600 until it is reduced to the one eleventh of its size, and then shows that even this only takes away a thirty-seventh part of the transmitting capacity of the cable! Mr. Whitehouse has also demonstrated that the core of the cable may be stretched until it yields twenty feet in a mile, without its insulation being injured, or its transmitting capability being affected in any important degree.

One of the most astonishing characteristics of this slight cable is the perfection of its insulation, and the extreme sensibility of its conducting power. Seven small triangular pieces of plate-zinc having been connected with fragments of copper wire, and having been coated with sealing-wax, the point of each of the triangles was scraped clear of sealing-wax by a knife, and the plates were then immersed in acidulated cells, so that they constituted, with the appended copper wires, voltaic pairs. The cleared point of the zinc triangle, and the ends of the copper wires then formed the only acting portions of the battery. By means of this Lilliputian apparatus, printing was effected on the paper ribbon of the apparatus already described, *through 660 miles of the cable*, and with a facility that indicated only nine tenths of a second having been consumed by the passage of the current through that extent!

Mr. Whitehouse finds that a simple voltaic current acts with more force at the end of a considerable length of cable, than a magnetic induction-current does, but that it travels with less velocity. Seventy-six pairs of voltaic plates of sixteen square inches lifted 1400 grains at a distance of 600 miles, the current spending four tenths of a second on its journey. Ten small cells, with plates of 100 square inches, acting through magnetic induction-coils three feet long, lifted 745 grains at the distance of 600 miles, the current spending only nineteen hundredths of a second on its passage. As rapidity of signals will be an affair of considerable moment, in a case where the messages of two great nations will have to be sent through a single wire

it has been wisely determined that the Atlantic Telegraph shall be worked by magnetic induction-batteries, rather than by simple voltaic cells.

The experiments which Mr. Whitehouse has carried out regarding the diminution of electric power from increase of the distance to which it has to be transmitted, are very complete and satisfactory, and prove that there is no good ground for fear in the mere breadth of the Atlantic basin. A voltaic battery of seventy-two pairs is found to lift 25,000 grains when transmitted to the magneto-electrometer by means of a couple of yards of wire. If transmitted to it by 200 miles of Atlantic cable, it lifts 10,650 grains. If transmitted through 400 miles, it lifts 3250 grains, and if through 600 miles, 1400 grains. It will be at once perceived that there is nothing formidable in this ratio, when it is remembered that at the end of the cable the faint current will be intensified by being passed through a coil, which will act indirectly upon soft iron, and so set a relay-battery at work to print; and that also, by the employment of this very arrangement, seven points of zinc do print through 660 miles of cable.

In the present state of this wonderful undertaking to annihilate commercially one of the great oceanic gulfs of the globe, every thing is full of the highest promise. Each difficulty that has been suggested hitherto, has been instantly met by a statement of experimental results planned by the sagacity of the electrician and engineer of the Company, Mr. Whitehouse and Mr. Bright, and carried out long since with a view to the determination of that very point. The amount of labor and research which these gentlemen have given to the mere anticipation of possible obstacles, can not be conceived unless the details of their patient and intelligent work are followed step by step. The only practical difficulties which these experimenters themselves really fear, are the possible influences of terrestrial currents acting inductively upon the cable when safely laid on its shelf in the Atlantic depths. These probable sources of trouble Mr. Whitehouse is already contemplating with a jealous eye; and it is pleasant to know that he himself believes he shall be fully prepared to grapple with them, should they unfortunately prove troublesome, by furnishing an artificial neutralization of the mischiev-

ous influences through currents of an opposite kind.

The experiments of Professors Faraday and Wheatstone, of Mr. Whitehouse and of MM. Fizeau and Gonelle, all combine to establish the principle that the propagation of electricity is really effected by means of successive vibrations or waves, called up amidst the atoms of the transmitting substance, but that the velocity of the propagation of these waves is in some degree dependent upon the precise molecular character of the transmitting body; these researches are thus in very interesting agreement with the independent investigations of M. De la Rive, and favor his atomic theory of electrical force.

Chemical decomposition is the source whence electricity is invariably derived for the purposes of telegraphy. The reason for this is, that a very small amount of chemical change is found to set free a very large *quantity* of electrical influence. Professor Faraday has shown that the electrical current which is required to decompose a single grain of water, is also sufficient to keep a platinum wire, the hundredth part of an inch in diameter, at a red heat for three minutes and three quarters. But if the same heat were sustained for the same time by the discharges of Leyden jars, instead of by the continuous current of the voltaic battery, it would be necessary that six millions and a half of discharges, of a jar eight inches high and seven inches and a half in diameter, should be employed for the purpose. This, therefore, would be the quantity of static electricity which would be needed to effect the decomposition of the grain of water! But again, the quantity of electricity which effects the decomposition of a grain of water, is also the amount that would be liberated when enough oxygen and hydrogen were combined to form a grain of water, or that would be liberated when one grain of water was decomposed by simple chemical means. The conjoint investigations of M. Becquerel and Professor Faraday have established the fact, that the amount of static electricity chemically set free on the decomposition of a grain of water, is such as would suffice to charge with high tension an insulated conducting pane, such as a thunder-cloud, thirty-five acres in area! The discharge of such an electric pane, if instantaneous, would be a true flash of lightning, of ter-

rific intensity and power. In all voltaic piles and batteries, such as those which are employed for telegraphic purposes, the propagation of the electric influence through the wire which is interposed between the poles, is effected by the successive decompositions and recompositions of the equilibrated positions of the several molecules. Each of these successive polar changes is accompanied by chemical decomposition and recombination of the molecules of the liquid, which forms a part of the electrical circuit, within the cells of the battery. The chemical change is essential to the maintenance of the continuity of the electrical current. This, then, is how chemical change is made a source of electrical power, when a sustained stream of that power is required for a specific purpose. It is absolutely necessary to the development of voltaic electricity, that there shall exist an intimate chemical relation between the substances brought into contact with a view to its production: one must be capable of entering upon a combination of affinity with at least one of the elements comprised within the other. M. De la Rive holds that the power of the so-called dry voltaic piles is entirely due to the chemical action incident upon the presence of moisture in the paper used in the construction of the pile, or in the surrounding air. He does not think the existence of such a thing as electrization by mere contact, independently of chemical influence, or mechanical molecular disturbance, admissible.

When the electricity, which is set free by the decomposition of a grain of water, or any analogous change, is passed in a continuous current, as it is called, this being spread out through three or four minutes, comparatively slight effects are produced. A few inches of fine platinum wire placed in the course of the current become red hot, or another grain of water is decomposed, or the fibres of a frog's muscle are kept twitching, or a faint spark is produced at the extremity of the interrupted wire. If, on the other hand, the same measure of electricity is discharged instantaneously between a thirty-five-acre thunder-cloud and the earth, the result is a veritable lightning flash of fearful power. It is exceedingly remarkable that there should be this difference in the sensible strength of the electric discharge and the electrical current. The philoso-

pher in his laboratory is continually handling with safety the concentrated essence of the fiercest thunder-storms, keeping it under his perfect control, and sending it hissing through fine wires, or turning it from one vessel to another, at his pleasure, as he would so much water. This surprising peculiarity seems to be entirely due to the concentration of the sum of the force into the instant in one case, and to its dissipation through an immense number of successive instants in the other. The instantaneous discharge of electric force, the moment before in a state of static intensity, is accompanied by the production of a vividly brilliant *spark*. When the instantaneous discharge is broken up into a series of smaller discharges, a *brush* of light is seen passing through the interval of air that lies between the discharging conductors. The brush is obviously nothing more than a stream of very small sparks flowing side by side, and in rapid succession. If the stream of sparks is made to flow yet more quickly, by increasing the tension of the electrized source, or by diminishing the resisting power of the air through rarefaction, distinct points of light cease to be discernible, and the brush is changed into an unbroken *glow*. In this way the actual transition of the instantaneous discharge into the lengthened current can be followed. But the light itself which thus accompanies the discharge; the spark—the lightning, mimic or real—what is its nature? Why does this luminous effect appear when the balance of the polarities of material atoms is being suddenly disturbed or reestablished?

The character of electric light is best studied in the appearance which is presented, when two pointed pieces of charcoal are placed on the extremities of the wires of a powerful voltaic battery. If the charcoal points be brought into contact, they become incandescent, and if these incandescent charcoal tips be then gradually withdrawn to some little distance from each other, an arched bundle of fire is seen extending between them, curved up in the middle apparently because a current of heated air is ascending there. Bent upon investigating the nature of this luminous arch, Professor Silliman contrived to protect his eyes by green glass, so that he was able to discern finely divided matter passing across in it to the negative point, as a kind of dust;



a rapid series of slight detonations was distinctly heard, caused, as it seemed, by the tearing asunder from the positive pole of the particles thus carried through the arch. M. Van Breda replaced the charcoal points by a pair of iron balls, and found that after the voltaic current had been transmitted between them for some time, the ball in connection with the positive pole had diminished in weight to the extent of four grains and three quarters. From these and other carefully conducted experiments it seems that the luminous arch is made up of a chain of molten incandescent particles of matter passing between the poles. The incandescence is not the result of a true combustion of these particles, for it is equally well sustained in the entire absence of oxygen. The surface molecules of the charcoal, or metal, which constitute the termination of the pole, are burst off from the rest of the mass by the force of the electrical tension, and are then thrown into such rapid vibration as they are conveyed across to the opposite pole, that they produce effects in the luminous ether which issue in brilliant light. The spark of the instantaneous electrical discharge is a consequence of precisely the same cause. It is composed of material particles torn from the terminal conductor, and rendered incandescent by the electrical tension. Both in the spark of the instantaneous discharge and in the arch of the voltaic current, the light is produced by the electrical state propagating itself through a line of ponderable matter, for the time itself in a state of onward transmission, yet constituting nevertheless a strict unbroken course of continuity. The particles of matter in this line are heated, precisely in the same way as the molecules of a fine wire, when this forms a portion of the voltaic circuit, by the state of rapidly intermitting polarizations into which they are thrown. In the spark of the instantaneous discharge, the effect is so momentary, that no trace of radiant heat can be discovered, notwithstanding the fact that numerous other indications of a very elevated temperature are left in its course. The spark indeed is so instantaneous that it has not time to fire explosive compounds, such as gunpowder, as it passes through them, unless its pace is retarded by the intervention, for a short interval, of some imperfectly conducting substance, as, for instance, string moist-

ened with water. If this intervention be made, the explosion immediately ensues.

Professor Faraday considers that the instantaneous discharge of electric tension is effected in two altogether distinct ways; that is to say, by a burst through the instrumentality of the electric ether—and through connection or transport by means of the movement of material particles. M. De la Rive maintains that these are properly the same thing, and that even in the most gentle discharge there is always a transport of finely divided material particles. M. Fusinieri has demonstrated that electric sparks invariably contain brass in a state of diffusion, and incandescent molecules of zinc, when they have issued from a brazen conductor. He has also proved that they contain particles of silver and gold, when emitted from surfaces of those metals. There is one very surprising fact named in M. Arago's volume of "Meteorological Researches," in connection with the authority of M. Fusinieri's name. It is, that if an electric spark be drawn from a gold ball, and be made to traverse a thick silver plate, a circular layer of the gold will be subsequently found *on both surfaces of the silver*, as if the gold-atoms had been absolutely carried by the spark quite through the silver! Pulverulent deposits are constantly found wherever lightning has struck terrestrial objects. M. Fusinieri conceives that the lightning finds mineral substances — sulphur, phosphorus, and other things, floating in the higher regions of the air in a subtle form, and takes them thence to feed, or, more correctly speaking, to form, its own fires; and he attributes the peculiar sulphur-like odors experienced wherever lightning has recently struck the earth, to the presence of these sublimated minerals. Illustrations of the intimate relation that connects electrical discharges with the power of absorbing and transporting, or otherwise affecting, material particles, are without number. Constantini relates one very remarkable instance. In the year 1749 a lady put out her hand close to a window, during a thunderstorm, having upon her arm a gold bracelet at the time. A vivid flash of lightning seemed to strike her arm, and the bracelet entirely disappeared in a moment, as if absorbed by the lightning, leaving behind not the slightest trace of its existence. The lady herself received only a trifling hurt. During the present year



the chapel of the Madonna del Soccorso, built on the ruins of the palace of Tiberius at Capri, was struck by lightning, and the altar, and the framework of an oil-painting of the Madonna, were entirely destroyed. The brows in the picture were crowned with silver. The lightning entirely stripped this silver away from the canvas, but the painting, for miraculous reasons, of course, was entirely untouched. Bayle tells us that upon one occasion two large drinking-glasses stood side by side upon a table during a thunder-storm, and that a flash of lightning was seen to dart between them. Immediately afterwards it was found that one of the glasses had become so bent it could hardly stand on its base. The vitreous substance had obviously been momentarily fused by the electric discharge, and had then hardened again, without being damaged otherwise than by distortion of form.

The ordinary spark of the instantaneous electric discharge presents to the eye the form of a white line tipped with red at its extremities. This line may be procured, by good management, a foot long, and it is then obviously zigzag, like forked lightning, the irregularity being due to the condensation of the air in the direction of its progress, and to the lateral deviation thus forced upon it here and there. The form of the electric spark is, however, considerably modified by the shape of the conductor from which it issues, and the nature of the medium through which it passes. The material of the conductor, also, as might be anticipated, determines its color to a considerable extent. Different kinds of elementary molecules give different tints of light. All the peculiarities of the electric spark are reproduced in lightning upon a grand scale. There is scarcely any other difference between the natural and the artificial instantaneous discharge, than the very much higher intensity and power of the former. The distance to which lightning occasionally flashes through the air is almost incredible. A foot is deemed an extreme distance for the artificial discharge to traverse, but M. Petit of Toulouse was able, in one instance, to estimate the length of the lightning flashes in a severe storm at nine geographical miles! Through this vast leap lightning can carry its burden of sublimed and light-furnishing matter, when it has merely a bridge of aerial particles to cross.

Thus far all that has been made out concerning the nature of electric light, tends strikingly to confirm the notion that electric force is entirely due to a disturbance produced amidst material molecules. Its evidence has, therefore, to be added to that which has been previously accumulated to support the atomic or material theory of electricity, so ably advocated by M. De la Rive. It is a deeply interesting fact, naturally allying itself to this portion of the subject under consideration, that the light called forth by these electrical influences approximates very much more nearly to the sun's light, than any other illumination which can be artificially affected. The flame produced by the combustion of lime, by means of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases, is very brilliant; yet its intensity is 140 times less than that of direct sunshine. The electric light, on the other hand, according to MM. Fizeau and Foucault's observations, is not more than four times less intense than solar light. The electric light, in common with sun-light, affects the photographic plate, and is devoid of any trace of polarization; a very brilliant colored spectrum also is obtained from it, when it is passed through a glass prism. The details of the spectrum are, however, modified, according to the character of the conducting substance that is caused to form the surface of the pole whence the discharge or current is sent forth.

Yet another proof of the atom-coercing and atom-affecting power of electricity has to be adduced, gleaned from an altogether different field. Wherever common frictional electrical machines are in brisk operation, a peculiar odor, half phosphoric half sulphurous, is perceived. Precisely the same odor is developed at the positive pole of a voltaic circuit, when water is undergoing decomposition, and also is found to pervade the atmosphere in which lightning has been recently flashing. M. Schœnbein has paid considerable attention to this odor, and has determined that it is due to the presence of a gaseous principle, to which he has given the name "Ozone." This principle resembles chlorine in possessing the power of bleaching vegetable coloring matters: if slips of filtering paper, soaked in a solution of iodide of potassium mingled with starch paste, be hung out in the open air for a few minutes, they turn blue provided the slightest trace of ozone is pre-

sent there. From the period of its first discovery it has been known that ozone plays some very important part in the business of organic chemistry. M. Schœnbein's first idea concerning the agent he had discovered was, that it was a peculiar and hitherto unrecognized compound of oxygen and hydrogen. This notion is, however, clearly not correct. M. Marignac and M. De la Rive have shown that ozone can be produced by electrical agency where there is no other material substance present but pure oxygen, and that, indeed, any quantity of pure oxygen can be turned entirely into ozone. Ozone then probably is merely oxygen in a highly exalted state of chemical energy; *nascent oxygen*, to speak technically in the language of modern chemical science. Electricity seems to possess the power of disaggregating the molecules of oxygen gas, and of insulating the constituent atoms with all their polarities set free, so that these atoms acquire a concentrated tendency to combine with bodies towards which they manifest no affinity while in their ordinary state. Thus, even the atoms of the great representative of chemical energy—the mighty and ever active oxygen itself—have their already exalted chemical powers still further quickened and raised, when they are brought under the direct sway of electrical influence.

The narrative of the atomic ledger—main of electricity, so far from being now nearly ended, is indeed barely commenced. A long series of very wonderful relations whereby this subtle influence marks its connection with matter, yet remains to be alluded to. The most important of these is unquestionably the fact which is at the bottom of the mechanism of electric telegraphy—namely, the ability of electric currents to coerce the directive power of a freely suspended magnet. If a wire be placed near to a suspended magnetic needle, and parallel to the direction in which it is hung, the needle is jerked out of its normal position in the magnetic meridian the instant a voltaic current is passed along the wire; and its north pole is kept deflected either towards the east or west, according to the direction in which the current is caused to move, so long as the current flows. M. Ampère furnishes a simple formula, to serve as a sort of *memoria technica* in determining which way the magnetic needle will jerk

in any given case. If the individual observing the movement were to lie down in a voltaic current head foremost—that is, with the head towards the negative pole—and with his face towards the magnetic needle, the north pole would invariably deviate towards the left hand. In the practice of telegraphy the conducting wire is made to coil many times round the needle, which is to be deflected by the current, in the direction of its length, because then the effect on the needle is multiplied by the number of coils in the wire; the current moving along each division of the coil, exerts its own independent influence on the needle. If, under this arrangement, a current is sent *onwards* past a distant needle, that needle jerks its north pole to the left; if the current is brought *inwards* past it, its north pole is jerked to the right. Thus two easily distinguishable signals, producible at will and at a distance, are secured, and by using two currents and two needles for the production of the signals, and by causing the needles to move together or separately once, or twice, or thrice, in quick succession either way, or by alternate jerks from left to right, or from right to left, a sufficient number of signals is procured to represent the several letters of the alphabet. Such is the outline of the electro-telegraphic signal code.

But not only does the electric current trouble the equanimity of the magnet, and cause it to be “untrue to the pole;” it also has the power to make magnets. If a silk-covered wire be coiled round a horse-shoe-like bar of soft iron, the bar becomes a magnet the moment an electric current is made to stream through the wire-coil. Magnets may be readily prepared in this way which are capable of sustaining weights of as much as 120 pounds. The instant the current is arrested, the bar loses its magnetic virtue, and becomes again only a horse-shoe of iron. If, however, the horse-shoe be of hard steel, instead of soft iron, the magnetic property is retained for some time after the arrest of the current.

Yet, again, electric currents are found to be veritable magnets, and to direct themselves north and south when left free to follow their own inclinations, by being placed upon floats of cork launched upon water, or by other contrivances. Magnets too, call up electric currents in wires disposed near them, whenever the magnetic

poles are connected together by armatures, or whenever this connection is broken. Magnets inductively magnetize iron held near to them. Magnets formed by currents circling spirally round soft iron, react upon the currents that embrace them, and exalt their energies in a very enormous degree. Rotatory movements make magnets and produce electric currents. Electric currents and magnets determine rotatory movements. Heat renders iron magnetic. Electric currents call up electric currents, which make magnets or anything else, it would almost seem, at the will of the wizards of operators who wield the secrets of this modern necromancy. Not even light escapes: a ray extinguished by polarization through the instrumentality of Nicol's prisms, reappears when a near bar of soft iron is converted into a magnet by the agency of an electric current. In short, universal nature seems to be one general conflict between induction and neutralization when looked at through the medium of electro-magnetic and magneto-electric doings. There is, however, supreme order and obedience to law really at the bottom of these involved appearances. All the varied results fall into ranks of the most significant regularity when reviewed under the guidance of an intelligent consideration of the necessities of the atomic electric theory. An old acquaintance, *induction*, is the responsible agent of change from first to last. Everywhere it is disturbance of the balance of atomic or molecular polarities, calling up like disturbance in other bodies so placed as to be amenable to the derangement. Some curious reader may perchance like to have a glimpse at the number of links there may be in an inductive chain. If it be so, let him peruse the following passage, extracted from M. De la Rive's pages:

"A primary current develops two induced secondary currents in contrary directions, one at its establishment, the other at its rupture: these two currents may be separated by an interval of time; they are equal, but have not the same tension, that is to say, the same facility of traversing imperfect or discontinuous conductors. Each secondary current is able to determine two opposite tertiary currents, but separated by an interval of time of inappreciable duration, seeing that the secondary current is itself instantaneous. These two tertiary currents are equal, but they likewise have not the same tension. Each tertiary current is in like manner able to determine two equal quarter-

nary currents, but also of different tensions; at each secondary current, namely, at the rupture or establishment of the primary current, there correspond, therefore, four quaternary currents produced by the two tertiary ones. If all these induced currents, that are separated by infinitely short intervals of time, had the same tension as well as being equal; or rather if they had to traverse only perfectly uniform circuits, they would all mutually neutralize each other, and no effect would be manifested. But this is not the case; on which account it is that there is a production of phenomena, due to the superiority of tension, of the currents moving in one direction over those moving in the other." (Vol. i. p. 401.)

One prominent conviction flashes continually from the midst of these involved complications of electric and magnetic relationship. It is that the electric and the magnetic states are mutually *interchangeable*. Magnetization is some form or other of electrical tension. Its establishment is unquestionably closely connected with the production of molecular disturbance. M. Joule was able to demonstrate that a soft iron bar actually lengthens itself at the moment that it is converted into a magnet by the passage of an electric current through an investing coil of wire, and then again shortens itself when the current is arrested. M. Wertheim states that he can *hear* molecular vibrations running along in the longitudinal direction of an artificial magnet, so long as its substance is kept in a vexed state by frequent interruptions of the inducing electric current. M. De la Rive considers that he can define the precise condition of disturbance which is produced in magnetized bodies; he says that the integrant molecules are all arranged under the constraining force due to the proximity of other magnets, or of external electrical currents, so that their encircling currents are parallel to the coercing currents. The magnetism is temporary if the molecules do not retain their constrained positions after the disturbing force has been withdrawn; but it is permanent when they do. Electric currents preëxist round the integrant molecules of bodies susceptible of magnetization, and the act of magnetization simply involves their all being forced to distribute themselves in one common direction. The magnet acts upon external bodies *exactly* as closed electric currents do; both exert a directive force upon magnets, and produce instantaneous electric currents inductive-



ly in good conductors of electricity. The magnet, indeed, is in itself a closed electric current, or rather a congeries of such currents moving together in strict parallelism.

But after all, magnetic bodies prove to be not so entirely of a distinct nature from their unmagnetic companions as it was at first supposed they were. Here again that great leveller of distinctions, Professor Faraday, has been at work. He has shown by experiment that magnetic bodies are distinguished, not so much by their possession of a directive power, as by their being *directed differently* from other substances. All those bodies which are not magnetic, with the exception of the gases, range themselves east and west, when freely suspended over the poles of powerful magnets, whether artificial or natural, instead of north and south. The strange exhibition has been made in the Professor's hands, of suspended needles and bars of sulphur, resin, meat, apples, feathers, glass, phosphorus, gold, silver, lead, and bismuth, hastening to place themselves equatorially across the line connecting the poles of a horse-shoe bar of iron, the moment the bar was turned into a magnet by electric agency. Even gases have been subjected to magnetic scrutiny by the clever contrivance of introducing them into soap-bubbles, or into thin glass balls fixed upon opposite extremities of light bars of wood, and this with the remarkable result of showing that oxygen is powerfully magnetic while all other gases are neutral. Professor Faraday thus distributes nearly all material substances into two grand classes, one of which is characterized by having the bodies comprised in it repelled by the poles of a magnet, so that they are constrained to place themselves *equatorially* or transversely to the line uniting those poles; the other by having the bodies comprised in it attracted by the poles of a magnet, so that they range themselves *axially*, or in the line uniting the poles. The axially ranging bodies he still calls magnetic, because they are all susceptible of being turned into magnets. The equatorially ranging bodies he calls *dia-magnetics*. The substances which he finds to be endowed, or endowable, with magnetic properties, are iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chromium, cerium, titanium, palladium, crown-glass, platinum, osmium, and oxygen. The dia-

magnetics are the rest of the metals, and all other solids and liquids, bismuth among them taking the foremost place.

Now the magnetic bodies have one structural peculiarity, which is common to the whole class. They are all of them substances that contain the greatest number of chemical atoms in any given volume. They are *chemically* compact or dense. The three most susceptible magnetic metals, iron, nickel, and cobalt, all have 230 atoms, and the seven feeble magnetic metals 170 atoms, in the volume, which comprises only from 74 to 150 atoms, where the dia-magnetic metals are concerned. There are only two exceptions to this rule: copper and zinc belong to the chemically compact class of metals, and yet they are faintly dia-magnetic. This discrepancy, however, it will be presently seen is satisfactorily explained.

It is the opinion of Professor Faraday that dia-magnetic bodies are not themselves *directive* in their equatorial lines, as magnetic bodies are in their meridional ones; he believes them to be simply passive, and obedient to the repulsively coercing power of the poles of an adjacent magnet. They move when they are pulled, but they do not move themselves by pulling. In this particular other electricians, however, hold different views. M. E. Becquerel and Professor Tyndall have shown that the deflection in the dia-magnetic is *proportional to the square* of the magnetic intensity which acts upon it, exactly as it should be, if the dia-magnetic power were due to a real inherent transverse polarity in the dia-magnetic body. If the dia-magnetic deflection were simply a passive obedience to the coercion of the magnet, the action should augment and diminish *directly* with the intensity of the magnet. M. De la Rive's explanation of the difference of the behavior of magnetic and dia-magnetic bodies is mainly this. In the magnetic substance each integrant molecule necessarily has an electric current circulating about its molecularly chained atoms, in consequence of the close approximation of those atoms to each other; in the dia-magnetic substance the constituent atoms of the integrant molecule, are so much more distant from each other, that no inter-molecular atomic chain is formed, and that no molecular current normally exists. The atoms of the dia-magnetic are independent of each other, and in that state in which their electrical forces are naturally in equilibrium. When



an external electric current, or a magnet which consists of a myriad of such parallel currents, is brought near to dia-magnetic atoms, they are so coerced as to be constrained to arrange their *axes parallel to the constraining currents*; then atomic chains are formed, and molecular currents are set up, which move for the time transversely to the external inducing force. In magnetic bodies electrical currents pre-exist around the integrant molecules, and the influence of the exterior action merely constrains them all to assume a direction parallel to the external current. In dia-magnetic bodies, molecular electrical currents do not pre-exist; they are called into being by the external action, and are then directed transversely to its course. The induction in the magnetic body is in the mass, so to speak: in the dia-magnetic, it is in each separate molecule; and a very energetic action is commonly required to effect this induction, because the atoms, which have their polar equilibrium successively disturbed and re-established, are comparatively far asunder, and comparatively bad conductors in themselves. Copper and zinc are not magnetic, although chemically compact metals, because their atoms are of such high conducting power that they can not be made to retain their positions of disturbed equilibrium even for a passing instant. This is in a measure proved by the fact that copper becomes magnetic when combined with oxygen or chlorine, which both diminish its electricity-conducting capacity. M. De la Rive suspects that the magnetic capabilities of oxygen depend upon the atoms of the gas being packed very densely together to constitute integrant molecules, an arrangement which is physically disturbed when the oxygen is converted into ozone. Oxygen has atomically dense molecules, although a gas.

It should be remarked before this portion of the subject is dismissed, that the influence exerted by the magnet upon polarized light—a phenomenon already alluded to in a passing way—is in itself simply another illustration of the atom-disturbing power of electrical force. The polarization of the luminous ray is obviously an effect of the molecular arrangement of the transparent crystal, through which that ray is passed. It is this light polarizing arrangement of the material atoms that is disturbed by the proximity of the

magnet. When the atomic cause of the polarization is destroyed, the polarizing effect of course ceases, and the extinguished ray reappears. The ray which seems to obey the magnetic power, really is obedient to the atomic state of the crystal, which is itself constrained by the magnetic influence. It is now known that not even those stubborn and so-called noble metals, palladium, gold, and platinum, can altogether resist the atom-scattering power of electrical tension. Platinum is slowly dissipated from a voltaic pole in the form of a black powder, which proves, upon examination, to have suffered a series of successive oxidations and reductions. M. Despretz thinks that he can, by the instrumentality of the electrical current, even compel the atoms of carbon to assume that peculiar crystalline condition which converts carbon into the diamond. He made a fragment of very pure carbon the positive pole of a voltaic battery, and embraced this by pincers of platinum, which were constituted the negative pole, and he found minute glittering particles where the contact of the platinum and carbon had been, which presented all the properties of the brilliant gem. What an invaluable adjunct the voltaic battery would have proved to the working apparatus of the alchemists of olden times!

Magnetism depends upon a certain specific arrangement of the atoms of material substance. Such is the leading deduction which is drawn from the practical investigations hitherto passed in review. But mere mechanical operations are occasionally sufficient to produce this particular atomic arrangement, in bodies that are of high magnetic susceptibility. A sudden shock or a continued vibratory movement, frequently renders a mass of iron magnetic which was not so previously. The consideration, therefore, is here suggested, how can such purely mechanical operations exert that coercing power over the atoms of the susceptible body, which suffices to place them in the constrained order of magnetization? It fortunately happens that a very simple experiment furnishes a ready clue to the heart of the mystery.

If a bar of soft iron, about a yard long, be held at such an inclination that it points nearly towards the North Pole of the earth, the bar immediately becomes a magnet, having a north pole at its lower

end, and it continues to be so as long as the position is preserved. The magnetic property is at once manifested: if a compass be brought near to the bar, the south pole of the compass-needle is drawn towards its depressed extremity. Now, here, the result is obviously an effect of simple induction. The bar is magnetized by the inductive power of *the earth*. The earth itself is a huge magnet, and is constantly striving to produce molecular derangement in the substance of all bodies that are situated upon its surface, so that their electrical currents may be ranged parallel to its own, or transversely if they be dia-magnetics. The earth's power of directing the needle of the mariner's compass is merely one of the proofs of its own magnetic state. The soft iron bar of the experiment loses its induced magnetism as soon as it is withdrawn from the position in which it points to the earth's magnetic pole, because its molecules have not the capability, in virtue of their inherent arrangement, of retaining the constrained position forced upon them inductively.

If a bar of hard steel be held in the position specified in the preceding paragraph, it is not converted into a magnet by terrestrial induction, because its molecules have more atomic vis inertiae than those of the soft iron; they require the exertion of some stronger force than the earth's polarizing pull to place them in the magnetic position. If, however, a series of sharp blows or rapid vibrations, be impressed upon the bar, the earth then acquires, with the aid of this auxiliary force, the power of effecting the magnetization of the steel. When the natural balance of atomic position is forcibly disturbed by the mechanical violence, the atoms of the steel bar are for the time shaken out of their vis inertiae, and yield to the earth's inductive solicitation. Then, however, the same stubbornness, that was at first opposed to the magnetization, comes into play to retain it. The steel bar continues to be a magnet after it has been withdrawn from the position in which it was placed when magnetized. This, then, is the explanation of bodies becoming magnetized while under the influence of a mechanical shock. Their molecules are naturally more or less in the condition in which they are affected by vis inertiae. The mechanical impression loosens their inertness, and then the polarizing power of the earth constrains them to take up the

positions upon which magnetization depends.

One very important consequence follows from these relations. When iron ships are built, lying, during their construction, as they must do, upon the terrestrial surface, they of necessity acquire magnetic properties. Some portions of their metallic masses are sure to possess that inert molecular constitution which makes them retentive of magnetism. Then, the hammering and riveting which the vessel undergoes, enable that huge magnet beneath it, the earth, to establish inductively the magnetic state in those masses. This result is not not entirely confined to iron ships. All very large vessels have so much iron in their frames, that they contain magnets in their structure when they are launched for service upon the waves.

But when a vessel which has magnets distributed about in its own structure, enters upon its sea-life, what must necessarily happen? The compasses, which ought to be true to the earth's pole, and guide the floating mass over the sea, are diverted from their truthfulness, and assume a false position under the seduction of these nearer magnets. The plan which has been generally adopted hitherto to neutralize this source of uncertainty in the performance of the compass, is this. The vessel is what is technically called "*swung*," as soon as it is ready for sea, with its compasses on board. Its head is turned into all possible directions, while some land object is still kept in sight to indicate what the precise position at any moment is, and the deviation of the compass from its proper bearing in each position is marked and recorded. The record is then preserved, to be employed as a check upon the compass in the future. In the working of the ship, the error for each position is allowed for; and so the mariner manages to direct his path aright by an erroneously pointing guide.

This method of swinging vessels, for the ascertainment of their compass-errors, answered very well so long as only wooden ships were employed. Now, however, when the largest vessels are built entirely of iron, it unfortunately becomes of very little service. These vast iron structures start upon their marine existence with magnetic dispositions which can be accurately ascertained and allowed for. But, alas! these dispositions, most strange to say, are as capricious as the winds and the

waves, which are to be their playmates. Every time the vessel encounters the shock of heavy waves, having its head turned towards a new point of the compass, the great terrestrial magnet beneath gets a different pull upon its contained magnetism, and the poles of its contained magnets shift their positions, producing a corresponding change of deviation in the compass-needles. It is found that even the long-continued tremor set up by the working of steam-machinery, in a comparatively smooth sea, will produce this alteration of deviation, when a new course has been suddenly shaped. Nay, the mere passage near to a prominent headland of the coast, which is itself in a state of induced magnetism, in consequence of some peculiar arrangement of its own parts, may effect the same momentous change. The captain of one of the Cunard line of Atlantic steamers told Dr. Scoresby, in the spring of 1848, that he always remarked on rounding a prominent headland in the south-east of Ireland, on the return-voyage from America, that his compass-cards "swung widely," and sometimes went quite round. Captain Moresby, the intelligent commander of the "Ripon," states that the compass-variation commonly changes four or five degrees on passing Cape Bon, near Tunis, and does not resume its normal amount until after some hours. It is probably sometimes the direct magnetic influence of one of the constituents of the rocky masses of the coast, which seduces the compass-needle from its sober terrestrial allegiance. But, more generally, it is the influence of the coast acting upon the retentive magnetism of the ship, which produces the disturbance. In this case, that it is so, is obvious from its being only the compasses of iron ships that are obnoxious to the derangement.

It is a very curious fact, that practical seamen had learned to make allowance for compass-deviations induced by the proximity of certain coasts, long before any thing was known of the nature of inductive magnetism. Dr. Scoresby alludes to one very striking instance of this in his second volume of "Magnetical Investigations." On the 18th of December, in the year 1811, the line-of-battle-ship, "Hero" left Wingo Sound in the Catte-gat, with a convoy of 120 sail of merchant-ships and transports under its charge. The vessel took a direct compass-course for the Downs, from the coast

of Denmark, and in the middle of the night of the 23d, went on shore, in a heavy squall of wind and sleet, upon a sand off the island of Texel. Two other line-of-battle-ships, the "St George" and the "Defiance," which were some distance behind the "Hero," and steering the same course, were driven on shore, on the coast of North-Jutland, in the same gale, and several of the "Hero's" convoy followed the "Hero's" lead, and shared the same fate. On the evening of the 23d, at the commencement of the gale, a Whitby pilot who had charge of the "Centurion" transport, was down in the cabin taking a meal, when he was told that the commodore on board the "Hero" was signaling to steer south-south-west. On the instant the wary seaman issued the order, "Haul our ship to the south-west!" and then added in a solemn tone to the officers who were around him in the cabin, "If the commodore stands that way," (*so little towards the west*), "they will all sleep in their shoes before the morning." The opinion of the old pilot was sadly justified by facts. Before the morning nearly two thousand men were "sleeping in their shoes" beneath the surf of the German Ocean. Only those vessels that followed the example of the "Centurion" escaped from the storm. When the captain of the "Hero" became aware that he was approaching some shoal, he actually ordered the ship to be steered south-south-east, directly in the teeth of the danger, in the conviction that he must be entangled somewhere with the British coast. The commanders of the line-of-battle-ships, placing their faith, no doubt, in the scientific light which they then possessed, took the compass for their sole guide, and followed it to destruction. The Whitby pilot, on the other hand, had been taught by experience, while making this passage, that something always tended to carry the ship towards the Dutch coast, and accordingly took care to give it what the more scientifically trained officers of the navy would, no doubt, have considered an unnecessarily wide berth.

In consequence of the recent largely extended use of iron in the construction of ships, it has become a consideration of most momentous import, to find some means whereby the uncertain and capricious compass-deviations, incident to the employment of the metal, may be obviated. The Astronomer Royal has devised a plan which is attended with a consider-



able measure of success, so long as the vessel moves only through a narrow range of latitude, and so long as it is not exposed to much mechanical violence. This method is to place fixed magnets near to the compasses, in such a position that they exactly undo what the magnetic masses of the ship accomplish. Then the compass-needles are left free to range in exact obedience to the directive force of the earth's polarity. Dr. Scoresby however, who had perhaps a more intimate practical knowledge of this subject than any other man, distrusted the Astronomer Royal's method. He thought that the Astronomer Royal entirely underestimated the power of accidental mechanical impulse to render iron vessels susceptible to changes of magnetic condition, and maintained that the compensating method needs to be itself subjected to frequent corrections, as these changes arise, before it can be admitted as trustworthy. This being a process that would be found to be very difficult in application to vessels at sea, Dr. Scoresby himself proposed the adoption of a very much more simple contrivance, which he believed to be perfectly effectual under all circumstances. It is merely to keep a standard compass some distance up aloft, with which the working compasses may be frequently compared. The deranging influence of the magnetism of the vessel takes effect mainly because the compass is so near to the metallic masses of the ship. If the compass be removed to some considerable distance from these masses, then their power becomes comparatively trifling, when measured with the influence of the earth, which is not diminished in like degree, on account of the stupendous mass of the terrestrial sphere. Upon one occasion Dr. Scoresby found that when every compass on the saloon-deck of the large iron vessel the "Imperador," was in error from two and a half to three and a half points, a compass raised thirty-two feet above the deck was absolutely true in every position in which the vessel was placed. The veteran navigator and philosopher undertook a voyage to Australia, shortly before his decease, exclusively to test the efficacy of his plan and he had the satisfaction of finding it answer his expectations in the most complete way. His opinion was subsequently expressed, that with a standard-compass aloft, and with a fair measure of precaution, in making frequent references to it, even an iron steam-ship

may go anywhere, and do any thing, without incurring the risk of being misled by the capricious conditions of its own metallic mass.

The distinguished French philosopher M. Ampère, long since maintained that the magnetism of the earth was due to the presence of electrical currents coursing round its spheroidal mass, at a small depth below the surface, and from east to west. A full investigation of the causes which could give rise to such a series of equatorially moving currents, as well as of the evidence that is available to prove that such currents are actually in existence, is made in the third volume of M. De la Rive's work, and the judicial summing up is there in favor of M. Ampère's notion. The huge earth, forever rotating on an axis in virtue of some primeval necessity impressed upon its spheroidal form,—with its circling currents of electrical force coursing round its equatorial girdle,—and with its polar tensions of magnetic force radiating from near the extremities of its axis—seems to be but a copy in large of the invisible material atom which is the basis of its own substance. And this, in all probability, is not the final suggestion Electrical Science is destined to furnish in this direction. There are dull molecules and bright molecules upon the earth, and dull masses and brightly glowing masses,—illuminated worlds and illuminating suns—in the wide spaces of the heavens. The dull molecules of terrestrial matter become resplendent with light when their rotatory movements are quickened by the spur of electrical tension.—Why are the stellar orbs of the remote Universe so brilliant? This much at least may be said. The stars blaze with the same illumination that sparkles in the earth. The light which ripples upon the shore of the infinite, is the same light which bursts from the morsel of charcoal when the electrician touches it with his energizing wires. It is bent by the prism, collected by the lens, and reflected by the mirror, in precisely the same way. It produces the same changes on the sensitive plate of the photograph, and the same feeling on the sensitive membrane of the organ of vision. The sagacity which is now on point of demonstrating that the earth is a huge electro-magnet, inductively excited by the sun, already suspects that the inductively exciting sun, and the kindred stars, are themselves, in their surpassing splendors, vast electric lights.



From the Westminster Review.

## THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.\*

THE interest felt concerning the sonnets of Shakspeare centres itself more or less according to different readers round three different points. 1, The mere antiquarian and critical opinion as to whom they were addressed. 2, and most important of all, The manner in which they illustrate Shakspeare's life and character. 3, the beauty of their poetry: and into these three divisions do we propose to divide our subject; so that readers indifferent upon one point may easily refer to another.

I. The first edition of the sonnets of Shakspeare, together with a poem called "A Lover's Complaint," was entered on the books of the Stationer's Company May 20th, 1609, and was published in the same year, "By G. Eld, for T. T., to be sold by William Aspley." Very recently Professor Tycho Mommsen has discovered in the Bentinck Library at Varel, another copy of this edition, which states they "are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate, 1609;" the date in the only other extant copy in the Bodleian Library being unfortunately cut off by the binder—thus showing, as Mr. Collier observes, that two other stationers besides Thomas Thorpe were concerned in their publication, and that hence we may infer their great popularity. There are in all 154 sonnets, two of them

(numbered 138, 144) having been published before in "The Passionate Pilgrim," a volume fraudulently put forth in 1599 and 1612, by William Jaggard, as Shakspeare's, though containing amongst some genuine pieces, poems by other writers, and against which, we know, by Heywood's testimony, Shakspeare warmly protested; though, it would seem, with his usual indifference on such points, he took no further notice, for the volume was republished as his in 1640. Out of these 154 sonnets, 124 are addressed to a man evidently holding a high position, and the remainder to a woman who was on terms of the closest intimacy both with the poet and his friend. No doubts as far as we are aware, have ever been raised, upon any good grounds, against their genuineness. Prefixed to them is the following enigmatic inscription by the publisher, Thomas Thorpe:

"To. The. onlie. begetter. of.  
These. insuing. Sonnets.  
Mr. W. H. all. Happinesse.  
And. that. eternitie.  
Promised.  
By.  
Our. ever-living. Poet.  
Wisheth.  
The. well-wishing.  
Adventurer. in.  
Setting.  
Forth. T. T."

Singular, indeed, has been the fate of W. H., to whom poet and publisher promised immortality. To us do these sonnets appear like the pyramids of Egypt, baffling the traveller's skill to question them. Nearer he approaches; he enters the threshold, and scans the characters carved on the stones, but they are a mystery to him. He passes into the chambers of the dead; they too are a mystery. He sees the cere-cloth and papyrus-scroll, and mummy-coffin, and the vaulted roof overhead; they were all meant to immortalize

\* 1. *On the Sonnets of Shakspear identifying the Person to whom they are addressed, and elucidating several Points in the Poet's History.* By James Boaden, Esq. London: Thomas Rodd. 1837.

2. *Shakspear's Autobiographical Poems: being his Sonnets clearly developed.* By C. A. Brown. London: Bohn. 1838.

3. *The Poems of Shakspeare.* Edited by Robert Bell. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1855.

4. *Les Sonnets de William Shakspear: traduits pour la première fois en entier.* Par François Victor Hugo. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1857.

5. *A Lithograph Fac-simile of a Copy of Shakspear's Sonnets, discovered by Professor Tycho Mommsen in the Bentinck Library at Varel, near Oldenburg.* 1857.

the dead clay, but are now only a wonder and a mystery. Let us see what we can do towards making out who this W. H. was; but first let us briefly examine the theories of others.

1. Mr. William Hart, the poet's nephew, is the first claimant, but he was, unfortunately, not born, as the register of his baptism at Stratford shows, till 1600, and two of these sonnets were printed in 1599, a year before his birth; so that we may safely dismiss him.

2. That *Mr. W. H.* was no other than Queen Elizabeth. We can only say that had Shakspeare really written these sonnets to her Majesty, he has used such an effectual blind, that when it is explained we can not see through it. Mr. Chalmers was lead into this hypothesis by supposing that the "Amoretti" of Spenser were addressed to the Queen; but every one who has read the 74th and 80th sonnets in that collection knows that they were not addressed to the Queen at all, but to the lady Spenser married.

3. We think we may also pass by with a smile the other equally humorous conjecture of Tyrwhitt's, that the initials W. H. stood for a Mr. W. Hughes, arguing from the line,

"A man in *hue* all Hews in his controlling."  
—Sonnet 20.

Such playing upon words is more like the catches in children's riddles, than historical inquiry.

4. That it was Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, to whom the poet had previously dedicated his "*Venus and Adonis*," and the "*Rape of Lucrece*." We will say nothing to the transposition of the letters of his name to make them fit, or to the circumstance that the Earl of Southampton succeeded to his title at eight years old, so that he never could have been Mr. Wriothesly when Shakspeare knew him, but simply look to the facts of his life. In 1596-7 we find him serving in the fleet off Cadiz and the Azores. In the following year he accompanies Essex to Ireland, and is more or less implicated in his designs; and early in 1601 he is tried for high treason and committed to the Tower, from which he is not released till the Queen's death in 1603. Now is it possible that Shakspeare could have addressed his "dear friend," his "all-the-world," (sonnets 111

and 112,) without one allusion to his exploits—without one comforting word in his misfortunes—without one congratulation on his release, but simply praising him for a personal beauty which the Earl of Southampton never possessed? It is impossible. One sonnet, and one sonnet only, which has been most curiously overlooked, both by M. François Hugo, and other supporters of this theory, can alone be construed as having any reference to this ill-starred nobleman:

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control.  
*Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom,*  
*The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,*  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
*Incertainties now crown themselves assured,*  
*And peace proclaims olives of endless age.*  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time,  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
And thou in this shall find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."—Sonnet 107.

Here, undoubtedly, the reference in the fifth line is to the death of the Queen, and the seventh and eighth point to the accession of King James I.; thus fixing the date of the sonnet. The meaning, then, of the fourth, in allusion to the release of Southampton, is plain; and we can form, too, a pretty correct guess as to who is meant as the "tyrant" in the last line. How this one sonnet crept in amongst the rest, with which it has no possible connection, we can not undertake to say.

5. That the words "only begetter," in the dedication, do not mean the person to whom they were addressed, but simply some one who collected them. But unfortunately, neither Shakspeare nor any of the Elizabethan writers, ever use the term in that sense. It is quite true, as the supporters of this theory urge, that Mr. W. H. could not, without changing his sex, be "the *only* begetter" of these sonnets, for some of them are addressed to a female; but they must remember that there was such a very close intimacy between the parties that they were, as Shakspeare says, in fact one.—Sonnet 42.

None of these theories will, therefore, we should suppose, satisfy the reader. Before we fix upon any candidate ourselves, let us first look at the sonnets at-

tentively, and see what sort of a claimant is wanted. He must be of high rank, (sonnet 125;) remarkable for his personal beauty, (sonnets *passim*;) one who is both able and willing to help the poet, (sonnet 36, the 11th line;) one who was in the youth of life when the poet had reached its meridian, (sonnet 22;) one whom other poets were courting, (sonnets 79, 80;) and one, too, who with all his virtues was not without his faults — faults, too, of a certain class, (sonnet 95.) Such qualities do we find united in the person of William Herbert, afterwards third Earl of Pembroke, who, in 1599, was nineteen when Shakspeare was thirty-five. Others besides ourselves, we know, have fixed upon this William Herbert. It would be odd, indeed, and strongly militate against the truth of our theory, had no one else been of the same opinion. Mr. Boaden, in his able pamphlet, was the first who with any real criticism urged William Herbert's claim; and we have no wish to take away his right to the discovery. "An two men ride the same horse, one must ride first." But since Mr. Boaden's pamphlet has appeared, various objections have been taken to his theory; so that the ground is still open. Let us, therefore, necessarily going over some of Mr. Boaden's arguments, strengthen and support them with our own. We, luckily, have the character of this William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke — and a fine piece of historical painting it is — drawn by the great Lord Clarendon; and the reader shall judge from our extracts how it corresponds with the requirements we have just given.

"William, Earl of Pembroke, was a man very well bred, and of excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning; and a ready wit to apply it, and enlarge upon it. Of a pleasant and facetious humor, and a disposition affable, generous and magnificent. . . . He was exceedingly beloved in the Court, because he never desired to get that for himself which others labored for; but he was still ready to promote the pretenses of worthy men. . . . His conversation was most with men of the most pregnant parts and understanding; so towards any such who needed support or encouragement, though unknown, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal. . . . He was not without some alloy of vice, nor without being clouded with great infirmities, which he had in too exorbitant a proportion. He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds,

almost in all excesses. To women he was immoderately given up. To these he sacrificed himself, his precious time, and his fortune. *And some who were nearest his trust and friendship, were not without apprehension, that his natural vivacity and vigor of mind began to lessen and decline by those excessive indulgences.*"

Now in this character we find the very points we wanted, but most especially in this last sentence. Mark now what Shakspeare, writing on the same subject, says to his friend:

"Oh! what a mansion have those vices got,  
Which for their habitation close out thee!  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
*The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.*"—Sonnet 95.

There is no need to strain the argument. On matters of mere opinion, each reader must judge for himself. We proceed to evidence more certain. When the first folio edition of Shakspeare is brought out in 1623, to whom do his "fellows," Heminge and Condell, dedicate it? to this very William Herbert, now Earl of Pembroke, and his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery; and thus the dedication runs: "But since your Lordships have beene pleas'd to think these trifles some-thing heereto-fore; *and have prosecuted both them, and their authour living, with so much favour: we hope that you will use the like indulgence towards them, you have done unto their parent.*" Not one word, mark, to the Earl of Southampton, to whom, according to M. Francois Hugo, these sonnets were written; not one syllable to the man whom Shakspeare, if we adopt that theory, loved above all others. Surely Heminge and Condell, his "fellows" and associates, must have known whom Shakspeare loved; surely Ben Jonson, who wrote the dedication, must have known who was Shakspeare's true friend, and not have studiously offered a double insult to the memory of the dead poet and his living patron. We can not believe it. They dedicated it to him whom they thought Shakspeare, had he himself been alive, would have dedicated it, and that was William Herbert, "the only begetter of the sonnets."

And now that we have so far shown that the Earl of Pembroke was probably

the person concealed by the letters W.H., will this unlock any difficulties in the sonnets themselves, thus confirming our conjecture? There is the 80th sonnet, which begins—

“Oh! how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a *better spirit* doth use your name.”

Malone supposes “the better spirit” to have been Spenser, and all modern editions have followed him. Let us, however, proceed to the next sonnet but one:

“I grant, thou wert not married to my muse,  
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook  
The *dedicated* words which writers use.”

Now Spenser never did dedicate any thing to William Herbert, so that the allusion is not to him, but to the poet Daniel,\* who, in 1601, inserted his “Defence of Ryme” to William Herbert, and thus writes: “I was first encouraged or fram'd thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother; receiving the first notion for the formall ordering of those compositions at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best schoole, and thereof alwayes am to hold a feeling and grateful memory. Afterward drawne further on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, (your father,) the fosterer of me and my muse.” And it is to Daniel, in the 78th sonnet, Shakspeare alludes:

“In *other's* works thou dost but mend the style.”

Again in the 79th—

“My sick muse doth give *another* place.”

In the 83d—

“There lives more life in your fair eyes,  
Than *both* your poets can in praise devise.”

In the 85th—

“I, like an unlettered clerk, still cry Amen,  
To every hymn *that able spirit* affords.”

\* It must be borne in mind that Daniel was held at a far higher estimation at that time than now. In Ben Jonson's “Epicene; or, the Silent Woman,” we find Truewit speak of a lady, “who delights to censure the poets, and authors and styles, and compare them, Daniel with Spenser.”

In the same sonnet—

“Then *others* for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.”

And again in the 86th sonnet—

“Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain in-  
hearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they  
grew?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,  
Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead?  
No, neither he nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence can I boast,  
I was not sick of any fear from thence.”

This bring us to the point, who were these spirits? who was this “affable familiar ghost”? Mr. Boaden, following Stevens, thinks the famous Dr. Dee to be meant, but we can not agree with him. Let us for a minute turn to the life of our Earl of Pembroke, by Antony à Wood, and we find that he “died suddenly in his house called Baynard's Castle, in London, on the 10th of April, in 1630, according to the calculation of his nativity by Mr. Tho. Allen, of Gloucester Hall;” and again, to Lord Clarendon's account, “a short story about his death may not be unfitly inserted, it being very frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, who at that time being on his way to London, met at Maidenhead some persons of quality of relation or dependence upon the Earl of Pembroke. At supper one of them drank a health to the Lord Steward, upon which another of them said, ‘that he believed his lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor, Sandford, *had prognosticated upon his nativity he would not out-live.*’” Here, then, we distinctly find that the Earl of Pembroke was mixed up with astrologers; and it is undoubtedly to these the reference is made in the sonnet.

And now let us look at the objections urged against our theory. The first is, that William Herbert succeeded to his father's title in January, 1600–1, and the sonnets were not published till 1609; and that, consequently, the publisher would never have addressed him as *Mr. W. H.* But does not the dedication bear on the



face of it a wish to conceal the person indicated, whoever he was—plain commoner or peer of the realm? Why give only the initials, unless concealment was aimed at? The publisher had no other method than the one he adopted. Mr. W. H. was vague enough for the world generally, but not too vague for those who knew the Earl. Had the dedication run, "To the Earl of P., the only begetter," etc., there would have been no secrecy, and the publisher might as well have given the title at full, for the choice is so limited among noblemen whose initial letter is P., whereas the letters W. H. told just sufficient and no more.

Meres speaks, in his "Wit's Treasury," of Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends," etc., whereas the publisher of these sonnets speaks of "the *only* begetter of them," marking by special emphasis that these are distinct from all others. Again, M. François Hugo entirely assumes the fact that the 120th sonnet\* was written in 1597, which we can by no means concede. The sonnet is one of the most beautiful in the series, bearing the impress of a mind arrived at its full powers, and so far from being one of the first, was probably one of the last written. If it be asked, what has become of the sonnets Meres alludes to? we answer plainly, that they must—for these assuredly are not they—be lost. Shakspeare seems never in any way to have cared for his writings. His grand indifference to fame is one of the striking traits in his character. The few editions of his plays that were published in his lifetime were, as we know by Heminge and Condell, not corrected by him, nor does he appear to have taken any steps for their publication after his death. And here in this case of these sonnets we find not Shakspeare as we should have expected, but the publisher writing the dedication; to him, therefore, and not to Shakspeare, do we evidently owe their publication: what wonder, then, if other sonnets to his private friends were lost, especially when there was such indifference even as to his plays? We know not, it is true, at what time the intimacy sprang up between Shakspeare and William Herbert, but this we know, that two of these sonnets (138 and 144) were published by Jaggard, in the "Passionate Pilgrim," in 1609, when

William Herbert would be nineteen, and Shakspeare thirty-five; and that the poet universally speaks of his friend as very young, (as he would be,) compared with himself; that the one is "the sweet boy," and "lovely boy," (sonnet 126,) "the world's first ornament;" whilst the other is—

"Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,"  
—(sonnet 62;)

and—

"With time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn,"—(sonnet 63;)

which would be true when relatively spoken of Shakspeare and William Herbert, between whom there were sixteen years' difference of age, but could never be true of Shakspeare and the Earl of Southampton (whom M. François Hugo supposes to be indicated by W. H.) between whom there was only nine years' difference of age, and by no possible straining and torturing of words could the one, therefore, be said to be in "the sere and yellow leaf," (sonnet 73,) and the other in the "May of life," (sonnets *passim*), which is so appropriate when applied to Shakspeare and William Herbert.

We sum up, then, by saying that we find these sonnets celebrating a love for one who was very young, as William Herbert was, remarkable for his beauty, such as William Herbert had, "the picture and *viva effigies* of nobility," according to Antony a Wood, and so represented in his picture by Vandyke—for one who was learned, such as William Herbert the Chancellor of the University of Oxford was—the patron of poets, such as William Herbert, who kept Daniel at Wilton—who too had his vices and excesses, such very vices as William Herbert—for one who was a friend of astrologers, who are clearly alluded to more than once, such as William Herbert was, whose death was prognosticated by Allen and Sandford; and that all these facts conspire in a most circumstantial manner to point to William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, as the owner of the initials W. H., to whom also were ascribed Shakspeare's plays in terms of affectionate regard.

II. But the question as to who W. H. was, sinks into quite minor importance

\* 104, English editions.

when we look at the sonnets in relation to Shakspeare himself. "So little is known of Shakspeare," we often say with a sigh, but in truth we know more of him from his plays and from these very sonnets than of any other man that ever lived; not perhaps what sort of a coat he wore, or how he ate, or what he drank, but how he lived in his own world of thought—how he moved in that inward life of joy and sorrow, through which we all must pass. Here was it that Augustus Schlegel erred when he thought that the sonnets would afford material for a fresh biography of Shakspeare. They do not contain a number of mere facts which can be printed in so many columns of letter-press, and which generally pass under the name of biography, but relate to what is far more important—Shakspeare's own thoughts, his communings with his own soul, his records upon the "whips and scorns of time," which he himself endured within his own breast. They are not so much biography, as, if we may be allowed to coin a word, pathography.

For to regard them as some would do, as mere creations of the fancy, "the coinage of the brain," is to deprive them of all their real value. Nor do we see what can possibly be gained by considering them as such. It is argued they can't be real or refer to real personal facts, because, if so, they reflect upon Shakspeare's moral character, and therefore it is better to regard them as ideal effusions of the poet's mind. But this solution in no way helps us. Is it not far more immoral to be complaining about misfortunes which never existed, and fondly dwelling over them—to be gratuitously mourning over imaginary ills, and, if we adopt this theory, most objectlessly and aimlessly? Those who maintain this view must prove that the sonnets of Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel, and others were also merely exercises of the imagination. If only pieces of fancy, what means the dedication of the publisher to "Mr. W. H., their only begetter"? If purely imaginary, why does Shakspeare refer to a well-known event in his life (sonnets 110 and 111)? and again to a temporary accident,\* (89, 37,)

\* The following are the lines in question :

"Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt."  
—Sonnet 89.

And again :

if merely feigned, why mention such circumstantial, and in that case unintelligible, evidences of love, as presents of books and tablets (77, 122)? That some of his sonnets were founded on real events we know from Mere's statement of "sugared sonnets to his private friends," for friends write to one another on something in which they have a common interest, and not vague fancies both in prose and poetry: why, then, should these be any exception? Nor can we allow the supposition, which would compromise the matter, that some of them refer to real, and others to imaginary events. Who is to be the judge? what line of distinction is to be laid down? If this one refers to a real event, why not the next, or the next, and so on to the end?

On the other hand, we must guard against the theory that they are continuous poems in the sonnet-stanza. Such an interpretation is equally forced, and is at once condemned by the fact that two of them were published separately. That some of them form themselves into groups, and that there is a certain order observed in others bearing upon one subject, as in 71, 72, 73, 74, and in many more, is apparent; but to divide them into a given number of poems is purely arbitrary; and still more objectionable, because more arbitrary, is the plan of reërranging them,

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"So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite."  
—Sonnet 37.

Most commentators take the words in a metaphorical sense, as relating to Shakspeare's humiliating position. But they obviously have a more definite meaning from the following in the sonnet last quoted, where he says, if he but possesses his friend's affection, he is

"Not lame, poor, nor despised :"

and where the lameness is evidently distinct from the poverty and abasement. We take it to refer to some temporary accident, just exactly as we know the poverty and the disgrace mentioned were only for a time; and this interpretation only strengthens our belief that the sonnets do relate personally to Shakspeare. Had he been a cripple from birth he would have been unable to have performed royal parts, as we know he did from a poem by Sir John Davies, written in 1611:

"Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,  
Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport  
Thou hadst been a companion for a king."

Nor would Greene and Nash have forgotten to have sneered at his misfortune.

as M. François Hugo\* has done; every critic and every reader being thus perfectly justified in having a separate ideal arrangement of his own. We must let them stand as they are; the thread breaks off, and we are unable to join it except by very clumsy knots. We must be content with the present *status quo*, referring them to real events, though without any precise order, and written at different periods of the poet's life. It appears to us that we might as well alter the order of the speeches in the plays, or the lines in the speeches, merely because we ourselves fancied such an arrangement, as to reconstruct all these sonnets according to our peculiar views.

Here, then, we are reading Shakspeare's private diary of his thoughts. Did any one ever look into the study of some painter friend who is now no more, and take up his stray papers? Here a sketch of some home scene; here on the same piece a copy of verses; there a study from nature, and close to it a half-finished letter to a dear friend; there some divine face, and near it the blisters which the writer's tears have raised on the page; there, perhaps, one word—one short name, how dear we can only guess—all filling the beholder with awe and love; such seem to us Shakspeare's sonnets.

It is a common remark that if a man will but faithfully detail the incidents of his own life, he will write one striking book. But did ever man venture on this task? did he ever obey its own requirement of strict truth? He were a bold man, indeed, who sat down, pen in hand, to make the confession of his own faults, to shrive them before the world, to stand in the witness-box of print and to inculcate himself; yet this is what Shakspeare has here done. The inevitable fault of most autobiographies is that they gloss over their own defects; their vices and not their virtues they "write in water;" their good manners and not their evil ones "live in brass." Try it, reader, for one half hour; write your own history, and

you shall have to tell, if you write but the truth, of broken vows, of obligations ill-acquitted, duties badly performed—write on, for you are already stopping: that secretary conscience shall whisper to you, perhaps, of your avarice, your meanness, your vanity, your pride, till the catalogue is swollen so fearfully that you shall rise terror-stricken and burn your manuscript. Yet this is what Shakspeare has done, and not burned the manuscript. These sonnets, therefore, must be looked upon as no common autobiographical poem. They are rather confessions—confessions, such only as a great heart dare reveal—confessions, such as men make on bended knee in the privacy of their thoughts—confessions, such as they think but One besides themselves can hear. Let us, therefore, approach this shrine of the poet's conscience with all reverence. Let us not trample down these sacred musings with vulgar impertinence.

We know of nothing like them, save the Psalms of David; light and shade alternate in them as in that grand old Hebrew poetry. Close beside one another are pæan and dirge, love-songs and prayers for death itself to relieve the weary soul. Ah! sad and strange is this conflict of the soul and flesh. A brave man struggling against fate was thought by the Greek of old to be a sight worthy of the gods; and here we may see the struggles that the greatest man who ever lived went through—struggles against doubt—struggles against temptation—struggles against himself.

The dramas alone would have told us how deeply their author must have thought on all the great questions of life and death; but they are, after all, but mere windows and loopholes through which we can catch a glimpse of him. Here, in these sonnets, we see him face to face. We see how the man who portrayed the loves of Romeo and Juliet, himself really loved—how he, who drew the skepticism of Hamlet, himself also doubted—how he, who could paint the trials of friend deserted by friend, of Helena forgotten by Hermia, and Lear cast off by his daughters, felt when also deserted and forgotten. In the dramas we can take no dimensions of him; though he is never "distant in humanity," yet he is still far above all our powers of gauging him; but in the sonnets he is close to us—the man tried by the same trials as ourselves, passing through the

\* Let us here notice the edition of the sonnets by M. François Hugo, who now, since all freedom of thought and original opinion is stifled in France, has nobly employed himself in giving his countrymen a translation of our great poet, and heartily express—although differing with him on many points—our admiration of its execution, and the thorough acquaintance he shows with Shakspeare in the notes and prefaces.

same ordeal of pain as ourselves, experiencing the same joys. The dramas are as it were his monument, which we gaze at from afar: these sonnets the miniature which we can hang around our necks, and wear close to our bosom.

It is these considerations which so much endear the sonnets to us, and, in one sense, make them of higher value than the plays themselves. Those show us Shakspeare as the *poet*, these Shakspeare as the *man*. Mr. Hallam, and others, have regretted their publication. We can not share that regret with him. We could no more lose any one of them than we could any of those Psalms of David. Are we forever to be measuring men by the petty standard of mere passive good? Temptations and faults are as it were a pruning-knife. The wild bramble remains untouched, whilst the vine bleeds at all her veins. And when we read these sonnets, and see the trials that Shakspeare passed through, and know his struggles and his repentance, our idea of him as a man is unquestionably raised. Little praise is there in merely walking through this world well shod, but in marching on with bleeding feet over the burning lava-beds of temptations and trials. And as to faults, why, what are faults? Is not every thing that we do or say more or less a fault? Is not life itself in all of us an aggregate of faults? And yet there is a virtue in faults. The broken arm in time grows the strongest. The charred timber bides firm and water-tight where the sound would rot. As Shakspeare himself says, "the best men are moulded out of faults." Let us carefully guard ourselves against misconstruction. God forbid that we should recommend the vulgar proverb of "the greater sinner, the greater saint;" or say that a course of profligacy was a necessary preparation for the high calling of a poet, or for any thing else; but this we do say, that there is nothing in this world we may not turn to use. Adversity is like the cold March wind which shakes the trees, bending them to the dust, breaking oftentimes their groaning boughs, but which loosens the earth at the roots, so that the sap ascends, and the green buds blossom forth. Even vice itself, like a stinking stagnant cesspool, breathing out pollution, breeding plague, and pestilence, and death, if put to proper account, may turn, by divine alchemy, into sweet flowers and fruits. We say, too, of Shakspeare

as Goethe said of himself: "Some god gave him the power to paint what he suffered." Ah! little do we ever think when we read the scenes in "Timon," what tortures, what pains the poet had himself to undergo before he could draw that terrible misanthropy. For the secret of his success, after all, is that he was himself each of his own characters. Genius we talk about, as if genius could accomplish any thing without trials and without hardships. Παθήματα μαθήματα. Some people there are who always wish to regard Shakspeare as living exempt from ordinary trials, immaculate upon all occasions—life being to him but a long midsummer's day, where he basked in the flowers and the golden sunshine. Much pains has been taken, much, very much unfruitful ingenuity has been shown, to disprove any statement or any fact which might be thought prejudicial to the poet's character. Such people thoroughly misunderstand life, and the purpose of life. Had Shakspeare lived such a life, never could he have produced his dramas. His is the old story, and these sonnets tell it, which we are all so unwilling to believe, and, when believers, still so very unwilling to practice. What is it Shelley says, but that poets

"Learn in suffering what they teach in song"?

What does the oft-quoted line say, but—

"He best can paint them, who has felt them most"?

What does Shakspeare himself say, but—

"They breathe truth, who breathe their words in pain"?

Yes, so it is, the leaf smells sweetest when it is bruised; the warmest and the softest nest is that lined with the down plucked from the poor bird's bosom; and the earth herself, when her breast is rudely torn with share and mattock, then yields her most plenteous crops; so, all things here, poetry or great work whatsoever, are alone accomplished by noble pain and labor.

Again, let us remind those who think that Shakspeare's character is lowered by taking the sonnets in a literal sense, that the jewel lying in the mud is still a jewel; that the mud will wipe off, and the jewel



shine as bright as before. And as to those stern Shylock moralists who are forever demanding the pound of flesh for their brother's offenses, let them not be alarmed. Never is there an offense committed with impunity against the moral laws :

"Our pleasant vices are made  
The whips to scourge us ;"

and the wine of vice, however sweet, is sure to turn to vinegar in the mouth of the drinker. Hear how Shakspeare laments the bitter past :

"Alas ! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is  
most dear,  
Made old offenses of affections new.  
Most true is it, that I have looked on truth  
Askance and strangely."—Sonnet 110.

Verily Meres could not have read these when he spoke of Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets to his friends;" for assuredly we know no such bitter records of a great soul struggling amidst trial and sorrows. They contain a greater tragedy, if properly considered, than any he ever wrote—the tragedy of real life—the tragedy of the greatest mind the world ever beheld, overwhelmed with a sense of its own sin and guilt. This is it that shows his real greatness. The great soul alone is conscious of its own defects, and that in proportion to its own greatness. Your little mind is self-pleased, self-satisfied, ever fancying itself in the right, sleeping too sound to be ever disturbed by dreams or fears. Read the 90th and that 29th sonnet, and mark upon what a sea of passion he was tempest-tost—

"In thoughts himself almost despising."

Read also the 74th, perhaps the most melancholy of them all, where thoughts of suicide vex that great spirit.

"But griefs are of our making," some one says. Yes, undoubtedly the majority of them; and though as physical, and more especially as the moral laws become more and more understood, they will cease, even then there will be enough to freight man's earthen vessel to the water's edge. "But here in these sonnets some of the sorrow was evidently of his own seeking and making," we hear it still further objected. Alas ! 'tis true. But

before we pigmies venture to cast our tiny pebbles at him, let us for a moment glance at the condition of the times and the lives of some of his contemporaries. We do not think we could exaggerate the depravity of social life as led by many an author and actor. Poor Greene's confessions are enough ! Peele dying etiolated from debauchery ! Marlowe killed in a brothel ! but we will cease. These strong intellectual Samsons, one and all, overcome by their passions. It was a pitiable sight. Shakspeare did not escape the plague-spot of the day ; and the last twenty-five sonnets—with some others—tell us of his intimacy with a mistress who was "twice foresworn." If ever there was an instance that sin is its own punishment, these sonnets show it. Let the reader turn especially to the 147th and 152d. We have but room to quote one, and that shall be expressive of his deep repentance :

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer  
dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?  
Shall worms, inheritor of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more.  
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on  
men,  
And, death once dead, there's no more  
dying then."—146.

This, to us, is a finer sacred poem than any in the language. No ; we can not regret that these sonnets were written. A fierce wild fermentation is there in the life of every great soul ; fiercer according to that soul's strength, which at last clears itself away, leaving the lees and dregs to settle down, whilst the wine of life is purer and finer for the process. A space is there in every river ; longer, too, in proportion to the size of that river, especially as you near its fountain-head, where the course is over rapids : where stumbling amidst huge boulder-stones, frothing and foaming, the stream scarcely knows its way, until at last it settles down into the still, calm, broad river. It is well that they were written, if only for our instruction. They seem to us like some beach

—when a fearful storm has passed over the sea, plunging down to its very depths —on which we find sad pieces of wreck and drift-wood, marking how far the tide and the surge actually advanced ; telling, too, a bitter tale of human suffering and human woe ; but with them we also find the rarest shells and gems, which never but by such a storm could have been obtained from the bottom of the ocean.

We know, too, from other sources, that Shakspeare fell into temptation. Warton has shown that the “Venus and Adonis” gave offense at its publication by its voluptuousness and warmth ; and the author of “The Return from Parnassus,” acted about 1602, thus sums up his contemporary’s powers :

“Shakspeare,  
Who loves Adonis love, or Lucrece rape ;  
His sweeter muse contains heart-robbing life,  
Could but a graver subject him content  
Without love’s lazy foolish languishment.”

What other struggles he went through before he escaped from the trammels that bound him, we know not ; for the deepest sufferings are the unwritten ones ; and sin is like the Nessus-coat of Hercules, which, unless thrown off, will poison its wearer to death, and can not be flung off unless it tear the quivering flesh away with it. And just as it is easy to haul a boat off that has been stranded, but a vessel once upon the rocks is immovable, so must we make allowance for the struggles which it must have cost him to have got free. We can never measure them. But he did escape ; he once more floated off upon the pure ocean of life. He found out that sweets from poisonous flowers, however beautiful, are poisonous. “The weak, wanton Cupid,” he flung away “like a dew-drop from a lion’s mane.” He brushed aside the chains of vice as mere cobweb-threads : no pitiful puling and whining. He discovered that the only real pleasure in this world lies in the performance of duty—in the triumph of principles ; that, as his fellow-dramatist Fletcher said, “our valors are our best gods ;” that there is a sublime truth in the proverb, “*Laborare est orare*.” In a word, he found his place and mission in due time upon the world. He found it, as we all must, in having a set purpose, a fixed aim, a something to do, or else life is not worth living. How well he performed

his task his dramas are the best and only true monument.

But if this has been in parts a painful picture, there is a brighter and a happier side of it. The woodbine often clings to the poisonous yew-tree and to the prickly holly, with its fair blossoms : they seem at first to belong to the tree itself, but are distinct, having a different root. So in these sonnets, the better side is divisible from the worse : the pure, disinterested love for his friend is separable from the rest. It is deep, pure, and fervent ;

“It fears not policy, that heretic  
Which works on leases of short-numbered  
hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic,”—(Sonnet 124 ;)

such a love as only a great soul can feel, and which is thus described :

“Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediment. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
Oh ! no, it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth’s unknown, although his height  
be taken.  
Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks  
Within his bending sickle’s compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.”—  
Sonnet 116.

All other love compared to this is poor and finite. This one short sonnet is, perhaps, the finest essay upon friendship ever written. The picture that he gives of himself in his happiest moments is that of a deeply contemplative mind, full of affection, (see especially sonnets 30 and 31 ; ) somewhat melancholy, perhaps, yet this is only the obverse side of his gayety, dwelling apart in the mighty solitariness of its own thoughts, living far above the superstitions and narrow-mindedness of its age. Such a character can not be drawn from mere passages : it is rather the impression conveyed by the whole—a character rather to be felt than to be expressed by so many phrases and words set down upon paper ; and whoever would personally know Shakspeare, must deeply and reverently study these sonnets.

III. We have left ourselves but little room to speak of their poetic beauties. Compared with his tragedies, as far as poetry is concerned, the one is as the fall of some mighty cataract—sublime and full of terror and beauty; the other is as the gentle silver spray which rises from the whirlpool beneath, and lies thick upon the flowers on the banks hard by, forming itself into dew-drops beautifully rounded, sparkling in the sunlight. By the majority of critics, by the Malones and Steevenses, they have certainly never been fairly estimated. "Nothing short of an Act of Parliament could ever compel the English people to read them," wrote George Steevens, once a great critic and editor of Shakspeare. Verily, Acts of Parliament have little to do in all such matters. But in the hearts of a few chosen poetic souls have they always lingered in affectionate remembrance. Wordsworth wrote of them, "There is not a part of Shakspeare's writings where is found in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed;" nor is the statement exaggerated. Charles Lamb had his favorite passage:

"When in the chronicle of wasted time,  
I see description of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,"  
(Sonnet 106;)

and poor Keats took for the motto of his "Endymion" this line:

"The stretched metre of an antique song"—  
(Sonnet 17;)

not without a deep meaning, which those only who know the sonnet can understand. We wonder what Steevens's idea of an Act of Parliament was—that it perhaps could give a feeling heart and a poetic mind, and the seeing eye. Alas! no recipe for these can be found.

The sonnets have the first prerequisite of all true poetry—feeling; without which all poetry is as specimens of dried flowers upon paper—beautiful and interesting, but quite colorless and scentless, when compared with the living breathing forms which perfume every passing breeze, and from which the bee and the butterfly suck their sweet honey-dew. They deal with our deepest sympathies; they are, in fact, *καρδιαφώναι*, solemn heart-utterances, speaking to the heart, and can no more be

compared with other sonnets than Shakspeare's plays to other plays. There are the same beauties, too, the same graces, on a smaller scale and of a gentler order, in them, as in the plays. Every thing is in miniature. It is no longer the great big world which we are in, with its rough and shaggy mountains, and its huge trees and roaring rivers, but a poet's garden, filled with the choicest flowers, where the brook runs merrily through the lush-green grass, and the nightingale sings at eventide. Take this picture of early Spring:

"Proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;  
That heavy Saturn leaped and laughed with him."—Sonnet 98.

That last line how classical! how full of the antique! And here, again:

"Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when his mournful hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild music burdens every bough."—  
Sonnet 102.

How very sweet, how pregnant with observation! for the nightingale ceases early in summer, as though it would not contend with the common herd of birds any longer. And here is the other picture:

"Summer's green all girded up in sheaves  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard."—Sonnet 12.

And be it remembered that all these scenes are not bits of mere description, but are made, as all truest and highest poetry ought, to interpret and illustrate the feelings, to become commentaries on and living emblems of life itself; and we do them great injustice, therefore, in cutting them out like formal squares to show the beauty of the pattern.

There is the same sweetness of versification, that same delicate sense of rhythm which distinguishes Shakspeare from all other poets, in these "Sonnets," as in the plays. Here are some lines addressed to his mistress:

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou swayest  
The wiry concords which mine ear confounds,"—(Sonnet 128.)

which almost seem to us to have stolen the very melody which their poet heard. Do they not tell us something more of the author of the fifth act of "The Merchant of Venice," how he, as dearly as his own Lorenzo, loved the "sweet power of music"? And here, again, speaking of himself—

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the  
cold,  
Bare-ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds  
sang,"—(Sonnet 73,)

we can almost hear the dead leaves rustling on the ground, and the winds singing their melancholy dirges to the boughs for the summer's death, in solemn harmony with the spirit of man mourning for the past summer of his life, which, unlike the other, will never again come back.

The same felicities of language are in them as in the plays—lines in them before which we stop, arrested by their sudden beauty, even as before some flower in our silent walks. The same richness of metaphors, too, is in them, in degree, as in the plays. Take this description of his mistress, whose eyes are so beauteous,

"That not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,  
Doth half that glory to the sober West."—  
Sonnet 132.

Note, also, in passing, the epithet "full," as conveying the complete lustrous brilliancy of Venus. The same deep philosophic spirit, too, may be observed: thus—

"When I consider every thing that grows,  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge state\* presenteth naught but  
shows,"—(Sonnet 15,)

is the same philosophy that Prospero

\* That is, the world.

utters in the fourth act of "The Tempest." And all these things are said—and perhaps this is the most wonderful part of the sonnets—upon one subject only, astonishing us by the variety of treatment, showing Shakspeare's inexhaustible resources, the fertility of his invention.

The *vis tragica*, however, is wanting, except in a few pieces which we have quoted earlier; nor does the sonnet well admit of it. The beauties, we repeat, are of the gentler order. Once more, perhaps for mere beauty the most beautiful of them all.

"To me, fair friend, you never can grow old,  
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters  
cold  
Have from the forest shook three summers'  
pride;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn  
turned;  
In process of the seasons have I seen  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes  
burned,  
Since first I saw you fresh which yet art  
green:  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
So your sweet huc, which methinks still doth  
stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.  
For fear of which, hear this, the age un-  
bred,  
Ere you were born was beauty's summer  
dead."—Sonnet 104.

And here we must stop quoting. Briefly we may say, that whatever we find in the plays we find in a less degree here. They are, in fact, each of them little dramas, not of action, but of thought and loveliness; and whatever may be our opinion of them in a moral point of view, there can be but one concerning their beauty, for they will ever be prized

"With earth's and sea's rich gems,  
With April's first-born flowers, and all things  
rare."



From Fraser's Magazine.

## A FEW WORDS ON FRANCE AND FRENCH AFFAIRS.

FOR now nearly six years our neighbors on the other side of the Straits of Dover appear to have been soundly slumbering; but any one who has read the history of the country, or who knows any thing of the character of the people, is well aware that France is not dead. The Gauls, from the earliest records which history furnishes, have been subject to alternations of activity and repose—of strenuous effort and passivity—of super-excitement and indifference—of over-restlessness and that confirmed lassitude which denotes almost a suspension of the vital functions. But notwithstanding her sufferings and her sorrows, we repeat, France is not dead—is not even somnolent, but alive and struggling—struggling to loose herself from those bonds and fetters to which she momentarily, and possibly necessarily, submitted in 1851. There is at length an awakening of the mind and faculties, of the strength and sinew of the great nation; and now, with a clear perception and a firm step, the French people are resolved to gain the ground which they lost in 1851 and 1852. For more than five years they have borne much and suffered much, as perhaps the proper penalty of an abuse and misuse of liberty. But having undergone their penal sentence and served out their time, they now seek for liberation from bondage. In 1851 the heart of the nation was cowed and its spirit completely broken. For three years parliamentary parties had made themselves remarkable only by personal jealousies, by petty rivalries, and by factious turbulence. The men of 1848 were, with a few honorable exceptions, distinguished not merely by incapacity, but by wild, impracticable, and dangerous views. Their weakness tolerated, or their wickedness countenanced, excesses in both principle and action which led to bloodshed and civil war. Secret and irresponsible societies, spread over Paris and the provinces, in reality governed, and the consequence was that the Republic and its assemblies perished

by the effect of its own passions, and the perversion of its own principles and doctrines. Before a strong will, and a *coup d'état*, a badly constructed edifice, raised in haste and on unstable foundations, was rent asunder, and on its ruins arose the Empire of Louis Napoleon. At a period when life and property—when the institutions of family itself were insecure—men clung to any shadow offering security, and in this wise the government of one man, who had nothing but a famous world-wide name, and a strong will of his own was accepted. People did not then too curiously regard his title, or minutely scan his character or capabilities; all they asked was a rallying-point for the army of France, with a view to preserve the nation from anarchy and dissolution. Such a *point d'appui* was found in the name of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and the spirit and unity of the army, and the good sense and good feeling of the people have achieved the rest.

France of 1851 and 1852 has now, however, recovered from her panic and her fears. Tranquil and prosperous, disenchanted with Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, distrusting secret societies and extreme opinions, she yet desires order with liberty and real *bond fide* representative institutions, not the *simulacrum atque umbra* of parliamentary life. France now feels that all the privileges—all the traditions—all the franchises—all the liberties achieved in six centuries of struggle—are not to be confiscated for the benefit of one man, however adroit, however fortunate cool, cunning, or capable of managing men. What France denied to Philip Augustus, to Henry IV., to Louis XIV., to Louis XVI., to Napoleon, to Louis XVIII., to Charles X., to Louis Philippe, the last of her kings, France will not surrender, once, forever, and irremediably, to the second of her emperors. The spirit of the *Fronde* and the *Ligue*, of the Revolution of 1789, and of more than forty years' parliamentary government, discounte-

nance and forbid such a supposition. There are some things which a nation can not surrender without dishonor, nay, without self-extinction. In a time of civil strife and commotion, and in order the more effectually to preserve them, a nation may place its rights and liberties temporarily in abeyance; but a high-spirited and civilized nation like the French can never surrender such rights and liberties absolutely, or place its honor and its conscience unconditionally in the keeping of any individual.

It must not be supposed that though during the three last years Paris has been tranquil, and in a degree prosperous, the workmen being constantly and cunningly employed on brick and mortar, the metropolis of France has been therefore contented. The fact is quite otherwise. The best and the most enlightened men in the country have witnessed with grief and humiliation a position of public affairs in which the semblance of representative institutions is made a blind to deceive and delude the nation. Legislative lackeys wearing the Imperial livery are in the position of representatives and senators, and the birth, the intellect, the intelligence, the statesmanship and science of the country are allowed to take no part in public affairs, unless they servilely prostrate themselves to the successful man of the hour. A candid, qualified, and independent support, praising sometimes, criticising occasionally, warning often, and condemning now and again, will not be tolerated by the Imperial autocrat, or his less sensible minions of Ministers. No candidate received in the late election the Government support unless he consented to become a political parasite, and agreed to surrender his judgment and understanding. A state of things like this has excited much comment in the provinces and considerable towns, and absolute dissatisfaction, if not discontent, in Paris. In some departments and in some provincial cities, gentlemen of distinguished name or talents, or, like M. de Montalembert, with distinguished name, talents, and wealth combined, have offered themselves to the electors; but so potent are the combined influences of the Home Office and of the Prefect and Central Government, that even a gentlemen of the attainments, character, and property of M. de Montalembert, has been rejected in the Doubs,

to give place to a person ticketed and labelled as an out-and-out supporter of the Government. Two of the largest proprietors in the Doubs are the Count de Merode, and his brother-in-law, M. de Montalembert. Neither of them has ever given a factious opposition to the existing order of things. M. de Montalembert, on the contrary, offered in 1850 good, though perhaps unpalatable advice; the result is, that this is remembered against him seven years afterwards, and has operated to his exclusion. So completely are the country constituencies in France now under the thumb of the Minister of the Interior, that few independent gentlemen have ventured to try their luck, and those few have, thanks to the maneuvers of the Government, been defeated.

In Paris, however, there were, owing to the greater number and the greater independence of the electors, better chances of success, and it was resolved to bring forward three Opposition candidates. One of the strongest claims urged in favor of the present Emperor was that he was a man for stability and order, and was opposed to the death to the Red Republic. But under Heaven at this moment France owes her tranquillity and order not to the Emperor of the French, but to General Cavaignac and to the Generals who assisted him in June, 1848. Cavaignac it was who, in those memorable and fearful days, fought the battle of liberty and order against Communism, Socialism, and the Red Republic, and who, thanks to the coöperation of Changarnier, Bedeau, Lamoricière, and Le Floe, was successful. Those five Generals, by indomitable efforts—efforts requiring greater fortitude and perseverance than have been exhibited before or since—were successful, but the reward due to them has been reaped by another. Paris, therefore, which owes so much to Cavaignac, was quite right in bringing him forward. Moderate as a Republican, Cavaignac is a man of honorable, upright, and consistent character, who has done his country great services on a most trying occasion, and who descended from power without reproach and without stain.

To this man, who himself took no part in the contest, all the weight, influence, and largesses of the Government were opposed. Every art and argument, every blandishment, was had recourse to by the

officials to procure votes; and when blandishments were found unavailing, threats resorted to without stint. Yet, notwithstanding blandishments, threats, and the weight of Government influence, Cavaignac, who never once appeared on the scene of contest, who issued no addresses and pronounced no speeches, was returned against the whole weight of Imperial bureaucratic and Bourse influence, by a majority of a thousand. The two other Opposition candidates, men in every sense less distinguished, were returned by majorities as considerable as Cavaignac; thus proving that, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by a powerful and unscrupulous Government having every means at command, one half the electors of Paris are opposed to the imperial system. This fact, of which few acquainted with Paris ever doubted, is now, for the first time, made manifest to the world, and that it must henceforth exercise a considerable influence on public affairs no man can doubt. Hitherto superficial foreigners and optimist Frenchmen were disposed to think that the Emperor was born under a happy star—that he was a man destined to be always successful—that he knew the secret of managing and governing the French, and that he must have every thing his own way. But these people have plainly mistaken the lassitude, the weariness, the exhaustion consequent on the over-excitement prevailing from 1848 to 1852, for a permanent condition of the national mind, and have reasoned as though a temporary and topical feeling would continue forever.

So long as the dangers and terrors of anarchy and socialism were greater and more overwhelming than the pressure and inconveniences of an autocratic system, and the almost absolute power of one man, such views of public affairs were likely to weigh with the *bourgeoisie*. But now that the days of Ledru Rollinism, Socialism, Communism, and the Red Republic have passed—that émeutes have ceased and barricades are no longer erected—the Parisians are not to be frightened by a raw-head-and-bloody-bones which has played its game out very dexterously and profitably for the governing party, but rather expensively and arbitrarily for the citizens of Paris. The Parisians are resolved to be no longer deluded with a make-believe Senate and Chamber, but to have a real, effective, and conscientious

Opposition, advising, admonishing, candidly criticising, and when necessary reproofing, and, above all, looking minutely into the budget of receipts and expenditure. The financial question, complicated and mysterious as it is, is now felt to be quite as important as the political question; and men of solid and serious convictions, who have no bad feeling towards the Emperor personally, and who would rather support his Government than any other, are convinced that its permanency, that its continued existence, depends on greater publicity in financial affairs, on a greater extension of the liberty of speech and of the press, and on the existence of a real and effective Opposition. With such views leavening and fermenting in the public mind, the Paris elections were entered on, and well will it be if the Government receives and accepts this first serious demonstration against it, and, as a consequence, changes its principles and practice. Should the Emperor be of opinion that his power is not based on the representative system, but that he governs by the aid of the army, the priests, and peasant proprietors—with the sword, and with the sword only—then we foresee that the book of revolutions is not yet closed, and that there are resolute and sanguinary struggles yet to be passed through. Though France is very weary of street-fights, of barricades, and of the despotism of clubs and coteries—all of which things have led to the destruction of public and private fortunes, and to the trampling out of liberty—yet the nation is not prepared to surrender forever freedom of action, and of speech, or its proper share in the control and direction of its own affairs. Liberty may have its dangers and inconveniences in France as elsewhere; but the intelligent and educated French long for it even with these incidents, and exclaim, with the Polish Starost: "*Malo periculosam libertatem quam quietum servitium.*" The best way to prolong a dynasty and to consolidate a throne is to remove the causes of conspiracies and discontent. If the Emperor's sway be as popular and as national as it is represented, he need dread no opposition, however formidable in point of talent or of numbers. If, on the contrary, his Government shrinks from the opposition of four or five opponents, what opinion can we form of its vitality? Is the tenure of a power founded on the army,

the peasants, and the priests, as opposed to the mind, the intelligence, and the energy of the nation, worth six months' purchase?—is it worth even a pin's fee?

A despotism resting even on a broad basis, when imposed on a great, a civilized, and intelligent nation, can not very long endure; and the best way to obviate the danger of its sudden or instantaneous overthrow, by violence or by conspiracy, is to allow to representative institutions fair and full play. The election of General Cavaignac is not a threat or demonstration directed against the Emperor personally, but a demonstration against a system which emasculates and degrades a great country for the benefit of the army, of the peasants, of the priests, and of a cloud of successful speculators and stock-jobbers. It is probable that General Cavaignac will not take the oaths, and may not thus become the leader in any parliamentary movement or demonstration against the Government; but *uno arulso non deficit alter*, and in France, when a strong opinion manifests itself, the proper man is seldom found wanting in the proper place. The integrity, the disinterestedness, and the firmness of Cavaignac are well known to his friends and countrymen. He can play his part well, either in a civil or a military capacity, and whatever be his determination, we are sure it will be founded on pure and patriotic motives. But even though Cavaignac hold back, the move is already made by half the electors of Paris, and it must be fruitful in results.

We wish we could announce that the Government of France had accepted the metropolitan elections as a monition and a warning. In that event we might have had hopes that the Emperor and his Ministers would perceive that the days of arbitrary coercion have passed away. But the suspension of the *Assemblée Nationale* and the warning given to the *Estafette* forbid us to hope that wisdom and sagacity preside at the Tuileries or the Elysée. The Government, it is clear, notwithstanding its arbitrary exercise of power, is the victim of its own terrors and

its own fears. The whole garrison of Paris—all the heavy cavalry of Versailles and all the artillery of Vincennes—were brought by the Marshals Magnan and Vailant to bear on De Béranger's funeral, and the immortal *Chansonnier's* remains were huddled into a Government coffin, and buried with precipitate haste, ere they were quite cold, by a Government calling itself strong, as though the proceeding were not a sufficient indication of sudden terror and fear in the highest place. The demoralizing and hypocritical spectacle is also afforded of discounting the renown and popularity of the deceased by the promise of the prompt payment of a splendid mausoleum for his remains. This is a degrading dodge, and it will not succeed in popularizing its author.

The discovery of a diabolical plot hatched in London, at this particular junction appears too well contrived, too *à propos*, to be real. It is probably the peg on which will be conveniently hung a demand for (we must use a foreign and un-English word to express an un-English thing) the *extradition* of Mazzini and Ledru Rollin. We have no faith in the judgment or discretion of the Roman Triumvir or the French Demagogue; but nevertheless, we do not believe Mazzini or Rollin to be so silly or so criminal as to enter into such a plot. As to the Italians, Campanella and Massarenti, they indignantly deny all complicity in any such nefarious scheme in a letter to *The Times*; and till we have some better evidence than French police denunciations, we must give untried and unconvicted men the benefit of the plea of Not Guilty. A Government capable of making capital out of the dead bones of Béranger would not very much scruple to give itself a fancied security by creating a pretext for demanding the surrender of its two most formidable enemies.

Be this as it may, the elections, the funeral, and the plot, disclose uneasy, if not alarming symptoms, and indicate that Imperialism is built on a foundation of sand.



From the London Quarterly.

## CICERO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.\*

ONE of the most interesting periods of the world's history is that which immediately preceded the Augustan age. It was distinguished by a constellation of truly great men. It would have been no small privilege to have mingled in the society of the leading spirits of that stirring period; to have listened to their conversation—to have been familiar with their most secret purposes—to have been admitted to a near view of the greatness and the littleness, the strength and weakness, the wisdom and folly, of the stern Brutus, of the stoical Cato, of the all accomplished Julius, and of a host of others, who were their contemporaries. It is probable that upon our being admitted to a nearer view, the halo which now surrounds and partially transfigures them would have faded and withdrawn, leaving us with much clearer perceptions, and with a somewhat diminished amount of admiration. As it is, the figures which composed this noble group have passed quite away. Their lofty designs and mighty deeds exercise very little influence upon the actual condition of the world as it now exists. But it never can be otherwise than intensely interesting to inquire what were the operations of those exalted intellects, and to know something of that host of passions by which they were moved. History gives a faint outline of their principal achievements. But this is nothing near so impressive, nor so instructive, as to trace the general current of their thought, as it is revealed in their familiar epistles.

We have from the French press, in the works which we have placed at the head

\* 1. *Œuvres Complètes de M. T. Cicéron, publiées en Français, avec le Texte en Regard.* Par JOS. VICT. LEBLERO, Professeur d'Eloquence Latine à la Faculté des Lettres, Académie de Paris. 1846.

2. *Lettres de M. T. Cicéron, qu'on nomme vulgairement Familières.* Traduction de L'ABBÉ PREVOST. Paris. 1826.

3. *Lettres de Cicéron à Atticus.* Traduction de MONGAULT, revue par l'Editeur. Paris. 1826.

of this article, and in others of the same attainment of this knowledge. The booksellers on the other side of the Channel have provided editions of the principal classics, adapted to the use not only of the learned, properly speaking, but of those whose classical acquirements may be character, a very considerable help to the supposed to have been left somewhat imperfect. The best Latin and Greek writers may be obtained, with a French translation on the opposite page, and ample notes for the elucidation of whatever difficulties may occur. A thoroughly instructed classic may, perhaps, look with some contempt upon these helps to the unlearned. But in point of utility, they are not to be despised. It is impossible to doubt that by this arrangement, both time and labor are greatly economized. The letters of Cicero are in themselves a history of the times in which they were written. They extend from the period of his consulship to a few days before his death. We have sixteen books of *Epistolæ ad Familiares*, as they have been commonly called, written to a variety of persons; and nearly as many in addition to one attached friend, (Atticus,) with whom Cicero kept up a regular correspondence whenever distance precluded their immediate intercourse. Sometimes daily, at intervals of two or three days at most, and during a crisis of great political excitement, these indefatigable writers exchanged their most familiar sentiments.

The vivid impression left upon the mind from reading a series of such letters, written amidst scenes of stirring and exciting interest, is of a very different kind from that which is produced by the efforts of the most gifted historian. The pen of a Macaulay has made many a scene start as it were into life, and present itself to the mind with all the interest of actual existence chiefly by the happy use of detail gathered from contemporary documents; but this realizing charm is still more perfectly produced by an unbroken corre-

spondence like that which lies before us, where the writers are the very men with whose movements history itself advances stage by stage. We seem to be admitted into their secret counsels. We see not only the final judgment and decision at which mighty intellects arrive; which is usually all that history records; but we are often permitted to trace the process of thought by which the final decision is attained. We see hesitation yielding to certainty, and learn how great minds act and react upon each other.

All this, however, supposes the presence of a peculiar quality, without which letter-writing loses more than one half of its value. It assumes the existence of that entire transparency of thought, that simplicity, and openness, and absence of restraint, which give to all really good letters their principal charm. There is a something which a reader may feel without being able to define—*Nequo monstrare et sentio tantum*—which distinguishes the letters of Cowper from those of Pope in our own language, and the epistles of Madame de Sevigné from the letters innumerable which have been indited by French men and women; a nameless grace which, while it occurs in the letters of Cicero, is almost entirely absent in those of Pliny. It is a peculiar quality of openness and unreserve. The French would probably express it by two of their peculiar words—by the term *naïveté*, and the term *abandon*; for neither of which have we any exact equivalent in English.

We may say, then, that for directness and simplicity of manner, for openness of heart and freedom of expression, the style of Cicero in his letters is most to be admired. But there is another quality, equally conspicuous and equally conducive to the pleasure of the reader of these letters. It is what Longinus would term “variety,” or “versatility,” the rapid and ingenious transition “from grave to gay, from lively to severe.” The attention of the reader is not suffered to flag; there is nothing like prosing. They will remain to after ages, as they have been to the past, models to be studied and imitated. In many departments of literary pursuit—in history, philosophical disquisition, scientific research, the drama, the narrative poem, and in the whole domain of wit and humor—we may pride ourselves upon some superiority over the period of two

thousand years ago. But we might say, without much fear of mistake, that there are two things which will be found unsurpassable, if not unapproachable—the letters of Cicero, and the orations of Demosthenes. It will scarcely be necessary to advert, except in the very briefest manner, to a state of political affairs which, during the period in which these letters were written, was developing itself with frightful rapidity. Liberty, which had long maintained its ground with difficulty amongst the foremost people existing at that time on the earth, was about to be thrown suddenly and violently back.

The lessons of history have since taught us that wherever the virtue of a nation fails, its liberties are first obscured, and then finally lost. This result is so sure that it may be confidently predicted; we may calculate it with the certainty, if not with the precision, of a solar eclipse. The moral qualities which had distinguished the earlier times of the Roman Republic had mostly disappeared. An intense selfishness had invaded all classes. An insane desire of splendor in their houses and establishments had become the common fault of the aristocracy of Rome; and ruinous debts, as the almost certain consequence, had been contracted. Then came—as the means of supporting all this extravagance—peculation, fraud, and oppression, in all their forms; and the nation was prepared, by the entire loss of public spirit, to throw itself into the arms of any adventurer who would promise to the restless and bad spirits around him both plunder and impunity.

The crisis of this state of things arrived during the period at which these letters of Cicero were written—between his consulship and his death. This portion of time embraced about twenty years of the most important events. Whatever epistolary correspondence Cicero may have carried on previously to the fortieth year of his age, it would appear that his freedman Tiro, to whose diligence we are indebted for this valuable collection, had not been able to find any of importance. But when we reflect that about nine hundred letters, written in about the same number of weeks, have survived the ravages of time, and that probably as many more have perished, we can not but view the great orator of Rome as an indefatigable writer of epistles, and may congratulate ourselves on having it in our power

to form so definite an idea of the transactions of twenty years of time which must always hold a distinguished place in the world's past history. And this advantage we have in spite of a still earlier difficulty; for the want of a regular and systematic mode of conveying letters was a serious obstacle to the very existence of such a correspondence, in the Ciceronian age. The actual number of epistles indited at that time, as compared with the present, was, we may conceive, by no means numerous. But still the Roman Government seems to have been marvellously defective in not providing for the more rapid and certain transmission of intelligence. Most of these letters of Cicero were sent either by the hand of a friend, or by special messengers dispatched for the purpose.

We may now proceed to remark, that this collection of the letters of Cicero and of his friends will be found at once interesting and instructive, inasmuch as they cast a great deal of light upon the state of society at that time in the city of Rome; upon the political affairs and movements of that important period; upon the characters of some of the greatest men of antiquity, and especially upon the character of Cicero himself.

The first scene which we shall present to the reader is a domestic one. Julius Cæsar, who might now be said to be the master of the Roman world, and who was naturally anxious to use all means for consolidating his power, by winning over to his side all the men of great political influence in Rome, had intimated to Cicero his intention to dine with him on a certain day. With this high honor Cicero was evidently very much gratified; but at the same time looked forward to the reception of so great a man with no small degree of anxiety. He describes the visit in a light and pleasant manner; but the description is a very vivid one. It occurs in a letter to his friend Atticus.\*

"What a formidable guest have I just received! Yet I am well satisfied with the visit of Cæsar, which has passed off very pleasantly. On the second day of the Saturnalia he came in the evening to Philip's country house, which was literally thronged with soldiers, so that scarcely could a vacant spot be found where Cæsar, might get his supper. In fact he had about two thousand soldiers with him. I was under some concern how I should entertain such a

company on the morrow. But B. Cassius came to my relief, and furnished me with a sufficient guard. Camps were pitched for the soldiers in the adjacent grounds, so that the villa itself was kept entirely free from intrusion.

"On the third day of the Saturnalia, the great man stopped at Philip's all the forenoon till about one o'clock, and no one was admitted to see him. I believe he was settling various matters with Balbus. He afterwards walked on the shore. At two o'clock he took a bath; and, while bathing, listened to a satire which had been composed on him by Mamurra. He gave no signs of feeling any thing while it was being read. He was then ready to recline at table; and as he had taken medicine in the morning, his appetite was good, his manner most courteous, and he ate and drank abundantly. The feast was all very neatly and elegantly served. Nor was this all; for

———"humor and harmless wit were there; And all was seasoned with the grace of speech."

His attendants were liberally entertained at three other tables. Nothing was wanting even to his inferior freedmen and slaves. But the more polite of his attendants had an elegant provision made for them. What can I say more? We showed that we know how to live. At the same time, it must be confessed that this is not the kind of guest to whom one would be inclined to say: 'I entreat you, my good sir, to call on me again as you return.' Once is enough. In our conversation we avoided all political matters. But we had a great deal of literary talk. In a word, Cæsar seemed delighted and satisfied. He told me that he purposed staying one day at Puteoli, and another at Baiæ.

"You have now an account of this so much dreaded entertainment; but which was not, after all, so very formidable an affair. I shall remain here a few days, and then proceed to Tusculanum. When Cæsar passed the country house of Dolabella, all his troops were drawn up on his right and left; which did not occur anywhere else on the journey. This I learnt from Nicias."

The reader will easily perceive, in this characteristic letter, the gratified vanity of the host, whose weak side Cæsar, who was a keen observer of human character, well knew. At the same time, it is somewhat interesting to get a glimpse of the master of the world in his hours of relaxation, still bent on the great design for which he lived; and, as one means of attaining it, wishful to "buy golden opinions from all sorts of people."

The feast has some strong points of resemblance to what might occur in modern times on the meeting together of any two characters of great weight and influence

\* Book xiii. let. 52.

in the political world, between whom there might exist a general similarity together with strong points of dissimilarity and contrast. The difference between ancient and modern manners is certainly considerable. The curious fact that Cæsar prepared for this sumptuous entertainment by taking medicine, will not surprise those who know the rules which the Roman physicians prescribed for the preservation of health: *Qui mane vomuit, ambulare debet, tum ungi, deinde cenare.\** A prescription of this kind Cæsar seems very exactly to have followed. In the early part of the day he took an emetic; soon after the noon hour he walked; then, after taking the bath, was well rubbed with oil; and then was ready for his dinner.

After this passing review of a domestic entertainment as it was then exhibited in Roman society, we may just turn aside for a moment to catch a glimpse of the public amusements provided for a people naturally addicted to public shows and entertaining sights.

Cicero writes to his friend Marius, who was a valetudinarian, and who apparently preferred his books and his country villa to the distractions of Rome, giving him an account of the "great games," as they were called, (*magni ludi*), which Pompey constituted at the opening of his theatre. These were said to be the most magnificent exhibitions that Rome had ever witnessed; and they were, no doubt, very attractive to the common people especially, whose taste might be called at least semi-barbarous, from the delight it showed in blood and destruction. There were combats of gladiators and athletes, and the exhibition of innumerable wild beasts brought from all parts to be slaughtered in a kind of artificial wood formed for the purpose. What Plutarch and Dion relate of the number of wild beasts which Pompey on this occasion had collected together, almost exceeds belief. During the five days devoted to their destruction, these authors relate that there were no less than five hundred lions killed, besides a countless multitude of inferior animals. The last day of the games was devoted to the hunting and killing of elephants. But here something unexpected occurred. These animals, which have always been supposed to possess an intelligence ap-

proaching to that of the human race, when they were brought out to be slaughtered, gave evidence that they knew for what purpose they were now produced; and, as Cicero intimates in the following letter, excited pity in the breasts of the savage spectators by the imploring signs which they gave of their wish to escape the fate to which they were destined. Pliny, in alluding to the scene which Cicero here describes, enters into more minute details. From him and Dion we learn, that the elephants, seeing no way of escape, entreated and implored the pity of the vast crowd by mute signs of the most affecting character, and finally lifted up their trunks, as well as their eyes, towards heaven, as though appealing to the gods against the cruelties about to be practised upon them. The multitude of the spectators were so much moved with pity that, forgetting all respect for the author of the entertainment, they rose in one mass, and pronounced a malediction upon Pompey; and the curse which they pronounced, says the historian, fell upon him very soon afterwards: *Oblitus imperatoris, ac magnificentiæ honori suo exquisitæ, flens universus consurgeret, dirasque Pompeio, quos ille mori luit, imprecaretur.*

The following letter gives Cicero's views of these celebrated games.

#### "CICERO TO MARIUS.

"The games, if you feel any interest in them, were certainly grand, but, I should think, not at all to your taste; for I judge of yours from my own. What interest, in fact, would you be likely to feel in the athletes?—you who have always shown your contempt for the fights of the gladiators. Pompey himself confesses that it has proved to be expense and trouble thrown away.

"The last part of the entertainment consisted of two exhibitions of wild beasts, lasting through five days—all very magnificent, no one can deny. But how can a man of correct taste feel any gratification in seeing a feeble human creature torn in pieces by a powerful beast? or, on the other hand, at seeing a noble animal transfixed with a hunting spear? all which things, if they are worth seeing once, you have already beheld; and we, who were admitted to this spectacle, have seen nothing new. The last of the five days was devoted to the destruction of the elephants, which excited great wonder and astonishment among the crowd, but gave little or no pleasure. Rather the scene called forth pity and commiseration, and tended to confirm the

\* Celsus, lib. iii.



opinion that there is in that noble animal something that resembles man.

"During part of each day that the games were exhibited, I was strenuously engaged in the defense of your friend, Gallus Caninius. But if the people would as kindly dismiss me from public service, as they have been willing to dismiss *Æsopus*" (the great tragic actor) "from the stage, I would willingly finish my public services as an advocate, and enjoy your society, and that of those who are like-minded with ourselves. For, as this kind of life was little to my taste when youth and ambition first prompted me to engage in it, and when I was at liberty to choose my clients, and to refuse to defend any cause which I did not approve, so now it has become extremely irksome from the consideration that I can expect no public reward of my labor; and that I am often obliged to defend men to whom I owe no good will, at the request of others with whom I am wishful to cultivate friendship. I am inclined, therefore, to seize upon every pretext for withdrawing from public service, and for living after my own inclination; and I greatly approve of the determination you have shown to seek retreat, and to enjoy repose."

With respect to the civil government of Rome, and to the state of domestic and foreign politics during the last period of decaying liberty, we should like to bring out from Cicero's correspondence a complete and reliable account of the state of parties as they then existed in the "eternal city;" and to present to view the external developments, the hidden springs, the mischievous working of corrupt principles, and, in short, the evidence of the almost entire disappearance of those simple manners, united with indomitable energy, by means of which the Republic had risen to an unprecedented degree of greatness. This might easily be done. But to do it effectually would require an amount of space more than equal to that to which we have purposed to restrict the whole of this article. We must, therefore, content ourselves with remarking that the great error of the Republic, and that which finally became its curse and the cause of its destruction, was the putting into the hands of its greatest citizens, who had filled the chief offices in the state, the power of the sword, with very feeble means, or none at all, of restricting them in the use of it. Each man, after filling the office of Consul, was appointed to the government of some province of the empire, as commander of an army. This was granted as a matter of course, and as a kind of recompense for their services.

It enabled many, doubtless, to enrich themselves very considerably by the spoils which they contrived to take; and it increased, in an enormous degree, their power and influence in the state.

But when this power of the sword was at the same time in the possession of several commanders of provinces, and especially of two such fiery spirits as Julius Cæsar and Pompey—bating and envying each other, and each resolved, if possible, to put the other down—the consequence might, without much difficulty, be foreseen. It was clearly foreseen by Cicero, who was a very shrewd prognosticator of the future. But here a cruel necessity seemed to be imposed upon Cicero. If he continued to take any part in public affairs, he must evidently side with one or the other of the contending parties; and with keen penetration he saw the faults of both so clearly that in his deliberate judgment he could not hope to approve of either. He saw, indeed, that the good of their country was, in fact, not the object at which either party aimed; but personal aggrandizement, and victory over the other side.

Now Cicero, we verily believe, sincerely loved his country, and had a deep attachment to her form of government. His vanity may, at times, without his being conscious of it, have insinuated itself among the nobler feelings of his nature; and he may have delighted to contemplate his country as great and flourishing, and, in fact, saved by his own care and management. He had some right to entertain these views; although he sometimes made them too prominent. But there was nothing of a guilty ambition mingling with his projects; which could not be said of Cæsar, nor indeed of Pompey. Cicero entertained the deepest apprehensions of the mischief and misery likely to result from a civil war. He knew perfectly the fierce and untamable disposition of both his friends who were engaged in the conflict; which was, therefore, likely to end only in the destruction of one or the other. At the beginning of the contest, both of them were rather friendly to Cicero than otherwise, and wished to engage his great influence on their side. His true wisdom would have been to commit himself to neither. Happy would it have been for him, if, like his friend Atticus, he could have determined to stand aloof from all political conflict.

But, in an evil hour, he gave in his adherence to Pompey; thinking his views more in accordance with his own in reference to the propriety of maintaining the previous form of republican government. No sooner, however, had he made his choice than he began to repent of it; and a visit to Pompey's camp completed his conviction that all hope of victory for so disorganized a rabble as were collected under his banner was totally hopeless. On this subject he was disposed to speak his mind somewhat more freely than Pompey was disposed to hear the truth uttered; and Cicero left the camp, complaining bitterly in his letters to his friends that the true love of country actuated neither party, and that what each aimed at was only to put the other down. Despairing, therefore, of seeing any good result from a longer interposition on his part, he resolved to retire and await the course which he perceived that events were likely to take. To his friend Marius he writes in the following terms:

"ROME, 707.

"You feared that, if I remained in Italy, I might seem wanting to my duty. And, on the other hand, if I went to the seat of war, you were under serious apprehensions that I might incur very considerable danger. You could not but perceive, at that period, how greatly I was troubled in mind, so as, in fact, to be scarcely able to judge what steps it would be best for me to take. I preferred, however, to hearken to the suggestions of honor and duty, rather than to pay much regard to my own personal safety.

"I soon had cause to repent of my decision; and that not so much on account of any danger I incurred, as because I was struck with the many faults and defects which I discovered in the whole of the arrangements, (of Pompey's camp.) In the first place, the troops were neither numerous nor possessed of a warlike character. Then, with the exception of the General and a few others, (I speak of the leading men,) the rest, from their very entrance upon the war, showed a much stronger propensity for pillage than for fighting; and the sentiments they uttered were so distinguished by the most savage cruelty, that the very idea of their becoming victorious made me shudder. In addition, all the principal men were deeply immersed in debt. In a word, there was nothing good among them but the goodness of the cause.

"Seeing how things were, and despairing of victory, I, who have always leaned to the peaceful side, began by advising Pompey to make peace. But finding him utterly averse to this, I then advised him to temporize and to lengthen out the war. This he was at first disposed to

do, and seemed persuaded that this was the right course to pursue. He would probably have continued in this mind, if it had not been for a skirmish in which he obtained some advantage, and which led him to think that he might now put confidence in his troops. From that time this great man no longer gave any evidence of generalship. He most unwisely set in battle array an inexperienced and hastily collected army against legions that had been inured to battle and to victory. He was defeated; lost, in the most disgraceful manner, the whole of his camp equipage; and betook himself to solitary flight. I determined that this should be to me the end of the war. I did not think that we, who were not a match for Cæsar, when we were in the greatest strength, could reasonably hope to contend successfully against him, now that our ranks were broken."

From this time Cicero submitted, though with an uneasy mind, to the domination of Cæsar. He seems to have felt it a great degradation to live dependent for life, and for all that is valuable in life, upon the will of a single individual; although probably persuaded that if the world was come into that state that it must be governed by some one man, Cæsar possessed admirable qualities to fit him for the important function. Still the recollection of the glories of his own consulship, and his attachment to the ancient forms of the Republic, produced the deepest regrets, while he saw every thing changed and changing around him. He showed, however, that he possessed a clear insight into the future, by foretelling, in one of his letters to Atticus, that Cæsar's race of ambition must necessarily be of short duration. "*Corruat iste necesse est; aut per adversarios, aut ipse per se; qui quidem sibi est adversarius unus acerrimus. Id spero, vivis nobis, fore.*" "He must fall, either by his enemies or by himself; for he is, in fact, himself the greatest enemy he has in the world. I expect, this will occur before I leave the world."

That result was not slow in arriving. Almost sooner than Cicero had anticipated, the period came when his country was to be avenged of the wrongs which Cæsar had done to her. The conspirators who had banded together to remove the curse of their country from the face of the earth, determined, it seems, after some considerable deliberation, that Cicero should not be informed of their designs. They were, no doubt, competent judges of what was likely to be conducive to the success of their enterprise. In the first

place, Cicero had apparently made up his mind to acquiesce in the existing state of things. He was living on terms of apparent good-will and respect with Cæsar, and was, indeed, receiving from him marks of favor and high consideration. On the other hand, they probably knew enough of the peculiarity of Cicero's mind to be well aware that he was less adapted for action than for speculation. By his natural temperament, he would have been induced to discover the very serious objections to which their whole scheme was liable. He would, doubtless, have demurred to the whole procedure, not on any moral considerations, but because he had the habit, which the conspirators apparently had not, of looking a little into the future, and considering what must inevitably follow. They judged it best, for these or other reasons, to leave him out of their counsels; and the Ides of March, so fatal to Cæsar, passed over without any apparent concurrence of Cicero in the great political crime which had been committed.

Yet with his habits of penetration, there must always remain a high degree of probability that he was not without his suspicions that fatal designs were cherished against the life of Cæsar. The shortest of all his letters, which we give, with the French translation, as a specimen of the manner in which Cicero is rendered into French, was written, as the editor thinks, on the very day of Cæsar's death, the identical Ides of March, to a certain Minutius Basilus, who was one of the murderers.

"CICERO BASILIO (AUT BASILO) S. D.

"Tibi gratulor; mihi gaudeo. Te amo; tua tueor; a te amari, et quid agas, quidque agatur, certior fieri volo."

(*French Translation.*)

"CICÉRON À BASILIUS. S.

"Je vous félicite; je prends part à la joie de votre succès. Je vous aime; je suis tout à vous. Je compte sur votre amitié. Que faites-vous? que fait-on? dites-le-moi."

(*English Translation.*)

"I congratulate you on what has occurred. I felicitate myself. I assure you of my love and service. It will give me pleasure to have a share in your affection, and to be informed of your proceedings and of what is further intended."

If this letter was written, as the French editor supposes, immediately upon the receipt of the news of Cæsar's assassination, and to one of the murderers, it is, as he observes, a curious fact that the "Selection from Cicero's Letters," for the use of young people should commence with so exceptionable a topic as the congratulation upon the commission of a murder. Yet in Valpy's and other editions of the "Epistolæ Selectæ," this epistle, probably because the shortest, has always stood first.

Cicero himself soon began to perceive that the destruction of Cæsar had done nothing beyond throwing the Republic into inextricable difficulties. He saw that the conspirators had acted on the most short-sighted policy, in not having made any sufficient provision for the future after the terrible blow which they had struck. No adequate steps had been taken for bringing the Commonwealth under an orderly government. They had left Antony with full power over the mob of Rome, quite disposed to be as much of a tyrant as Cæsar had been before; but with none of Cæsar's good qualities to recommend him. The rest of Cicero's life was spent in vain and ineffectual efforts, very nobly and courageously put forth as his end drew near, to counteract the mischief which Antony was doing. But, with all his eloquence, he was no match for Antony, simply because the latter had secured the power of the sword. To him the veteran soldiers of Cæsar were disposed to transfer their allegiance; and were ready to do any thing, however atrocious, which, they were instructed to believe, would honor the memory of their late commander. All Cicero's efforts were, therefore, in vain. He thundered, and Antony threatened. He pronounced his terrible philippics, and Antony retorted by cutting off his head.

The death of a martyr to the love of his country has the highest nobility attached to it; and to this honor the memory of Cicero is entitled. As a philosopher he was, in many respects, the greatest which the heathen world had yet produced; as an orator, confessedly the first of an enlightened age; as a writer, possessed of a style which has been the envy of all succeeding ages. But all this is eclipsed by the consideration that the few last months of his life were devoted to a noble though unsuccessful attempt to resist the overflowing waves of a relentless despotism,

and that he died as a martyr to expiring liberty.

As to the other important personages whom this collection of letters places conspicuously in our view, Julius Cæsar certainly merits the first place. No extract which we might make from his letters—though some of them are highly interesting—could give the reader so clear a view of the peculiar character of the man, as the account of an interview which Cicero had with him, and which is related in a letter to Atticus. The great man wanted to persuade Cicero—doubtless for the purpose of countenancing his own usurping policy—to return to Rome, from which city the latter had determined to withdraw himself, as soon as it began to appear that liberty of speech in the senate-house would no longer be safe while the domination of Cæsar continued. Cicero, however, in a very spirited manner, refused to go at the great master's invitation, unless with the understanding that, if he appeared in the Senate, he should have full liberty to speak his mind freely. He thus describes to Atticus the conversation which took place.

“CICERO TO ATTICUS, GREETING.

“I observed both the points which you advised me to attend to; and my speech to Cæsar was of such a character, that though he might esteem me the more for it, he certainly was not likely to think that he owed me any thanks.

“I held fast my purpose not to return into the city. In one thing I was somewhat mistaken. I had imagined that he would easily have yielded to my excuses. Nothing could have been further from the mark. He insisted that it would appear evident to others, if I absented myself, that I, in fact, condemned his conduct; and that this would damp the zeal of many of his friends. I replied, that their case and mine were totally different. When much conversation of this sort had passed between us, ‘Well, then,’ said he, ‘come to Rome and act as a peace-maker.’ ‘Will you,’ said I, ‘permit me to act with entire freedom?’ ‘Doubtless,’ said he. ‘Do you think that I wish to prescribe to you what you should think or do?’ ‘I shall then,’ said I, ‘in the first place, propose that the expedition to Spain be not sanctioned; and that the Senate forbid the conveying of the army into Greece. I shall very probably also attempt to excite pity for Pompey’s misfortunes.’ He promptly replied: ‘Those are the very things which I can not permit to be spoken.’ ‘I conjectured as much,’ I replied, ‘and the very reason why I do not wish to go

to Rome is, that many things of that sort I shall feel myself bound to say, if I go at all.’

“The whole ended in this: wishing apparently to extricate himself from a dilemma, he requested that I would take time to think about it; which I promised to do. Thus we parted. I do not think that he likes me. But I am better satisfied with myself than I have been for some time past.”

The next important personage whom these letters present to our view, is the severe and unbending Cato. He remained at Rome while Cicero was abroad in the government of the province of Cilicia; and Cicero was very anxious to obtain his vote and influence in the Senate, when the matter should come to be decided whether a triumphal entry into Rome should be decreed to him on his return from his province. Cicero had achieved some victories; had obtained the title of *Imperator*; had been honored with lictors and fasces preceding him as a general; things which fairly entitled him to a triumph. He had, moreover, set his heart upon it; and his letter to Cato, to persuade him to be of the same mind, is a curious and ingenious specimen of powerful pleading. But that stern and unbending Stoic was not easily to be persuaded to vote for any such worldly vanity. He moved in the senate-house, that, instead of a triumph, an act of thanksgiving to the gods for the victories which Cicero had achieved should be presented; and he writes the following letter to Cicero to explain and justify the vote which he had given:

“M. CATO TO M. T. CICERO, IMPERATOR, GREETING.

“ROME, *June*, 703.

“That which my love to the Republic, and, in addition, our mutual friendship, alike prompt me to do, I cheerfully perform. I rejoice that your courage, uprightness, and diligence, which you have long proved in the transaction of the most momentous affairs, both in peace at home and in arms abroad, continue to be exercised for your country’s good. All, therefore, which, according to my best judgment, I could effect by my vote and decree, to show my conviction that we owe the defense and preservation of your province to your uprightness and excellent judgment, I have performed. I shall truly rejoice, if you concur in the view which we have taken, that we should rather give thanks to the immortal gods by an act of national thanksgiving, than offer any expression of homage to yourself. That the Senate should record its judgment to the effect that a province has been preserved in a state of prosperity by the gentle-



ness and uprightness of its governor, I look upon as more honorable than any triumph could be; and this was the purport of the vote which I gave in the deliberations of the Senate."

This refusal to vote for a triumphal entry into Rome for his friend Cicero, was quite in keeping with the severity of Cato's character; and the ingenuity with which he explained and excused his vote may well be admired. But Cicero, though he made the best of it, and wrote a polite letter in reply, was by no means pleased. He complained bitterly, in his private letters to his friends, that Cato had used his influence to prevent the accomplishment of his most ardent desires.

Cicero's great weakness was, in fact, his vanity. There was in his soul an insatiable desire of human applause. While this produced, no doubt, a great effect in sustaining him under immense labors for his own personal improvement in the art of speaking, and also during political labors and conflicts of no ordinary intensity, yet, by its too prominent exhibition, it spoiled a character in which there were, beyond all question, many of the highest excellences. Of this one great failing in his otherwise noble mind, he himself, from many of his letters, appears to have been wholly unapprised. "If ever a man stood at the utmost remove, both by his natural disposition and by the conclusions of his judgment and reason, from the vain-glorious desire of the praise of the vulgar, I think I may truly say, I am that man." This is certainly one of the most remarkable instances recorded upon the page of history, in proof that a very worthy character, and a truly learned and able man, may know extremely little of himself.

There are two other personages from among the men "whose daggers had stabbed Cæsar," too conspicuous to be entirely passed over. The correspondence of Cicero comprises several letters from Brutus, and from Cassius. The character of the latter will probably not rise much in the reader's esteem, by what he will find in this epistolary intercourse. Cassius was a careless and self-indulgent Epicurean. He enjoyed the pleasures of the table; and wrote letters chiefly distinguished by the abundance of Greek quotations which they contain. But the character of Brutus is almost the exact opposite of that of his friend Cassius. He

appears from his letters to have been, in point of intellect, of a much higher stature, of more severe manners, and possessed of a most stern and unbending will. Cæsar, who knew him well, and appears to have greatly esteemed him, had said of him, as Cicero reports, that it was of the utmost importance to be assured of his sentiments; for that whatever he decided to do, he decided with resistless force. "*Magni refert, hic quid velit; quicquid vult, valde vult.*"

Brutus appears to have possessed a much keener penetration than Cicero into the character of the young Octavius; and foretold the mischiefs which were likely to result from the unusual honors which the Senate, at the instigation of Cicero, were conferring upon him. The duplicity and cruelty which afterwards marked his character, when he became leagued with Antony, and to which the valuable life of Cicero finally fell a sacrifice, had not escaped the notice of this shrewd observer of human manners; and a characteristic letter has been preserved, in which he warns Cicero of the dangers to be apprehended from the putting so much power into the hands of the young aspirant.

"BRUTUS TO CICERO, GREETING.

May, 710.

"Best and bravest of men, and most justly dear to me personally, and especially for the sake of the Republic, permit me to say, that you seem to me to place too much confidence in the hopes you now indulge. As soon as any one has behaved well in a single instance, you give him such credit for a universal rectitude of conduct, that you put every thing into his hands, as though no danger were to be apprehended of the best dispositions becoming corrupted by attaining all the rewards they may have wished for.

"Now, such is your kindness and good-nature, that I doubt not you will, with perfect equanimity, suffer me to utter this warning voice, especially as it deeply concerns the welfare of the Republic. . . . Now is the time, my dear Cicero, to be on our guard, lest the joy we have felt for the victory obtained over Antony should be found entirely premature. . . . The Senate ought not to grant to any one that which might be turned, by the evil-disposed, into an example, or used as an encouragement, for the commission of treason.

"As to this Consulate, which it has been permitted to your young friend Cæsar irregularly to assume, I am afraid, lest he should think that the height to which he has been raised by your decrees, is so great, that he may from thence well aspire to the highest authority

of all. If Antony seized upon the possession of supreme power, encouraged by the facilities for reigning left him by his friend Julius, what may we not anticipate as likely to be done by him, who may ground his right to supreme authority, not upon a dead tyrant, but upon all the encouragement to reign which the Senate can give him? You must permit me therefore to hesitate whether I shall give you credit for good management and foresight, until I see clearly that Octavius Cæsar is likely to rest satisfied with those extraordinary honors which you have decreed him."

This is a tolerably correct specimen of Brutus's epistolary style; and it shows him to have been, not only, as Cæsar asserted, possessed of an indomitable will, but also a man of a clear and discriminating judgment. All that he foresaw of mischief likely to result from putting forward the young Octavius, and raising him to extraordinary honors, came to pass. He soon joined with Antony to extinguish the last hope concerning the Republic; and the base ingratitude which he showed in consenting to the death of Cicero, who had always been his benefactor, must fix on his memory the stamp of indelible infamy.

There is an inquiry which it might occur to any one to put to a careful and diligent reader of this mass of letters. Is there any evidence in all these confidential pourings out of the heart, that the writers, or any one of them, was under the influence of what we may term the religious principle? Does any acknowledgment occur of a Supreme Intelligence—the Maker, and Governor, and Judge of all? We know that there are frequent appeals to the divinities usually recognized at Rome, running through the public addresses and speeches of Cicero. These, however, it may be suspected, were quite as much rhetorical flourishes as indications of any settled belief. But if there existed in reality, in the depth of the heart, a practical acknowledgment of the Divine existence, or any trust in the providential care of the First and Greatest of beings, we might certainly expect that, in the trying scenes through which many of the writers passed, some evidence of this great principle would appear. We are under the painful necessity of concluding, that it is impossible to find any traces of such an acknowledgment of God. The minds of Cicero's correspondents were

certainly, in this respect, not in a better state than his own; and his powerful intellect appears to have been under the influence of a cold and paralyzing skepticism.

Let it be remarked, however, both with respect to him and them, that when their eye was directed towards the future, a becoming seriousness was always manifested. There is nothing like levity apparent in their writings when they contemplate man's final hopes. It is a very solemn strain of thought in which Cicero indulges, when he says: "And we ourselves, what are we? and how brief is the period during which these objects will interest us! Let us look at those things which are more properly ours." This sounds somewhat like the voice of true and heavenly wisdom, until we are brought to the reflection, from consulting other parts of the letters, that by "the things which are more properly ours," Cicero means the applause and good opinion of posterity. Such an immortality only as the admiration of future ages could give, must have appeared sometimes, even to themselves, a very poor and unsatisfactory acquisition; but it was all the immortality of which they had any knowledge. They had no certain anticipation of an endless and improved existence beyond the grave. Dark, therefore, and gloomy were the feelings which came over the mind, as it approached the end of its moral career. Cicero was not more than sixty-three years of age when he wrote thus: "I must read more frequently my own treatise on Old Age, which I sent to you. For advancing years render me increasingly ill-tempered. I am displeased with every thing. But life is over me. Let the younger men look to it." The weak and pitiable shrinking from the enduring of reverses which induced Cato with his own hand to shorten his existence, and which often tempted Cicero to do the same, resulted from their defective religious belief. It was the effort of a soul possessing noble aspirations, to escape from what they deemed the grasp of an inevitable necessity. There was wanting, in order to real greatness of character, a confiding trust in a Being of supreme power and goodness; and it may teach us how much we are indebted to that *Gospel* which has brought life and immortality to light.

From Titan.

## THE ORATORS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

FOUR hundred years of Turkish rule in Constantinople have not obliterated the memorials of the supremacy which the Greek race and the Greek faith once held there. The adherents of the Eastern Church outnumber the Mohammedans, and, tenacious as they are of the superstitions and traditions bequeathed to them by their fathers, especially of their hatred to the Latins, they are, in many respects, true representatives of the volatile, turbulent, superstitious, and corrupt old Byzantines, who for ages profusely cursed, and were cursed by, the Church of the West. The aspirations of the Greeks, the decadence of their masters, and the symptoms of the approaching dissolution of a vast empire, that, at the present moment, has not one element of unity, all seem to point forward to a future—how distant, it is hard to say—when the Cross shall displace the Crescent in the city of Constantine, and St. Sophia, which of old resounded with the impassioned tones and thrilling appeals of Chrysostom, be again filled with Christian worshippers. That venerable pile stands as a monument of the overthrow of Paganism by Christianity, for it is decorated with porphyry and verde-antique that once adorned the temples of old deities: and again, defaced and Islamized as it has been, it tells that the Koran rose to the ascendant when the light of the Star of Bethlehem had faded from the hearts of those that professed to follow it, and that the sceptre dropped from the grasp of a people that had become enfeebled by luxury and superstition.

The degeneracy had early begun.

Ere Chrysostom was made Bishop of Constantinople, at the close of the fourth century, the churches of the East had become so debased and corrupted, that men who feared God, and were sick of the voluptuousness and licentiousness that were

rampant in great towns, not only among the laity but the clergy, withdrew to monasteries and deserts, to spend their days in penitence and prayer. Constantinople, the metropolis of the empire and of the Church, led the way, and was hurrying downwards with such accelerated motion, that Chrysostom, with all his piety and eloquence, in vain attempted to arrest its career, and by his efforts at reformation only brought destruction on himself.

But we are anticipating, and must, ere we consider his brief career as Bishop of the Byzantine capital, glance at his early life, and the first triumphs of his eloquence even in Antioch, where, as presbyter, he preached for twelve years. Here he was born in the year of Christ 347. His father, Secundus, died when John was but a child, leaving him to the care of his mother. She did not again enter the wedded state, but devoted herself entirely to the training of her boy, who early displayed marks of genius. She was a woman of great piety and judgment, and exercised an important influence over the mind of the future orator. Under her watchful and pious eye, preserved from the dangers and untainted by the vices of youth, he grew up, the simple faith of his childhood strengthening and expanding with his developing powers. Unlike the great Augustine, the mental struggles of his age seem never to have affected him; there are no remarkable epochs in his religious history, and, as far as we know, there was never room for a revolution of mind so marked and decided as that which the renowned Bishop of Hippo relates in his "Confessions." For three years he enjoyed the religious instructions of Meletius, the Bishop of Antioch. After this his early aspirations after eloquence drew him to the school of the distinguished rhetorician Libanius, and so brilliant was

his success as a student, that his master, being asked which of his pupils would be capable of succeeding him in his school, replied: "John, if the Christians had not stolen him from us." He applied himself to the study of the Platonic philosophy under Andragathius: and at the age of eighteen he devoted himself to sacred literature under Carterius and Diodorus, the latter of whom afterwards became Bishop of Tarsus. If his oratorical training under Libanius contributed to make him the most eloquent of preachers, he in a great degree owed it to Diodorus that he became one of the most sound, rational, and felicitous of the expounders of scripture. In opposition to the system of Origen, then universally popular, which dealt in the most extravagant fancies and whimsical conceits, Diodorus, and after him his distinguished pupil, investigated, critically and historically, the literal sense of Scripture. This we regard an important period in Chrysostom's life; for during it his mind acquired those logical principles of interpretation to which his power over his contemporaries may in considerable measure be traced, and which have conferred on his homilies an imperishable value. At twenty-one, he became reader in the church at Antioch. Soon after, against the earnest entreaties of his mother, he retired to the mountains to an aged hermit, with whom he lived for four years. Two years more he spent in a solitary cave. During these six years he closely and assiduously studied the Scriptures; and practised at the same time the most rigorous austerities. He returned to the city emaciated and worn out by his ascetic life. Two years after, he was made deacon in the church at Antioch; and at the age of thirty-five or thirty-seven he became presbyter, and began to preach. Although in his first sermon he speaks of himself as a mere youth, he was then in the prime of intellectual power; and no man, perhaps, ever entered the pulpit more thoroughly equipped for his vocation. His mind was enriched with the spoils of classic learning; he had studied the art of moving men by the power of speech, and by his proficiency in it had gained academic laurels; he had already appeared before the world as an author; and that he might consecrate all his varied gifts and attainments to the high and holy vocation he was destined to exercise, he had for six years in soli-

tude communed with his own heart, his Bible, and his God. He enters on public life a finished Christian orator—fitted, by his piety, genius, and high culture, to take the first place among the powers and principalities who wield a moral and intellectual sway. His theological opinions, drawn from the Bible itself, had on many points a clearness far superior to the most of his contemporaries; though many of those doctrines that are now considered cardinal, are kept by him very much in the back-ground, and are rather *implicitly* than *explicitly* taught. He had strongly seized on that aspect of the truth which was calculated to meet the wants of his times.

His young heart had been won to holiness, beaming as it had done upon him from his childhood, blended with the soft light of a mother's love, and united with all the endearing associations of a happy home.

The contagion of a great city, half-heathen, half-Christian, had not corrupted him; but he could not live in Antioch without becoming familiar with sin in a thousand monstrous shapes. He saw much of the old leaven of heathenish licentiousness and impurity. The Christian population, as well as the heathen, were given up to luxury and dissipation; they left the church on Sabbath to attend the theatre and the circus; they took part in bacchanalian orgies, and made a point of getting drunk on the first day of the year, under the belief that it would be unlucky to begin it sober. His heart sickens at the sight; he flies from the town, and with his Bible he hies him to the desert, and finds, no doubt, sin pursuing and haunting him in his solitude. He has banished himself from the city, but, unless he could banish himself from himself, he can not banish himself from sin; and with spiritual discipline and mortification he grapples with the demons within, that would soon, were he to relax his efforts, make an Antioch in his own breast. He comes back to the city with this truth, learned in the desert as well as in Antioch, which shall henceforth be his motto, to be repeated again and again, "That sin is the only evil." He has learned, besides, the value of having an iron will, and became heterodox in consequence, for he never tires of asserting the freedom of the will. Over and over again he tells his hearers that they are just what they



make themselves, and that they have the remedy in their own hands; and, although his statements may not always square with the doctrinal canons of symbolical books, composed after centuries of discussion had made precision of language necessary, yet, in this case, as in several others to which the same remark is applicable, what he says has always a healthy, practical tendency. And thoroughly practical are all his aims. The only evil he knows is sin, and that he will war with to the death. He accordingly appears among his townsmen like another Elijah, or John the Baptist, risen from the dead. Simple and ascetic in his mode of life, like his namesake, whose dress was of the roughest and his fare of the simplest, he is in his own person a reproof of the luxury of his times; like him, he is the unflinching denouncer of vice, a stern and austere reformer, earnest, bold, impetuous. Every sermon concludes with a reproof of some vice, and an exhortation to some virtue; and the reproof and exhortation are repeated again and again—though his hearers complain that he is harping on one string—until he witnesses an amendment. A crisis soon arrives that gives full scope to his eloquence.

In the second year of his ministry, in the week before Lent, A.D. 387, the inhabitants might have been seen hurrying in crowds to hear their preacher. We do not know whether the Antiochian grandees, in order to secure places, sent their valets to pass the night in the church, as the Parisians did, when any of their great preachers were expected to appear in the pulpit next day; but it is certain that the *golden-mouthed*\* John, during that season of Lent, never preached without the church being crowded to suffocation. It was rarely otherwise at any time, although he sometimes congratulated himself on the select character of his audience, when it happened to be thin, and denounced those who had forsaken the church to attend the circus or the theatre. On this occasion he has for hearers all of the hundred thousand Christian inhabitants of Antioch that could crowd into the large Basilica. He holds them all spell bound. You can see the changing emotions of their minds express themselves successively on their countenances, as the preacher makes chord

after chord vibrate in their bosoms. Every eye is fixed on that emaciated face, lighted up with the glow of earnestness and enthusiasm: every ear drinks in the melodious flow of speech that rolls through the sanctuary in tones now deep and solemn, and now thrilling with passion; every time he strikes his left palm with his right forefinger—as he did when excited—some heart surrenders to the irresistible force of his eloquence; not a posture is changed, not a breath drawn, not a whisper heard, among the listeners, until at last their emotion expresses itself in one simultaneous burst of applause, and the church reëchoes with a tumultuous and deafening clapping of hands. The flush of triumph at first visible on the preacher's face is speedily followed by a deep shade of disappointment and sorrow, and when silence is restored, he chides them for filling the house of God with the noise and clamor of a theatre, telling them that these plaudits for a moment fill him with sinful pride, but afterwards produce the deepest sorrow, as they are proofs that he has only moved their admiration without reaching their consciences. This tumultuous applause on the present occasion, however, is only the effect of inveterate habit, and not the sign of levity. For terror is depicted on every countenance: all seem panic-struck, and we have only to listen, as the homily proceeds, to learn the cause of their alarm.

Oppressed, as they thought, by excessive taxation, they had broken out into sedition. For several days the town had been a scene of uproar and violence; and the statues of the Emperor Theodosius and his wife Flavilla had been thrown down by the mob, and dragged about the streets. By this time, however, the tumult had been quelled; order had been restored; and the people, now that their frenzy had spent its force, contemplated with dismay the excesses of which they had been guilty, and trembled for the consequences. The insult they had shown to the emperor filled them with the liveliest dread of his vengeance—a vengeance which they felt they had deserved, and had every reason to believe would fall upon them with pitiless severity. Chrysostom saw that the moment was favorable for producing on their minds deep religious impressions. They are in terror at at having offended their emperor; he will

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\* Chrysostom; that is, *golden mouth*.

make them tremble before God; he will fill their minds with the agony of contrition, and rouse them to a speedy and thorough reformation. Such is his object in this discourse, which is no other than the second of the series of twenty-one homilies, known as the "Homilies of the Statues," in which, delivered as they were during the various vicissitudes of this period of excitement, the genius, piety, and zeal of Chrysostom shine forth conspicuous. A few days before the outbreak, he had expatiated on the prevalence of blasphemy, and had exhorted his hearers to use the most summary methods of putting it down. "Reprove the blasphemer," he had said; "and if he will not desist for this, *smite* him"—a questionable and not very Christian mode of dealing with their heathen neighbors, for it was at them he pointed. While the town was seething with tumult and violence, he had been prudently silent. He probably knew that his eloquence would be impotent to curb the wild fury of the townsmen, and that it would have been unsafe to attempt it. But now that shame and fear have taken possession of their minds, he takes advantage of their altered mood, and resuming the subject of his previous discourse, he tells them that the sedition was a judgment sent by Heaven to punish them for tolerating blasphemy, and that, unless they repented, and set themselves with a vigorous hand to crush the evil, they need not expect that God would interpose to avert from them the doom which they dreaded. Discourse followed discourse in rapid succession. He is almost every day in the pulpit, turning to account every event and every change of feeling which constant rumors were producing on the inhabitants. He never for a moment, amid all the terror and commotion around him, loses sight of his high aims. He is never satisfied with bringing his audience to tears, or paralyzing them with terror; ever at the close of the discourse comes the practical exhortation to cut off an offending right hand, or pluck out an offending eye. He never will allow his hearers to depart feeling, or saying that they feel, themselves much improved in consequence of having had a dose of horror or a fit of weeping. He has always some fault for them to correct, or some work to do; and powerfully aided as he is by the circumstance, his appeals take effect; and again and again he changes his tone of reproof

and admonition for commendation and praise. We can not linger over the successive acts of this drama, the details of which would have long ago perished, had they not been embalmed in the immortal homilies that they called forth. Although it had, in each of its stages, an agonizing interest to the Antiochians, it would have gone down to the oblivion to which many another city brawl has descended long ago, had there not been a Chrysostom in the pulpit at the time. The emperor, his commissioners, the bishop, the prefects, the monks, and all the personages that figured in it, are all preserved by his genius, just as a piece of sea-weed is preserved in the precious amber which has formed around it. Our notice of them, and of the events that then took place, shall accordingly be very brief. Before apprising Theodosius of the riot, the prefects of the city had proceeded to severe measures, and Flavian, the bishop, had set out for Constantinople to intercede for his peccant flock. During the succeeding week, the citizens crowded the church, and in almost unceasing hymns and litanies implored Heaven to move the emperor's heart to pity. The subsequent arrival of Hellebichus and Cesarius, the imperial commissioners, would have realized their worst fears, but for the intervention of the monks. The baths were closed, the senate imprisoned, Antioch degraded from its rank, and the last severities were being resorted to, when the monks, pouring in from the surrounding country, besieged the ears of their sovereign's representatives with their prayers. At last they were induced to pause in the execution of vengeance till they heard from the emperor. The incidents of this period Chrysostom seizes upon, and makes use of with consummate oratorical tact and ability. The active benevolence and intrepidity of the monks he contrasted with the cowardice and selfishness of the philosophers, who in the hour of danger were lurking in holes and corners; and hence urged the claims of the monks on their reverence, and the superiority of the spirit of the Gospel over that of philosophy. He told, with the most graphic power, how Macedonius, a poor illiterate monk, had arrested the arm of vengeance, by bidding the commissioners admonish the emperor not to destroy the image of God, lest he should kindle in his heart a wrath like that with which he himself was filled

on account of the dishonor done to his brazen statues. He had before him a congregation waiting in awful suspense for the imperial word that would decide their doom; and he transported them to the tribunal of God — he made them imagine themselves waiting their sentence at his bar. He tells them that he had seen a mother with dishevelled hair uttering the most piteous cries to save her son, but all in vain: and then he painted before them that dread scene, when the judgment shall be set and the books opened, and the imploring voice of father, mother, wife, and child will be all unavailing to deliver. But, while he spoke in this strain, he exerted all his eloquence to soothe, reassure, and console them, until the arrival of Flavian with the emperor's generous forgiveness dismissed all their apprehensions. In his last discourse, he communicated this to his audience, and described Flavian's journey and intercession. With this concluded the affair of the statues, in which the character of Chrysostom's preaching and the power of his eloquence are so strikingly displayed. Although he often seems to be roughly casting stones at his hearers' heads rather than seed into their hearts, he is far from being devoid of softness and tenderness. He dealt, perhaps, too much with the selfish passion of fear; but he knew likewise how to move the gentler emotions of the breast, as is apparent by the following simile, occurring in his discourse on the eighty-fourth psalm: "The lover requires to see not only the beloved one, but likewise her dwelling; and not the door only, but the very alley or street in which her dwelling is; and in her garment or her shoe he thinks he beholds the beloved herself." Chrysostom could venture on such a style of illustration all the more safely that, in the estimation of most of his hearers, he would not be regarded as drawing from his own personal feelings. But we think it would be rather hazardous for a modern preacher, especially if not a monk, to follow Chrysostom's example; for this, among other reasons, that it bears a strong resemblance to the soliloquy of the redoubtable Don Pedro de Armado—"I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread;" and the associations which this would call up would be rather hostile to edification.

The crowds that flocked to the great

church at Antioch, during the period of which we have spoken, let it be known, for the consolation of preachers in general, could by no means be calculated upon at other times. All the eloquence of Chrysostom did not always secure a full house. During seasons of public emergency, multitudes were often in former times drawn to church by the same instincts that lead them now to crowd the news-room, and devour the leading articles and the latest news by electric telegraph. Chrysostom — as the preacher continued for long centuries after him — was the people's newspaper, and his sermon, their leading articles. He was at once the "Times," the "Record," "Titan," and the "Christian Treasury," and a great deal more besides; and when the people wished to know the contents of the emperor's letter, they required to go to church, as there was no Antiochian Weekly or Daily Mail that would gladly grasp at it to fill one of its columns. And no doubt the pulpit would recover the supremacy it is said to have lost, if editors, magazine-writers, reviewers, and electric telegraphs were abolished. If the preacher were expected to cram his sermon with the news of the week, and to give his opinion on the debates in Parliament, the protocols of embassies, and the events of the war, multitudes, who like Falstaff have forgot what the inside of a church is made of, would throng to listen, even at the risk of the orator winding up with an exhortation to repentance and faith. We know of one church where you are sure to get an interesting epitome of the news of the week; and in consequence of this, combined with the glib popular eloquence of the minister, there is no lack of attendance.

We are far from condemning "preaching to the times," but we have always admired Archbishop Leighton's reply to his brethren, when they complained of his not preaching to the times, "that surely one poor brother might be allowed to preach Jesus Christ;" while, at the same time, it must always be maintained that, to seize on the impressions, opinions, and events that are floating in the popular mind, and make them the vehicles of religious instruction, is what must ever be the aim of the man who seeks from the pulpit to exert a wide influence over his fellow-men.

But to return to Chrysostom. After



laboring for twelve years in Antioch, he was made Bishop of Constantinople—that then took rank next after Rome as an episcopal see; and by the middle of next century, supported by a decree of the Council of Chalcedon, and the efforts of the Greek emperors, claimed the same ecclesiastical honors and prerogatives as the capital of the West. Endowed with the authority of bishop, or rather metropolitan, Chrysostom set about reformation with a vigorous hand. He began with his clergy, who were indolent and dissolute to a high degree. He rated them for their covetousness and luxury; dismissed from their families the matrons whom they kept, to the great scandal of the faithful; and retrenched the expenses of the episcopal table, feeding the poor with the surplus. He suspended all refractory ministers, and reproved the gayety of the widows that were maintained at the expense of the church. He built an infirmary. He extended the limits of his diocese; prosecuted a home mission among the Arian Goths in Constantinople; and exerted himself to spread the Gospel among barbarous nations, and to reclaim heretics.

He was as diligent in preaching as he was in ruling and reforming. Regularly three times a week, and sometimes on seven successive days, he preached in the church of St. Sophia; and the crowds that filled its immense area were so great, that, to be heard, he required to place himself in the reader's desk in the middle of the church. There he was the same fiery, vehement, and popular, though elegant as well as eloquent, orator that he had been in Antioch: but his career was shorter. Clouds soon began to gather around him, and ere long he was assailed with a storm of opposition, which overwhelmed him. He had fearlessly assailed the court as well as the clergy, and these, headed by the proud Empress Eudoxia, whom he had once called Jezebel, formed a combination for his ruin. The combination was joined by Sisinnius, the Novatian bishop, whom Milner calls "*a polite, facetious, and well-bred gentleman*, who made himself very agreeable to all parties, and was a contrast to the severity of Chrysostom by his engaging manners." With such a man Chrysostom would have little sympathy and little patience, and there would be little love lost between them. The result was, that he was sum-

moned before a council, held by Theophilus of Alexandria, his determined enemy, to answer forty-six charges, all of them frivolous or false. Having denied the competency of the court, and refused to appear, he was deposed for contumacy, and banished to a port in the Black Sea. As soon as this became known, the whole city broke out into a tumult; so that Eudoxia, terrified at the tempest she had assisted in raising, procured his recall, and wrote to him with many protestations of reverence and grief. He returned to his bishopric, but did not remain long in it. A silver statue of Eudoxia had been set up before the church of St. Sophia, with many heathenish ceremonies, and the congregation was disturbed by the sports and pastimes practised around it. The bishop's fiery temper was roused; he ascended the pulpit, and began his sermon with: "Now again Herodias raves and is vexed; again she dances, again she desires John's head in a charger." This at once procured his downfall. He was banished to Cacus in Armenia. There he often preached, and employed himself in works of benevolence; but his constitution, weakened by his labors and austerities, broke down under the influence of the cold ungenial winter of his place of banishment; and though he seemed to rally again, he died soon after on the road to Petyus in Calchis. His guards, who by his enemies' order were conveying him thither, treated him with the utmost inhumanity. He had entreated them to allow him to rest at an oratory by the way. They cruelly refused, but had not gone four miles from the spot, when nature sank, and they were compelled to return with him. His last words were his usual doxology: "Glory be to God for all events." Thus Chrysostom, at the age of fifty-two years, finished his noble career in banishment. He lived not long; but he had lived with all his might; and three hundred and fifty sermons and orations, six hundred and twenty homilies, two hundred and fifty letters, a work on the priesthood, and some tracts on monasticism, which he has bequeathed to posterity, attest his literary activity, and form an enduring monument of his genius. He is undeniably prince of patristic orators, and undoubtedly the best of patristic expositors. In him we find what is but rare—the union of critical expository power with richness of imagination and



fervid eloquence ; so that the critic never fails on a disputed passage to quote the opinion of Chrysostom, and the writer on sacred oratory invariably gives specimens of his perorations and exordia. His rhetorical tact often enabled him to apprehend correctly the meaning of passages, and the sequence of ideas, where those commentators that always look for ideas in a logical order, and forget that in Scripture they generally come in the order best adapted to convince and instruct, are often greatly at fault. In his discourses he hits off the most profound and valuable criticisms in the easiest and most felicitous style of popular expression. Occasionally he exhibits the faults of the Byzantines — a tawdry ornamentation, a pompous and florid diction, and a wire-drawing of figures. But this is rare. In general, his style is lucid, strong, and natural ; and with the fresh and lofty thoughts and glowing emotions of which it is the vesture, and the fire that animated him when he spoke, he must have been irresistible. A popular preacher is a title that perhaps is not generally considered as implying any very strong claim to intellectual superiority. Yet the highest eloquence, as indeed the highest poetry, must be, and always is, popular. "The true region, the natural medium of eloquence," says an acute modern writer, "is formed of the thoughts of all, and consequently as much as possible of the language of all." In this medium Chrysostom expatiated, and although he often takes bold and lofty flights, he never soars above it, so as to be intelligible and impressive only to the select class of the cultured and refined ; he never sinks below it, by addressing himself exclusively to the rude and ignorant. The man who aspires to move promiscuous masses of his fellow-men, from the platform or the pulpit, must deal with those elementary principles, thoughts, and feelings which we feel as men, to which the hearts of the most cultured and the rudest are alike susceptible. He must be deeply and broadly human. And it is for this reason that the man whose mind is deeply imbued with Scripture thoughts and images will be popular : for the Bible is the book that is at once the most human and the most divine ; and fitted, therefore, more than any other book, to move the common heart of humanity. A fine passage from an oration or sermon has always

seemed to us much like the brick carried about by the novice as a sample of the house ; because a sermon is as much a unity as a house, and you can judge of the merit of each part only by seeing its relation to the whole. It will not be inconsistent with this remark to produce a solitary illustration, to show that he whom we have ranked among the greatest of pulpit orators, did not owe his power to high-sounding phrases and sonorous periods, but mainly to a style of thought and language homely and familiar, though never coarse — such as a father would adopt in speaking to his children. His illustrations were often similar to the following : "As wheresoever the mire is, there will swine flock ; but wheresoever sweet odors and incense are, there will bees resort. In like manner, wheresoever ungodly songs are sung, there will devils be gathered together ; and wheresoever spiritual songs are sung, there will the grace of the Spirit fly to sanctify both mouth and soul." His taste would be fastidious whom this would offend, and his comprehension dull who could not understand ; and though a man forget all the rest of the sermon, the swine, the devils, and the bees, with the lesson they inculcated, could not fail to stick. But we must now take our leave of Chrysostom, to whom we can not refuse that reverence and admiration which nobleness and intrepidity of soul, lofty and unselfish aims, and undoubted genius, must ever command. Plentifully "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," he was the scourge of all triflers and of all the dissolute, the enemy and the destroyer of what was false and bad ; and did his work always bravely and painfully, though not always wisely and meekly. The ascetic rigor of his life, and the uncompromising sternness of his character, at first check the flow of our sympathy and cordiality towards him. The piety of the time had certainly a severe and iron look ; and Chrysostom's does wear that aspect. But he was free in a great measure of those monastic ideas that were entertained by his contemporaries ; for, though he recommends a solitary and secluded life, and never married, he did not seek to impose on others the austerities he practised himself, and recommended early wedlock ; he was capable of the warmest friendship, as is shown by his intimacy with Basil, and had a heart that

felt for want and sorrow, and a hand ever active in administering relief. For a considerable time after his death, a party in Constantinople espoused his cause, and stood aloof from the Church, but rejoined it on the accession of a bishop, who began his duties by pronouncing a panegyric on Chrysostom. His age needed him, but was unworthy of him; but he lived not for it alone, but for posterity and the

Church. He still guides the student of the sacred page by the strong, clear light he cast upon it; his noble thoughts, and the wealth of his exuberant imagination, have enriched those who have availed themselves of his bequests: and the fire of his spirit burning unspent in his ancient pages, is still fit to inspire hearts with holy enthusiasm and earnestness.

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From the Eclectic Review.

## THE EDUCATION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.\*

WOMEN are the best ministers of that spirit which stirs the heart from one end of life to the other throughout the world. Those who ought to know better, designate a being in whom common-sense is superannuated, as an "old woman." Common-sense is seldom superannuated in woman. A ripe Christian lady usually becomes more angelic in her influence through the clear gray twilight of the evening of her days; while one whose wisdom is all of this world becomes more snake-like in her godlessness, as she wriggles reluctantly to the grave. All who study the nature of grandmothers will agree that they ultimately resolve into "dear old souls" or "dread old witches," with the spirit that is in them mighty to the last. Hence (good) aged women are declared to be the proper teachers of the young (Tit. 2 : 4;) and if, therefore, we are to have especial books for the instruction of young women, let the elder women write them, as they can, not with the tone

of the school-mistress, but with the touch and teaching of a life. We still desiderate such books.

"Let the women learn," says St. Paul. What shall they learn? St. Paul also supplies the answer, and the sum of what he says may be thus rendered: Let them learn whatever may qualify them to get good husbands, and become good wives and mothers. Would that all feminine education now in vogue were adapted to this end! and would that every woman when so educated could, as the same authority exhorts, have her own proper husband! Perchance—a thought worthy of thought—there would be fewer without that blessed ownership were that right education more frequent. But alas! quoth the wise preacher: "Seeing there be many things that increase vanity, what is man the better?" (Eccles. 6 : 11.) We entreat our young lady readers, as well as our young gentlemen, to answer that question.

Our personal feeling may, we fear, betray us into partialities on this subject unless, like that experienced lady, Mrs. Ellis, we endeavor to assume, however ill-sustained, something of the philosophic style. Could we assume that style, it would be in no play-fashion, for we love woman—friend, sister, daughter, mother, wife—and, therefore, now inquire, to the best of our ability, what kind of education will make

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\* *The Education of Character; with Hints on Moral Training.* By Mrs. Ellis. London: Murray.

2. *The Feminine Soul: its Nature and Attributes; with Thoughts on Marriage, etc.* By Elizabeth Strutt. London: Hodson.

3. *The Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman.* By Benjamin Parsons. London: Snow.

4. *On Education: its Constituents, Objects, and Issues. A Series of Essays and Lectures.* By William M'Combie. Aberdeen: King.

the best woman in all her sweet relationships.

What is education? The word speaks for itself, but yet never signifies the same thing to any two who would interpret it. Of course every body who consults the dictionary understands it to mean teaching, training, educating, leading out the mind, instructing, enlightening the intellect, and forming the manners. This seems to be definition enough of a word; but in order to comprehend it we have to obtain clear ideas of what it is that is to be educated, and what it is that educates. It is not enough to say this person teaches, and that person is taught; or that by the process of tuition the knowledge of one mind is transferred to another till they both see ideas alike. There is a process of intuition also. No one is altogether educated by another, for no one can completely transfer his ideas to another mind, and no two persons can think precisely alike concerning even the same object. It is a question, indeed, whether two minds, looking at the same time at the same object, ever see the same thing in thought; the *understanding* differs. True a primrose is a primrose, and the sun is the sun, whether seen by Mrs. Nickleby or by Sir Isaac Newton; but William Wordsworth's *idea* of a primrose was not that of Peter Bell, neither did the image of the "Eye of Heaven" appear the same to the mind's eye of William Herschel as to Anaxagoras, who denied the existence of God and deemed the sun a ball of fire self-made.

There is a difference in conception arising not only from previous knowledge, but also from original difference in mental constitution; and, therefore, under the very same circumstances of outward training, the real education, the growth of the individual soul, must differ in each case. As every tree has its own character, and must have room for itself, a standing apart, in order to its perfect development, so is it with souls. We may (to borrow a figure) cut and trim the trees into one shape, but they will not retain the formality we put upon them. If *life* dwell in them they will grow into better shapes than we can invent for them, since the divine breath moulds them from within, and from without, conforming them to its own universal movements, making them, though individuals, yet parts of a whole. Probably souls differ in their specific qualities as much as bodies

vary in form, figure, face, and expression; and that not merely from their bodily connection, or mode of manifestation, but also from their original and native constitutions as souls, or beings, that through the body are capable of evincing to each other all the faculties pertaining to intellect, and all the affections arising from the union of intellect with will. And as in all nature each creature demands appropriate culture for its fullest and healthiest development, so especially does the human soul require a treatment and a training in keeping with the character of its peculiar individuality in order to its highest manifestation.

In educating woman, then, it is first of all necessary to consider how a woman must necessarily see and feel, merely as a woman. Sidney Smith says: "As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are precisely alike. If you catch one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ." Of course they will; but, nevertheless, they are trained differently by nature even in trundling hoops, because nature has established a difference between male and female still "in the dirt." The training can not explain the phenomenon, since it is the phenomenon of difference of disposition between the male and female mind that has led to the difference of training, when they have done with the trundling of hoops at last. The most marked difference between human beings is that which characterizes sex. Hence the common-sense of mankind has everywhere instituted a difference in the training and treatment of the male and female, according to the demands of the social condition and the degree of civilization. But are we to regard this natural arrangement as the result only of bodily structure and fitness? No. Are there not feminine souls in heaven? There are, unless to be like the angels of God is to be *unsexed*. Or are we to believe, after St. Augustine, "that in the next world, women are to become as men, even as the angels of heaven," who are all, in his opinion masculine? Or with Mohammed, the grossest of idol-haters, are we to believe there are no feminine souls in heaven, because

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\* Treatise on the Excellency of Women.

women have no souls, and so, of course, never get there? Surely neither. For though in one sense, woman is and must ever be man, yet she is something more—she was made for man, not man for her; that is to say, God's favor to man takes its highest objective form in woman, that man's desires together with woman's may all the better be brought into subjection to *that* love, the end of which is eternally to unite the divine nature to the human, and to render all pure delights essentially devotion. We believe, then, as Coleridge says, "There is a sex in our souls." We needed not Swedenborg's visions nor Mrs. Strutt's ingenious and interesting exposition of his teaching on this matter, in her "Feminine Soul," to assure us of this truth, for reason without revelation might convince us that the nature and attributes of each soul must be permanent in order to the perpetuity of identity and the eternal bliss. There are eternal relationships for each sex, and on these relationships is founded all the importance of mental, moral, and religious cultivation. As heaven or hell is a change of condition rather than of character, and as character, or state of will and spirit, is determined by the faith and love that regulate the relations of this life, so the results and associations of memory and affection must remain in all futurity, or else a period must come when the immortal soul shall lose all the value of its immortality in losing its self-consciousness; for if it lose its own experience, it can no longer recognize itself, since as a being of intellect and will, the memory of facts and feelings must be the groundwork of its growth in knowledge and affection.

It is the *nature* of man and of woman that is to be educated. But what is the nature of man and of woman? We can not know merely from what we see of it. We must learn that from the revelation of the spirit, each in each self, even as we learn concerning God himself, in the image of whom both man and woman are created. The "daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve," was the divine model of woman, and her perfection was her fitness for fellowship with man, as *the son of God*; in all things man was to be the better for her, while, moreover, as a woman, her nature had a place nearer to childhood, and therein, nearer to God, in as far as woman is a mother in spirit, if right-spirited, whether she have children or not. Hence

if a woman say she dislikes children, she can not, however outwardly beautiful, be cordially loved by a true man; for he knows her natural affections must have become perverted, and something monstrous have taken their place. We must not forget that there is a child at heart in every true-hearted man; and it is the child-like spirit in man on which the womanly influence has the firmest hold, for strength is always made perfect through weakness and in weakness. To woman pertains the first and most delicate duties of education; the heart-work, and the sympathy and ministry of spirit to spirit, that tend to form and fashion character upon the plastic being before words and meanings are or can be brought to bear upon intelligence. It is, therefore, manifest that woman's education ought to fit her the better for gentle heart-ministry; *that* is especially hers. From her the child is to learn religion as a thing felt rather than reasoned on; a thing seen in life with all its utterances of deeds rather than in discourse; though this too is to breathe forth its renovating spirit upon the child in due time, since if that child is to be saved when it begins to reason, the means of the new creation of its soul in the image of God must be brought to bear upon it intelligently as well as sympathetically, for it is through and in knowledge that this renewal is effectuated. (Col. 3 : 10.) One taught to live well is well educated, and our life will be as are our faith and our love. Knowledge is, therefore, a weighty thing; it is acquaintance with the meaning of God's handwriting on the universe, and the inspired page, and the human heart, and the body, and the soul. This is what every woman ought to know. Such knowledge is not a safe gift to a fool, a willful being; he may destroy himself with it, as an idiot with a torch might destroy the temple of God. An untrained will (say womanly nature, if you will) can not use knowledge. Paradise was lost for want of wisdom. Knowledge can not regain *that*, but faith can; because faith is wise, it has the power of doing the will of God, since it works with love as God works. Faith is knowledge put in practice wisely, heartily. Education that will enable man and woman to obey the divine law, uttered in the word Love, the better, is the only education we want. Knowingness does not belong to it; but the knowledge of the truth—"Thy law is the



*truth*”—every truth does belong to it; for all truth comports with true faith, and, therefore, with true life, which is eternal. All science, properly so called, belongs to our faith, and we must study the science of education Christianly, if we would be practical in applying it. Just as we must study the laws of electric force to make an electric telegraph, correct it when impaired, and know how to work it rightly, so we must make sure that our education is sound by the use of it. Therefore, we say, O Woman! know thyself; see what is becoming to thee as the garb of thy spirit and the means of thy power over man! Man is to be drawn nearer to childhood and to God, to feebleness and to almightiness, by woman. It is high time that woman in general should know more of her own nature, that is, know more of humanity as a whole, beginning and ending in God. Without this, she can not know her duty, nor do it. This is an age in which the atmosphere of common mind among us is obscured by clouds of floating ideas, as the sky of Chili is with mist, and it is only those who make an effort, and climb the mountains, that see the glories of the heavens, and feel that humanity is connected with the infinite in body and in soul. But the noblest height to which woman need aspire is the height of her own nature; for is she not possessed of all the faculties which elevate man? Yea, and more; for she may be the producer of souls immortal out of her own substance; and to show that she is the crowning work of creation, the Godhead has been born of her in our own nature, thus uniting into one the beginning and the ending; because the first and final cause of humanity is the full manifestation of God.

We begin with the highest part of education that we may see our way to the lowest. There is no difficulty in deciding that it is as good to enlighten the understanding as to form the manners; but there is difficulty in deciding how far the intellect is to be cultivated in any given case, since it by no means follows that mental culture is moral culture, any more than improvement in manners is a proof of an improved heart. Manners without morals is the good behavior of devils. We ask, then, What is the best mode of training the heart and intellect together? *There is the difficulty.* The heart will have its heresies, however orthodox the schooling.

The dark ages are not over, as we find from the glib talk of those who see no mental difficulties, because they would knock down heresies with anathemas, and leave mysteries of mind to the management of gowmsmen. But such easy-going wayfarers are passing off, and the questions that simpletons ask, as freely as water slips from a cracked fountain, the wise are trying to answer. But they involve results and considerations like rivulets running on to the great deep, and not to be fully known till the crisis of tried spirits, the day of God's final judgment.

When we ask, What is mind, and how are we to treat it? the old philosophic word-tricks about the nature of things, will not suffice to meet the demand, for we believers are brought into contact and coöperation with eternity and heaven. These are to be met. A soul-crushing weight of meaning, therefore, comes down upon us as we think of training the human mind. There is all the wondrous vastness of thought and will, boundless as the illuminated and everlasting heavens around us. There is a solemn and awful import in the thought of educating *that*; an undying power, mind, soul, person, related to this world and all worlds in passing time, and the near and steadfast eternity; the theme would expand upon us for ever. How shall we treat this mind and soul? We say as God wills. He has spread creation before us, and thrown his light upon it; therefore, let every soul learn all it can of God's work in creation and providence, with his light upon them—that is, his word. What is more than this cometh of evil, and tends to evil.

Woman's education, though perhaps most neglected, ought to stand first, for God's own reason—she is the mother of all living, the moulder of mankind; her thoughts are the first thoughts with every man. Before considering the education proper for woman, we must consider what is her capacity, and what she is fit for. We desire to assert the entire equality of women with men in all the faculties of reason. Benjamin Parsons has energetically endeavored to show that in moral and mental dignity, woman is equal, if not superior, to man. He might as well have contended about which was the nobler half of a pair of scissors. As the halves of a pair of scissors are made of the same metal, and as the value of the one depends on its fitness to work with

the other, so man and woman are made to work together in pairs, though not exactly in parliament. Whether our fair friends would be ambitious of seats in parliament, or be flattered or not by being told that they are better representatives of men than men themselves, we will not inquire, for we think they are not so ready to mistake their vocation as their advocate was. We conceive that he has endeavored to reverse the poles of our nature in defense of woman's rights, and by asserting her political equality he has not vindicated her rights, but committed the sin of speaking evil dignities. Though, with him, we deem it a happy omen for England that Victoria is on the throne, we do not believe with him that, "Could both Houses of Parliament be dissolved, and both Lords and Commons sent off to their different beloved pursuits, of gambling, steeple-chasing, shooting, drinking, etc., and a few women of plain common-sense put in their place, the country would in a very short time be raised to the highest degree of prosperity." (P. 400.) If Lords and Commons were as he describes, why then indeed—but they are not, and, to be sure, the thing has not been tried—*Why?*

Woman is doubtless a female man. Adam and Eve were designated by their Maker under one name, to show their one nature. He "called *their* name Adam, in the day when they were created." (Gen. 5 : 2.) "Adam," quoth the quaint old Dutch etymologist, Serieck, "is Scythic or High-Dutch, *Huidam-ens*, a united entity,"\* that is to say, man and woman are created as corresponding natures, a duality in unity. Whatever we think of the queer etymology of the Dutch scholiast, we have the fact that man and woman are pronounced equal as one flesh by Him who inspired both with his own spirit.

"The dearest bond is this—  
Not like to like, but like in difference."—*Tennyson*.

"As the soul," says Milton, "can not do well without company, so in no company so well as where the different sex, in most *resembling unlikeness* and most *unlike resemblance*, can not but please best, and be pleased, in the aptitude of that variety."—*Tetrachordon*.

\* "Celtic and Belgic Origins." Quoted by Mrs. Strutt.

The influence of woman over man is the necessary result of man's deficiency, and *vice versa*. What man wants is love, says Mrs. Strutt, tacitly following Swedenborg; and what woman wants is wisdom, according to the same authority. But Mrs. Strutt shall speak for herself concerning the *difference* between male and female. She goes back to the beginning, and utters her oracle from thence :

"Adam, on the separation of the two interior principles with which immediately on his creation he was originally invested, retained that of wisdom or the understanding, which is of the masculine nature, and with it, consequently the outward figure thereof; while Eve took and embodied forth that of love, or the will, as is manifested in the different characteristics of her form."

So, then, we need not wonder that in civilized society it has come to be acknowledged that the influence of woman is paramount; for, doubtless, in society as we see it, will or love, such as it is, has vastly more power over mankind than wisdom or understanding. Whether it should be so is another question. Solomon, from the experience of folly, learned to call wisdom the principal or leading thing. Mrs. Strutt tells us that St. Paul failed in his logic; she says he was not right in the reason he assigned in forbidding a woman to teach—"For Adam was *FIRST formed*, and then Eve." (1 Tim. 2 : 13.) That was not the reason, as she affirms, but woman was forbidden to teach, simply because a woman is "not capable of impartial and logical reasoning, or of convincing or being convinced by truth alone." (P. 100, "Feminine Soul.") We confess we know not any truth in the Bible that belongs not to the heart. But is it not the order of divine working that the perception of truth must lead the way to the love of it? We see first, and then love. Certainly Mrs. Strutt exemplifies her argument; and it would not be amiss for her to consider that will and love, without the power of reasoning to lead the way, would make but wild work of cultivating God's earth. We too often see what results from will and love without wisdom and understanding *first* to direct and control them. Those who ask for reasons find your right-hearted, wrong-headed people very difficult to deal with. Why? Because their will is right, but their reason wrong; as Shakspeare would

say, The mother is strong within them. Since truth can not, according to Mrs. Strutt, be the governing principle of woman, she very consistently represents dissimulation as a feminine virtue, supposing it, of course, always exercised for love's sake, if not for truth's. (P. 33.) Surely here we have a sufficient reason, if there were no other, why every woman should be united to her own husband for truth as well as for love. We would not separate truth from love; we think them to all intents and purposes one in the *Lord*. However, it is not to be imagined for a moment that woman is more defective in discernment than man. Oh! no; love in woman, though apt to blink, is not blind, but rather eagle-eyed; therefore,

"Her rapid mind decides, while his debates;  
She feels a truth that he but calculates."

Unlogical love, with the use or abuse of woman's supposed safeguard—dissimulation, together with the fine faculty of jumping to conclusions at will, are probably sufficient to account for the dominant influence, good or bad, of woman. Mrs. Ellis, however, honestly confesses "a little weariness, and some skepticism on the subject of woman's unbounded influence in the world." She rather thinks that, "as a law of our social existence men have it in their power to make the characters of women whatever they would wish them to be." Of course they have, if woman be the more impressible.

"I do not, of course, mean individually, but nationally; not as character is considered singly, but in masses. Neither do I mean that by merely dictating to woman, praising her, or even preaching to her, these results can be expected; for such is the quick perception of woman's nature—such the inherent and almost instinctive feeling with which she discovers the tone of popular opinion, and sympathizes with the likings and dislikings of those to whom she is bound by social or domestic affection; such also is her natural tendency to lean for protection and support on something stronger than herself—something less emotional, and consequently more stable; and thus leaning for support, thus depending for guidance and protection, it is almost inevitable that she should, to a great extent, receive the bias of her character from the help and the protection which nature has provided for her in the firmer and more decided character of man."—P. 131.

This is a fair specimen of Mrs. Ellis's style. The moral of the world's history

rests on the *mutual* influence of the sexes; and if the memoirs of the nominally great prove too often like malarious districts, unsafe to enter upon, and if the lives of kings and queens are very exciting and unwholesome reading for weak minds of both sexes, why is it, that the mutual influence of one sex over the other is demonstrably all powerful for evil, unless controlled by those heavenly principles that are not indigenous to courts, and without which the highest cultivation of intellect is only the highest refinement of corruption? History only shows that the sexes operate upon each other like the poles of a mighty magnet on which the world turns, and we can not say where the preponderance of influence lies; we can only say that through all lands we find where men are especially bad, women are found to be a match for them; and if anywhere superior human excellence holds forth its light, it shines alike from man and woman, who may be thus compared to the twofold wick of the patent mould, not to be separated, but only the more brilliant for burning together in opposite directions.

Cornelius Agrippa (*vide* "Electio," May, 1857) asserts the superiority of woman on the ground of her weakness, thus perverting the words of St. Paul—"Weak things have been chosen to confound the strong." "Adam," says he, "was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Samson was strong, but woman made him captive; Lot was chaste, but woman seduced him; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety; Solomon was wise, but woman deceived him; Job was patient, and was robbed by the devil of fortune and family; ulcerated, grieved, and oppressed, nothing provoked him to anger till a woman did it, therein proving herself stronger than the devil." If thus mighty for evil, how great must she be for good? In this our day, when feminine genius is absolutely possessing the popular mind and heart by millions of truthful and loveful (?) books, it is too late to hint the inferiority of the female intellect as a power. Perchance the powers that be are pretty well balanced at their birth. We, at least, have no reason to offer why we should doubt that He who has so arranged that an equal number of males and females should be born into the world, should not also so arrange that their influences in their different spheres should balance each other, so that the social

world, like the physical, should roll on in the diagonal between two forces—that of the centrifugal, so to say, in outgoing man, and that of the centripetal, or home-force, in woman. “The head of the woman is the man, and the glory of the man is woman.” Being made for the same purpose as respects the glory of their Maker, they have only to fulfill their relationships to be so far like the angels as to be unconscious of inequality, while mingling their light together upon every object that engages them. He was a libeller of the sex who said: “Most women have no character at all.” Every woman has not only a character of her own, but she helps to form the character of those about her, and *as a man thinks of woman, so is the state of his heart, religiously and livingly.*

There are those who, sensuous in all things, would degrade woman by a nominal adoration, and desecrate her spirit by their idolatry of the body. When a woman consents to be worshiped instead of God, or to come between man and his Maker, she is lost, and is apt to lead others to perdition. If she does not feel she can know all the truth that man can know, and help him to apply it, then her love will act upon him only as the ivy on the oak, to which it clings but to destroy it.

O Woman! yours is no outside dignity. It is the spirit within you that moulds the world around you—the spirit of creation completing its last work. Mother and moulder of man, it is for you to take the new-made being, into which God has just breathed the breath of life, to take it warm from his hand into your bosom, and qualify it by your love and life, in their blended light, to walk and dwell with the perfect in the Father's home. Can man stand before you there? No; unless you refuse to work with your Maker who comes closer to your hearts than your own life-blood, and kindles your bosom with a genial fire, gladdening as the home-hearth of the spirit, an altar and a refuge for the feeble who need to know that God is love.

We wish to see wisdom and love so combined in operation in our home, and everywhere, as can be possible only through woman. If we are to see that joy, that thing of beauty, anywhere, this land of Christian light should show it. Does it grace our streets? Ye pattern women of olden day, beauties of holy his-

tory, how would ye be astonished to behold your modern sisterhood, proud to employ their bodies as frames to hang outrageous fashions on, and thus becoming, as Foster says, “ambulating blocks for millinery.” The silken inflations of our sunny promenades give no sign that the souls within them know any thing of their own nature. Are not their *physical* faculties, instead of being cultivated to divine ends, too generally made subservient to self and to sin? Are not their *intellectual* faculties devoted to the Prince of Deluders? Are not their *moral* faculties nourishing and cherishing the worm that dies not, by warming it at the flame that never will be quenched?

Education proper, whether for man or woman, is that which imparts a sound practical knowledge of the nature of body and mind, in their mutual relation, together with that social training which best calls into action the moral virtues, enlightens the conscience, and brings the affections into subserviency to right reason, and the law of God. As Sidney Smith observes, when writing of woman: “There is nothing so social as a cultivated mind.” By cultivated mind, we mean rather more than the genial prebend meant; we mean a mind well acquainted with nature, that “universal and public manuscript,” as Sir Thomas Browne calls it.

Mr. Parsons very cogently enforces the necessity of woman being educated to the full extent of her capacity, and presents a strong array of facts, in proof that she is the glory of man, in respect to the qualities alike of her head as of her heart. The originality, freshness, force, and pungency of his eloquence, together with the general good sense, both of his matter and manner, are calculated to impress the reader. He succeeds in pleasing, even where he fails to convince. Parsons writes like a Christianized Cobbett. His view of the mental and moral constitution is peculiarly clear and instructive. He classifies the powers of the human mind thus: 1. Inquiry, or the Inquisitive Power; 2. Apprehension, or the Understanding Power; 3. Intellect, or the Distinguishing Power; 4. Consciousness, or the Self-Observing Power; 5. Memory, or the Recollective Power; 6. Wisdom, or the Synthetic Power; 7. Emotion, or the Pathetic Power; 8. Will, or the Voluntary Power; 9. Conscience, or the Moral Power.



Whether this classification agrees with school-metaphysics and phrenology or not, it serves exceedingly well to indicate the steps of mental development, by showing what is to be educated as well as how to educate. He illustrates his views very pertinently :

"I take a child and show it a flower, and it is pleased by the beauty of its appearance; so far we have both the same sensations: but how different will its emotions be if I can awaken its inquiries respecting it! Well, let us sit down together, and take this plant to pieces; it has a *root, a stem, leaves, and flowers*, and by-and-by may have *fruits and seeds*.

"Here then we have minds at work, and mental powers exerted, which no animal has ever employed. We *inquire* into the flower; we *apprehend* several ideas from it; we *distinguish* one part from another; we become *conscious* of mental power; we have something to *recollect*; we have knowledge that we may *wisely* or *practically* use; there is much to call forth the most pleasing *emotions*; much to influence our volitions, our actions; and, therefore, most valuable materials for *conscience* to use in the cause of virtue and religion."

It is obvious, that what is said respecting the flower may be applied to any subject; and it is also obvious that the mental powers, as thus illustrated in their action, are as capable of exertion in one sex as the other. Mr. Parsons carries out his mental analysis with skill in his work, but so far from supposing with Mrs. Strutt and Emanuel Swedenborg, that because woman excels in loving, she is, therefore, deficient in wisdom, he maintains the contrary, and argues well that the synthetic or convincing power of the feminine mind, though opposite to the analyzing, logical power of the higher masculine mind, is nevertheless more akin to faith, and more apt to take the right path, and arrive quicker at the truth. No doubt true love is correlative with true wisdom; what then is false love but the worst form of folly? If it be true that woman's will, and hence her love, be stronger than man's, then so much the more need has she of the knowledge that may forewarn her of the danger of willfulness. We very much question whether the feminine soul is better constituted for the love of truth, and so of truthful love, than the masculine. She depends more on personal attachments, and she desires to be desired; she is man's object, and knows it. Hence, the natural and beautiful efforts to please

which commend the woman everywhere to man's love, and without which she forfeits her true position, and may become hateful as well as unhappy. But, alas! how wily the will that would win dominion by yielding, not for good, but for selfishness! And alas! too, as Mrs. Ellis says: "Pure, unostentatious, steady-working benevolence is quite as deficient in one sex as the other!" A woman whose heart and mind are ruled by the governing motives, good-will, conscientiousness, and love of God, may be allowed to be in no great danger of "synthetically" leaping to conclusions; but the habit of leaping to conclusions is apt to land the leaper very considerably on the wrong side. Therefore, we say that if the more loving and lovelier feminine spirit be the more naturally disposed to sudden bias and determination, so much the more urgent is the need that she be well trained in all that exalts the *intellect*, improves the *moral being*, and rectifies the *conscience*. Without this training, it is impossible for any soul to see the right and approve it, for even God's own voice is either not heard or not regarded by the untrained soul. How dark that mind whose light itself is darkness! Now we contend that every kind of light is as good for every variety of soul as when God first said, "Let light be," and pronounced it good, because human beings were coming to enjoy it. We think that we, both men and women, ought to know more than we generally do concerning the connection of our own bodies and souls with the rest of the universe. Without information about what concerns our mental, moral, and bodily constitution, we are ignorant of our Maker's purposes concerning us. We may do our duty, in blind obedience to moral law, and be safe; but it is happier, if not holier, to see the congruity of moral goodness with the well-being of all existence forever. Without this insight and faith, our notion of duty is as undefined as lamp-light in a fog, and our motives are confused, because our impulses to action are not guided by rational principles. Women, as the trainers of souls and bodies in their most pliable and plastic state, ought, we conceive, to be well instructed in all that practical science can teach concerning the best modes of managing minds and bodies. Woman and man are equally able to read nature and the Bible; their duties are equal in rela-

tion to both; and if the Word that was made flesh made whatever is made, we forsake that Word if we think that what is revealed entirely supersedes that which is created. Men and women ought, we say again, to be better acquainted with their own compound nature—soul and body—with all their dualities and manifold relations to each other and the universe, through all the gateways of knowledge. On the proper management of mind and body, it depends whether that which wills, feels, thinks, acts, shall work in keeping with heaven and be heavenly; or create its own heart-hell by its perpetual abuses of God's goodness. Should one world go wrong, all the other worlds would work together for its destruction, for not to obey the universal law is to perish. Worlds right themselves; souls, however, do not, but deviating from the right line, are forever lost if left alone. Those who are right must rectify those who are wrong. Now souls go wrong from mismanagement of the body, as well as bodies from the mismanagement of the soul; and, therefore, we must learn how best to manage both. We agree, then, with Mr. Parsons in desiring that our feminine fellow-heirs of eternity should learn as much as they can well apply of all the first principles at least of physiology and metaphysics, as of really higher value in their practical use than much on which the mental powers of females are diligently expended:

"Were this subject considered in all its importance, there is not a female but would dread the idea of becoming a mother, until she had qualified herself by the study of physiology and mental philosophy to watch over the body and the mind of her child. Every human being ought to understand mental philosophy. How can the mind be taught, controlled, and matured if its possessor or teacher be ignorant of its own faculties? It should be considered a duty, and the birth-right of all, whether rich or poor, 'to know themselves.' Without this, all education, to a great extent, will be lost."—*Dignity of Woman*, p. 387.

"It should be remembered that there are but two classes of thoughts, those which are *true* and those which are *false*; and with one of these the minds of women must be imbued." "I know the sordid mind of the objector throws itself in a moment into the kitchen and the laundry. He trembles for his clean shirt, and his mince-pies. Poor fellow!"—*Idem*, p. 381.

The body must exert a great influence

over intention, propensity, and disposition. Persons, whose nerves are habitually excited, often show great determination, but it is animal will after all, a determination to please self, either concentric or eccentric, either gregarious or wandering alone, one of a party or a party to oneself. Mr. Parsons well observes that:

"A steady nerve [or, as we would say, a healthy state of brain] is eminently conducive [essential?] to decision of character. But the body is not all; there may be nerves of iron, and yet the mind, for want of cultivation, may be the sport of every wind of doctrine. To perfect the character it is absolutely necessary that the soul should 'be rooted and grounded in the truth.'"—P. 313.

Rooted and grounded like a tree planted by the hand of God in the soil made for it by that hand. Souls are made to grow upon truth; and if they are not acquainted with truth, that is, with whatever God has said and done, then their volitions must of course go wrong, and their tempers too. It is a point of the first importance to know that though intelligence suggests reasons for action, that is to say, furnishes moral motive, yet it is the state of the body that moves the will, so far as will depends on sensation, and instincts must master our minds if our minds master not them. If, then, man or woman would acquire that highest of all accomplishments, *self-control*, they must learn to discriminate between *instinctive will* and *rational will*. Without a habit of discriminating between these, life becomes subject to a succession of impulses from without, instead of being guided by a spirit-power within; and the formation of character, in respect to the right state of will, known as love and faith, the state in which we enter eternity, is impossible.

There is a profound and beautiful mystery in the fact that the feminine mind is more apt to run into extremes than the masculine, in consequence of those physiological peculiarities of constitution on which sympathy depends. There is more ready nerve—sympathy with the activities of other beings—in females, because the body itself is more susceptible of impression, and, therefore, the influences of both spiritual worlds, good and evil, are felt in a more positive and bodily manner by woman. Hence she is necessarily more dependent. The *moral training*

which is so cogently enforced on females by Mrs. Ellis, can never be thoroughly carried out, unless they are made better acquainted than by ordinary school acquirements with the dangers arising from their very nature. That quaint old physiologist, Dr. Gideon Harvey, (in "Archæologia Nova," quoted by Mrs. Strutt,) accounts in a summary manner for the fact, which he assumes as to woman being "more fierce, furious, rash, and swift in judgment than man;" "for," says he, "their spirits and heat, moving in great troops and confluence of particles, must needs move swift, which swiftness of motion is the cause of their *sudden rage*, *nimble tongues*, and *rash wits*." Modern physiology and experience of better feminine training than any in vogue in Gideon Harvey's day, (1600,) tend to obviate his poor apology for the ladies, and we know they need not the excuses he offers for rashness, since there certainly is not any reason why woman should be more prone than man to confound likings with lovings, and suddenly succumb to impressions, excepting from indulgence to a wrong state of will, and from a lack of those habits of thought which are the only checks upon impulse. Those habits must be formed early to grow strong. There is a tendency in parents to be peculiarly tender in coercing the will of their girls, because girls are usually gentle; they forget that like the air, the sea, and the light, it is the seeming soft that has the most unmanageable force; and when they do coërcé it, how often is it merely to please themselves instead of proving their own obedience to the unerring Will! The perpetual indulgence of the Pawnee Indians to their children is safer than the parental waywardness that pretends to wisdom while showing folly. Neither man nor woman can rule the will of a child without ruling their own, and from first to last, we all require to see, and so to believe in, a better will than our own in order to real obedience. We never cordially yield but where we cordially love.

It would be a calumny uttered in the face of truth to say that woman is necessarily more thoughtless than man; her active outlay of benevolence in all the best schemes for the amelioration of human misery, in our age and country at least, is a demonstration that the loving heart is a help, rather than a hindrance, when thought is to proceed to action, and

when doing and suffering are demanded to prove the validity of intellectual vigor. We need not look into the hospital of Scutari to prove what is meant by a wise heart, for we have it at work about us in many a home, that, without it, would fall crashing to pieces, like the house built on the sand. But this wisdom of heart does not come as a natural matter of course; and the accomplishments so sedulously cultivated at ladies' schools in general, do not foster it. We fear rather the contrary, for there is nothing in the teaching of pianists, drawing-masters, posture-masters, elocutionists, and memory-loaders, to instruct woman in the duties and dangers of real life, or to fortify mind and heart for the grand battle. The education that forms a correct mind is too often sacrificed for that which makes a pert critic, who sees faults, not to shun but to point at them. A carping young lady may be pretty, but she is sure to be a pest. We can not bear to be forced to hate where we look to love. Truth is as blue as the heavens, but of a very different hue from that of the blue-stocking.

The beautiful belongs to the good and the true. All that is æsthetic and calisthenic is needed, indeed, both for mind and body, manners and morals; for in real life none can be too powerfully beautiful in doing what has to be done; but this should be taught first, and then would follow, with more force, lessons on the mode of doing. When we know what is to be accomplished—when, like travellers about to climb a mountain pass, we know the height to be attained, and the difficulty of attaining it, we may better understand how far what we carry should combine the elegant with the useful. There are multitudes who start prepared only for the drawing-room, who have to encounter blasts that make sad sport of muslin and artificial flowers. Let the useful be ornamental, and the ornamental useful—beauty and use are near akin—and then all will be safe whatever comes.

There is one circumstance very unfavorable to the advancement of female influence in the right direction—the bettering of man. Young women usually leave school too early, and precisely at the period when the mind is most susceptible, and when a steady course of mental discipline would be most valuable. They do not learn to carry any weight. Just when young gentlemen are ready for col-

leges, young ladies are ready for coteries. Those are crammed with facts, these with fancies. Both are furnished with certain elements and means of mental advancement, but the boy goes on into the severe mental training of manly science and association, while the girl, with her heart and head all alive to the emotional, comes out and makes a show of herself. In her retirement from the wear and weariness of hopeless effort to attract and secure a right heart-fellowship, what can her mental resources be? She has not been trained to enjoy solid reading and reasoning; the dry splendors of science and of all God's handiworks are too strong for her eyes. There are mostly but two forms in which she can gratify her warm heart and womanly love of pleasing: she can read novels and study dress; she can amuse herself and beguile man. We see the result—plenty of sweetness that soon turns sour, because neither heart nor intellect has been cultivated morally or spiritually, that is to say, with a view to the end.

With Mrs. Ellis, we would urge the importance of constructing schools for moral training and the formation of character. But we think she has not dwelt with sufficient force upon the value of acquaintance with natural science, and the teaching of events, as a means of steadying the mind, rectifying the will, and improving the reasoning powers. The feeling of the inevitable will, the will that fixes itself in the laws of existence, the very truth of being, is the feeling which alone schools the human will; that alone produces free-will—the will that chooses to do right from the knowledge of what must result in doing wrong. The very refinements of mind and elegances of life, to which cultivated females so essentially contribute, require the counteracting influence of the full and intimate knowledge of natural truths to qualify for their true enjoyment; and that education can confer but little dignity on character which ignores acquaintance with the laws of being as fixed in our very framework, and in the elements on which our mortality and immortality exist. Above all, the soul is to be studied as the source of the beauty within beauty, the life of life, without whose health the dimpling loveliness of the most smiling face is but the hiding of a fallen spirit behind a veil of light. Is it not possible to be too violently evangel-

ical? We think we have seen men in earnest, who would honor the teaching of Christ by ignoring that of nature. The New Testament implies that the teachings and dictates of nature as perceived by a reasonable mind are in keeping with the Gospel. The contact of mind with mind brings our moral powers and natural affections to the test. Mrs. Ellis would have the virtues studied and practised in a positive manner, like a language or an accomplishment. This mode of treating the subject is open to ridicule, for how can love of truth, or conscientiousness, or benevolence, or honesty, or modesty, be practised as distinct lessons to be got up under a professor, and touched off like a picture with the finish of a fine hand? Social intercourse, the contact of will with will under the restraints of the known requirements of good feeling, is all that is really required; and if schools, as at present conducted, do not afford scope for the exercise of the virtues thus, the sooner they are remodelled the better. Of course it is impossible to supersede the teaching of Providence in the struggles of humanity in the world by any thing in the school-room, but surely there is room enough for the exercise of every good feeling amongst a number of young ladies, subject to a governing mind, if tasks do not deprive them of sufficient leisure to learn how to live together. If the school afford more opportunity, as we think it does, for learning true obedience, sympathy, and self-control, than can be learned at home, it has that advantage over home-training. At home the will takes more liberties.

A sprightly writer has said: "A good education is very like a good hat. It should be not only strong, substantial, stiff, and durable, but shapely, glossy, comfortable, and, above all, a good fit." How often do we see the stiff and the strong without the shapeliness, the gloss, or the comfort, and how often the gloss upon a bad material, with nothing fit for any thing about it!

Of course we desire our daughters to acquire every art and intellectual accomplishment that will qualify them to become most pleasant and profitable at home, whether wives, mothers, sisters, aunts, or friends. If they are called to the high vocation of spinster ministrations, which the wisdom of God ordains for multitudes in this world-renovating, Bible-taught



country, they have only the more need for all that can adorn and edify the mind, for they will have to endure hardness in proportion to their usefulness. Blessed are they who are *not* subject to *man*, if subject to *God*. Those who are not directly governed by either, will find the study of Bible-logic, and of every form of right reason, a useful check upon too nimble a tongue, as also they would find general science a safe ballast against the dangers of too much sail, and a strong course of mathematics a good drag upon that capricious wit, which, like all earthly things, is so apt to run fastest in the downward direction.

The object of our life's education is to *train* the spirit, or willing power, not merely to *inform* it. How can this be done without some understanding of its faculties, not as abstractions, but as they operate in connection with brain and nerve? We must not forget that it is in this connection only that we have any thing to do with it, or know any thing about it. As already said, motive is never unmixed; and our morality includes the government of the body as well as the direction of the will and the belief. The three graces are, we conceive, good temper, good sense, and good health; and the wise old heathens, who deified these graces as female beauties, meant only to teach that the training of women should unite them all. We would most strenuously insist first of all on the necessity of attention to every means conducive to good bodily health, not only from its value in relation to true feminine grace, but also because without outward health that inward sanity which is expressed by good temper and good sense is most apt to be absent.

That, indeed, must be a life of faith on the truth of the Spirit which can at any time be superior to the distractions of a disordered body. Whatever faith, whatever love we feel, is doubtless to be proved by our mastery over the body. Knowledge must rectify will, but a sound body is essential to the coöperation of the sensational with the moral will.

As we can not separate faith from love without violence to true nature and the eternal spirit, so neither can we separate will from knowledge without danger of eternal damage to our selfhood. Hence the danger of educating the acquiring, or knowing, and imagining faculties, now so largely done in school as the task-work of

memory, to the neglect of that moral sense which goes with the proper action or the right use of the body. Thus we may be learning our lessons of facts or fancies, history, science, and religion, and have no more appreciation of duty or ability to do it, than a man walking in his sleep, and following the dictates of a dream instead of obeying the real relationships of life. Let us endeavor to analyze the soul; that is, the being to be educated. We need not discuss the difference between faculties, and affections, and instincts. We acknowledge their existence as distinct, though incessantly coöperating in our motives. A metaphysical acumen, or rather the higher teaching of divine truth, is required to enable us to discriminate between our motives, for it is faith in the Word of God only that enables us to analyze the thoughts and intents of the heart, dividing asunder soul and spirit, or mind and will.

The faculties, and affections, and instincts are differently combined in their proportions in different individuals. Different aptitudes are born with us, and though all who are not idiots are possessed of some degree of what is common to all, yet the success of training will be commensurate with the original power, or combination of powers innately possessed. This applies more to the intellectual than the moral powers, for we may by training produce a moral conviction in a weak mind, but no training will produce ability to act the logician, statesman, philosopher, or poet, without the inherent power of faculty leading to those exercises of mind which constitute those characters. Mrs. Ellis resolves all motive into desire. We would resolve all desire into love, for as we love so we will. Hence we discover the two natures in man; that which wills without other desire than self-enjoyment, and that which wills in true charity, desiring the good of others with oneself. As is the love, so is the life. Our thoughts will run in the line of our loves, whatever be the power of our intellect. Reason can not be satisfied without a good state of conscience—without a full approval of all that is desired and done; but the demand of reason is proportionate to the improvement of our spiritual perception, the inward revelation of the divine character to oneself. Hence all education leaves the mind “an aching void” except so far as it improves

the conscience. Hence, too, the sympathies can not be rightly directed and educated, and lured along the path of light, except by Christianity, for the meaning of humanity is not wrought out in any other system of teaching. M'Combie wisely observes that—

“To the education of the sympathies, in the case of girls, a double importance attaches. They attract and they stimulate. Themselves more excitable than the other sex generally, they are the main source of excitation. Of course we dream of nothing so absurd as to bring love [quite] within the square and rule of reason; yet it is true, notwithstanding its essential and necessary spontaneity, that its course is always perilous when it careers away in either blind or willful disregard of her dictates.

“The first thing in education is to induce and develop the right character, but the mode in which the character finds expression is no trivial matter. In respect to both, our modern female education is at fault, being directed to the development of what in most instances needs sobering and subduing. We crowd on too much sail, and lay in too little ballast. An airy, impulsive, beautiful girl, gliding through drawing-rooms, flitting over gardens, pulling roses, and playing holiday-airs, is a creature of boundless fascination; yet an education adapted to turn out young ladies approaching the type of that somewhat incredible portraiture, ‘Nina,’ is, we can not help thinking, perilous and mischievous in almost every aspect and relation. . . . When we reflect how much is at the mercy of a woman’s emotions—as maiden, wife, mother—how far round the entire sphere of human happiness (or misery) her influence sweeps, we shall see how needful it is that her sympathies should be brought under the regulation and control of pure principles and sound reason. How large a proportion of the personal incompetence, of domestic infelicity, of the various crime, which we see so rife, may we not trace to the ill-regulated sympathies of mothers?”—*W. M'Combie on Education*, p. 132.

True education—the drawing out of the mind in a feeling of God’s works and words—is a kind of sympathy; like the real preaching of all truth, it is a propagation of what is felt by the utterance of living words from heart to heart. No one is fit to teach any thing worth knowing who does not evidently feel its worth. The repetition of words and meanings may make dry scholars; but the “humanities” of language and science have a life which associates right-heartedness with logic, and brings will and understanding alike into sympathy with the personal source of all true ideas. When a girl

feels *that*, her real education for life is begun, and not till then.

Whatever has life in it is never tedious, if its life interfere not with our own. This is the secret of the taste for novel-reading. It is founded on the true, humane principle of sociality and fellow-feeling—sympathy with all that feels; and this ought to be indulged as far as it is possible to convey the lessons of different forms of human life, without debasing the taste or wasting the time. The popular soul is not to be reached by abstractions; but story-tellers have reached it; and nobody will ever succeed in reaching it without telling traits of life, and all will succeed in reaching it who have any thing positive, and active, and eventful, to state about any human being. The true is the most stirring. It is the life of Christ that is God’s story for us, and it is in that we see how Jesus Christ founded his empire upon love—his life—and so also we see that Jesus Christ is God.\*

From infancy to age we watch whatever comes before the mind with life and motion in it. What nonsense, then, to charge the young child with stanzas that teach grammar thus:—

“Grammar has just four heads—  
First we learn Orthography,  
Etymology succeeds,  
Syntax next, then Prosody.”

Old Mother Hubbard and kindred histories of uncommon life, are, at least, equally strengthening to the mind. Do not let us be unnatural in our methods. *Unnatural restraints produce disproportion. To produce elegance we must encourage ease.* These sentences might be good school-copies; but they would not be useless to the memory of man and woman, for the greatest distortions of thought and will are the results of enforcing proper things in an unnatural manner.

The danger of the feminine spirit is its readiness to be influenced from sympathy, whether with the fictitious or the real. Woman, therefore, rushes directly into the thickest and most formidable array

\* “Alexander,” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires upon force; Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love; at this hour millions of men would die for Him.” Then turning to Bertrand, he added: “If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you general.”

of the enemy when she runs to romance and passion-painting for excitement and pastime. She is in danger of never finding her way out of the pandemonium created by her fancy. This is the danger of every mind, for minds must think, and if they are not thinking of facts, they must be thinking of falsehoods. Oh! for the power that might train imagination! The habit formed by force is wanting—the habit of attending to dry, hard, crystalline, fossil facts, with no life to be discerned in them, except so far as reason and faith, the eyes of the soul, seeing before and backward, look into the future and the past which are in that eternity to which all life belongs. Facts, facts reasoned out in their relations, afford the only proper schooling for souls too ready to sympathize with human beings cast out, it may be, upon life's billows, struggling in their agony, or wantoning in Cyprian isles. We must form right habits of minds *per force*; and if we would learn to love aright, we must learn to reason rightly, and if we are not schooled by those who are wiser than ourselves, we must be schooled by our own sufferings.

"Kindness is the key to the human heart," and whoever would educate another, must open the heart. But hearts, alas! are as open to false kindness, as to true. Hence the vast importance that those who are especially alive to love and its mimeries, should learn to distinguish true love from false, and see how they may be safe in falling in love, and in loving to the utmost. First a woman should understand the great meaning in that first human fact: Man was made in the image of God; and next that the existence of man implies a consequence, and that consequence was woman; and then that, through woman came the birth of the second Adam—the Lord from heaven, that all holy human relationships might have the divinity of eternal love manifested in them. The education that does not elucidate those relations, and show how the constitution of all nature conforms to the demands of man's existence, is a delusion and a snare.

The soul and heart of man demanded the fellowship of a being corresponding to his dignity, an objective heart and mind, a helpmeet for him. It was part of man's likeness to God that man should desire to see his own image produced in many individual forms. A man who enjoys all his

faculties wishes to perpetuate likenesses to himself in his offspring, as if he felt that every reproduction of his own image should be an enlargement of his own being, and contribute to the enjoyment of the common humanity, whose completion belongs to the eternal manifestation of good. Herein consists the highest sympathy between man and woman—they sympathize with God in desiring to see their offspring inheritors of his kingdom. The common-sense view of the matter is this: Man was made to be a husband and a father, and woman to be a wife and a mother; as the training that would make a man a good husband and father is the best for man in all circumstances, so that which would make a good wife and mother is the best for any woman. Who would be a monk to prove his manhood, or a nun to demonstrate her virtues? It is true that since Christ came, an Apostle could tell us, that "the unmarried careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy in body and in spirit," and so far as she so careth, she is doubtless in the happiest position. Still, however useful single women as Christians may be in Christian society—and it is there only they can be useful—yet the law of woman's usefulness is contained in her relation to manhood and childhood; and, therefore, whatever fits her best to become a Christian wife and mother, also fits her best for all her duties in Christian ministration of any kind, and without this she has no duties.

The first thing to be learned is, not to fall in love with the wrong character, lest marriage should indeed prove as some Frenchman calls it, "a double selfishness." Affection, in the ordinary sense, is not love. The most selfish of demons are probably the most affectionate; their feelings are most deeply involved in their attachments, and their wills are strongest when most unreasonable. Who are so passionate as those possessed of devils? Those who do not acquire the spirit of love from the spirit of truth, must fall in love with "bottomless perdition." To love aright is to enter into God's plan of promoting happiness, that is, not to love for the sake of being happy, but to be happy in the happiness of the objects loved. The woman who, from the habits of artificial life, has made her life a sentiment, is irrecoverably hard at heart. She may *fall* in love, but not be loved. In

mind and affection, she lives in a fictitious world; and, therefore, she is disqualified from taking her place, and fulfilling her part, in the awful realities of life's grand warfare. It seems simple enough to say the best education is that which fits one best for life's duties. This requires such an amount of knowledge concerning the nature of the duties as may fit a person to perform them becomingly at the right time. A good temper, which is one with good sense and good will, must be also acquired, in order to the formation of a good working character. This is not learned from professors. The art of *appearing* benevolently may be learned at many schools, as we know from the smiling eyes and honeyed lips of many an angel of darkness who has been educated, very generally, to assume the dangerous, seductive, dreadful beauty of an outward semblance of moral loveliness, while all the purpose to which the heart applies itself is that of self-idolatry. A woman, then, who would not pass on to perdition with a train of admirers, must see that she studies to *be* what she desires to *appear*. The direct and, indeed, the only way to accomplish this is to come at once to the Source of love and light. The vision of sin reigning unto death must be seen. We must look behind death for true beauty. We must see what was prophesied when God pronounced his new-made earth all very good. We must see with God to the end—our end, his end. In short, it is by seeing and feeling the meaning of woman's nature in relation to God and man, as fulfilled in the birth of the blessed Virgin's Son, that any human being can attain a right state of sympathy and love; for without this seeing and feeling there is no inwrought energy of spirit by which this cold, hard world can be made the stepping-stone to heaven. Any soul, whether feminine or masculine, devoted to the divine Adam, may safely go to college, and enter upon any of the exercises that are calculated to strengthen and develop the powers alike of body and soul, but not else. Without this there is no safety in schooling, because there is no proper sense of responsibility either as to our thoughts or our feelings, since there is no sense of personal relation to a person perfect in love, wisdom, and power. Without this there is no possibility of avoiding the fascination of the false, nor of delighting in the true—without this there can be no principle of

mind begetting right impulses; and, therefore, to fall in love selfishly, or with whatever is sufficiently pleasing at the time, is inevitable; and then any one who has spring and energy of natural hope enough to make any efforts, will taste delusion, and excuse whatever words, looks, actions, thoughts, cultivations, or occupations, that natural desire, with its rational fig-leaf coverings upon it, may suggest. Many women indulge their feelings because they do not know they have no right to them. Yet the laws of nature are not so very far wrong. If but rightly interpreted, they teach us pretty plainly what kind of education is best for feminine souls. Whatever qualities a good man naturally loves in woman, are those that she ought to cultivate. He does not admire bodily beauty, except as the proper expression and embodiment of the adorning, intelligent, loving spirit, which he loves in sister, wife, or mother. Any other beauty he views as a dead thing—a picture or statue, a form with colors more or less pleasing. Whatever is unbecoming to the domestic virtues a man will vehemently avoid if there be any quality within himself that would help to make a blessed home.

Let not woman try to excel man; she will do her best if she keeps pace with the best man she knows. Woman is not a safer leader than man. By all means let love and wisdom be wedded together. We reiterate, that as marriage is "the nursery of heaven," as well as "the mother of the world,"\* we regard that as the best education which best qualifies for marriage, because, being qualified for that, man and woman are qualified for their highest as well as lowest duties—if any can be low. Woman's character ought to be private. In privacy is her power; and unless it can be proved that private things are less approximate to God than public, it can not be shown that woman's position is inferior to man's.

Our Lord did not choose feminine apostles, but he found his rest in the ministry of woman after his work. Woman may be as tender and godlike in talking to the heart as any apostle, but her place is the heart, and the heart's resting-place, home! She may be a martyr, because she may be a saint; but she can not be a bishop in her lawn sleeves except with

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\* Jeremy Taylor.



children. Her divinity belongs to the hearth, and man must be grimly determined to keep her there if he would feel the divinity of home. There is a right side and a left in the duality between man and woman. The body is the symbol of duality in unity, and it teaches us that every movement must begin on one side. Shall it be the right, or the left? The right moves first, except in those who are sinister or awkwardly left-handed. The heart is on the left side, but it animates both sides, imparting the working power to the right hand, and the holding power to the left. This analogy is a lesson.

The instant a woman *tries* to manage a man for herself, she has begun to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrow, as if to protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. When the serpent had persuaded Eve that she ought to induce her husband to take her advice and become as knowing as herself, she no longer felt herself made for him, and both for God, but rather that he was made to admire her. When she prevailed, they soon bickered about their right places, no doubt, for God's law was lost sight of by both.

One grand purpose of woman's power over man's heart, now that both are fallen, is the maintenance of man's self-respect. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence. They mutually put each other in mind of what each ought to be to the other. To the formation of manly character, the love and reverence of the virtuous feminine character are essential. One must see in the other's love the reflection of the character desired. Hence, the pertinacity of true love and reverence often recovers a character that would otherwise be lost forever. If once mutual respect depart, then farewell the love that can alone rectify what is wrong; then farewell the heart-rest, without which life becomes a delirium and an agony. If it be the faculty of woman, to love more tenaciously than man, her might surpasses his so

far as she is wise in showing it. In expressing love without at the same time indicating her faith in the inherent dignity of man, however obscured, she only repels him to a worse condition by exciting a reckless sense of his own worthlessness, together with a hatred of her forgiving patronage. When man hates himself, what can he love? Give him time, and he will love the soul that clings to him to save him.

Thus we conclude our rapid review of this large subject. As we have run on with the current of our own thoughts, we have hinted at, rather than critically examined, the contents of the volumes named at the head of the article. Having expressed opinions concerning the works of Benjamin Parsons and Mrs. Strutt, we have only to add, that Mrs. Ellis has taken that enlarged view of the subject which we might have expected from her known experience in the matter and from her skill as a ready writer. To enumerate in brief the contents of her volume is to show its worth; she examines: 1. What is to be educated; 2. The element of character; 3. Motives; 4. Woman's influence; 5. Principles of moral training; 6. The mother's part; 7. The governess; 8. Conductors and structure of schools; 9. Standard of merit; 10. Crime; 11. Poor men's wives; 12. High and low encouragements, etc. Mrs. Ellis's manner of treating the subject made us feel as if sauntering with the masterly lady through a formal botanic garden. She is apt to teach, and we are willing to learn, all about it, but by some invisible means, we fail to discover the desired secrets of cultivation, and we turn from flower to flower without quite discerning what department of the subject we are at in the several divisions. There is, however, much in the "Education of Character," highly deserving serious study. Of the work of Mr. M'Combie, we have only to say that he treats of the feminine part of education but incidentally; what is done by the author of the "Moral Agency of Man," is likely to be well done, and need not be commended by us.

From the British Quarterly.

## CHARLES SPURGEON AND THE PULPIT.\*

MR. SPURGEON is a notability. He filled Exeter Hall with eager listeners for months together. He has since done the same in the great Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens, though spacious enough to receive 9000 persons. Hitherto the prophets have been in the wrong. The feeling does not subside. The crowds gather even more than before. The "common people" are there, as at the first; but with them there are now many who are of a much higher grade. Professional men, senatorial men, ministers of state, and peers of the realm, are among Mr. Spurgeon's auditory. These are facts that can not be questioned. That there is something very extraordinary in them every one must feel. How is the matter to be explained?

Mr. Spurgeon's *origin* and ecclesiastical connection do not solve the mystery. There was nothing in that to favor a success of this nature. He is not only a dissenter coming up from among dissenters, but his sect is one of the straitest of them all. In his antecedents we find no traces of academic fame and promise, no high ecclesiastical patronage. The great ushers of successful conventionality among us made no way for him. He comes direct and openly from what John Foster called the "morass of Anabaptism." Nevertheless, there he is, a man—and a very young man, too, who has broken through, or overleaped, all impediment of that sort. In that fact there is not only something remarkable, but something pleasant and hopeful.

We must add, there is nothing in Mr. Spurgeon's *presence* to account for his success. When we picture to our mind the noble and venerable figure of Latimer, we cease to marvel that the quaintness and homeliness of the English and of the illustrations pervading his sermons should have fallen with great effect upon his hearers.

That lofty form, that noble brow, those finely-chiselled features, and the play of intelligence and humor ever passing like cloud and sunshine over that countenance, are enough to account for a great deal. Whitefield, too, rose like Saul among his fellows and seemed born to leadership. The same was true of Edward Irving. But Mr. Spurgeon has literally nothing of this sort to help him. His figure is short, and chubby, and rather awkward than otherwise. For so young a man there seems to be a strong tendency in him to grow stout, and should he live another twenty or thirty years, he must take care, or he may be classed among the people who are sometimes described as being nearly as broad as they are long. He knows nothing of the æsthetics of dress; every thing of that sort about him is commonplace, verging upon the vulgar. His features, too, have a round, homely, Saxon cast, such as would lead you to regard him as capable of a rude strength of purpose, and of a dogged power of endurance, but as not likely to apprehend purposes of a high and really intellectual complexion. He is a veritable Saxon in the groundwork of his nature, both physical and mental, but he has nearly every thing from nature, scarcely any thing from the usual processes of self-culture.

We must not, therefore, look to *culture* as giving Mr. Spurgeon his power over men. In metaphysics, in theology, in all matters where a trained power of discrimination would become conspicuous, his mind is in a very crude condition. If you submit to his influence, accordingly, it is not because you are sensible to the discipline of his touch, for you feel that you could amend not a little that falls from him. You listen, but it is not because you are charmed by the accuracy of the statements that are made, nor because the illustrations brought to the subject are such as to indicate that the preacher is a man rich in general knowledge. No—the charm must be somewhere else. Mr. Spurgeon's head is but poorly disciplined,

\* *The Park Street Pulpit, containing Sermons preached and revised by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.* 8vo. Vols. I., II. Alabaster and Passmore.

and his knowledge has no pretension to fullness.

After saying thus much, we shall perhaps be expected to say that there is nothing like original or profound *thought* in Mr. Spurgeon. He has no mission to lift the veil from undiscovered truth. He never gives forth conceptions that afford the slightest promise of such power. Of this fact every one must be aware.

If Mr. Spurgeon has power over cultivated minds—and he certainly has—it is not because he is himself a man of *taste*, in the conventional meaning of that term. In this respect, indeed, the preacher is said to be improved and improving. But the distance between his manner, and all our long-cherished notions about clerical propriety, and the becoming in the pulpit, must be admitted to be very great. Certainly, if people of taste are found about him, it is not because he is always careful not to offend in that form. Latimer, indeed, dealt much in the homespun, both in language and in allusion. But the preacher in that case was known to be a scholar, abreast with all the learning and subtle speculation proper to his profession. Edward Irving, too, was a man of high general taste and knowledge, and supposed, on that ground, that he had a special mission to the educated, the literary, and the upper classes. But in the case of Mr. Spurgeon, the worship rendered him seems to bear a strong resemblance to that paid by the ancients to some of the rudest images of their gods: the sculpture was barbarous, all Greek taste might have been shocked by it, only it had its traditions, and it was as old as the piety of simpler and better times, and it had some day fallen down from heaven.

Much has been said about Mr. Spurgeon's *voice*, as though the secret of his power lay in a great measure there. He can preach loud, and to say that, it is thought, is to say a great deal. It is, in fact, to say nothing. The question is not about a man who has voice enough to make 10,000 people *hear*, but about a man who has attraction enough to bring 10,000 people *together to listen*. Does every man who can speak so as to make a large congregation hear, get a large congregation to hear him? But what we mean to say concerning Mr. Spurgeon's voice is, that while it is good in some respects, it is far from being the voice we should have

expected in so successful a public speaker. It takes a clear, sound, bell-like ring along with it, but it has no rich tones either of loftiness or tenderness. In these respects, the voice of Whitefield must have been immeasurably superior. In point of compass and richness the voice of Mr. Spurgeon is not to be mentioned in comparison with that of Mr. James, of Birmingham, or with that of Dr. Raffles; and to compare his power in this way with that of the late agitator, O'Connell, would indeed be to compare small things with great. The voice which fills the Music Hall at the Surrey Gardens so equally, is successful to that extent from its very defects. It is a comparatively level voice. Its great attributes are distinctness and force. Were it to soar at times with the grand, and to descend at times with the pathetic, as the voice of an orator of the highest order would be sure to do, the hearing would not be so uniform as at present. In short, while Mr. Spurgeon has made the pulpit more attractive than any living man, he has so done by means of a voice which can scarcely be called oratorical.

The problem of Mr. Spurgeon's popularity, therefore, is still to be solved. Every thing in his origin, and in his ecclesiastical connection, seemed to be opposed to it. His presence could do nothing in his favor—it was, in fact against him. No one can attribute his success to his culture, or to any unusual grasp of thought, or more than very partially to his voice. What is it, then, that has given him this power?

The first secret of his success, we think, will be found in his *elocution*. It is wanting in the qualities above mentioned. But it is singularly natural. There is not a trace of *pulpitism* in it. The speaker might be a chartist leader, addressing a multitude on Kennington Common, so complete is the absence of every thing from his tone and manner that might have reminded you of church or chapel. The style of the preacher is for the most part purely colloquial. It is one man talking to another. Even when his enunciations become the most impassioned they are still natural. Rare, very rare, is such an elocution among preachers. Once upon a time, an elderly Scotchwoman gave her grandson the newspaper to read, telling him to read it aloud. The only reading aloud the boy had been much in the way of hearing was at the parish kirk,

and he began to read in the exact tone in which he had so often heard the minister read. The good lady was shocked at the boy's profanity, and giving him a box in the ear, exclaimed: "What! dost thou read the newspaper with the Bible *twang*?" Oh! that Bible twang; surely the arch-enemy must have invented it as the thing wherewith to thin off the number of church-goers, or to send those to sleep who go. Would, however, that this mistake between *saying* a thing and *singing* it were unknown south of the Tweed. Nonconformists and Episcopalians among us are largely infected by it. The extemporaneous mode of preaching so general among Nonconformists, is much more favorable to a natural manner than the reading of sermons, so common among churchmen. Many Nonconformists, however, have much to unlearn in this respect, before they can hope to become agreeable public instructors; and with regard to many of our clergy, from the ever-recurring notes with which they begin and close their sentences, one is tempted to think they must have been influenced in this respect by their long familiarity with Latin hexameters. Certainly, we get the same key-note at the beginning of the sentence, the same monotonous level through the middle, be the middle long or short, and the never-failing dactyl and spondee at the end. Is it any marvel if what is so perfunctory and artificial in its tone, should be deemed perfunctory and artificial altogether? Mr. Spurgeon's complete exemption from mannerism of this sort has more to do than many people suspect with the success which has marked his career.

The *style* of the preacher is another element bearing a conspicuous relation to his success. His language is for the most part good idiomatic Saxon. He speaks to the people, not in the language of books, but in their own language. He gives them many a short treatise on divinity, but it is not a treatise for the press, it is simply so much *talk* about the matter. His diction, and his whole manner of setting forth thought, are more from the market-place than from the cloister. No man or woman can fail to understand him. It is one of themselves gifted enough to teach them. In this there is so much of nature, especially when compared with the dull platitudes and elaborate obscurities with which these good people have been long familiar elsewhere, that the pleasure

they feel under this new dispensation of things is surely not difficult to comprehend.

Another, and a no less obvious source of the preacher's success lies in his *pictorialness*. Nearly all his lessons become pictures. Calvinist as he is, he is not much disposed to look on religion in its abstractions. He must see it as it is in the living men and women about him. As so seen, his descriptions of it become, in the manner of Hogarth, and often perhaps unconsciously to himself, a series of dramas. The pious mother and her sinning child; the distressed believer, and his great enemy laying snares for his soul, come before you as living realities. Or, it may be, that a principle is taken up, and then, to give it vividness, and to insure that it shall be remembered, some historical analogy is introduced. "Some of you," says the preacher, "would like to have grace in reserve, to lay up, as people place money in the bank or the funds, to call out upon occasion. But God does not deal with you that way. He knows you too well to do that. He knows how ready you are to forget him now, how much worse it would be then. He promises grace as you want it—according to your *need*. Be thankful for that. Seek grace as you want it, and use it as you have it—that is all God expects of you. Be like that patriotic Greek, who with his little band of followers had to check the great army of the Persians. He knew that to go down into the plain and to expose himself there to all his enemies at once would be speedy destruction. He therefore took his stand in the narrow mountain pass, and encountered his foes as they came up one by one. So be it with you. Keep to the narrow pass of to-day. Face your troubles one by one as they arise. Don't commit yourself to the open plain of to-morrow. You are not equal to that. God does not require you to do that." We felt, as we listened to this language, that the man who could paint like that might well be popular.

We must not forget to state that much should be attributed to the freshness and earnestness of *feeling* with which the preacher commends his message to the reception of his hearers. Mr. Spurgeon is a believer. His mind is fully made up as to what it is to believe like a Christian, and to feel and act like a Christian. In his language the case is so and so. It is



no otherwise, it can be no otherwise. God is God, let the atheist say what he will. God is never away from his own world—he is always in it, and ruling it. Some men may teach otherwise, but such teachings are a lie—a monstrous lie. Those who do battle for God's truth in God's world are never alone. They are always surrounded by chariots of fire and horsemen of fire. The age of miracles has passed, but the age of the supernatural has not passed. The Gospel comes from the supernatural. It is supernatural. It does its appointed work only by the presence of the supernatural. The world is not fatherless, the Church is not deserted—never has been, never shall be.

The directness, emphasis, and heartiness with which Mr. Spurgeon gives utterance to his belief in such truth stands in edifying contrast with the dull, conventional, make-believe droning to which we have often to listen on such topics. Conviction is parent to conviction—feeling is parent to feeling. As it is with a speaker in these respects, so will it be to a large extent with his auditory.

In mentioning the *doctrine* of Mr. Spurgeon as one source of his popularity, we are aware that we need to speak with some discrimination and caution. His frequent boast is that he is a Calvinist. We doubt much, however, if he really knows what Calvinism is. The Antinomians about him, to whom he often applies the lash with no sparing hand, are really better logicians, and more consistent than himself. His doctrine concerning the moral state of man is frightfully bald, and, carried out, would be frightfully mischievous. But the heart of the preacher comes in as a corrective of his head. The practical side of his theology does much towards neutralizing its speculative side. There is profound truth in the great substance of his teaching. All the qualities we have mentioned as tending to account for his popularity, would have failed to realize any such result had not his message, as embracing the great catholic truths of the Gospel, the incarnation, the atonement, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, been in fact the one message which reaches to the deep spiritual want of man. Man may well sigh for deliverance from his present evils—for the intelligent and spiritual perfection of his nature. In Mr. Spurgeon's preaching there is the ceaseless proclamation of this

deliverance—the ceaseless promise of this perfection. We feel bound to think that the elocution, the style, the pictorialness, and the earnestness of Charles Spurgeon, would all have been a comparatively unattractive affair on any other theme than this. And if so, what a significant fact is this? What must that Gospel be, which after the lapse of eighteen centuries, is found to be thus potent in such hands? What must that human nature be, to which these hopeful and elevating influences are as precious on the banks of the Thames now, as they were to the spirits of multitudes in Jerusalem and Antioch, in Ephesus and Corinth, nearly two thousand years ago? Wonderful are the questions involved, and the issues presented, in these popular Sunday teachings—yet the people, all grades and complexions of people, seem to feel that with such matters it behoves them to have seriously to do.

We believe ourselves that, to explain the fact presented in the Sunday meetings at the Surrey Gardens, we must go beyond the personal as found in the preacher, beyond the scheme of truth which he propounds, and beyond the nature to which he propounds it—that we must rest in nothing short of the divine Hand itself. The All-wise has often worked by instruments, and in ways which would seem to have been chosen for the purpose of making a mock of the world's wisdom. He did so when he founded Christianity—he may do much like it again.

Certainly, a choice rebuke has been administered to a course of speculation which has become somewhat rife among us of late, especially among parties who account themselves as belonging to the far-seeing of their generation. It has come to be very much in fashion with some persons to speak of all things connected with religion as beset with great difficulty and mystery. On all such questions, we are told, there must be two sides, and the negative side, it is said, is generally much more formidable than is commonly imagined. It is assumed, accordingly, that to be in a state of some hesitancy and doubt is the sign of intelligence, while to be positive, very sure about any thing, is the sign of a vulgar and shallow mind. Our people are said to be familiar with phrases about the doctrines of the Gospel, but with little more. They may become bigots in their conceit on such subjects, and

know nothing. Educated men now must not be expected to be content with phrases, or with assertions. The preacher in consequence, owes it to himself to deal with matters much otherwise than formerly. To insist on the authority of Scripture now as in past times, it is said, would be vain. To set forth the doctrines of the Gospel now as formerly would be wasted labor. The preacher must be more considerate, more candid, more forbearing. He must acquit himself with more intelligence, more independence, and in a more philosophical spirit, presenting his topics on broader and more general grounds. In other words, the old mode of presenting what is called the old truth has had its day. Whitefield himself, were he to come back again, would produce little impression on our generation.

But here comes a man—no Whitefield in voice, in presence, in dignity, or genius, who, nevertheless, as with one stroke of his hand, sweeps away all this sickly sentimentalism, this craven misbelief. It is all to him as so much of the merest gossamer-web that could have crossed his path. He not only gives forth the old doctrine of St. Paul, in all the strength of Paul's language, but with exaggerations of his own, such as Paul would have been forward to disavow. This man knows no-

thing of doubt as to whence the Gospel is, what it is, or wherefore it has its place among us. On all such subjects his mind is that of a made-up man. In place of suspecting that the old accredited doctrines of the Gospel have pretty well done their work, he expects good from nothing else, and all that he clusters about them is for the sake of them. The philosophical precision, the literary refinements, the nice discriminations between what we may know of a doctrine and what we may not, leaving us in the end perhaps scarcely any thing to know about it—all this, which according to some is so much needed by the age, is Mr. Spurgeon's utter scorn. He is the direct, dogmatic enunciator of the old Pauline truth, without the slightest attempt to soften its outline, its substance, or its results—and what has followed? Truly Providence would seem once more to have made foolish the wisdom of this world. While the gentlemen who know so well how people ought to preach, are left to exemplify their profound lessons before empty benches and in obscure corners, the young man at the Surrey Gardens can point to his 9000 auditors and ask—Who, with such a sight before him, dares despair of making the Gospel, the good old Gospel, a power in the great heart of humanity?

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From Chambers's Journal.

## CATHERINE OF WÜRTENBERG.

AN act of graceful homage has recently been paid to the memory of Catherine of Würtemberg, the second wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and the mother of Prince Napoleon, who has of late attracted so much attention in the European world. The heart of the ex-queen of Westphalia, inclosed in an urn, has been deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at the Invalides. It is, as has been well observed in the *Times*, "the heart of a noble woman, of one whom no entreaties of her father, the king of Wür-

temberg, could induce to abandon her husband in his days of adversity, and who clung to him in evil report and good report to the hour of her death." The circumstances of her life are so full of deep and touching interest, that we trust our readers will not unwillingly follow us in some passages of her changeful and eventful career.

At the commencement of the present century, the ancient palace of Stuttgart was the peaceful and happy abode of the ducal family of Würtemberg, whose posi-

tion, although high enough to secure for them the homage and respect which is due to the princely houses of Europe, yet seemed not lofty enough to expose them to the political dangers so often entailed on the more elevated and ambitious potentates of Christendom. The great social revolution, however, which had shaken continental Europe to its very foundations, came to disturb the tranquil happiness of the Würtemberg family. Napoleon the Great, now seated firmly upon the imperial throne of France, resolved that a crown should also encircle each of his brothers' brows. The throne of Holland had been bestowed upon Lucien Bonaparte; Joseph was the King of Spain; and a new kingdom—that of Westphalia—was about to be formed for Jerome. There was, however, one serious obstacle in the way of this latter arrangement: Jerome had, in defiance of his brother's wishes, wedded himself to an American lady, who had recently presented him with a son. Napoleon was seriously displeased at this union, and refused to acknowledge its validity. Jerome, warmly attached to his wife, came over to Europe, and throwing himself at the Emperor's feet, besought his pardon, and earnestly entreated him to receive his spouse as a member of the imperial family. This request was made at an untoward moment; for Jerome's interview with the Emperor took place at Milan, in 1805, just after he had grasped the iron crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, bearing this proud yet beautiful device:

“Dio me la diede;  
Quai che la tocca.”

It was at this proud moment of his life that Jerome asked him to receive a plebeian sister from republican America! The request was indignantly refused. Jerome shed tears of passionate affection as he embraced his wife's portrait, and swore never to give her up for any paltry consideration of earthly grandeur. He, however, lacked the firmness and resolution by which the Bonaparte family were so eminently characterized; and when the temptation of a kingdom, with its power and its pomps, was held out to his dazzled vision, he gradually became less vehement in his denials, and finally yielded to the will of his imperious brother. His wife was abandoned, his offspring disowned,

and Jerome stood alone, a weak and guilty man, ready to sacrifice honor, affection, and duty upon the base altar of earthly ambition.

And now, who is to be his partner upon the newly erected throne of Westphalia?

Napoleon turned his glance towards Würtemberg, which had recently been raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and whose sovereign was now degraded into a satellite of imperial France. The princess-royal had just completed her twentieth year. Fair in person, and amiable in disposition, this youthful princess possessed, nevertheless, far more firmness than her royal parent, and she resolutely expressed her aversion to the proposed alliance, regarding Napoleon as the direst foe of her native Germany; while at the same time she felt her maiden dignity deeply offended at the thought of being espoused to a man who, in her estimation, was already married to another. Vain, however, were all her remonstrances. She was compelled to bow beneath the iron will of Napoleon the Great, with whom her father was at this time closely allied; and before many months had elapsed, she found herself wedded by proxy to Jerome, King of Westphalia, and had entered the confines of France as the acknowledged sister of its imperial ruler. She was obliged, in compliance with court etiquette, to part on the frontiers with all her German attendants, and to advance alone in a foreign country, surrounded, indeed, by a brilliant retinue, but with no familiar face to meet her saddened gaze, no sweet sound of home voices to soothe the bitter feelings of her heart. With the characteristic firmness of her disposition, however, she gathered up all her courage to meet the trying circumstances of her lot, and seemed resolved that no tell-tale glance should betray the hidden conflict of her heart. As she drew near to Paris, the whole current of her being seemed to be changed; the usual kindness of her manner became petrified into a proud and frigid bearing; and while she was studiously courteous to her attendants, her evident constraint gave a disagreeable expression to her countenance.

It was on the 20th of August, 1807, at an early hour of the day, she found herself almost in sight of Paris; but it being Napoleon's pleasure that she should not enter his capital until evening, she

was conducted by his order to Rainey—a charming country residence, once the abode of royalty, but now the possession of Junot, Duc d'Abrantes, whose wife was commanded to receive the princess with all the honor due to her elevated rank. The duchess received her *en demi toilette de cour* on the grand *peristyle* of the château, and conducted her to her own apartments, where a repast of the most costly description was prepared for her refreshment. She courteously insisted on Madame d'Abrantes and her friends partaking with her of breakfast; and the animation with which she talked might have bespoken a mind contented with its lot, but that the rapid changes in her countenance revealed only too clearly the inward conflict of her heart. At one moment, her features were suffused with the deepest crimson, and at another they became livid with a deadly pallor.

The afternoon was filled up with a drive through the Forest of Bondy, during which the princess still exerted herself to appear pleased with the efforts made for her amusement. Next came the grand affair of her toilet, which seemed to Madame d'Abrantes a matter of the utmost importance at this critical moment of the princess's life. She anxiously awaited her appearance in the saloon before dinner. What was her dismay on beholding the royal bride enter the apartment clad in a style of old-fashioned magnificence that might have suited her grandmother, but which was ill-befitting the court of the Tuileries in 1807. The material was a bluish moire—at that time quite out of date—cut out into a scanty narrow *frock* with a short round *queue*, exactly resembling a beaver's tail; the sleeves very narrow and very flat, looking as if her arms had been squeezed into them; and then the shoes pointed, as if they had been made some centuries ago. Around her neck hung two rows of pearls, from whence was suspended a miniature of Jerome, so clumsily set that it swung about at each movement of the wearer. In spite of this antique costume, the appearance of the princess was pleasing and attractive. She is described to us as "of a fair and fresh complexion; her beautiful light hair and blue eyes harmonizing well with the graceful and dignified turn of her head, and she entered the apartment with as much princely self-possession as if she had been attired under the direction

of the imperial *coiffeur* and *modiste*—personages of such importance as to be remembered even now under the names of Charbonnier and Leroy." Before dinner was announced, Catherine's agitation became so evident to her hostess, that the latter ventured to inquire whether aught had occurred to disturb her royal highness. Catherine, in reply, expressed her wish to be informed a few moments before Jerome's arrival, so that she might be prepared to meet him. This was promised; and while the princess thanked Madame d'Abrantes for her kind readiness to oblige her, "the burning blushes on her cheek revealed no pleasing emotion, but the passionate pain of an indignant woman's heart."

"The dinner," Madame d'Abrantes writes, "was dull, and even mournful. The princess was restless and agitated. Having asked her twice which she would prefer, taking coffee and ice in the park, or in the grand saloon, she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and looking at me as if she scarcely understood the purport of my question, replied: 'Just as you please.'

"We quitted table at half-past six, and feeling anxious to satisfy the princess's wishes, I went to inquire whether there was any symptom of Jerome's approach. Just at this moment, a cloud of dust became visible on the road from Paris, and several carriages were seen to enter the poplar avenue. I hastened to inform the princess that in a few minutes the Prince would make his appearance. With a faint attempt to smile, she thanked me for my kindness; but her appearance really alarmed me; for in a moment her whole countenance became of a deep purple hue, which was immediately succeeded by the cold blanched color of death. She seemed, however, to summon all her resolution, and, rising from her seat, advanced with one of her ladies-in-waiting to the grand saloon, to await the Prince's arrival. This apartment communicates at either end with the music-saloon and billiard-room, from both of which it is separated only by pillars, so that we who were assembled in the billiard-room could see all that passed in the central saloon.

"Catherine of Würtemberg seated herself near the chimney, having by her side an arm-chair, intended for the Prince. The door of the music-saloon opened, and Jerome entered, followed by the officers



of his household, who remained in the outer chamber, while the Prince advanced alone into the saloon where Catherine awaited him. She rose up, advanced a step or two towards him, and saluted him with much grace and dignity. As for Jerome, his aspect was that of a boor, who looked as if he had come there because he was ordered to do so. He approached the Princess with an air of *brusquerie* and *malaise*. After a few words had been exchanged between them, she pointed to the chair near her; and a brief conversation ensued about her journey. Before long, Jerome rose up, and, in the tone and style of a *bourgeois*, said to her: 'My brother is expecting us. I do not wish to delay the pleasure he will have in welcoming you as his sister.' The Princess smiled and bowed acquiescence; but scarcely had Jerome withdrawn from her presence, when she fainted away. We carried her to the open window, and bathed her temples with Eau de Cologne. In a few moments, she recovered herself, and attributed her indisposition to the excessive heat of the weather; but I understood only too well the bitter conflict of womanly feeling and of royal pride which was raging in poor Catherine's breast, not to guess at the true cause of her indisposition."

When Madame Junot announced to the Princess that her equipage was ready, she rose up, and, gracefully thanking her for her kind hospitality, said that she was ready to depart.

What were the desolate feelings of poor Catherine's heart during this twilight drive from Rainey to Paris, no human being knew, nor what were her miserable anticipations of the future that lay before her. On her arrival at the Tuileries, she found the whole imperial family assembled to receive her. The Emperor advanced as far as the grand staircase to bid her welcome. She attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but he hastened to raise her up, and after embracing her, conducted her into the saloon of the throne, where he presented her to his assembled family as their sister and daughter. She was immediately surrounded, caressed, and treated from that moment as a sister of the Emperor.

Such were the opening scenes in the wedded life of Catherine of Wurtemberg. Need it be added that her after-path was one beset with thorns rather than strewed

with flowers? Forced to bestow her hand upon a man from whom she instinctively shrank, as being in her opinion already espoused to another, the unhappy Queen of Westphalia had not even the poor satisfaction of being treated with respect by her royal husband. Many were the humiliations which she suffered at the court of Cassel, and she bore them all in silence. Faithfully did she strive to fulfill the onerous duties of her position, and never was a single murmur suffered to escape her lips. The only happy moments of her crowned life were those in which she clasped her infants to her arms, although, perhaps, the name of Napoleon, which had been bestowed upon her son, often brought a pang to her heart, as reminding her of him through whose insatiable ambition a hopeless blight had fallen upon her opening life.

Time passed on. The eventful years of 1814-15 elapsed. Napoleon had fallen, and those modern dynasties, which had flourished in the sunshine of his power, were withering away beneath the shadow of "the Holy Alliance." The Queen of Westphalia had taken refuge, with her children, beneath her father's roof. Jerome had joined his brother Napoleon in Paris on his return from Elba, and had carried with him thither all the baubles of royalty in the hope that, at no distant day, he might once more appear in public with these insignia of power. In this expectation, however, he was quickly disappointed, and, on the evacuation of Paris, he retired with the army beyond the Loire. His situation being now a very precarious one, he gladly accepted a refuge in the Château of Douy, where, under the assumed name of Garnier, he was hospitably entertained by M. Ouvrard, the eminent financier. Owing to the frequent presence of military men who were quartered in the château, Jerome was obliged to remain secluded in his own apartments. One day, in a moment of ennui, the ex-monarch opened a trunk, took out his royal robes of state, together with the many brilliant orders which had been bestowed upon him in his happier days, and clothed himself in all the magnificence of royalty. Just as his splendid toilet was completed, the door of his apartment opened, and M. Ouvrard entered. The discreet financier was astonished at such an act of imprudence on the part of his guest, and fearing that a

repetition of his folly might betray his secret to the whole household, and thus involve the family in political danger, he counseled Jerome no longer to delay his escape out of France. On the following morning, before daylight, the deposed king was on his way to the eastern frontier, whence he hastened to Stuttgart, and, entering in secret his father-in-law's palace, besought his wife to procure for him a welcome in the home of her childhood and her youth. The Princess, mindful only of her husband's forlorn position, welcomed him heartily to her apartments. The news of his arrival, however, quickly reached the ears of the King of Würtemberg, whose political position made him shrink from communication with any of the Bonaparte family. On the following morning, therefore, he signified his pleasure to the ex-queen that her husband must forthwith quit his palace, as he could not harbor beneath his roof one of a proscribed and outlawed family, pointing out to her at the same time the example of Maria Louisa, who had consented to a separation from her husband. He also expressed his desire for an interview with his daughter, that she might learn his wishes more emphatically from his own royal lips. The princess royal immediately addressed to her parent a reply, which merits a place in the annals of all those nations where women are counted worthy of honor as well as of love. It was in the following terms:

"SIRE: Your majesty has summoned me this morning to your presence. For the first time in my life, I have denied myself the pleasure of obeying your commands. Knowing the subject of the interview, and fearing that my mind was not sufficiently collected to speak of it, I venture here to unfold the motives of my conduct, and to make an appeal to your parental affection. Your majesty has been rightly informed; yes, sire, Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband, and the father of my children, is with me. I received him from your hands at a time when his family reigned supreme over many kingdoms, and when his own brow was encircled with a crown. The bonds imposed at first by policy have since then been strengthened and confirmed by the feelings of my own heart; and he is far dearer to me now, in the hour of his adversity, than ever he was in the time of power and prosperity. Marriage and na-

ture impose duties which can not be affected by the vicissitudes of fortune. I know these important duties, and I desire to fulfill them. I was once a queen, and I am still a wife and mother. Although raised by fortune above other men, we are often only the more to be pitied. A will at variance with our own may influence our destiny, but there its power ceases, for it can by no means affect the obligations which Divine Providence has imposed upon us. The husband who was given to me by God and by yourself, the child whom I have borne in my bosom—these are now a part of my very existence. With this husband, I shared a throne; with him, will I share exile and misfortune. Violence alone can separate me from him. But O my father, my sovereign! I know your heart—your justice and the rectitude of your principles; I know what those principles have ever been on the subject of domestic duties. I do not ask your majesty, out of affection towards me, to make any change in the line of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determination of the most mighty sovereigns of Europe; I only crave your permission that my husband and I may remain near your person. But O my father, my sovereign! if this boon is denied us, let us at least be assured of your favor and kindness before we set out for a strange land. Without some proof of your paternal love, I can scarcely find courage to appear in your presence. If we must depart at once, let us bear with us at least the assurance of your affection as well as the hope of your protection in happier times. Our misfortunes will surely one day have an end. Europe will not always command our humiliation; it will not always delight in degrading princes who have been recognized by former treaties, and who are allied to the most ancient and most illustrious houses in Europe. Is not their blood mingled with our own? Pardon me, my father and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself, and deign to let me know that this letter has not been received with displeasure. Believe me, etc.,

"CATHERINE."

This touching and noble appeal could scarcely fail to melt the heart of a father; but political motives were at that critical period far more powerful in the breasts of monarchs than the gentler voice of domes-

tic affection. The Princess of Würtemberg, together with her husband and son, were obliged to quit that Fatherland to which she was so tenderly attached. They took refuge in the Papal States, where they lived for many years under the name of the Duke and Duchess of Montfort. They chose a country habitation named Cassino Azzolino, near the river Trento, which forms a limit between the Roman and Neapolitan States. Even here, however, they could not escape the humiliations which were at this time the portion of the Bonaparte family. They were prohibited by the king of Naples from entering his dominions, and so rigidly were his commands enforced, that the Countess Conurata, a niece of Jerome's, having ventured one day, in a girlish freak, to cross the Fiume Trento for the sake of enjoying a ride in the Neapolitan territories, she narrowly escaped being seized by the Neapolitan soldiers, who were placed there to guard the bridge. The young and ardent Countess was exceedingly indignant at this curtailment of her liberty.

"*Napoleon's* niece," exclaimed she, dwelling emphatically upon this word—"Napoleon's niece is not made to have

her walks dictated to her; she is not the vassal of any sovereign!"

The Duke and Duchess of Montfort had all the difficulty in the world to calm her anger, and to prove to her the necessity of submitting to the ungenerous restriction imposed by the King of Naples. As for Catherine of Würtemberg, she pursued the even tenor of her way, treading in the same path of duty and affection until death closed the earthly portion of her existence. We know not what were her father's feelings on hearing that she had died in the land of her exile. But whatever they were, the memory of Catherine of Würtemberg is still fresh in many hearts; and although she did not live to witness the realization of the hope expressed in her letter, yet to her children has it been given to enjoy the blessing of restoration to their country, and also to share in those imperial honors which have once again become the portion of Napoleon's family. Perhaps we need scarcely add, that Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde are the sole descendants of this noble-minded woman. No higher honor could be sought for or desired than to be the children of such a mother.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## MATTER OF FACT AND MATTER OF FICTION.

IF I announce myself as a matter-of-fact person, I by no means wish to imply that I am one of the dry, feelingless individuals that your practical people always are—in novels. No: I simply mean to say that I am a being of this real work-a-day world of facts, and not of fiction; and I wish humbly and seriously to inquire why it is that these words are so different and distinct each from each, that it is almost a matter of course that whoso belongs to the one can not belong to the other? Why is it that in this year of grace, 1857, the large majority of our imaginative writers are in the habit of holding such a very cracked mirror, made of such very bad glass, up to poor Nature,

that we can only get a distorted, or at best a partial view of her dear old face?

Why is it? I say again. Why is it that plays, poems, and especially novels, those final *bêtes noires* of careful mothers and sober governesses, for the most part, even when admirable in other respects, deal with people and events so confessedly alien from the ordinary course of things, that, "like a man in a play" is our instinctive epithet for a man who looks or behaves unnaturally, stiltedly, affectedly; and, "like an incident in a novel," is the phrase by which we distinguish something very unlike an incident of everyday life?

I am prepared to admit that we seem

to be growing more sensible of these incongruities, and that the life of fiction is becoming more natural than it has been; but this is saying little. Human sense could not be supposed to stand out long against such fierce outrages as have been made upon it, by divers novelists now almost forgotten. The young lady, clad in a simple robe of white muslin, who thought nothing of leaving her home so accustomed amid the most terrific convulsions of the elements, and who, finding a haven in some remote cottage, or haply in the miserable garret of a London by-street, invariably found her harp transported thither before her, to the accompaniment of which instrument she immediately proceeded to pour forth her woes in song—this class of damsel has, we believe, entirely departed from three-volume life.

With her has disappeared the interesting young nobleman, tall, dark, and with a forehead of purest ivory, whose ordinary costume consisted of a large cloak, and a hat pulled over his brows, and whose conversation abounded in such colloquialisms as, "Hear me, Amanda!" "By yonder azure vault I swear," "Would'st thou, then, base traitor?" etc., etc.

The filial relations of novel-writers may also be supposed to have grown happier of late, if we are to believe that their former illustrations were drawn from personal experience. When was the first father introduced into a story who was not a harsh and inexorable tyrant, deaf to sighs and entreaties, blind to tears and the evidently failing health of his offspring, (even when the blue veins streaked the lily skin, and the form was so fragile that a south breeze might be expected to waft it away,) and only bent on uniting his daughter to the gentleman whose estate joined his own, or to the son of his friend to whom he had betrothed her while yet in her cradle; or to the man (the villain of the history, with black hair and moustache, deep-set eyes, a powerful frame, and a propensity for eaves-dropping and pocket pistols,) to whom he has lost all his property, at piquet or *rouge et noir*?

And talking of villains, what has become of that personage who really had arrived at a sort of respectability from the mere fact of age and long use—the stage villain, the melo-dramatic ruffian,

with a rolling voice and eyes to match, who was always flinging the end of his mantle over his shoulder, and who wore a large-brimmed, low-crowned hat, with a feather in it—who never took an evening walk without the accompanying attention of thunder and heavy rain from the orchestra—who would stamp away, with a lady hanging fainting on his arm, a pistol in each hand, and a dagger between his teeth; and who sometimes disappeared at the end of the piece, down a trap, with red fire issuing from beneath, in the most literal and orthodox manner?

Well, these are of the past, and the credulity of readers and audiences is not taxed after this fashion now-a-days. Still there remain plenty of incongruities to assimilate, many improbabilities to correct, before our fictitious literature (as a school, always allowing for one or two noble exceptions) can be held as really valuable, not only as an elevating moral influence, but as a picture of character and manners, proper to the time they profess to describe.

For instance, in novels, the chief end and aim of existence is, of course, love. Nothing else is thought of, nothing else is lived for, by all men and women under thirty, in three-volume life. That respectable age, indeed, if we allow ourselves the latitude prescribed by a certain recent class of fiction, will not serve as the limit beyond which passionate and engrossing devotion—a life-long ardor, and so forth, may not be expected, as a matter of course. In novels, your lovers of middle age, with slightly grayed hair, and a spirit worn by encounter with the world, are the most desperate, unreasoning, and unreasonable of all. Experience, the cares of life, and the loss of youth, appear to have been unavailing to quench their fire, assuage their anguish, or teach them a soberer philosophy than the "Without *thee*" (meaning Amanda) "life is a blank"—that absolute creed of all novel-dom, not to subscribe to which, is to be out of the pale of sentimental orthodoxy. And these lovers, both youthful and elderly, proceed to comport themselves after a most striking and peculiar fashion, in evidence of their fine feelings and unusual circumstances. Most of his time, the three-volume lover, especially the middle-aged one, is under the influence of strong passion, suppressed emotion, stony



calm, or resigned dejection. Does he put on his hat, he tightens his lip, bends his heavy brows, gives a flashing glance around him, strides forth wearing a mocking mask of cheerfulness for the world, but with a heart full of anguish, doubt, anxiety, jealousy, as the case may be—all for and on account of the aforesaid Amanda. Alack! that Spartan boy of old time has much to answer for! He was the undoubted origin of what may be termed the compressed-lip style of hero—from which we have hardly known peace of late years. Why didn't he cry out, and have done with it, and so permitted Messrs. Montgomery & Co., when suffering from headache or outraged confidence, to cry out too, instead of going wandering about with bent brows, galvanic smiles, and luridly sparkling eyes—such being the sort of aspect which the world of fiction appears to consider most natural and unremarkable in its citizens? Again, don't we all know the heroic lady of the same genus distinguished for drawing herself up to her full height, throwing back her head with a haughty gesture, flashing an instantaneous glance of anger, tenderness, or astonishment, and then relapsing into her ordinary manner and bearing, which we should think must reflect credit on the professor of calisthenics who was privileged to train her deportment in early youth? Yes, we are familiar with that dignified maiden who rarely condescends to show any feeling except to the omniscient eye of the narrator, who constantly perceives beneath that quiet aspect, that marble calm, or majestic indifference, (take your choice of phrase, ladies and gentlemen—they are all excellent, have seen service, and are warranted to wear well,) the most turbulent emotion seething furiously, a frenzy of anguish, all the more poignant that it is voiceless, or the disturbance of a spirit well-nigh lashed to madness!

But to return to our heroes; we are aware how invariably and entirely love enters into all the details of these gentlemen's lives. They take it with them not only to such poetical localities as the study, the camp, the secluded home; but to the stock exchange, the bank, and the various courts of law. Not only does it nerve the warrior's arm in the deadly fight, causing him to slay unheard-of numbers with that right hand which his

Amanda's touch has rendered sacred; not only does it inspire the poet with sonnets, and the painter with wonderful artistic conceptions, which when exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy cause professors and connoisseurs to go into raptures, and some eminent patron of art to purchase for vast sums; not only this, but the same absorbing sentiment makes the barrister's speech bristle with eloquence, and his arguments in the cause of Kiggins *versus* Kellogg (the great trespass case) to come home to the hearts of the jurymen and crown his client with success; while the commercial man pursues his speculations, trudges away in the city, and is shrewd, prudent, and money-making—all for love.

Now, without wishing to depreciate that excellent article, Man, I humbly contend that this version of him and his characteristics is, in one sense, as much above his deserts as in every other it is below them. Ordinary man is neither so little nor so great as novelists would have us believe. Ordinary man is not in the habit of striding about the world, clenching his hands and grinding his teeth, with dishevelled hair, and a soul torn by contending emotions, because Amanda has refused him, or been cross to him, or kind to somebody else, or has a cold, or any other mischance has occurred that fictitious flesh is heir to. That microcosm, the masculine *ego*, holds too much, for one idea, even the dearest, to be able to engross it so solely, and entirely, and continuously. Moreover, ordinary man is not so invariably apt at conceiving that unselfish devotion—earnest, persevering, and self-sacrificing, which is the usual style with which he loves—in three volumes.

Probably this misconception, and the undue elevation of the masculine ideal in this respect, arises from the predominance of female writers of fiction, who, in describing man under these circumstances, involuntarily delineate themselves. But it will not do—the substitution will be detected. The nature of the best man that ever lived would, I believe, be found inferior to that of woman in this one particular. Devotion, tenderness, so absorbing and self-forgetting, is not the breath of life to a man, (though he may love truly and well, after his manner,) as it is to a genuine woman. The sons of Adam may think best, work best, write best, and rea-

son best; but the daughters of Eve will always be insomuch nearer the divine ideal as to *love* best.

Then most men at least have to do with the actual and tangible difficulties of life; their thoughts are busy about such mundane interests as their advancement in their several vocations, their success among their brethren, and the like matters, which however unromantic and unworthy a hero of a novel, are neither unnecessary nor degrading, when not all-absorbing, to a flesh-and-blood man of this busy, working world. They have not even the *time* to be continually feeling desperately, deeply, and intensely those sentimental grievances that form the staple of manly trials in three-volume life. Their heads are too well filled and too well cultivated, for their hearts to endanger them so liberally. So much for ordinary man. But even when you take the exceptional man from this real life, and compare him with his prototype in three volumes, you find almost as marked a difference. The gentleman who sits beside you at dinner is possibly one of this class, with more depth of feeling, more earnestness of soul, a more sensitive and impassioned nature, than falls to the lot of ninety-nine hundredths of his brethren. His circumstances may also be propitious to the manufacture of a hero; and he may have opportunities of showing himself a faithful lover, a self-sacrificing friend, a brave struggler with difficulties. But this man, of all others, is the very last to behave in the way that is appropriate to a novel and imposing on paper; and in the first place, his looks, be assured, will not answer to popular predilections. He will probably be an undersized man; or, if he be tall, is almost certain not to be possessed of that "graceful and dignified bearing," which it is only easy to bestow on a post-octavo wearer of broadcloth. Possibly his features will neither be noble and refined, nor massive and grim, but just ordinary intelligent features, lit up not by wonderful dark eyes nor soul-piercing gray ones, but by that light of frankness and kindliness which is reserved for subordinate characters in three-volume life. In fact, though I would by no means wish to insinuate that a handsome or athletic man *can not* be a heroic one, it is certain that nature, unlike novelists, has a loving yearning after the theory of compensations, and dearly

likes to set a noble soul in a physical frame of little external significance. Apollo and Antinous, she doubtless concludes, are sufficiently well dowered by the mere casket, and there is no need of a superlatively shining jewel within.

Howbeit—and whether beautiful or not, broad-chested or slender and straight, given your real-world hero, and see how he conducts himself. Watch him, and try to detect the occasions on which he strides forth into the night—bares his heated brows to the cool, caressing breeze—shakes in every limb as he makes some indifferent remark to Amanda—or bites his lip in suppressed anguish till the blood flows freely. See if he wastes his life by "immolating it upon the altar of one black and bitter memory"—or renders himself unfit for general society by his absorbing desire for the special companionship of the fair girl, or majestic woman on whom he has set his affections. No—he does none of these things. A true man, in love or out of it, is manly, straight, forward, sincere. He is neither theatrical nor "effective" in his bearing—he has no idea of dramatic fitness, or picturesqueness, or well-sounding phrases. The romance and poetry in his nature lie deep down—far beyond the ken even of that "quick observer" who is able to detect so much in fiction. The throes and struggles of the passionate part of him are evidenced by no convulsions of the body or contortions of the features. No length of stride, no amount of maltreatment of the lips, is likely to help *him* better to endure a grief, or overcome an emotion. He is altogether another order of being from your novel-hero.

As different, we would hope, are the higher types of our real-world women from the portraits purporting to be of them that we find in the generality of novels. Defend us, kind fates, from actual contact with such startling ladies as it has been often our lot to read about. May we never know more intimately than through the three-volume medium that tall and haughty damsel with the flashing eye and curling lip—who moves majestically whenever she moves at all; who never leaves a room, but sweeps from it; who, with her proud reserve, her icy reticence made manifest in her manner and tone of voice, crushes into utter misery the hapless lover, or the meek sister, or adoring parent, with whom she comes in

contact. True, she is generous as the sunlight; true, she is ready to give up her fortune to the poor little sister; true, she will cheerfully die for the lover to whom she hasn't a kind word to say; true, she is the most devoted, energetic, and self-sacrificing of friends, daughters, or wives, when the dire occasion arises: but who would not rather have less of a heroine and more of a woman for his actual comfort and home treasure? Who would not rather possess a household angel such as, thank Heaven! there are many in real life—who know nothing of those dramatic accomplishments in which the heroine of the haughty genus is so well versed; who do not suffer injuries, real or fancied, to rankle silently in their hearts; and who, when they are sorrowful, dare to look sad as nature bids them; and when they are joyful, suffer their joy to manifest itself, simply, sweetly, and unconsciously, without any under-current of thought or suspicion to "arrest the smile ere it curled the red lip," or "cloud the transient brightness of the dark eyes," etc., etc? Let us have less of the great sacrifices these ladies are so apt at performing, if they can only be purchased by their failing in all the endearing *little* duties of daily life. Let us have less of picturesque but uncomfortable qualities, both good and bad if you please, excellent Company of Novelists—and a little more of homely, household sweetness, of simple, natural *womanhood* in short, the faults of which are patent, salient, and heartily repented—unlike those hypocritical sins which wrap themselves in the garments of grandeur, and strive to look fine and heroic, instead of showing themselves as they truly are—ignoble and paltry.

We protest against these self-conscious dames of fiction, who conduct themselves

like so many Melpomenes in private life, whose phraseology is tragic, inflated, and involved, their manners impassible, and their aspect enigmatic.

On the other hand, we have not much sympathy with a second and no less favorite ideal of novel writers—the "girlish, laughing thing," who bounds into the room, tosses her golden hair back upon her shoulders, and clasps her lily hands in childish glee at the smallest provocation. We are tired of being told how, when she is happy, the smiles dimple about her exquisite mouth, and living lustre arises from the depths of her blue eyes; and how, when she is grieved, the full red lip pouts like that of a chidden child, and the large tears slowly fall down the rounded cheeks. We are tired, also, of the details of her utter unconsciousness when somebody comes and falls madly, irretrievably, fiercely in love with her; how she treats the unhappy being who is thus dreadfully circumstanced, with the innocent familiarity of a petted child, never dreaming of such a thing as a lover, till the gentleman declares himself in due form; that is to say, with the accompanying ceremonies of strained gaze, passionately clasped hands, haggard countenance, dishevelled hair, and a voice "low but distinct, and full of an indescribable and mysterious power which compelled her to listen." We are tired of all this: give us something new, we beseech.

There are many other remarks which I would much like to make to the creators of fictitious humanity, but they are too numerous to be offered now. I beg to submit these for their present consideration, and in the meanwhile rest (for I don't scruple to confess that I owe some of the pleasantest hours of my life to their lucubrations) their obliged and obedient servant,  
 IGNATIUS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# N O R T H O N H O M E R . \*

## A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

MY DEAR IRENÆUS :

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli  
Dum tui declamas Romæ, Præneste religi."

So wrote Horace to his friend. How shall I paraphrase the passage, and apply it to my friend in two senses? "The author of the Trojan war you prince of loungers, while you were listening to debates in Westminster I have read through again by the classic shores of Isis." But I have not read him again in the flesh, though I have in the spirit, along with the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, in the rich and racy prose of the fourth volume of Professor Wilson's *Essays*. I hope I am not falling into my second childhood, but I am fain to confess that, in returning to Homer, I have returned to the embrace of the earliest literary friend of my first. The first book I ever read through was the *Iliad* of Homer in Pope's translation. How I loved every line of it! How I discussed all the Homeric characters with my elders! How angry I was with those who took the part of the Trojans, and preferred Hector to Achilles. The child's instinct felt that some how or other it is good to be courageous; and all the Trojans are painted in the *Iliad*, save, perhaps, Sarpedon and Æneas, as more or less of poltroons—even Hector himself, the slayer of men and the tamer of horses, in spite of his waving plumes. Achilles was the great hero. He will always be the hero of the instinctive and unsophisticated soul. And dear, next to him, was the clever vagabond Ulysses—perhaps even more dear, though less imposing, because he seems the more attainable character for imitation. To fight like Achilles seemed a hopeless business, but to travel like Ulysses possible. What a thirst for seeing the world

is kindled by the smell of the salt-water of which all this narrative smacks! If mothers would make their children stay at home, they should never put into their hands the *Odyssey*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Lemuel Gulliver*. But the *Odyssey* is perhaps the prime well-head of that mischief. I should like to know how many Britons it has eventually sent to the north pole—how many to the antipodes! I ever preferred the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*, though no doubt, as a work of art, the *Iliad* is most perfect; for I am not by nature blood-thirsty, but travel-thirsty to excess. Years have rolled away since I first read Homer, and I have made other authors, for the time being, the friends of my bosom; but one after another, "as from life's stirring circle the gems drop away," they have left my side, and Homer has at last taken his place again there without a rival.

Often have I asked myself what two books I should wish to have saved out of some Alexandrian and Omaric (not Homeric) destruction of my library. I should have said once long ago, in the naughtiness of my heart, "Byron and the Bible;" in the next septennium, perhaps, "the Bible and Schiller;" then "the Bible and Shakspeare;" now once again I say, "the Bible and Homer;" and the concatenation of the two books is more natural than that of the other pairs; for Homer displays the man of Biblical simplicity walking by the earlight of nature, and showing how much he could effect, and how much he was good for without the Shekinah of the Divine Presence. No book devised by the brain of man furnishes an abler commentary on the book of life. In Homer the natural man is painted exactly as in Scripture, as simple and intense in his loves and hatreds, as having all his actions superintended in the one case by Providence, in the other by destiny, possessing only a subordinate free-will.

\* *Essays, Critical and Imaginative.* By PROFESSOR WILSON.



In the Bible (the Old Testament, I mean) the earth is governed by kings, as in the age of Homer—real unmistakable kings, stronger and wiser and more beautiful, and sometimes better than other men—such as were Saul the son of Kish, and Agamemnon, and such as were Siegfried and the Cid in the early ages of medieval romance. In Homer, as well as in the Bible, portraits are drawn of true men, and, what is much missed in later times, of true women; not the wax-dolls of the Greek tragedians, miscalled heroines, but more like mitigated viragos when they have life at all, which is not often—but true women such as one meets with any day, with all their lovely weaknesses, so indispensable to any thing that deserves the name of society.

But, Irenæus, this is a high theme, and I shall attempt to raise the style of my letter a little towards its level.

When we stand in the vale of Chamouni, or on that little oasis of verdure in a desert of glaciers, the Jardin of Mont Blanc, although fully alive to the spirit of the mountains, we are not able to contemplate in its unity the majesty of the monarch of the Alps; but when we have withdrawn to a certain distance—to Salenche, for instance, or, still better, to the Jura—we are then first capable of noting his oneness, and feeling his overwhelming grandeur. His hoary head is far up above all others, reaching to the heaven of heavens; and the lake of Geneva, dwarfed into a mountain tarn, appears to slumber at his feet. Much the same is the case with regard to the greatest poets, Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare—more particularly with regard to Homer, the greatest of all poets, therefore the greatest of all artists, inasmuch as poetry is the greatest of the fine arts, and therefore shall I not say, with due allowance for the twilight of paganism in which he lived, the greatest of all actual men; for your true artist is a divine seer, and to see truly is perhaps the highest function of man. But let this be said in all humility, for man only sees what it pleases God to reveal to him. Homer's Greek countrymen, in their better days, never raised a question as to whether he was one or many. He wrote their bible, or at all events composed it, and they would have looked on such investigations as positive impiety. Homer circulated in their veins. They breathed

and lived him. He inspired them with all their heroisms, and all of them that was unheroic was not of Homer. But they were in a measure unconscious of his influence, and that showed its healthful nature. Even the guides of Chamouni, and other mountaineers, imbibe the courage of action with their wild air, but do not know whence it comes. Drag them away, and they pine for the hills with a heart-sickness which sometimes ends in death. Then followed a perverse generation of critics, sophists, poetasters, commentators, grammarians in the Alexandrian schools.

“'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more.”

And with them came an era of confusion in all matters of faith, and skepticism with regard to Homer—just as those who withdraw from the close neighborhood of the highest mountains lose the feeling without gaining the sight, and the dome and peaks appear confusion. Then came the Roman era. Homer's majesty is recognized by Horace and Virgil, the latter poet proceeding to make pictures which somewhat misrepresent him. The traveller has retired upon Salenche. Mont Blanc is imposing, but not as yet confessed monarch of all. But an angle of road is turned and he is lost sight of for a long time. Even so the decline of the Roman empire was followed by many generations that knew not Homer. There was a good reason for this; they were even better engaged. They were learning in their own wild way, like children who romp in the midst of their letters, the alphabet of all that is good from the mouths of Christian teachers. Homer was lost sight of in the ages of romance, although of all singers the most romantic. The revival of letters led to a new appreciation of him at a still further distance. It is now the view of Mont Blanc from the ascent of Jura. We have all the ages between us and Homer to search for his match; and the more we search, the more certain we become that he is not only, like the king of men, “head and shoulders above them all,” but that the crest of the greatest man since born scarcely reaches to the top of the pedestal on which he stands. No doubt that now we have a better view of Homer—that is, of Homer's real self, his immortal mind—than was ever presented to any past age. Not only can

we see him from a commanding elevation, and with abundance of aerial perspective intervening to melt his lights and shadows into one grand unity of aspect, but we have also the telescope of science to look through. Philology, as now pursued, is taking its place as one of the exact sciences. Ceasing to be mere word-fencing, serving to display a mean subtlety and frivolous ingenuity, it has been patiently proceeding, in the Baconian method, from the known to the unknown, until, through the comparison of languages its phenomena harden into facts no less to be respected than those of geology or astronomy, and no less completely furnishing data for further investigation. Stores of knowledge before hidden are brought to light by means of the comparison of parts of speech, just as certain locks may be unfastened when the graven letters have been brought together that form some secret word. And philology holds up a lantern by which we can see into many unheeded crannies in ancient history—even get glimpses through dark and winding caverns, whose other end opens into a new world, wherein we discern, in a light new to us, the inner and outer life of ancient man. Much of what appeared dark and repulsive before comes out fair and comely, like some neglected picture of a good master in the hands of a skillful cleaner. And the general deduction is to the same effect as the testimony of divine revelation, too often unheeded by later arrogance and self-conceit, that the moral progress of the human race has not been commensurate with its material advancement; in a word, that man has not altogether risen, but rather in many respects fallen. The solitary fact, that in the common ancient language of the Indo-Germanic races the nicer degrees of relationship were expressed each by its own word, instead of, as now, by periphrasis, speaks volumes on this point, nor less the evidence furnished by the study of all mythologies of the degradation of a purer primeval faith.

One great reason why ancient Greece presents such a valuable field of study is, that its history is the counterpart of the history of modern Europe. It is, as its natural scenery bears witness, a world in miniature. It had its age of heroes, as modern Europe had its age of chivalry; it had its age of despots, as modern Europe had and has its absolute monar-

chies resting on standing armies. It had also its age of speculation and material progress, of liberty and license, as modern Europe had its eighteenth and has its nineteenth century, leading whither we can not see. But we can see that in ancient Greece the same state of things led to the reign of universal evil, and in the end to chaos. Homer's divine songs were chanted in the romantic age of Greece, or rather at that particular period when it had just culminated, and was beginning to decline—just as, at the decline of our own youth, we talk and sing of its glorious feelings, which we are scarcely conscious of during the heyday of their precious exuberance. Perfect in their conception and artistic form, they sprang into life armed at all points, like Minerva from the head of Jove. Two circumstances in the main combined to produce their superlative excellence: one is, that they were the offspring of an heroic age; the other is, that they were the offspring of the Greek mind—the mind of all others most wonderful in its subtlety and versatility, and most deeply enamoured of the beautiful, which is the soul of all the Fine Arts, and of Poetry as their elder sister.

Other poems have sprung from an age like that which was illustrated by Homer—for instance, the *Nibelungen Lied* in Germany, the *Cid* in Spain; but they want, though of surpassing merit, the Promethean fire that lightens through the verses of Homer. They are heroic, but not Greek. And many other poems there are also of surpassing excellence, which are Greek, but not heroic. *Æschylus*, who came nearest to the great master, had much of his inspiration. *Sophocles* possessed his intellectual tenderness, and his numbers are warm with the embers of the heroic fire. *Euripides* was thoroughly Greek, but scarcely at all heroic, and thus was naturally most popular with the age in which he lived—so much so, that the recitation of a few of his verses availed to save the remnant of the defeated Athenians from the prison quarries of Syracuse. Homer's masterpieces alone are both thoroughly heroic and thoroughly Greek, and thus, in the whole curriculum of literature not of immediate divine inspiration, they stand alone in their perfection.

Such being the Homeric poems, the next question is, Who or what was Ho-

mer? He was no doubt a living man, but in common parlance he was a nobody—a roving ballad-singer, very like him whose visit to the baronial hall so touchingly introduces the Lay of the Last Minstrel. And our own Shakspeare was not much more—a mere strolling actor. Dante had the advantage of an aristocratic connection, which saved his individuality. It is surely a humbling thought that those who have achieved immortality by their works should so soon cease to be regarded as living persons. Where would Ulysses be without Homer?—and yet Homer's person has vanished, while that of Ulysses is embalmed forever in the immortal *Odyssey*. The fact is melancholy, but no less a fact; and beautifully has it been poetized by Felicia Hemans in "The Diver." As the pearl-diver perishes forgotten in his struggles to endow the world with concealed wealth, so does the poet in many cases pine with neglect and die unremembered.

"Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,  
So radiant thoughts are strewed;  
The soul whence those high gifts are shed,  
May faint in solitude!

"And who will think, when the strain is sung  
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,  
What life drops, from the minstrel wrung,  
Have gushed with every word?

"None, none!—his treasures live like thine,  
He strives and dies like thee;  
Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,  
O wrestler with the sea!"

But the obscure poet pities not himself as others pity him. He is conscious of his divine mission, and he looks on his worldly position as a matter of course, knowing the world imperfect. We think that we can discover even in Homer, the least subjective of all poets, the sentiment of this proud acquiescence in the obscurity and comparative humiliation of his lot. In the *Odyssey*, two of his brethren are introduced, Phemius and Demodocus. So sweetly does Phemius sing, that Penelope is even fain to come down from her upper chamber, whence she was accustomed to fly from the rudeness of the suitors, to hear him discourse of the return of the heroes from Troy, and her own hero amongst them. And it must be remarked, that he makes this Phemius sing to the crew of roysterers, not for base gain, but against his will, and from compulsion.

Κήρυξ δ' ἐν χερσὶν κίθαριν περικαλλέα θῆκεν  
Φημίω, δς ῥ' ἔειδε παρὰ μνηστῆρσιν ἀναγκη. :

By making the minstrel succumb to brute force alone, he at once removes the thought of degradation from his position. And we should not fail to mark with what respect he speaks of Demodocus, the court-minstrel of the king of the Phæacians.

Καλέσασθε δὲ θεῖον ἀοιδόν,  
Δημόδοκον· τῷ γάρ βα θεὸς πέρι θῆκεν ἀοιδὴν  
Τέρπειν, ὅππῃ θυμὸς ἐποτρύνῃσιν ἀείδειν.

"And call the divine singer, Demodocus, for verily the god hath invested him with the gift of song, so as to delight whenever his spirit urges him to sing." And a little farther on is a passage, inimitable in its tender application to the circumstances of the dear old man of Scio, the king of all mendicant minstrels:

Κήρυξ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν, ἄγων ἐρίηρον ἀοιδόν.  
Τὸν πέρι Μοῦς' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' αἰσθοντε κακόν τε  
Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἔπερσε, δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.

"So the herald came near, leading the delectable singer, whom the Muse loved exceedingly, and to whom she gave both an evil and a good. She mulcted him of eyesight, but she gave him the sweetness of song." Whether he was blind or not when he composed the *Iliad*, there can be no doubt, after reading this passage, that the *Odyssey* was the child of Homer's blindness. I love to think that he composed the *Iliad* in his fiery youth, perhaps himself, like Alcæus after him, a soldier of no mean name; for was not the divine Achilles himself a minstrel, and accustomed to console the monotonous hours of his wrath with the gentle lyre? The similes and general imagery of the *Iliad* are life-like, and as if placed under the eye at the moment of inspiration—the plashing sea, the soft-falling snow, the dark mountain stream, the sea-fog suddenly enveloping the swarms of cranes, the lion in his rage, the sparkling fires of the night watch, the blazing beacon, the moon and attendant stars. The imagery of the *Odyssey* seems, on the other hand, more of the nature of a beautiful dream of the past, invested not in the white light of mid-day, but the crimson weirdness of evening. Surely it is legitimate to indulge the belief that the author of the *Iliad* was a noble young man, who knew by his own martial experience the

"windy plains" of Troy; that in the lulls of battle he sung himself to sleep in his tent with heroic songs, but then, as yet, without form and void, like Achilles himself—

—Φῶρμι; γε λυγέη  
Τεραθόμενον

that either by the accident of battle or the stress of climate he lost his eyesight early in life; that this loss of eyesight was compensated by the full awakening of the musical energies of his soul; that he lived long years after his old dog had died for joy at his return to his temporary home somewhere in Western Greece, (for Argus must be the portrait of Homer's own dog;) that he returned, as he makes Ulysses return, a beggar, and a blind beggar, but more glorious in his blindness than was the fallen Belisarius, for Belisarius could not sing; that he perfected his *Iliad* and composed the *Odyssey* in his blindness, and went about from court to court, and house to house, singing lays of heroes, until his course was run; and whatever may have been his outward lot, his grand spirit sank from the eyes of an illumined world, quietly, gracefully, gloriously, like a Greek sun behind the margin of a Greek sea.

With regard to Homer's lot as a wandering minstrel, it is consolatory to us to know that, though the class to which he belonged may be said, in these utilitarian days, to have lived upon alms, such was by no means the feeling of their own time. The ballad-singer was universally cherished, and even received with honors half-divine; for the men of those days well knew that, in the exchange of benefits, the bargain was in their favor. Did he not give them song while they only gave him meat, a spiritual delight for an animal satisfaction? χρύσεα καί κέϊων, ἑκατομβοί ἐρρεβοίων. So we find that in the Phæacian feast "Pononous placed for him (Demodocus) a seat with silver knobs in the midst of the banqueters, with his back against the tall central pillar, and the herald hung from the peg the high-toned lyre above his head, and signified that he should take it in his hands; and he placed beside him a basket and a fair table, and wine beside the repast, to drink of whenever his spirit urged him."

It is true that we moderns will pay immoderate prices for good singing, but, after all, we only pay money which is a

drug in the market to our national wealth, placing the singer himself rather below than above the salt; but the primitive ancients gave him honor, which could not be represented in money; and this has ever been the case with all early tribes who had music in their souls, as most early tribes had. The bard was a sacred personage among the Celts, and the Skald amongst the Norsemen—not only a singer, but the domestic chaplain for the time being, without whose presence the feast was considered unblest. Even the gods, they thought, could not feast without song—

"— ohne Gesang im Himmlischen Saal  
Ist die Freude gemein auch beim Nectarmaal."

This was the belief of the old Germans. And even so the old inhabitants of the sister isle, if we may trust a note appended to an edition of Moore's *Melodies*, kept in every house one or two harps free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.

"When the light of my song is o'er,  
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;  
Hang it up at that friendly door,  
Where weary travellers love to call.  
Then if some bard who roams forsaken,  
Revive its soft note in passing along,  
Oh! let one thought of its master waken  
Your warmest smile for the child of song."

Thus we love to think that the great Homer, though a wandering beggar, was honored, and not unhappy even in the night that attended him everywhere, and which the glorious daylight of his native Greece could not avail to dissipate. The loss of sight was atoned for, when all his soul was transmuted into golden song.

With those charlatans, impostors, knaves, idiots, heretics, schismatics, atheists, who would impugn the unity and throw doubt on the very existence of the divine Homer, why should you and I deign to bandy words, any more than with some wretched sophist who would deny the existence of the moral feelings, or the divine origin of religion? If any reader of *Maga* is disposed to listen to them, we should be as angry with him as the shade of Virgil was with Dante when he stopped to listen to the vulgar quarrel in the lowest circle of hell:

"Che voler ciò udirde banna voglia."

And any further notice of such malignants



would be superfluous, after the elaborate demolition their arguments have experienced under the hard cuffs of William Mure, of Caldwell, who deserves, for his successful efforts, to be held in honor both by Greece and Great Britain, especially as the work could not have been a very savoury one. And, indeed, the object of this epistle is not to fence with infidels after the fashion of Paley, but rather to call a friend's attention to one of the ablest commentators on Homer, or rather illustrators of Homer, that our own century has seen—a *true believer*, in every sense of the word. The spirit of Homer lives again in the pages of Wilson, as the same spirit, it is to be believed, animated his life. A cast from a bust of the late Professor is to be seen in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; I would request of you to observe it, and say whether it be possible to conceive a more thoroughly heroic head? The head tells the story of the whole man. It is the head of an athlete, but an athlete possessing a soul, the grace of Apollo sitting on the thews of Hercules. Such a man, you would say at once, was none of your sedentary literati, who appear to have the cramp in their limbs whenever they walk abroad, but one who could, like the Greeks of old, ride, run, wrestle, box, dive, or throw the discus at need, or put the stone like Ulysses himself, or one who could do the same things, and in addition to them, steer, pull an oar, shoot, fish, follow hounds, or make a good score at cricket, like a true Briton of modern times, in spite of all our physical and intellectual degeneracy, about which, indeed, we have a right to be skeptical, when we know that such an unmistakable *man* as Wilson was living in the reign of Queen Victoria. It is an honor to Scotland that she produced such a critic on Homer, only second to that which is hers in having produced that poet who, of all the moderns, has composed poetry the most Homeric—even Walter Scott. Your humble and obedient friend and servant will never forget his one interview with Professor Wilson in a lecture-room at Edinburgh. He lectured on that occasion on the philosophy of Hobbes, for whose daring eccentricities in opinion he appeared to entertain a certain respect, not without a lurking sympathy. He spoke of the sage of Malmesbury with great gusto as a demolisher of quacks and shams, and compared the superstitions which he en-

countered with so much effect to the reign of the fairies. As he spoke, he warmed; his eyes flashed; his whole form and manner become lion-like. He was sometimes satirical, and then his countenance wore an expression of grim yet genial humor, seldomer facetious, yet retaining his dignity through his jokes, and on one occasion making his juvenile class very quickly draw in their horns when they had become somewhat obstreperous in their manner of enjoying some witticism, and were rebuked in a voice like that of a Greek god, "Gentlemen, I do not stand in need of your applause."

A message from a mutual friend authorized a few minutes' conversation after the lecture, and since then I have never seen him except in his works. Scotland is fortunate in having possessed three such indisputably manly authors as Burns, Scott, and Wilson. As a critic, Professor Wilson reminds one of Cœur-de-Lion as a swordsman. The crutch of Christopher North smites like the blade of him who shore in sunder bars of iron in his contest with the Saracen who shaved a vail in twain with his scimitar. Woe be to the poetaster or political quack whose numbskull came in the way of that portentous oak-stick. The papers entitled "Homer and his Translators" are some of the best in the collective works of the late Professor. After discussing in detail the separate merits of Pope, Cowper, Chapman, and Sotheby, adding his own prose translations as a kind of unassailable, because unpretending standard, the Professor warms up towards the end of his series, as he warmed up in his lecture, when, having done with Homer's translators, he comes to the discussion of Homer's two heroes, Achilles and Ulysses. Achilles was his special favorite. No other hero of them all, as hero, was "sans peur et sans reproche." And though perhaps with a diminished reverence, still, with the hearty sympathy of his genial nature, he throws himself into the character of the cosmopolite Ulysses. His verdict with regard to the translators of Homer is, on the whole, in favor of the correct and graceful Sotheby. Dares any man to differ from him? Fresh from a dip into the old song of the Nibelungen, I am forcibly struck with the resemblance in form and metre of the great Epic of Germany to Chapman's translation of Homer. The quaint old or rather middle English

in which it is written, corresponds to the middle high German of the Nibelungen. Still it may be said that the dash of mediæval grotesqueness of language which belongs to Chapman and the German minstrel is out of place as applied to Homer, one of whose chief beauties is the highly polished simplicity of his style. All speak in the voice of nature, but in the case of the original Homer alone is it nature speaking through the medium of an exquisitely beautiful human soul. Homer must remain, after all, untranslatable, and the comparative merits of his translators must remain a matter of opinion to the end of time.

We prefer to dwell on the Professor's own conceptions of the character of Homer, and the character of Homer's personages. Who can for a moment doubt of Homer's unity, who observes the thoroughly sustained consistency of every actor in his divine drama? Achilles is one throughout—the incomparable hero. Of course he has faults, he has weaknesses, for he was not a sage or a saint; but they are the faults and weaknesses of a hero. How exquisitely does the master artist effect his exaltation above all his other persons! Agamemnon is great; to those who gaze from the walls of Troy he appears great indeed; and Homer compares him to the gods in two magnificent lines:

*"Ὀμματα καὶ κεφάλην ἱκελὸς Δίῃ τερ πικεράνῃῳ,  
Ἄρῃι δὲ ζώνην στέρνον δὲ Ποσειδάωνι.*

"Like in the eyes and head to thunder-loving Jove, in the waist to Ares, in the chest to Poseidon," to be compared to gods rather than men, for that he overtops them all with his head and broad shoulders. But when the King of Men is placed beside Achilles, he falls into shade. To have given the measure of the stature of Achilles would have seemed a profanation—but his presence made light in the camp, his absence made darkness. His wrath sufficed to reduce the whole armada of Greece to the lowest pitch of despair; his reconciliation with Agamemnon to produce the same effect upon the enemy. His shout alone, as he stands before his tent in his naked fury, is enough to rout the Trojans, Hector included, who even trample each other to death in their headlong flight over those very trenches of the Greeks which they had so newly stormed triumphant. One

personage alone is capable of giving Achilles trouble in the field, and this is rather because he had no palpable body to wound than from his intrinsic might: this is the river-god Scamander, who entammels in his shoals and eddies the legs of the fighting hero. It would have been necessary even to invent an eccentric god for this purpose, as the ordinary gods of heaven had before been worsted by Diomed. The invulnerability of Achilles was a myth invented afterwards. Homer had far better taste, and he caused Achilles to get a scratch from some mean combatant, as if to anticipate this detraction from his heroic perfection. And nothing is more calculated to bring out the grandeur of the character in full relief, than the dark background against which the poet causes it to stand. Achilles is doomed to early death. This shadow is everywhere. It runs through all his thoughts, it gives a piquancy and a sentiment to all that he has to do and to undergo. If he plays on the lyre in his tent, his own dirge is heard through the notes. If he feasts with the chieftains, an invisible sword hangs above the banquet. Everywhere through the hero's sleeping dream and waking fancies looms a skeleton. The sentence of early death has been pronounced over him by the fiat of the gods. Thetis knows it, his immortal mother, who can not endow him with her own immortality, who knows that the arms she causes Vulcan to make for him are to be accessory to the doom. Early death and glorious life, or an inglorious old age, are before him—he chooses to die, leaving "footsteps on the sands of time." When the dying Hector prophesies the death of his slayer, the latter receives the news without surprise, or anger, as a matter of course. It is no news to him. He will not quarrel with the condition of transitoriness that attends all that is most perfect on earth. He is true to his nature, and knows no fear. He will not do or die, but do and die, since that is his fate. Matchless Achilles! And that wrath of his which Christopher North dwells upon so vividly, bringing it round again and again in his illustration to prove the unity of subject, what a grand and awful wrath it is! That *Μῆνις* is deaf to all common propitiation. Nothing but the counter passion of another and stranger *Μῆνις* can neutralize it. Great as was the injury of Agamemnon, greater was the injury of

him who slew Patroclus, the bosom friend. Every thing else has been tried and failed. The despair of Agamemnon had offered every thing he possessed most valuable to the insulted honor of the chieftain—gifts of price, the restitution of Briseïs, and one of Agamemnon's daughters in marriage, dowered as befitted the King of Men. But no; the hero is deaf to prayers, and equally blind to wealth and beauty in the blaze of the inflaming wrath.

Παῖδά δ' ἔγω οὐ γαμέω Ἀγαμεμνονος Ἀτρεΐδᾶ  
Οἶδ' εἰ χρυσείῃγ' Ἀφρόδίτῃ κάλλος ἐρίσοι  
'Εργα Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκωπίδι ἰσοφάριζοι.

The wrath of Achilles is, as Christopher North observes, the beginning, middle, and the end of the *Iliad*, and all other subjects are subordinate. Homer has the skill to wrap Achilles' character in a vail of mystery; for, after all, we know some of the other heroes still better; and we feel that, knowing them so, they enlist our sympathies as being more on a level with ordinary humanity.

Agamemnon is great and royal, but deficient in constancy, in self-confidence under adversity, and shrinking from responsibility in difficulties. In many respects he represents the scriptural character of David. Unscrupulous in passion, dismayed and penitent in affliction, tenderly solicitous for his people suffering because of his fault, like the Hebrew king exclaiming: "These sheep, what have they done?" he presents a true picture of a shepherd of his people in those patriarchal times. Diomed is the perfect soldier, obedient, modest, and dauntless: sage he is in counsel, but his sagacity is more the result of sterling honesty of insight, than, like that wisdom of Ulysses, springing from the inventive faculty. It is only by supposing this modesty of Diomed to have been traditional with the ancients, that we can understand how there was no question of his merits or services in the trial for the arms of the dead Achilles. Diomed might perhaps have had them, had he had the assurance to ask for them; but he was always putting others before himself. So Pallas, the presiding goddess of true genius, loved him, and by her aid he sent back even Ares, the bravo of the immortals, howling to Olympus. Ulysses is exhaustless in resource, and endued with the courage of Napoleon, which was always at hand

when wanted, though never obtruding itself on public notice unnecessarily. The courage of Ajax is of a different kind, compared by Homer to that of an ass, who will not be driven by blows from his thistles—animal pluck of the finest kind, but animal pluck after all. Ajax, like the British at Waterloo, will not know when he is beaten. Ajax is a soldier, and a good one, but he would never have risen from the ranks had he not been born a chieftain. Ulysses would have fought his way up in society from any the lowest position. Nestor is a quaint old twaddler, but we get to respect him when we find that no danger will scare him out of his yarns. If his palace at Pylos had been on fire over his head, he would have finished his story before he ordered out the buckets. Then there is poor Menelaus, whose excellence exaggerates Helen's deplorable frailty in leaving him. He is chivalry itself, the soul of honor, generous and self-sacrificing, the only one of all the Greeks who offers on the spur of the moment to accept the challenge of Hector. Then there are the Trojan heroes—Hector, savage in battle, slayer of men, but gentlest of husbands, and tenderest of fathers; Paris, the man about Troy—the gay and heartless libertine, but not so much a coward as a "faineant," outrageously petted and spoiled by the ladies, and even by his old father and mother themselves, who ought to have been ashamed of their weakness; and poor old fatuous Priam, about whom there hangs a majesty, whatever he says or does—even sitting in the ashes, and throwing dust on his head: the bowed monarch is every inch a king. No less perfectly drawn are the female characters. How unlike the stiff and statuesque heroines of the tragedians—the Antigones, and Electras, and Medcas. There is no condoning of Helen's sin, but as much loveliness is granted her as is compatible with it. Her instincts are too good to allow her to be happy in her shame; and in her self-reproaches, weakness, penitence, admiration of heroism, and yearnings toward the husband of her youth and innocence, she is the perfect lady, though not the perfect woman. Andromache is both, but the woman is even more conspicuous than the lady. She is no Spartan heroine. She does not tell Hector to come back with his shield, or upon it; she thinks of him, not as the warrior, but as her all in all, supplying the



place of all other relatives, "father and lady-mother, and brethren, and, yet more, her buxom spouse." She feels that if he is killed, the world will be a blank to her, and she tells him what she feels. Never since, in the whole career of Greek literature, have two female characters so true to nature been imagined by the poets as those of Helen and Andromache.

No less thorough is the critical insight of Professor Wilson in his appreciation of the *Odyssey*. Homer at the beginning of this letter, was compared to Mont Blanc; one should perhaps more justly have compared his two immortal poems to the twin peaks of Parnassus. They have the same base, and, according to the place from which we regard them, one appears higher or lower than the other. The *Iliad* is most generally popular. Perhaps its style is more natural and vigorous—the style of a younger poet; but there are subjects treated of in the *Odyssey* into which the *Iliad* does not enter, and to which a peculiar interest attaches, connected with the daily life of the heroic ages; and we moderns should be the last to undervalue the exquisite descriptions of scenery which the latter epic contains. Here, again, Homer is beyond all praise in delineation of character. Under altered circumstances many of the men and women of the *Iliad* reappear the same in essence, yet changed by circumstances; and there are some charming additions—none more so than Penelope, Nausica, and Calypso, the anxious wife, the maiden princess, and the enamored nymph. Helen reappears chastened by affliction and penitence, but a paragon of good taste and good manners, if not morals, having reconquered her social position by the ten years' war, and at the price of the destruction of the first city of Asia. This is enough to make her a little serious in the midst of her luxury and splendor, and she does seem to have a conscience. Menelaus appears again chivalrous in his hospitality, as he was before in his warlike conduct, doing the honors of his house in a manner which stamps him as the flower of courtesy, and model of all gentle princes. In the *Odyssey*, the character of Ulysses, which was subordinate in the *Iliad*, is brought out in strong relief; and afterwards by the skill of the poet, placed on a heroic pedestal, little short of the height of that of Achilles. The whole spring of this

artistic machinery is the single word *πολυτλας*, "much suffering." As Achilles is a hero in action, and his inaction is the greatest calamity to his nation, so is Ulysses a hero in endurance. Achilles conquers all others, but Ulysses conquers himself. He is not the Greek of the Lower Empire, or rather, we should say, to escape anachronism, Lower Republic, painted by the tragedians. He is only a Greek so far as he adopts means to ends with consummate skill, and does not stand to excess upon his personal dignity, when his great object in life, restoration to his home and kingdom, can be forwarded by an opposite course of conduct.

The aim of the two heroes was different. That of Achilles was too win as much glory as he could in a short life—that of Ulysses was to fulfill his functions as ruler of Ithaca, and be gathered, after a life of usefulness, to his fathers in peace. As the ends differed, so did the means; but in either case perfect justice is done by the prince of artists to the heroic ideal. In the *Iliad*, Achilles stands before us at once revealed in the beauty and grandeur of his wrath, and draws himself up to his full height; Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, rises and grows upon us, improves vastly on acquaintance; and in the concluding scene, when he takes vengeance on the suitors, towers majestic far above all other heads, a universally confessed and incomparable hero—incomparable, inasmuch as the province in which Achilles moved was distinct from that of Ulysses. We may notice, as one signal instance of Homer's unapproachable tact, that Ulysses, in his beggarly disguise, was humiliated to the deepest degree just before the climax of his exaltation. Lord Byron must have had that picture before his eyes when he wrote those lines in the *Corsair*, which better represent the spirit of the *Odyssey* than any literal translation:

"Up rose the Corsair with that burst of light,  
Nor less his change of form appalled the sight;  
Up rose the Corsair, not in saintly garb,  
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,  
Dashed his high cap, and tore his robe away,  
Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his  
sable's ray!  
His close but glittering casque, and sable  
plume,  
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler  
gloom,



Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit  
sprite,  
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for  
fight."

But this, though very grand, is scarcely equal to the picture of Ulysses rising from his rags, and towering above the suitors in his island majesty, endued with divine grace by Pallas, the very incarnation of righteous vengeance. The *Odyssey* has the advantage of the *Iliad* in possessing a heroine as well as a hero. Penelope is the paragon of all matronly virtues, and the high position she takes in the *Odyssey*, points to a period in the life of Greece when womanhood, robed with chastity, commanded nearly as high a reverence as it did among the forests of early Germany. Yet with all her virtues she is a woman still. When the absence of her lord and master is beginning to look a hopeless case, she ruminates on sacrificing her bleeding heart to the interests of the kingdom, and contracting a second marriage with one of the least objectionable of the suitors. So that Ulysses arrives just at the nick of time. Or perhaps she thought that the test of the bow which she proposed to try the worthiest, would only end in the discomfiture of all, and that, by such distractions and instalments of hope, time would be gained for her stripling son Telemachus to prove himself a man, and assume the sovereignty himself, as well as the task of retribution. To exalt the character of Penelope, she is contrasted with the sea-goddess Calypso, who holds the truant husband in a voluptuous captivity. If it be said that the conduct of Ulysses in the enchanted isle of Calypso is a derogation from his domestic faith, it must be remembered that Calypso was a powerful goddess, that the only chance of escape of the imprisoned mariner was through the affections of his beautiful jailer, and that though he did not pass through the ordeal as a Bellerophon or a Hippolytus, his heart was with his home and wife throughout; and he had the manliness and truth to avow to Calypso herself, that a mortal woman was her successful rival in his esteem.

The whole sojourn of Ulysses in the isle of Calypso, and his relations with that goddess, open a mine of beautiful imagery. His conversation with her in particular, of itself is enough to take from his character that stain of duplicity which was

cast on it by his degenerate countrymen of later ages. The substance of it I will endeavor to give you in a kind of ballad :

" ULYSSES AND CALYPSO.

" CALYPSO.

" Ere thy coming brought confusion,  
Ere thy wily voice was felt,  
Happy in the sweet seclusion  
Of my magic isle I dwelt.

" Mighty trees were all about me,  
Musically peopled trees ;  
Peace within and joy without me,  
Silver stars and golden seas.

" There were spirits to remark to  
How the sun-blush tinged the leaf,  
There were dulcet birds to hark to  
Jesting at the night-wind's grief.

" Mortal ! 'twas a night of sorrow  
When I took thee to my cave ;  
Thou wouldst tarry till the morrow,  
Then again attempt the wave.

" If thy heart had condescended  
To confess Calypso's charms,  
I had burned with pride offended,  
I had spurned thee from my arms.

" 'Twas thy bosom's marble coldness  
Which did kindle fire in mine ;  
'Twas thy faith's unfaltering boldness  
Which could all for home resign.

" Passing fair, to whom thou flee'st,  
Must be thy Penelope,  
Since her image, which thou see'st  
In thy memory conquers *me*.

" Can a mortal's beauty fleeting  
Vanquish the celestial form,  
*That* to Hades fast retreating,  
*This* forever young and warm ?

" ULYSSES.

" Goddess ! be that word unspoken,  
My true wife Penelope,  
If for her my heart be broken,  
May not dare to vie with thee.

" 'Tis because her youth is waning  
That her image waxes dear,  
That my love on time is gaining  
Faster through each absent year.

" Truth no stress of time can sever,  
Single-heartedness and faith,  
These preserve the spirit ever  
Uncorroded unto death.

"Spell mysterious, who reveals it  
In the form of winged word?  
By the heart alone that feels it  
May its eloquence be heard.

"Goddess, no, thy form is rarer,  
Richer is thy voice's tone,  
Immortality is fairer,  
But the mortal is my own."

With what exquisite delicacy the Professor touches, in his masterly critique, on the relations of Ulysses and Calypso! It is from this special point that I prefer to cull my quotations. Who will say, after reading Homer's exquisite lines, and Christopher North's rendering of their spirit, far more effective than any formal translation, that the antique ancients (we must use this seeming tautology to express the ancients who lived before that artificial age which corresponds with our own) were no landscape-painters, or that they did not enter fully and deeply into the mysterious writings of nature? Why, Calypso and the Nymphs, and all the rest of those beings who did not live in springs and trees and ocean, so much as they were themselves the souls of these objects, were only an expression of the deepest feeling of reverence for nature, which could be satisfied with nothing short of deification. This is the Professor's prose rendering of part of the Fifth Book. Hermes is dispatched to seek out Calypso, and give her the sorrowful message, that the gods require her to send home her detained hero.

"But when indeed he came to the island placed  
at a distance,  
From the violet-colored ocean ascending to the  
mainland  
He came on, till he reached a spacious cave,  
in which the nymph  
With beautiful ringlets dwelt: her he found  
within.  
A great fire was blazing on the hearth, and  
far the odor  
Of easily-cleft cedar-wood, and of incense,  
spread fragrance throughout the island  
As they were burning: while she (the nymph)  
warbling with her beautiful voice,  
And playing the loom, was weaving with a  
golden shuttle.  
A wood in-full-luxuriance had-grown-around  
the cave,  
The alder and the poplar, and the sweet-  
smelling cypress.  
There, too, the wing-widely-expanded birds  
nestled,  
Owls, and cormorants, and long-tongued  
divers (sea-birds)

Of-the-sea, to which (birds) sea employments  
are a concernment.

There also around the hollow cave was extended

A young luxuriant vine which flourished in clusters.

Four fountains in order flowed with limpid water,

Near to each other—being turned one in one direction, and another in another.

Around soft meadows of violets, and of parsley,

Were blooming: thither even an Immortal, had he come,

Would have admired (it) as he gazed, and had been delighted in his spirit.

And there standing, the messenger, the Argicide, gazed!"

And this is his commentary:

"This is the most elaborate description of natural scenery in all Homer. In the *Iliad* the bard but illumines the visual sense by a few sunny strokes, that make start out tree, glade, or rock. Here we have a picture. Say rather a creation. In a moment the poet evokes the enchanted isle out of the violet-colored ocean. There it is hanging in air. But all we know is that it is beautiful—for we are Mercury, and see nothing distinctly till we find ourselves standing at the mouth of a spacious cave. The light of a magical fire—the odor of sacred incense—the music of an immortal voice—Calypso herself plying the golden shuttle as she sings! All felt at once, yet in loveliest language evolved in a series of words expanding like a flower with all its bright and balmy leaves—an instantaneous birth. We must not disturb the daughter of Atlas, but gaze and listen—till by degrees the congenial beauty of the place withdraws our soul and our senses from the tones and tresses of the divine among goddesses; and, still conscious of her living enchantments, we are won by delight to survey the scene in which she enjoys her immortal being, yet about to be disturbed by visitings like our own mortal grief! The scene is sylvan. 'A wood in full luxuriance had grown around the cave!' One line gives the whole wood, another its composing trees, another their inhabitants—and all together breathe of the sea. Look again at the cave. The entrance is draped with green and purple—for in such sunny shelter luxuriates the vine! The beauty of nature is nowhere perfect without the pure element of water wimpling in peace. And there it is—flowing fresh as flower-dews, in mazy error, through blooming meadows, its 'sweet courses not hindered,' and happy to blend its murmurs with the diapason of the deep. True it is that earth is as beautiful as heaven."

We omit a portion no less beautiful, but

the insertion of which is unnecessary to the continuity of the passage.

"Though 'light the soil and pure the air,' and the scenery composed of all familiar objects, yet is the region felt to be almost as preternatural as if it were submarine—and Calypso's cave as wondrous as a mermaid's grotto. How very still! No screen to the mouth of the cave, but a few vine-festoons—so, blow as it may on the main, and all around the isle, (and a storm brought hither Ulysses,) on the land *all is lown*—merely breath enough to keep the pure air forever pure, and to enable the leaves to take a dance now and then upon the tree-tops, to some Æolian harp capriciously playing in the shade. Calypso is a queen—but she has no subjects, only her attendant nymphs—and of them we see, hear nothing—only once they are mentioned—they are to us but mere momentary shadows, passing unheeded along the walls of the cave. There is no building made with hands anywhere on the isle—not a vestige of antiquity in the shape of a rudely sculptured stone. No roads, no pathways, no flocks, no herds, no four-footed creatures, either wild or tame—not even—we are sorry for it—a dog."

The Professor was thinking of dear old Bronte, the Argus of the *Noctes*. How quick with feeling are his remarks on the fact that Calypso, when she had pointed out to her hero the spot where he was to cut the wood for his raft, instead of staying to look at him, went back home!

"She could not bear to see him at work—felling the very trees under whose shade they two had so often sat—that they might bear him away forever! She did not, like Miranda with her Ferdinand, assist in carrying the logs; for this was no romantic love-toil, the mere mimicry of a worky-day, and to be succeeded by life-long happiness; the sound of every stroke that cut into the heart of the tottering tree, smote her heart too till it ached; and dismal to her was each crash among the brushwood, as 'alder, poplar, or fir, went to the earth.' It would have looked very pretty had she brought her web in

its frame to the forest, and all the while kept plying her golden shuttle and singing a low sweet song. Had Ulysses been her husband she would have done so—she would have been with him at his work, just like the wife of a forester in the woods of our own world; for in the boat then growing into shape, the wedded might go out by themselves to sea with their fishing-nets, or to take their pastime on the waves. As it was, they were better apart—yet Calypso came to him again as soon as she knew twenty trees had fallen; but how often she came and went, and how long at each time she stayed during those four trying days, is not written in Homer."

In fine, these magnificent essays stand alone as a popular introduction to the poet, were it not for his original Greek, of all most popular in the world. He is the best exponent of the spirit of an age which, if not the age of gold, was golden in the treasures of imperishable nature—an age of truth and valor, and simplicity and fidelity, and honor and romance; and Christopher North is, amongst all men of the present, if not of the living generation—and honor enough that—the ablest and best exponent of Homer. Others have essayed, and the essay is not without its merits. That Homer should be in danger of becoming the fashion is one of the most cheering symptoms of the tendencies of the present time—a symptom of a great and noble reaction against all that is selfish, vile, and venal. Let credit be given in all like cases. The honorable member for the University of Oxford has consoled himself for the destruction of his own unheroic party by illustrating the reign of heroes; and may not an elaborate essay on Homer in the *Quarterly* be justly considered as a Peacemonger's Palinode? No offense to you, Irenæus.

From your loving friend,

TLEPOLEMUS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN.\*

THE opinion of a discriminating public has been pronounced on Dr. McCosh's book. It has reached a second edition; and this, notwithstanding a title so philosophical in appearance, that the readers of the first edition must have been chiefly those who were acquainted with the Doctor's former work on the Method of the Divine Government. Some of the theories propounded are professedly crude; but the main scope of the book is to add another link to that chain of evidence that identifies the Author of revelation with the Author of nature. What place is the argument from design to hold in Natural Theology? Some would rest upon it the burden of proof of the existence of God. Not merely would they argue from it the personality of the Creative Power, but even the unity of God. Now we are convinced that the existence of God was never meant to be a discovery of Natural Theology. "The heavens declare the glory of God," says the Psalmist, "and the firmament showeth his handywork." But it is not asserted here that the *existence* of God can be proved by the united testimony of the whole host of heaven. It is the language of one who had learned His existence from other and independent sources; and to such the framework of the universe is not only a corroboration of this truth, but a testimony to his possession and exercise of certain attributes. The truth, that God is, once communicated to man, the heavens and earth are a radiant commentary upon the text. But that creation is inadequate of itself to discover this truth, is provable from the fact, that even though we have the benefit of a revelation that acquaints us with the existence of God and his concern in the work of creation, yet, when we come to unfold the several steps by which man's understanding might have evolved this doctrine from the objects of sense, we

meet with gaps enough to vitiate any train of reasoning. Whence came the wrangling of philosophers on this subject—whence their doubts as to the eternity or non-eternity of matter—if the logical chain is so complete in all its links as some hold it to be? We are aware that an attempt has been made to represent the belief in the eternity of matter, as compatible with that which holds it to be the creation of God. But of those who try this feat, we may say what Cicero says of Heraclitus: "Quoniam, quid diceret intelligi noluit, omittamus." Were it merely asserted that contemplative minds, left to the simple observation of the works of creation, might arrive at a suspicion of the existence of a Being or beings, of vast power and ineffable wisdom, we would readily admit it. Yet, even in this form of the argument, we should claim a share of the honor for the "still small voice of conscience"—and that a large share too. But when it is contended that a study of the Creator's workmanship *must* lead to a discovery of his existence, we demur. We can not see the *vis consequentia*. We fear that many a defender of Theism, reckoned "skillful," has committed his cause to no better argumentation than that which Dr. McCosh has exposed in his able chapter on the exhibition of design in the adjustments of nature:

"The argument from design," he says, "in behalf of the divine existence, has sometimes been so stated as to make its main premises a mere truism, and the whole argument a begging of the question. It sets out with the maxim, that whatever exhibits marks of design must have proceeded from a designing mind; but by exhibiting marks of design, is meant, proceeding from a designing mind, and thus the whole ratiocination is nothing but the pompous repetition of the same proposition."

To the same effect Coleridge expresses himself:

"I hold, then, it is true, that all the so-called demonstrations of a God either prove too little,

\* "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation." By the Rev. James McCosh, LL.D. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.



as that from the order and apparent purpose in nature; or too much, namely, that the world is itself God: or they clandestinely involve the conclusion in the premises, passing off the mere analysis, or explication of an assertion, for the proof of it—a species of logical legerdemain, not unlike that of the jugglers at a fair, who, putting into their mouths what seems to be a walnut, draw out a score yards of ribbon. On this sophism rest the pretended demonstrations of a God, grounded on the postulate of a first cause. And, lastly, in all these demonstrations, the demonstrators presuppose the idea or conception of a God, without being able to authenticate it—that is, to give an account whence they obtained it. For it is clear that the proof first mentioned, and the most natural and convincing of all, (the cosmological, I mean, or that from the order in nature,) *presupposes the ontological*—that is, the proof of a God, from the necessity and necessary objectivity of the idea. If the latter can assure us of a God as an existing reality, the former will go far to prove his *power, wisdom, and benevolence*. When [he adds in a note] the cosmological proof goes further, namely, to prove *the existence* of a Supreme Being, it proceeds on an analogy questionable in both its factors, (the products and the producers.) First, the skeptic impugns the conclusion from things *made* to things that *grow*, (from a watch to a sunflower,) or to things that have no known beginning, (the metals, for instance;) and likewise the inference from the cause of the composition of a whole, to the cause of the existence of its ultimate particles, as illogical. And again, he objects that the difference of the known, from the inferred agent, namely, the finiteness of man contrasted with the infinity of God, destroys the analogy altogether. It is *no* analogy. You infer (Spinoza might say) pure intelligence in a finite being, as the cause of a time-piece, and intelligence in an infinite being as the cause of a world. But the very intelligence from which you draw that inference, is wholly conditioned, and in part constituted, by that finiteness. To invalidate this plea, we must refer to an *idea* of intelligence, having its evidence in itself, and which must be shown to be the necessary apposition and antecedent of the intelligence, our conception of which is generalized from the understandings of men. We must assert an intelligence that neither supposes nor requires a finiteness by imperfection, that is, reason. But in the attempt, we pass out of the cosmological proof—the proof *à posteriori*—and from the facts, into the ontological, or the proof *à priori*, and from the idea.”

The length of such a quotation calls for no apology. No one will question the competence of the authority. Yet, from the foregoing analysis of the argument, it will be seen that it is not merely in the hands of the “unskillful,” but in every modification of the cosmological proof of the

*existence* of Deity, the question is begged, filched, or taken with the strong hand. Not so with St. Paul: “For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; not the *existence* of God, but the *invisible things of him, even his eternal power and Godhead*. So the Apostle and the Psalmist are at one. Both assert that the attributes of God may be learned from the material heavens, and other his works of creation; whilst both presuppose his existence known to those who listen for further instruction to those brilliant declaimers.

We remember to have heard of an ingenious Celt who was hard pushed in argument by the authority of St. Paul. For a while he affected not to feel the difficulty, and talked through the Apostle; but when at length forced by his adversary to entertain the objection, that his sentiments were wholly at variance with those of the joint-founder of the Papacy, he disposed of it with wondrous simplicity: “Well now, you see, there’s where I and St. Paul differ!” Now we have no disposition to represent the maintainers of the cosmological proof as differing from St. Paul; but we do think that great weight is due to the acute remark of Pascal: “C’est une chose admirable, que jamais *auteur canonique* ne s’est servi de la nature pour prouver Dieu.” True, he has immediately in view the argument from the impossibility of a vacuum, and such like; but that he did not confine the observation to this class of argument is plain, from his confession a little before: “Je n’entreprendrai pas ici de prouver par des raisons naturelles—l’existence de Dieu,” — “non seulement parce que je ne me sentirais pas assez fort pour trouver dans la nature de quoi convaincre des athées endurcis, mais encore parce que cette connaissance, sans Jesus Christ, est inutile et sterile.” To the latter reason we can not give an unqualified assent. A knowledge of God that should terminate in a submission of reason to the demonstrated truth of his existence would be indeed “useless and sterile;” but in dealing with a hardened Atheist, we should regard it as a point of vast importance to have gained his acquiescence in the truth of God’s existence. It were a recantation of his Atheism, the only foundation on

which to build that further knowledge which Pascal so singularly enjoyed. But in the former we entirely sympathize. Who among us will feel satisfied with an instrument which Pascal confessed did not afford him sufficient leverage in dealing with the *vis inertia* of Anti-Theism? But, to return to his remark—does it not seem strange that none of the canonical writers has availed himself of the argument from design? We would argue with caution from the silence of Scripture. But we do think, in a case of this kind, omission is condemnation. It will not account for this, to say that the sacred writers had to do with those who had learned that God *is*. Should we not fairly expect that, even though this were invariably the case, (which we do not admit,) yet we should find some allusion to the method whereby this truth had been arrived at? But what say they as historians? That God revealed himself: What say they as moralists? They deny with all the emphasis of an Oriental interrogatory, in a tone that seems to leave it to the honesty even of an adversary of this great truth, that man “by searching can find out God.”

We would, on all these grounds, decline to occupy that position which has been taken up to the great detriment of the Theistic cause. We would admit that the order of nature is insufficient to reveal to man the existence of God; but we would maintain that the truth of the existence of a God being delivered to us, every collocation, every adaptation in nature is a corroboration of this truth; and that the more minute our investigations, the more overwhelming is the evidence in favor of the wisdom and love, as well as the power of this intelligent Being. There are, in fact, two questions which are not unfrequently confounded. One is, whether the evident marks of design in the fearful and wonderful adaptations of nature do not speak loudly of a Being whose “hands have made all these things”? The other, whether these adaptations, of themselves, furnish an argument so obtrusive as that skepticism becomes willful and a sin? Could you, that is, excuse that man, whose own instinctive nature had not furnished him with a hint of the existence of such a Being, or whom a tradition of God’s existence had never reached (suppose such a man)—could you excuse such an one if the finest intellectual apparatus failed,

when honestly used, to elicit from nature this secret? We think so. And we think it much easier to prove that a tradition of God’s existence reached all the tribes of earth, than to prove that they discovered afresh for themselves the being of a God from his works in nature. In a word, when we consider how easy it is to perceive the bearing of allied truths, one upon the other, when some central truth has been discovered or communicated—how utterly powerless the mind is frequently to effect the primal discovery from the most obtrusive phenomena—how late it was, for example, in the history of human thought, that the law of gravitation was discovered, and yet how universe-wide the proofs of it during the ages that preceded the discovery; when we add the fact, that Infinite Wisdom adopted a method so stupendous whereby to reveal himself, as is that of inspiration, we shall be slow to assert that the great central truth of the being of a God was discoverable by human intellect, because we think we perceive the steps whereby he *ought* to have mounted to that great First Cause.

Chalmers has the “merit of introducing into Natural Theology, in a formal manner,” the distinction between the laws of matter and the collocations of matter. How he has obtained this “merit,” we are at a loss to discover. Dr. McCosh assigns it to him with but one breath of qualification. He says: “Reference had no doubt been made to it before, as when Paley says: ‘I speak not of the laws themselves, but, such laws being fixed, the construction in both cases is adapted to them.’” Let Chalmers himself speak. After laying it down with great clearness that the argument from design is one whose first term is derived from observing the connection between human workmanship and human design, he says: “In every work of human fabrication, they are the dispositions, more especially the collocations, and the dispositions alone, which announce the design which appears to have been in the making of it.” “We do not accredit him (the human workman) with the original formation of the materials; neither do we accredit him with the laws and properties of matter. He did not institute the laws, but he turns these laws to his purpose; and this purpose is indicated not by the laws, but by such a disposition

of substantive and tangible things as places them in the way of the laws' operation." Now, in this statement of the first term in the analogy, we have the drift of the whole of Chalmers' argument; and in what does it differ from that of Paley? Does Paley accredit his watchmaker with the creation of the brass, the steel, the enamel? Surely not. Paley's argument is from analogy. It is an outrage on the fame and memory of one of the clearest of English reasoners to accredit the great Scotchman with introducing any such distinction. To be truly due to Chalmers, it were necessary that the argument of Paley should run thus: Man arranges materials made ready to his hand in accordance with fixed laws which govern matter; *and so* God makes the materials, and enacts the laws! Whenever we see mechanism, we argue a mechanic; and *therefore*, wherever we see matter, we argue a Creator!—a strange analogical argument this! It is not of such an attempt at an argument from analogy, we need scarcely say, that Coleridge speaks in the passage which we have quoted from him. Paley's is an old book, and is not so much read as it ought to be. The only reason which we can conceive for the imperfect acquaintance with it which undoubtedly prevails, is, that it is supposed his arguments are affected in their conclusiveness, by the advance which has been made in every branch of physical science since Paley wrote. It is not so. Whatever value his argument ever had, it retains. What that value is, we have seen. For the demonstration of the existence of God, it is inappropriate. For the corroboration of this truth once learned it is unanswerable. To demonstrate the unity of God, it is eminently unsatisfactory. We have seen work, and a workman; and whenever, therefore, we see a work, we argue the existence of a workman. But no two leaves in the forest are exactly alike, much more dissimilar than two watches made by different mechanics. All that the analogy will establish is a workman for every work. The uniformity amidst this diversity will no more (so far as mere analogy goes) establish the oneness of the divine Workman than the uniformity in design and end amongst watches will establish the doctrine of there being only one watchmaker.

Let it not be supposed we are offering

an apology for skepticism. We look on the skeptic as the most pitiaibly irrational being; not because we think he ought to have discovered the being of a God from the harmony of nature's adaptations, but because all these are a corroboration of the truth already declared to him. This solves all the mystery, explains all the phenomena. No other hypothesis will. The world without him, and the world within—all to which he can apply his intellectual powers, and all that appeals to his senses, his reason, and his understanding—confirm the tidings.

"The truth," says Coleridge, "the hardest to demonstrate, is the one which, of all others, least needs to be demonstrated; though there may be no conclusive demonstrations of a good, wise, living, and personal God, there are so many convincing reasons for it within and without—a grain of sand sufficing, and a whole universe at hand to echo the decision!—that for every mind not devoid of all reason, and desperately conscience-proof, the truth which it is the least possible to prove, it is less than impossible not to believe; only, indeed, just so much short of impossible, as to leave room for the will and the moral election, and thereby to keep it a truth of religion, and the possible subject of a commandment."

We have no fear that the progress of science will do aught but strengthen the argument from design indefinitely. Prophecy in the age of Moses was that of "open vision;" in the age of Malachi, it was microscopic. Both ages concur in their teaching. A candid observer must join his voice to that of the watchman, and say: "The vision is for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Infinite wisdom was shown no doubt in the gradual evolution of the evidence of prophecy. The evangelical teaching of Isaiah would, it may be, have produced in an earlier age injurious effects. Various moral stages must be passed through ere the collective mind is fitted for highly nutritive pabulum. In the masses as well as the individual, the rule is, "first, milk, then strong meat;" and we have therefore no doubt that the wisdom of God is engaged in the slow and gradual progress of the mind of civilized man in scientific acquirements. We fret at the little advance made by science in a given age. But it seldom occurs to us to think what might have been the effect of a premature



development of scientific truths—what might have been the result, had the discoveries of the present century in science been made five centuries ago. Europe might have sunk into the depths of a Pantheism, from which nothing short of a fresh revelation had extricated her; or have become indebted to the despised seats of scientific ignorance for cradling the true faith till its period of re-introduction. Let it not be exclaimed, Here is a repetition of the old calumny upon religion, that ignorance is the mother of devotion! No such thing. It is but a suggestion that probably the principle that regulates the advance of scientific investigation, is a merciful regard to the effect likely to be produced on the mind of man, accommodated, as it is, to make some moral use of every acquisition in scientific knowledge. We seem on the threshold of still greater discoveries. Glimpses are granted us of new and hitherto unimagined relations. Who would not have regarded it a few years ago as a dream that had found its way from the new Atlantis, if it had been suggested that a relation subsisted between terrestrial magnetism and the appearance of the spots on the sun? Who would not have accredited one of the "House of Solomon" with the idea that the absorbing power of the colors of the calyx regulated in all probability the choice of these colors? That, attuned by the divine pencil, one law regulated the sum total of the heat absorbed—namely, the amount requisite for the ripening of the seed juices? Unless disposed to take with the left hand what we had given with the right, it is to be admitted that our reverend use of what we have attained must be the measure of His further grants "who ordereth all things in heaven and earth."

It is an important element in the argument from design, that man is endowed with faculties that not merely enable him to appreciate this evidence when submitted to him, but even set him upon seeking for such evidence, with all the strength of an instinctive principle. Man has an implanted love for tracing out the relation of cause and effect. What this relation is we need not stop to inquire. Man shows a regard to uniformity. Man has a natural love for, and delight in, collocation of parts to secure certain contemplated purposes. Nay, in the disposal of ornament he shows a desire not unfrequent-

ly to mask the real moving power—to withdraw into a value-giving concealment the true design. Few men like a skeleton-clock. One sees a parlor-bellows fashioned occasionally like a horse pistol. It is not easy to say why a backgammon-board should be labelled "History of England." To ascribe these phenomena to an imitation of nature, is to suppose such a universal intellection of this "hiding of Himself," on the part of the Author of nature, as is fatal to the hypothesis. It is plainly an instinct. Thus the framework itself of man's mind has certain joints and tenons that fit and counter-match themselves in that of nature. Let man become a "clay creator," and he exhibits this tendency to uniformity in his works. His ships (we are not sure about the ark) have a close resemblance to one another. The lines will vary, but the outline is nearly the same in all. He uses different material, as science advances, out of which to construct them. They are no longer "wooden walls." He makes iron to float securely; but, except to the initiated, Vulcan is cheated of his honors; the iron vessel is shaped like the wooden one. Here is a disposition to follow rigidly a model, unless where necessity demands a modification for certain applications. Now the universality of this disposition shows it to be innate; and being so, we can not but regard it as in itself a demonstration in favor of Theism, when we find that all nature teems with proofs of the same principle at work in the architecture, as well as in the furniture of this temple of the Creator.

Science has been long tending towards the presenting us with primal types in each department of investigation, from which every departure in individual forms is, or is presumed to be, an accommodation to the necessities of such individual—to its method of life, or some such thing. We think that the point has not yet been reached where we can safely make use of the results of the investigation for the purposes of Natural Theology. The findings of Professor Owen, brilliant though they are, seem to us, when applied to these purposes, to resemble too closely the attempts made by some divines to interpret unfulfilled prophecy. We have met with a pamphlet on this latter subject, designed to prove that the number of the Beast was found in the name of Louis Napoleon. We made a discovery quite as



remarkable ourselves; for we found that the application of precisely the same scheme elicited the same number from the name and residence of the publisher of the pamphlet! Perhaps the excellent author would have looked on this coincidence as a confirmation of his theory. Few would. The ingenuity that constructs a brain-pan and pair of jaws out of four vertebræ is admirable. May we confess to a distrust of some portions of this theory of the archetypal skeleton, without incurring a visit from the holy office of the physiologists? Honest Hugh Miller says: "The rocks refuse to testify in its favor." Nay, Agassiz himself, once fully satisfied with it, is now clear that the theory becomes untenable the moment we set about a detailed examination of the bones of the head. So countenanced, we may acknowledge a mistrust when we find some of the Professor's homologues pressed into the service of Natural Theology. We had rather wait awhile, than commit prematurely our cause to an alliance that may have no forces except on paper. The only apology for the use of such theories at the present stage of physical research, is, we think, that, arguing *ad hominem*, it may be well to show that, if ever so well established, they only aid our cause. But we had rather not run the risk of having our argument mixed up with the fate of a physical theory. And we therefore turn with all the greater satisfaction to those unchallenged examples of a niceness of adaptation to the circumstances, united to a clear observance of a type.

Men appreciate the argument from adaptation more readily than from the archetype, just in proportion as they exhibit more frequent marks of regard to the principle of adaptation than of order. Perhaps this is traceable to self-love. This suggests an accommodation of his handywork to its uses. This gives a direction to the expenditure of ornament. Look to the savage. It is not quite correct to say with Doctor McCosh, that he merely considers how best to attain certain practical objects. Wherever self is concerned, you see ornament lavished. There may be a difference of opinion as to the æsthetic value of the tattooed lines. Contrast, however, his weapons of warfare—the sources of his safety and his glory—with their curious and costly ornamentation, and his wigwam—a necessity

of the social relation, on which he sets little value, with its squalor and neglect, and you see that where self is intimately involved, there ingenuity will be exhibited, not in adaptation to uses alone, but also to the purposes of ornament. Self is stronger than the relics of man's primal orderly constitution. Even imagination is a sufficient excuse for a neglect of the type. Man needs to be brought into harmony with the Author of this orderly world ere he fully apprehends the argument from order. Bodies the most unpromising own the power of music. You may feel as you stand in the cathedral aisle the very flag beneath your feet vibrate in sympathy with some of the deep pedal pipes of the organ. Even the degraded savage utters a response—a dull one, it is true, but recognizable by the purged ear; but the whole nature of man needs to be brought into accord with that of the Maker of the Cosmos, ere it yields a full resonance to this key-note of the universe.

It needs no ingenious theory, no dubious conjecture, to establish the existence of a unity of type in many of the divisions of the kingdom of nature. The observance of this gives all such forms a place among the laws; a departure from it ranks the modified parts, or individuals, among the collocations of nature. The strength of the Theistic argument is not found, as the language of Chalmers might lead one to suppose, in a separation of these two, but in their combination. If it be a proof of design should we find one type or model prevalent among any large class of organized bodies, or inorganic forms, and if it be also an evidence of design to find an accommodation of parts or organs to ascertained necessities, then is it a cumulative argument on behalf of a designing agent, when we find a regard to an archetype coëxistent with such modifications, just in proportion as it is unlikely that chance could have combined in one and the same organism two such seemingly inconsistent principles. The argument, as conducted by Dr. McCosh, is one whose force must be admitted. These phenomena are due either to chance or design; but chance is excluded by the multiplicity and unerring accuracy of the collocations which run parallel with a rigid observance of a type: therefore it must be due to design. Unless the adversary prove a Pyrrhonist, or such an exaggera-

tion of Epicurus as would be a real refreshment to the eyes of the old world, the force of the reasoning must be acknowledged. The only danger is—and it is this we would most anxiously caution the reader against—lest the typical correspondencies should seem to be hastily or violently assumed. We know how lively is the imagination of some theorists. We can recall many instances of analogies once admitted, now laughed out of every scientific circle. The *mandrake* and the *anatifa* are dislodged from their places in the ancient botany and physiology. He who detects in the latter an embryo goose, fixes his own place among the vertebrata.

Is there not, however, a wonderful power in nature which leads or enables organic beings, within certain limits which are undefined, to adapt themselves to their circumstances? Take an instance. If a shell-fish be dropped on the expanded tentacles of one of those beautiful sea-anemones with which every one who frequents our shores is familiar, it is embraced by the tentacles, and soon disappears in the stomach of the animal. The shell is extruded after a time, all the edible parts being retained. If the shell be of a certain size, the animal is unable to extrude it: it remains in the stomach, forms a sort of partition wall; whilst, for the nutrition of the lower hemisphere of the animal, a new mouth has been seen, after a time, to open, and that furnished with a set of tentacles, and so the firm is carried on by the partners in separate houses. May not, it is asked, the adaptations you allege be due to the plastic powers of nature? May not these accommodations be the result of successive changes of this nature, and not due to a designing Creator?

To this we answer, (reserving the cavil that might be raised to this alleged power of nature,) such adaptations are observed; and were they the only examples which we assert, there were some ground for the objection. But even so, suppose such power to be conferred in certain cases, it were a grand proof of design in Him who had “determined the bounds of habitation” of each organic being, if they were not merely fitted in the rough to their place of dwelling, but endowed with a facility of accommodation to every modification of their dwelling-place. But such instances would fall utterly short of accounting for all the adaptation of which

the argument for design speaks—and that for this simple reason, that we find those adaptations on which we reason propagated as the invariable property of the species; whilst we do not find that these accidental modifications are continued to the progeny of the modified being. Thus, the young of the anemone we have been speaking of will be found to have but one mouth each; and although such cases must be of frequent occurrence, naturalists have never found such monsters, except where a similar way of accounting for the departure from the type was at hand. But it will be readily seen that such instances can be turned against the objector. The sea-anemone is, from its nature, stationary. The very possibility of such an occurrence necessitated the endowment of the animal with a special power of readjustment. We defy ingenuity to devise a better method of repairing the injury. Here, then, is a power of reproduction of a special class, nicely accommodated to the position that the animal was meant to occupy. The mollusc, capable of shifting its position, has it not. The mollusc, gifted with a shell for its defense, has it not. The vertebrate, with its active habits, has it not. The concurrence of the power and the necessity for it, is a new proof of adaptation, not merely present, and bestowed on the species ready-made, but prospective, and only operative when needed.

“As respects natural religion,” it is Mr. Macaulay that speaks, “it is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favorably situated than Thales or Simonides. He has before him just the same evidences of design in the structure of the universe which the early Greeks had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower, and shell.” If the great essayist mean by “the same evidences of design,” the same argument for a designer, the sentiment is as true as the language in which it is conveyed is inaccurate. But if he mean just the same amount of evidence, he must be sadly behind the age. He might as well say that we have the same evidence of prescience in the Ruler of the Church as Nimrod had. Each accession of physical knowledge is an additional evidence of design, just as

each prophecy fulfilled is an added proof of prescience. Each example only clears the argument more entirely from all suspicion of chance; and the minuteness of the particulars that enter the argument in its modern and maturer shape, is an undoubted element of strength and completeness, just as the concurrence of detailed and apparently trivial events in the indenture of prophecy with its fulfillment, sets aside all possibility of accident in the history, or of mere forecast in the prediction. All, indeed, that can fairly be inferred from the minuteness of the particulars that enter into the argument for design in its present stage, is, that this evidence was meant by the designer only as corroborative. He who made man designed him for such investigations. He who made organic beings, took precautions against the haughty conclusions of the shallow objector, by so constructing them that not only in the main mechanical principles, but in every subdivision of application of these principles, there might meet his eye the same forecasting wisdom. God, who foresaw and planned the application of human reason to the investigation of the ultimate constituents of matter, hath written his name upon each atom so plainly as to forestall any adverse conclusion from right reason, and secure to himself the glory—not from unquestioning simplicity merely, but from the most accomplished adepts in science—of infinite Wisdom and pervading Intelligence.

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From the Westminster Review

## S U I C I D E I N L I F E A N D L I T E R A T U R E . \*

"THE jury returned a verdict—died by his own hand under temporary insanity." Such is the undeviating formula closing every inquiry into cases of suicide. The law which forbids the rites of Christian sepulture to all who have voluntarily made away with themselves, is felt to be an absurd and odious law, and is eluded by a fiction. Nay, even those jurymen who do not wish to evade law by a fiction which will at least procure decent burial, and shield the unhappy survivors from an additional pang, are nevertheless, for their own sakes, glad to persuade themselves, or to seem to persuade themselves by a verdict, that the suicide, which fills them with horror, was the act of a madman; an act only possible under the sudden incursion of passions which, for the time, deprived the victim of all self-control. The convenient formula of "temporary insanity" satisfies all parties. It

eludes an absurdity, and it diminishes the horror of an event.

Few readers will be disposed to cavil at such a compromise of conscience. Yet, if we wish to understand this act of suicide, we must look it steadily in the face, unbiased by collateral considerations: and in doing so, the very first question which arises is precisely the question invariably answered in only one way by the English jurymen. Is suicide the act of a madman? A moment's reflection assures us that it often is, and often is not, the act of a madman. Insane men commit suicide, as they commit murder, theft, follies, and extravagances; but we do not assign every murder, theft, folly, or extravagance to insanity, nor should we assign every suicide to that origin. Casuists, indeed, are ready to prove that although the insanity may only have been temporary, yet, during the passionate afflux of despair, reason was totally submerged; the victim had lost all power of self-control, all sense of moral responsibility, and, for the time being, was truly insane. This is but casuistry, however. On similar grounds

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\* *Traité du Suicide considéré dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie, la Théologie, la Médecine et la Jurisprudence.* Par Louis Bertrand. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Impériale de Médecine. Paris. 1857.

every man must at times be called insane. Anger is brief madness. Appetite is brief madness. Fixed attention is brief madness. We are all madmen, with lucid intervals. Difficult as it may be, and is, to define the precise phenomena of insanity, the common-sense of mankind suffices for the broad distinction between those who are sane and those who are insane; and against such common-sense, casuistry is powerless. Except, therefore, as the evasion of a foolish law, nothing is gained by the verdict of "temporary insanity," and much is lost by it. In curious contrast with this verdict, is the treatment of suicide in literature: the jurymen always represents suicide as the act of a madman; the poet and novelist always represent it as either the deliberation, or the despair, of one perfectly sane. We propose in this article to consider suicide under its principal aspects, both in reality and in fiction, in life and literature; and as a preliminary, we shall group all suicides into two great classes — as the acts of sane, and the acts of insane men—giving our attention to the first class only, and leaving the second to the consideration of those who specially concern themselves with mental diseases.

The work which we have taken as our text, was chosen by the French Imperial Academy of Medicine as worthy of the prize which in 1848 was proposed for public competition. It is written by a doctor of the Faculty of Paris, and is remarkable in at least one respect, namely, as a specimen of the imbecility which an Academy can deliberately send forth to Europe bearing the token of its approbation. Prize essays are rarely great performances; but this prize essay has eminent imperfections: its badness rises to the height of a quality; its twaddle is superlative. Although written by a physician, and for a prize proposed by an Academy of Medicine, the physiological and pathological considerations which spontaneously present themselves on investigating the causes of suicide, are barely touched on in this prize essay, and when touched on, always in singular ignorance; whereas the theological considerations, which, however important, are less within the physician's province, Dr. Bertrand has elaborated with the emphasis of imbecility; and it is this theological prosing which justifies the presence of the "puff preliminary" in the guise of a letter of approba-

tion from Cardinal Gousset. We suspect that it was this theological fervor which determined the Academy to award the prize to a work having every fault such a work could possibly betray; but which, by boldly attributing suicide to "materialism and irreligion," and by suggesting the suppression of all free education as the grand preventive of suicide, was evidently one of those works invariably considered by corporate bodies as "useful to morals," and consequently worthy of all encouragement. Not that we are to suppose the members of the Academy of Medicine individually in favor of priestly interference in education, or themselves very vehemently opposed to materialism. Few of these gentlemen can be supposed to share Dr. Bertrand's opinions, or to think highly of his abilities. But the opinions held by individuals, and the opinions expressed by them when acting in a body, are notoriously of very different complexions. Your corporate body has the strangest belief in the virtue of lies. What may, in private, be absurdity or tyranny becomes elevated doctrine in public. Ideas which in private are scorned as old women's tales, or denounced as the designing artifices of priests, suddenly become worthy of public encouragement, because *utiles aux mœurs*. Dr. Bertrand, consciously or unconsciously, has pandered to this corporate weakness, and gained the prize. The reader of his work will form a low estimate of his sincerity, or his intellect. We are disposed to believe him sincere: he is, undeniably, inept.

The first and most important question, Dr. Bertrand thinks, relates to the criminality of suicide. "If it be not a crime," he says, "it loses in our eyes every kind of interest, and scarcely merits attention." This is an Old-Bailey view of the subject which few will share. Madness, disease, and death are surely not crimes; yet to the physician and philosopher they have their interest—an interest greater even than that of the greatest crimes; the phenomena in themselves, and the methods of alleviation and prevention, arrest our notice; and why may not these things arrest us when, instead of madness or disease, they relate to suicide? So far from the criminality of suicide (to which Dr. Bertrand devotes his first book) being the most important of the questions demanding an answer, it appears to us as remote



from the real importance of the subject as if a writer on Insanity, or on Disease, were to employ his pages in establishing the fatal consequences of the one, or the agony of the other. True it is, that legislators have taken the subject within their administration in refusing Christian burial; but, properly considered, it matters little whether we call suicide a crime or not, seeing that the criminal can not be punished. The indignity of a burial in unconsecrated ground is assuredly little capable of deterring a man from committing the crime; and for these reasons: either he is a man of strong religious convictions, such as would make this idea of unconsecrated burial a terror to him, or he is a man having no such apprehensions. In the one case, great as the terror may be supposed to be, it will be inoperative, since the very convictions from which the terror springs, will themselves deter him from the sin of suicide; and if *they* have failed, if his despair has silenced them, it will have little difficulty in conquering so comparatively slight an obstacle as the burial; in the other case, consecrated or unconsecrated ground will make little difference to him. If, therefore, the legislator means punishment as a deterring influence, it is evident that suicide is a crime not punishable, for the criminal can not be reached, others can not be deterred.

Suicide is a *sin*, according to all theologians. How far the conviction of its being a sin has deterred or will deter men, can not be estimated even approximately. In very sincere minds despair has silenced the still small voice; in others the voice has doubtless preached resignation with effect. But we must here set aside this influence, as an element not to be accurately appreciated. It always escapes us. We know that it must operate; but its influence will not depend solely on the strength of the convictions, but on this, *and* on the other conditions of the patient's mind—on the depth of his affliction, the agitation of his passions, the fluctuations of surrounding circumstance. No one will deny the great influence which must necessarily be exercised by a profound conviction that suicide is a sin against God; and yet this conviction will not, under certain conditions, prevent the sin. "God forgive me!" is the last cry of many a heart about to hurry from its intolerable anguish. Indeed, when we reflect how

strong is the primordial instinct of self-preservation, we must admit that whenever a soul is stung with sorrow so intense, or depressed by shadows so gloomy, that this imperious instinct is set at naught, no other deterring influence will have much certainty of action.

We may call suicide a sin, without admitting the legislator's interference. It is an act which God must judge. He alone knows the whole. The legislator has only a corpse to deal with. Criminal or not, the man's tragedy is played out now, and can not be altered. But we who knew him, honored him, loved him, we must form some judgment of his act, not only as affecting our memory of him, but as foreshadowing possible imitators, who, under circumstances somewhat similar, may recall the manner of his extrication from difficulties which seemed inevitable, and from agonies which seemed unendurable. Much, therefore, does it concern us, the survivors, rightly to judge his act, to appreciate its moral significance as an act either imitable or condemnable; and to do this, we must first endeavor to understand what his act really was.

In the abstract, every one must condemn suicide. Excuse is only derivable from the particular circumstances which produced the act; on these depends the amount of pitying sympathy extended to the victim. Cases sometimes occur which reduce the condemnation to a minimum, and even transform it into approbation. Thus even the severe moralists of the early church—St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and Chrysostom, have absolved and applauded those women who committed suicide to preserve their chastity—applause which implicitly recognizes the principle that self-destruction may be a virtue under certain circumstances. Less severe moralists will acknowledge that a man afflicted with an acute and incurable malady which renders existence one continuous suffering, may be pardoned if he seek relief in death, unless his life is of so much value to others depending on him that, for their sakes, he ought courageously to endure the suffering. Nor can we think harshly of one who in the suddenness of some profound affliction leaps into eternity to follow those gone before. But suicide from cowardice—from wounded self-love—from miserable vanity—can only excite the pitying scorn of all. Unhappily, these are the motives which de-

termine the greater proportion of deliberate suicides, and it is to these attention should mainly be given. We name those acts deliberate which are determined by motives of reflection rather than by irresistible passion, and thereby fall within the sphere of *preventible* acts. It is idle to attempt the prevention of suicides which are determined by insanity or sudden passion. These are calamities. No one can be forewarned against them. But an examination of the recorded cases of suicide leads to the remarkable conclusion that, whereas the number referable to insanity is nearly thrice the number referable to any other cause, the passion of grief is the cause of a very small number, and violent anger causes the smallest of all. Thus, in the year 1851, there were 3598 suicides recorded in France, to each of which the presumed motive was affixed. Out of these no less than 800 are set down to mental alienation; and to that number we should add 70 cases of monomania, 39 of cerebral fever, and 54 of idiocy—all ranking under the general head of uncontrollableness—which will make a total of 963, or more than a fourth of the whole cases. If we now examine the remaining cases, we find “domestic quarrels” next in amount, being no less than 385; while grief for the loss of children amounts to only 46, grief at their ingratitude or bad conduct, to 16; sudden anger, only 1. Next in importance to domestic quarrels is the desire to escape from physical suffering: these amount to 313. Debt and embarrassment rank next—203. Want, and the fear of want, 179. Disgust at life—which may properly be called low spirits—stands high—166; shame and remorse, very low, only 7. Thwarted love shows only 91, and jealousy, 23. Losses at play, 6; loss of employment, 25.

Fallacious as all such figures must necessarily be, from the impossibility of always assigning the real motive to the act, they point with sufficient distinctness to certain general conclusions: 1. That insanity is the origin of by far the largest proportion of cases; 2. That, except the dread of physical suffering, the other large proportions are all of cases which belong to the deliberative kind. And, as it is the purpose of the present article to direct attention to suicide in literature as well as in life, let us remark on the extreme discrepancy manifested between

the literary conception of the causes of suicide, and the conception necessarily formed after a survey of the facts. In literature it is always passion, and passion of vehement sudden afflux, which determines suicide: the agonies of despair or jealousy, the arrowy pangs of remorse, or the dread apprehension of shame, are the only motives which the dramatist or novelist ever conceives. To lose a mistress, and with that loss to fling away life; to hurry into eternity as an escape from haunting remorse, or coming shame—these seem adequate motives for fiction. In life the loss of a mistress is borne with greater equanimity; and the remembrances of crimes, or the dread of shame, seem to exercise but a very small suicidal influence.

Eliminating the cases of insanity and sudden passion, we find an immense mass of deliberate suicides. Those arising from domestic quarrels point to social and legal evils: the rest point mostly to imaginary evils; by which we do not mean that they are not evils, but that their peculiar force is derived from apprehensiveness; and in so far they are reflective. They are not like grief and physical pain, which press with sharp anguish deep into the instinctive regions of our nature, rousing them to action; but arising *from* reflection, may be conquered or mitigated *by* reflection. At the worst they are but the glooms of distant horrors, the shadows of clouds which threaten, but may nevertheless pass over. The mind contemplates them till the distant seems close at hand, the possible seems about to burst into reality; and thus, by the activity of terror, the evil which exists only in prospect becomes as pressing as though it were present. Bewildered in this maze of darkness, all natural shapes become distorted; the faces of men are oppressions; insults are gathered from careless glances; scorn is seen lurking under sympathy; every hope vanishes; ruins lie around; there is but one issue—and that issue is through the gates of death.

The suicide of Haydon, the painter, which a few years since excited so much pity and interest, may be taken as a good illustration of the growing pressure of imaginary evils. No one, calmly considering the matter, thinks poverty, under any of its embarrassments, the justification of suicide. No one will say that want of public appreciation—keenly as

the self-love may feel it—could in itself have destroyed a man like Haydon, ever-confident (to insolence sometimes) in his own genius, and accustomed to consider himself in advance of his age. Poverty he had long been familiar with; embarrassments and debts had harassed him for years, till they had lost their keen edge; opposition from the critics, and want of due appreciation from the public—such at least as he demanded—were old stories to him. He had battled through these. He had gained a name, attached many friends. His strength was good. His spirit was high, his hopefulness generally active. His delight in work was unabated. How, then, came he to succumb at last? He succumbed because his mind had begun to dwell upon distant evils, which had often loomed upon him before, but before were looked on more lightly, hopefully. The peculiar conjunction of his affairs was coincident, perhaps, with some condition of body which made him less able to behold the far-off sunshine. We allude here to a point seldom noticed, yet one which universal experience ratifies—namely, the immense influence of the physical condition on the mental condition, producing suicides in cases where, with a different state of health, only depression or grief could be produced. Who of us can not remember days when life was inexpressibly sad, its burden almost too weary—when the horizon of our affairs was one black mass of cloud without the faintest auroral streak—when hope stirred nothing within us, and reason with deliberate demonstration showed that no hope was rational, no extrication from the difficulties possible; nevertheless, after days passed under the shadow of such apprehensions, the sun has risen one morning to find us bright, easy, confident, full of hope, quick in desire, strong in courage. A weight seems to have been rolled from our hearts. Yet nothing has changed the position of affairs: our embarrassments remain, our enemies are as persistent, our friends as lukewarm; nothing in the web of circumstance is changed—the change is wholly in ourselves. What yesterday seemed intolerable, is to-day spoken lightly of; what yesterday haunted us with apprehensions, can not to-day interfere with the enjoyment of a morning walk. It was, perhaps, a congested liver, which having got righted at last,

now renders the aspect of life so different.

In the picture just drawn may be seen a type of those conditions which often lead to suicide—the confluence of untoward circumstance with disordered health. *Deliberate* suicides are excessively rare when the secretions are healthy. The physician would often avert a catastrophe when the moralist would preach without avail; a familiar fact, and one which would have been more frequently acted on, had there not been a systematic opposition from many quarters to every thing like a rational interpretation of the connection between physical and moral phenomena. We expect, indeed, that many readers will be more or less affected by the mere statement that suicide can depend on the state of the secretions; although these same readers would freely admit, in a general way, the influence of the bodily states on the mental states, and daily perceive the “cheering influence” of coffee or wine. Nothing better exemplifies the extent of the opposition raised against physiological interpretations of moral phenomena than the fact that Dr. Bertrand, himself a physician, actually omits the state of health from his list of predisposing causes of suicide. He superficially touches on the influence of age, sex, climate, profession, education, imitation, and physical pain, as causes; but in the three trivial pages devoted to the “constitution,” he merely says that the bilious temperament is more prone to suicide than any other, but that all temperaments are liable to succumb.

Haydon's journals furnish, as we said, a very instructive example of deliberative suicide, wherein the determining influence is an accidental condition of health. They tell us, in his own emphatic language, how great a struggle his life was, and how hopefully gone through by him. Always in difficulty, he is often deeply depressed, but the depression never lasts long. His sanguine temperament escapes from the gloom of apprehension. Yet at last the depression seems more persistent, his health is evidently affected, and *then* circumstance is too powerful for him. Let us glance at an entry or two in his journal. Here is one in May, 1844:

“19th.—As I sit looking at my picture, Uriel and Satan, I can not help remembering the friends now gone, who used to call in on a Sun-

day and talk, and criticise, and cheer up—Lord Mulgrave, Sir George, Wilkie, Jackson, General and Augustus Phipps. How all was hope, and novelty, and anticipation; and after forty years of most anxious study I am again at it in just as much necessity, or more, as when I painted my first picture in 1806—thirty-eight years ago. Hardly any one now feels an interest in my proceedings; yet my proceedings always *do* excite an interest, and my fate is not fulfilled. My dear old friends are passed, and have led the way. After a few years I must follow them. The state of things is melancholy.”

At the close of the year, he says:

“My position still is solitary and glorious. In me the solitary sublimity of high art is not gone. I still pursue my course, neglected, little employed, too happy if the approval of my own conscience is the only reward I get for my labors, under the blessing of God.”

Neglect, failure, poverty, embarrassments of various kinds have not daunted him. Here is another indication:

“Februry 4th. — In the greatest anxiety about money matters. Accommodation in the city out of the question. My friends with faces longer than my arm, croaking and foreboding.

“I have lost three glorious days, painted hardly at all, and have not succeeded in getting £5, with £62 to pay. I must up with my new canvas, *because without a new large picture to lean on, I feel as if deserted by the world.*”

“5th.—O, O, O! I sat all day and looked into the fire. I must get up my third canvas, or I shall go cracked; I have ordered it up on Saturday, and then I'll be at it.

“Perhaps this paralysis was nature's repose. *I stared like a baby, and felt like one.* A man who has had so many misfortunes as I have had, gets frightened at leaving his family for a day.

“6th.—Thus ends the week; by borrowing £10 of Talfourd, £10 of Twentymen, £5 10s. of my hatter, I contrived to satisfy claims for £62, but next week I must be at it again. Though I have Wordsworth's and the Duke's head engraving, I can sell neither; and though I have not had a farthing on my lectures yet, I am now revising a second volume.

“My two works are done, a third canvas is ready, and as if under trial, I have yet to begin, cheerfully trusting in God, and believing my life conducted by him, so that from trials inflicted my genius is elevated more powerfully than from sunshine and luxury.”

This picture of the foiled painter staring all day at the fire, like a baby, paralyzed by the sense of his difficulties, yet the

next day cheerfully trusting in God, is very striking; we shall now see him, only a few weeks later, under similar embarrassments, give way. He has exhibited his two pictures in the Egyptian Hall, where *Tom Thumb* is drawing crowds, and where few visitors go to see the pictures. Failure under such circumstances would be painful to every artist; yet surely to one who thought so highly of art, it was in itself far less humiliating than his previous failures at Westminster Hall, where his cartoons were neglected for the cartoons of other painters. There could be no rivalry between him and Tom Thumb. If the public was curious about Tom Thumb, and not eager to see Haydon's high art, a sarcasm or two would, in other days, or under other circumstances, have relieved his mind. It is interesting to read his reflections on hearing of Colonel Gurwood's suicide:

“Good heavens! Gurwood has cut his throat. The man who had headed the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo—the rigid soldier—the iron-nerved hero, had not morale to resist the relaxation of nerve brought on by his over-anxiety about the Duke's Dispatches.

“Where is the responsibility of a man with mind so easily affected by body? Romilly, Castlereagh, and Gurwood!”

Let us, however, follow the tragic story as he has told it, with its fluctuations, and strange gleams of hopefulness and strength:

“5th.—Came home in excruciating anxiety, not being able to raise the money for my rent for the Hall, and found a notice from a broker for a quarter's rent from Newton, my old landlord for twenty-two years. For a moment my brain was confused. I had paid him half; and therefore, there was only £10 left. I went into the painting-room in great misery of mind. That so old a friend should have chosen such a moment to do such a thing, is painful. After an hour's dullness, my mind suddenly fired up, with a new background for Alfred. I dashed at it, and at dinner it was enormously improved. I make a sketch to-morrow; then begin to finish with the Saxon noble.

“6th.—I went out yesterday to look for my employer, to make him pay me £37 10s. I had just received a lawyer's letter, the first for a long time. I called on the lawyer, an amiable man. He promised to try to get me time. I came home—my exhibition bringing nothing—a lawyer's letter—my landlady's £80 for rent at the Hall unpaid—I came home with great pain of mind; yet would any man believe, as I waited in the lawyer's chambers, the whole background



of Alfred flashed into my head? I dwelt on it, foresaw its effects, and came home in sorrow, delight, anxiety, and anticipation. I set my palette with a disgust, and yet under irresistible impulse. In coming into the parlor, the cook, whose wages I had not been able to pay, handed me a card from a broker, saying he called for a quarter's rent from Mr. Newton. I felt my heart sink, my brain confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery, and a prison! It was hoisting the standard!

"This is temper. I went on with my palette in a giddy fidget. I brought it out, and looking at my great work, rejoiced inwardly at the coming background. But my brain, harassed and confused, fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour. I awoke cold, the fire out; but I flew at my picture, and dashing about like an inspired devil, by three had arranged and put in the alteration.

"I dined, expecting an execution every moment, and retired to rest in misery."

Again:

"23d.—Awoke at three, in very great agony of mind; and lay awake till long after five, affected by my position. Prayed God, as David did, and fell asleep happier, but still fearing.

"I took the original sketch of Uriel, and went to my landlord and asked him to buy it in vain. At last, I offered it to him if he would lend me £1 to pay an installment where failure would have been certain ruin. He assented, and I left a beautiful sketch. I then came home and darted at my picture. I have done a great deal this week under all circumstances, and advanced the masses of drapery for my Jury.

"15th.—Passed in great anxiety; finally painted the background in the sketch, after harassing about to no purpose in the heat.

"16th.—I sat from two till five staring at my picture like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform. I dined, after having raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accidents."

On the 17th we find him still keeping up his confidence, although affairs get worse:

"17th.—Dearest Mary, with a woman's passion, wishes me at once to stop payment, and close the whole thing. I will not. I will finish my six, under the blessing of God; reduce my expenses; and hope his mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigor, gratitude and grandeur of soul, to the end. In Him alone I trust. Let my imagination keep Columbus before my mind for ever. O God!

bless my efforts with success, through every variety of fortune, and support my dear Mary and family. Amen."

The evening of that day Sir Robert Peel sends him £50; yet these are the subsequent entries:

"18th.—O God! bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said: 'I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me.' I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. Good-hearted Newton! I said: 'Don't put in an execution.' 'Nothing of the sort,' he replied, half-hurt.

"I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred, and Mary's heads to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke's boots and hat, and Lord Gray's coat, and some more heads.

"20th.—O God! bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22d.—God forgive me, Amen.

Finis

of

B. R. Haydon.

" 'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear*."

The paper which he wrote just before committing suicide is clear, decisive, explicit, and without any trace of insanity. If we ask how from the courage of the 17th he relapsed into the despair of the 22d, we can think of but one answer—the change is his own health, which made what before had been gloomy, now become intolerable. But be that as it may, there is one point we would earnestly impress upon the reader, one which would have probably saved Haydon, and consequently may help to save any other wretched man whose apprehensive terrors are growing upon him. Let us be allowed for a moment to assume that the reader is in such a condition. He is materially in that conflux and convergence of untoward circumstance, and morally, in that apprehensive condition, which suffers him to see no other escape from intolerable evils than sudden death. He has anxiously reviewed his whole situation: bankruptcy, poverty, disgrace, await him. Light breaks from no distant quarter. There is nowhere help. His wife and children will be dragged with him into inevitable distress. He sees the whole army of evils marshaled before him, and all the avenues open through which they will reach him. He has calculated every

chance, and sees that the dreaded result is certain. Arrived at this point in his deliberations he has reached the terminus of apprehension; and here, consequently, reason may effectively establish the first bulwark, in the shape of a restraining influence, strong in proportion to the strength with which the idea is conceived. That idea rests on the basis of previous experience. On many critical and trivial occasions he will remember that the events rarely arrived in their *foreseen order*, and still more rarely brought their *foreseen consequences*. Human beings are always forecasting their lives, and always finding every episode *unlike* what had been forecast. They can not plan the most ordinary party of pleasure with any certainty of the result; if weather turn out fine, temper may spoil it. From picnics to ministerial combinations, men are ever seeing their anticipations unrealized. More especially is this the case with all those castle-building schemes in which an eager imagination makes the future plastic to its wishes. There are times when the horizon is radiant. The man seems standing in the confluence of prosperities. From every avenue he sees good fortune approaching. He can almost reckon up the items of his prosperity, and can calculate the sums to be paid to his account. The days pass, but the foreseen events do not arrive, at least not *as* he foresaw them. His fortune may be as great, or even greater, but it is always different. The order of events is different, the consequences unlike those which were foreseen. It may be that the events do not arrive at all. He was rich yesterday, and to-day the bank stopped payment. He relied on the steadfast friendship of one who has died suddenly, or has fled to America. One by one all the radiant spaces on the horizon have become clouded over, and he is now anxiously gazing for a streak of blue sky. Yesterday he was certain of happiness; to-day the certainty has vanished; to-morrow it will perhaps have turned into despair. "My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne," says Romeo; and the next moment the news arrives of Juliet's death.

This trite experience of the instability of human happiness has an obverse aspect which should give consolation in moments of affliction. The same uncertainty which attends our forecastings of success and happiness, equally attends our forecastings

of failure and misery. The radiance is not more liable to be over-clouded, than the darkness is to be irradiated. We can not foresee truly: we can only imagine something that *may* occur; and these imaginations are always wrong, if not as to the event itself, yet as to the degree in which the event will affect us. Let the worst he foresees arrive, it will reach the victim as something very different from what he imagined. The crash arrives; nothing could—nothing did avert it; it is here, and he is a beggar. His wife and children are beggars. Nay, worse than all, he is disgraced: deeds come to light which cause him to blush deeply when revealed, although he blushed but slightly, perhaps, in doing them. Every thing, then, that he dreaded has arrived? True: but not *as* he feared it. Now he is face to face with it, the terror vanishes. His strength is greater, and his sorrow less. Bankruptcy, if painful, is found to be endurable. Poverty turns out a comparatively slight evil—considerably less than a toothache. Even the shame against which sensitive pride revolted, is not so terrible as imagination pictured it, although, being an intellectual pain, and indefinite in nature, imagination continues to exercise a control over it. Men do not look their scorn at him as he passes. His wife and children do not shrink from him, but cling with closer fondness, consoling him for the neglect of others. The dog licks his hand as before. The tradesman is as cap-in-hand for custom. The heart still beats, and Heaven is above all. There is no need for despair. A few years of honest labor may repair the loss he has sustained. Meanwhile those years may be sweetened by such affection as it is in his nature to call forth, and by such enjoyment as he is capable of. There has been pain, but there has been more of happiness. Nay, even should the shrinking self-love carry its pain to the grave, and the memory of the catastrophe overshadow his remaining years, he has still the consolation of having purchased life by enduring thus much pain, and has fulfilled serious responsibilities to those dependent on him. In this simple fact, that we can not accurately foresee the future, lies a refuge from despair.

"The Greeks said grandly in their tragic phrase:

'Let no one be called happy till his death.'

To which I add: 'Let no one till his death  
Be called unhappy.' \*\*

When the wretched Mary Wolstonecraft paced up and down Putney Bridge, suffering the rain to wet her garments thoroughly, so that they might not prevent her sinking in the water, her life seemed cheerless, and without a ray of hope; yet this hour was, in truth, the turning point in her existence, and from it dated the most perfect bliss she had ever known—a period of wedded happiness and earnest work. Could other miserable creatures only bring themselves to believe in a future which they can not foresee, suicide would never be *deliberately* committed.

We are fully aware of the impossibility of giving hope to a hopeless mind. We do not pretend that a man can reason himself into cheerfulness. Melancholy depression results even more from a physical than from a mental condition. But reason, if not omnipotent, is to *some* extent influential. In the proportion in which despair is reflective, hope may be reflective; that is to say, in as far as depression of spirits results from a review of circumstances and an apprehension of future results, it may be combated by a general philosophical conclusion, which shows how inevitably the survey and apprehension must err, and how unlikely it is that the future, which seems so terrible, should turn out as we foresee it. Whenever a man is about to commit suicide, deliberately, to escape from a network of terrible circumstances, a vivid conception of the fact that this network will really be woven into quite *other* meshes, large enough for escape, large enough for the access of assistance—a conception that *what* he dreads will not be realized—may stay his hand, and suffer him to await the result. And here another consideration presents itself in intimate connection with the foregoing—one which, if taken up by the mind, may give serenity and resignation to many a troubled epoch of life. It is this: we foresee events in the *mass*, but they reach us in *detail*. Our strength, which would indeed be hopeless against the mass, quietly conquers it in detail. To walk a thousand miles seems an impossible feat; yet a few weeks of our daily avocation carries us over more ground without fatigue. In

the course of every year we eat a ton and a half of solid food, and think nothing of it, but are startled on learning the amount. And so it is with troubles, punishments, deprivations: they reach us singly and at intervals; we foresee them in the mass, and despairingly ask: How am I to meet this overwhelming load? Men of inactive imaginations move amid untoward circumstances with little trouble. They dispose of each difficulty as it arrives, and are not apprehensive of what may remain behind. Imaginative men, on the contrary, have their apprehensions stimulated by each arrival; and to them our argument is specially addressed. They may reinstate their vigor of resistance by recognizing the fact, that the army of evils which overawes them, can not, *as* an army, overwhelm them; but must, in the nature of things, attack them by ones and twos in separate intervals, under greatly altered circumstances; so that the mass of gunpowder which seemed so formidable is scattered into small heaps and grains, some of them not exploding because damp, others blown away by the wind, and those which do explode only creating damage, not ruin.

Three sources of prevention, and only three, are thus discoverable; and these, of course, only affecting cases of deliberate suicide: religious conviction, giving resignation or hope; intellectual conviction of our inability rightly to foresee events and results; and last, though not least, medical treatment. Where these are powerless, it is idle to hope that legislative enactments will avail. We have, however, already seen that by far the greatest number of cases is referable to insanity; and even in cases which have all the marks of deliberation, there is sometimes a certain intensity of apprehensiveness, a diseased activity of the imagination in picturing consequences, which renders the patient as helpless as the monomaniac. Such is the case recorded by Hufeland of a tradesman aged two-and-thirty, who, having lost his money, and being neglected by his family, resolved to starve himself. From the 12th to the 15th of September, 1818, he roamed about the country and woods. He then dug a grave for himself, and remained in it till the 3d October, when he was found by an inn-keeper. He still breathed, after eighteen days' abstinence, but expired immediately after a little bouillon had been forced down

\* "Aurora Leigh."

his throat. On his person they found writing-paper containing a sort of diary written in pencil. The following extracts will be read with interest :

"16th Sept.—The generous philanthropist who may find my corpse is requested to bury me, and to repay himself for the trouble by my clothes, my purse, my pocket-book, and knife. I have not committed suicide, but I die of starvation, because wicked men have deprived me of my fortune, and I do not choose to be a burden on my friends. It is unnecessary to open my body, since, as I have just said, I die of starvation.

"17th Sept.—What a night I have passed! It has rained; I am wet through. I have been so cold. . . .

"18th Sept.—The cold and the rain forced me to get up and walk; my walk was feeble. Thirst made me lick up the water which still rested on the mushrooms. How nasty that water was!

"19th Sept.—The cold, the length of the nights, and the slowness of my clothing, which makes me feel the cold more keenly, have given me great suffering.

"20th Sept.—In my stomach there is terrible commotion; hunger, and above all, thirst, become more and more frightful. For three days there has been no rain. If I could but lick the water from the mushrooms now!

"21st Sept.—Unable to endure the tortures of thirst I crawled with great labor to an inn, where I bought a bottle of beer, which did not quench my thirst. In the evening I drank some water from the pump near the inn where I bought the beer.

"23d Sept.—Yesterday I could scarcely move, much less write. Thirst made me go to the pump; the water was icy cold, and made me sick. I had convulsions until evening. Nevertheless, I returned to the pump.

"26th Sept.—My legs seem dead. For three days I have been unable to go to the pump. Thirst increases. My weakness is such that I could not trace these lines till to-day.

"29th Sept.—I have been unable to move. It has rained. My clothes are not dry. No one would believe how much I suffer. During the rain some drops fell into my mouth, which did not quench my thirst. Yesterday I saw a peasant about ten yards from me; I saluted him; he returned my salutation. It is with great regret I die; want has forced me; nevertheless, I pray for death. My Father, pardon him, for he knows not what he does. Weakness and convulsions prevent my writing more. I feel this is the last time." . . . .

In this tragic case the apprehension of poverty became a fixed idea, which resulted in afflicting the man with all the worst extremities of poverty. Fearing to die of want, he starved himself.

The story of the German author, Kleist, is far from clear in its motives, and is sufficiently striking to deserve telling here. He had long familiarized himself with the thought of suicide; spoke repeatedly of it to his friends, as we have been informed, and more than once proposed to a friend that they should destroy themselves in company. This seems to betoken monomania; yet, what shall we say to his companion Frau Vogel, who was not his mistress, but only his friend, yet who, suffering from an incurable malady, consented to the proposal of the poor and miserable Kleist, and died with him? They quitted Berlin for Potsdam together. At the inn they wrote on the same sheet of paper their separate declarations of their intention, (a letter which we were permitted to see, but which has never been printed,) and retired for the night. Early the next morning they rose, took a cup of coffee, and then went to the brink of a pond in the neighborhood, where they shot themselves. The sensation produced throughout Germany by this act has not yet altogether subsided, and has given rise to many conflicting commentaries. Kleist was, perhaps, insane, and Frau Vogel, fascinated by his eloquence and resolution, suffered herself to be dragged with him to the perpetration of an act which promised release from pain.

There are few existences in which the sum of pleasures does not greatly surpass the pains; and however impatient of pain the sensitive organization may be, that very sensitiveness which makes the impatience, also makes the enjoyment proportionably greater. If to such purely personal egotistic considerations be added those which necessarily issue from our relations to others—to those who love us, who cling to us, who are in any way dependent on us—we shall be forced to admit that suicide is not only an act of folly, but a *moral* crime, that is to say, a crime which, if not amenable to a legal tribunal, is amenable to the tribunal of conscience. The weight of the crime must in each separate case be estimated by the circumstances which surround it: on the one hand by the mental and bodily condition of the sufferer, and on the other by his social relations and responsibilities. No one will harshly judge the mother who, on seeing the corpse of her only child dragged from the river, plunged into that river, and in it stilled the clamorous an-



guish of her heart. Far otherwise is it with those who, in fretful impatience, in momentary fear, in mere bravado, or in despicable desire for notoriety, hurry themselves from the world. Yet there are many such suicides.

There have been periods when suicide was thought a noble thing. Especially has this been the case in certain corrupt epochs of literature. Theories of suicide have led to practice. In Rome, the Stoical writers uniformly considered it a virtue. Seneca abounds in fine aphorisms in praise of it; and men seeking a new excitement in suicide as a relief from the lassitude of debauch, easily practised this virtue. In Christian countries the act has always been regarded with horror, except by an occasional individual, who "dallied with the faint surmise," and speculatively brought himself to consider it a fine thing. But neither horror nor admonition has sufficed to prevent it. Whether suicides really ~~be~~ on the increase, as many writers assert, or whether that increase be only fallacious, the larger amount arising from the enormous increase in the population furnishing the cases, we can not say.

In France, during 1849, there were 3583 suicides.  
" " 1850, " 3596 "  
" " 1851, " 3598 "

That is to say, there was an increase of 13 one year, and of 2 the next—which increase is quoted as evidence of the *désolante progression* of the crime, no account of the increase of population being given.

Statists have attempted, but without success, to fix the age at which most suicides are committed. But after infancy, all ages have their examples; no age can be said to have lugubrious eminence in this matter. Esquirol thought the "age of suicide" was between 20 and 30; Cazauvielh thought it was between 50 and 60; Etoc-Demazy between 30 and 60. Others have fixed on different periods, and all with "lists" to back their arguments. It was reserved for the sublime ineptitude of Dr. Bertrand "to combine the various statistical results," and assign "the period between 20 and 60 as that which exhibited the greatest amount of suicide," it never occurring to that stupid physician that the number of human beings included between such limits is enormously greater than the number in-

cluded in any of the other periods named. This is somewhat as if a man undertaking to ascertain which *capital* in Europe furnished the greatest amount of suicide, were "to combine the various statistical results," and declare that the greatest amount was produced in the French *empire*. The following table gives the proportion assignable to various ages in 3020 suicides committed in France, during 1843:

Under 16 years of age, . . . . .	15
From 16 to 21, . . . . .	147
" 21 " 30, . . . . .	481
" 30 " 40, . . . . .	540
" 40 " 50, . . . . .	647
" 50 " 60, . . . . .	506
" 60 " 70, . . . . .	384
" 70 " 80, . . . . .	170
" 80 and upwards, . . . . .	20
Age unknown, . . . . .	110
—	
Total, . . . . .	3020

To make this table of much value, we ought to have the amount of population; we ought to know, for instance, how many octogenarians were living in 1843, to furnish 20 suicides.

If we are unable at present to determine the influence of age upon suicide, we are somewhat nearer the mark with respect to sex. In spite of the greater predisposition of women to insanity, and the greater amount of suicides which proceed from insanity, women much seldomer destroy themselves than men do. Esquirol estimates the proportion as 1 to 3. Dr. Bertrand thinks that this is owing to women being more religious than men: "they draw from their religious convictions and observances a force of resignation which enables them better to support the sorrows of life." It is much more probable that the cause lies in the greater timidity of women, and their greater power of passive endurance, both of bodily and mental pain. If religion really were the operating influence, we should find that in all cases suicide bears a definite and constant proportion in both sexes to the amount of religious conviction and observance—the skeptics and indifferentists furnishing the cases, the truly pious being quite excluded. But this is not the fact. We have already said that religious conviction must have its influence. It saves a per centage. To attribute more to it is to overlook the plainest facts.

The influence of professions on suicide has not been accurately traced; partly because, in all the tables we have seen, the one important element is omitted which would show the number of individuals included in each profession. Thus Dr. Bertrand, in support of his strange opinion respecting the religious laxity of rural districts, has no difficulty in proving that the agricultural laborers furnish the largest amount of suicide; but seeing that this class exceeds every other class by thousands and thousands, it is necessary to establish the proportion of suicides to the number of individuals, before any conclusion can be of worth.

The influence of climate has long been a favorite topic. Montesquieu attributed the vast amount of suicide in England to our fogs and mists—an idea which speedily became popular, it was so plausible. There are, however, two objections to it; the first objection is, that suicide is *not* so frequent in England as in France; the second objection is, that the most gloomy, foggy, miserable season of the year, from October to January, is the season which of all others furnishes the *fewest* suicides—very little more, indeed, than half the amount furnished in May, June, and July, when fogs are rarely heard of. A somewhat similar proportion is observed in France. In the year 1843, the four quarters showed the following amounts:

Jan. 225, Feb. 230, March 280 suicides:	in all 735
April 258, May 318, June 334:	" 910
July 336, Aug. 267, Sept. 207:	" 810
Oct. 194, Nov. 198, Dec. 170:	" 562

It is curious to observe the ratio increasing from December to July, where the amount culminates, and then declines. Many theories have been suggested to explain these facts, but none of them are of much worth. Cabanis and Esquirol consider the autumn to be more favorable to the development of gastric maladies, which tend to the production of suicide by the profound discouragement and ennui they engender. Others again attribute the suicides of summer to the greater length of the days, making the nights shorter, and thus robbing men of the refreshment of sleep and repose. It is certain that there is a correspondence between the length of the days and the amount of suicide; but the connection between them has not yet been detected.

Is education a predisposing cause? There is nothing in education, in itself, which could possibly act as a direct influence in the production of suicide. Dr. Bertrand thinks otherwise. In education he sees a potent cause, and in education being placed entirely in the hands of priests, he sees the only safety. Yet in Catholic countries where there is little education, and that little entirely in clerical hands, suicide is quite as frequent as in America.

The influence of imitation in the production of suicide, although it necessarily only reaches an individual case here and there, is apt to excite so much comment that its extent becomes exaggerated. We think little of a madman's making away with himself; we think it not unnatural that affliction or deep-seated melancholy should seek an escape; but when the motive seems to be purely one of imitation, we are so astonished, and so "**shocked**," that the story produces a profound impression. In certain states of the mind, imitation is like a contagion, which seizes on the feeble with unerring selection. Many a man has perished who would have lived on had he not heard of some recent suicide, or, it may be, read in some recent novel the tragic story of a hero's despair. When the latter case occurs, there is an immediate outcry against fiction and the dangerous tendency of literature; but it would be as reasonable to protest against bridges, because the fact that one unhappy wretch has flung himself into the Thames, suggests to other unhappy wretches a way to escape their misery. "**Werther**" may have caused a few suicides, but only in the same way as "**The Robbers**" made young noblemen take to the highway; that is to say, it only spurred the willing horse. Our actions are the results of such complex forces, that it is difficult to assign a single motive. Imitation, as mere imitation, will powerfully influence the acts of men; and suicides will consequently often be the result of imitation. Sometimes a man, hearing of a suicide, suffers his mind to linger about the idea, as one which to him holds out a prospect of relief. He, who went before, was miserable like me; he is now at rest; the weary hours no longer weigh upon him; the arrowy anguish pierces him no more; why should I not imitate his act and rid myself of this intolerable burden? This idea be-

comes at length a fixed idea, and finally an act. •

We conclude our survey of the various influences by confessing our inability to assign, with any certainty, the special causes of suicide, and the special influences which predispose to it. The reason of our uncertainty is the complexity of all moral phenomena. The same motives, physical and moral, differently affect different minds. The quick rebellion of pride, the passionate abandonment of love, the suggestions of terror, the instinct of enjoyment, all differ so profoundly in different minds, and in different states of the same mind, that what is intolerable agony to one, is by another carelessly accepted, and what at one period will be courageously borne, at another will overwhelm the fainting spirit. To-day we may hear of our ruin with calmness; to-morrow it will throw us into despair. A curious example may here be cited. Few events are commoner in the life of a dramatic author than the failure of a play. Some accept it with equanimity, even joining in the disapprobation, as Charles Lamb did when he joined in hissing "Mr. H."\* Others are deeply mortified; but who thinks such mortification an adequate cause of suicide? Nevertheless, not many years ago Paris was startled by the intelligence that two young authors, stung with rage at the failure of their melodrama, had locked themselves together in a room, and sought consolation in asphyxia. Esquirol tells a story to the same effect. M. Roubeau, a young physician, published a work, "*Recherches médico-philosophiques sur la mélancholie.*" A few adverse criticisms, and the lukewarmness of his friends, produced in him so profound a disgust at life, that he swallowed opium; and that not sufficing he went away into Touraine, where he strangled himself in a hotel. In these cases we can hardly assign the failures as the *causes*, if by causes we mean forces of uniform operation; they were the irritants of a sensibility already in an abnormal condition, and their force depended on that condition.

We have touched on some points of our great subject as illustrated in reality, and may now turn for a moment to its illustrations in literature. From the very

necessities of art, we must not expect to find suicide treated in it with a very close adherence to reality. Neither the motives nor the means employed by ordinary men will suffice for art; and one great cause of the difference will be found to lie in this: for the purposes of art, it is almost always indispensable that the victims should be of heroic proportions; whereas, in life, these are precisely the natures which do *not* commit suicide. A Cato and a Brutus are very rare exceptions in the list of mediocrities. Suicide, when it is not insanity, is the act of a weak mind; and, as we have seen, the motives which determine it are not heroic. Impatience is weakness; despair is weakness. When Sophocles presents the terrible story of Œdipus, he makes Jocasta hang herself in sudden horror, but Œdipus, although he tears his eyes out, as unworthy to behold the light, lives on. Sophocles, it is true, also represents the suicide of a hero, in "Ajax;" a suicide calm and deliberate, performed in spite of the touching entreaties of a wife, in spite also of deep regrets at the necessity for quitting the daylight; but the hero is unable to live through his shame, and he dies.\* But as an almost universal rule in ancient art, suicide is the act of sudden passion—the grief of a forsaken Dido, the grief of a despairing Hæmon, the remorse of a wretched Phædra.

In modern art, suicide is abundantly used; but for the most part as a mere *deus ex machina*, a clumsy contrivance for cutting a knot which the author can not skillfully untie. The fifth act of a tragedy usually presents us with one or more suicides; the third volume of a novel is also apt to dismiss heroes and villains in the same expeditious style. Not knowing how to terminate the action, the author makes his hero draw a dagger. But this is really an evasion of the difficulty, and is frequently less tragic in effect, than it would be to make the sufferer ~~live~~ on. There are occasions when suicide is both tragical and grand. In the Ajax of Sophocles, and in the Brutus of Shakspeare, we are deeply moved by the calm resolution which the heroic men display; a solemn earnestness accompanies the act, which for the time en-

\* A friend of ours not only hissed his own play, but "cut it up" in a newspaper afterwards.

\* This death of Ajax, be it noted in passing, is a solitary example of positive *action* taking place on the stage, in sight of the audience.

chains our sympathy. Very different is the effect produced by Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton," which may not unfitly be taken as a type of many modern works that make an appeal to our sympathy through suicide. In the real story of Chatterton we are profoundly affected by

"The marvellous boy that perished in his pride,"

because, although there is much in the story which would otherwise chill sympathy, we feel and know that he was insane, and the obvious external causes were but the fuel of that insanity. Quite a different impression results from De Vigny's presentation, which is that of an irritable "neglected genius," driven to self-destruction by puerile vanity. Because the critics abuse him, because the Lord Mayor of London, instead of honoring his genius, advises him to leave off writing verses, and offers him the situation of *valet de chambre*, this poet curses society, and drinks poison. We do not aver that a wretched "genius" has not before now destroyed himself for motives equally contemptible; but we can not give such an act the least sympathy; and still more resolutely do we refuse it when M. de Vigny makes it the text for a dithyrambic outburst on the crimes of society against genius. What he has said, others have repeated, and will continue to repeat, namely, that society is guilty of a serious crime in not honoring and fostering genius—which is a truth—and that, therefore, whenever a man of genius appears, society should provide for him at once, without leaving him that task—which is an absurdity. The truth contained in this assertion need not be insisted on; it is patent to the dullest comprehension. The absurdity which is tacked on to it deserves exposure. That society does really honor genius whenever it recognizes it, is too palpable for any one to gainsay. The genius of a Dickens, a Thackeray, a Tennyson, a Millais, and, indeed, of every real artist, meets with rapturous praise, and even with not unsubstantial pudding. If there happen to be greater men (we doubt it) whom the public does not recognize, because they are so far in "advance of the age," the fact may be deplored, but society must not be held responsible. Society is but too willing with its homage, when once the genius is

confessed; but until it has eyes to see and know the idol, we can not blame it for a want of worship. How is it to see and know genius? By what sign? Is it because a man is unintelligible that I am to reverence his profundity? Is it because his conceptions exceed my comprehension and sympathy that I am to worship their originality and grandeur? Must I believe him to be a splendid genius on his bare assertion? Must I allow the turbulence of his friends to coerce my judgment, making me call that originality which to my taste is but weak extravagance? Unless by the effect his works produce on me, how am I to distinguish his pretensions from those of overweening vanity and self-ignorance? If the history of literature can be trusted, men of genius have in all times been distinguished by two characteristics strikingly at variance with those exhibited in De Vigny's Chatterton—they have been patient and courageous; patient in toil over their works, courageous and confident in the days of early neglect. The genius which has not patience to produce fine works under all discouragements and social difficulties, is self-condemned; the genius which has no other refuge from temporary neglect than passionate flinging away of life, is clearly so unsuited to this "workday world," that we can not weep over its exit. Our age is ready with its honor and award for all who really move it. If you are so far in advance of your age that it can not be moved by you, why clamor for its encouragement—why curse its ignorant want of appreciation?

The historian of literature will have an interesting chapter to write when he comes to trace the aberrations of modern French fiction and drama, and especially its influence on suicide. Works like the "Chatterton" of De Vigny, and the "Anthony" of Dumas, throw a sentimental halo over suicide, falser even than the moral mirage of stoicism, which, at least, wore the aspect of manly strength. The Stoic destroyed himself on theory. Seneca makes Oedipus propose to kill himself not merely because he is miserable, but because he has the abstract *right* to do so:

"Jus vitæ ac necis  
Meæ penes me est. Regna deserui liben  
Regnum mei retineo."

This is not the tone of Sophocles, who



makes *Œdipus* await the deliverance of destiny. In fact, only in Christian ethics is suicide regarded as a sin.

We know not what our readers will say to M. Saint Marc Girardin's assertion that "*Shakspeare est pour quelque chose dans ce dégoût de la vie, plus fréquent en Angleterre que dans les autres pays.*" Certainly Shakspeare has strewn his stage with suicides enough, and has made suicide the subject of many a fine reflection; but if any one has lightened our national melancholy, and interfused our spirits with something of his own abounding life and sense of exquisite enjoyment, it is Shakspeare. M. Girardin remarks a certain *gout de la mort* in English literature. We are, indeed, fond of death and its terrors. We make life as lugubrious as we can, and revel among the tombstones. Shakspeare was too much of an Englishman not to have his touch of this malady; and, as M. Girardin notes, Shakspeare's *Romeo* is intensely English, and intensely unlike a Greek or Italian, in thinking Juliet more lovely in her tomb than when alive: "*Ces funèbres lieux conviennent à l'imagination de cet amant, fils du génie de Shakspeare.*" An interesting essay might be written on Shakspeare's treatment of suicide; what M. Saint Marc Girardin has written can not, however, pass in England.

We need say little of "*Werther*" and its imitations. The profound impression

produced by "*Werther*" is in these days scarcely intelligible. It comes, however, less within our subject than almost any other work, simply because it is a close reproduction of the actual reality. The story told in "*Werther*" had been acted in sad earnest by Goethe's acquaintance, young Jerusalem; and, except in its influence on literature, we can no more consider it among the examples of suicide treated in fiction, than we could so consider the touching story of Chatterton as told by Professor Masson.

We have touched but lightly on the several points of our great subject, for our purpose was not to write a treatise, but to bring together a few general considerations which might pass into the stream of the reader's reflections, mingling with his own serious thoughts. There are few minds that have passed the buoyant epoch of youth to whom the subject of suicide has not at times been awfully present, either as the calamity of some one in whom they have been interested, or as the dread possibility of their own escape. If the act is comparatively rare, still rarer is the freedom from all premeditation of it; and we are not altogether without a hope that the reflections brought forward in this essay, may have some slight influence in preaching resignation to those whose sufferings may be forcing their thoughts into wistful contemplation of suicide.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

## THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS.\*

Who that takes up this volume will do so without a shudder at the fate of its author? In the morning his hand was busily employed in correcting the proofs: in the evening it drew the trigger of the pistol which terminated his life. The

work comes to us baptized in blood. We fancy we can see the stains on the pages as we read, and that the bright red cover has been dyed in the stream which welled from his heart. Poor Hugh Miller! It was a sad and premature end for one so gifted in intellect and so powerful in pen. From his brain many a magnificent production might yet have issued, and from his magical quill—for he used it like a painter's brush, and wrote pictures of un-

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\* *The Testimony of the Rocks: or, Geology in its bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By HUGH MILLER. Pp. 500. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1857.

rivalled beauty, scattering the ink over his pages as if he were tinting them with the hues of the rainbow—what gorgeous scenes in the history of the geological Past might we not still have expected! But that hard-worked brain broke down under its load of thought, and spectres of the fancy, terrible in shape like the Dweller on the Threshold, pounced upon their noble quarry, and drove him headlong to death's mystery, to seek refuge from the phantom brood he had created, but could not control.

The work consists, for the most part, of lectures delivered at various times to popular audiences, but afterwards framed into a complete treatise by means of interleaved and supplementary discourses. The object is to mediate between science and theology. These two daughters of the sky, sisters above, have been represented as aliens or adversaries below. Often have their disciples fought bitterly in their names, and though pitched combats are now rare, yet to the present hour many of their followers look askance at each other, and put hard questions, and use defiant speech, as if the quarrel were one which might slumber for awhile, but could never be completely composed. When, therefore, a man like Hugh Miller comes forward to negotiate between the two camps, to him, at any rate, both geologist and divine should listen with attention, for his head was thronged with facts, and his heart was certainly not wanting in faith.

He holds that the geologist has only to account for three of the days or periods referred to in the Mosaic narrative. The creation of light, the separation of the waters above the firmament from the waters under the firmament, and the appearance of the heavenly bodies, were three separate transactions which would engrave no memorial of themselves upon the rocks. Now men of science have agreed to divide the strata of the earth into three great sets or groups as far as their fossil contents are concerned—namely, the Palæozoic, or oldest, the Secondary, or middle, and the Tertiary, or latest. Do those contents correspond in their general character with the shorthand description presented by the sacred Historian? On the third day we are told by Moses that plants were created; and in harmony with this fact, we find that the leading feature of the Palæozoic period

was its magnificent vegetation. In no other age of the world has such a stupendous flora existed. The luxuriant growths of the carboniferous era—reeds then expanding to the diameter of a foot, and ferns rushing up into the air till they attained a height of fifty feet—mark the culminating point in this dispensation of plants. In the next great geological period the predominant productions were huge creeping things, enormous monsters of the deep, and gigantic fowls; and this is precisely the character ascribed to the creations of the fifth day by the biblical record. The same parallel obtains between the third group of rocks and the proceedings of the sixth scriptural day. The fossils of the tertiary period show that the beasts of the field had appeared on the stage, and no eye could have rested on the scene without noting its mammoths and mastodons with its other colossal shapes, and ranking them as the most striking of its living phenomena. Hence, if we reckon, as reckon we must, that the evenings and mornings of Moses represent vast intervals of time, we shall certainly discover a species of correspondence between the three days on which the Almighty wrought geologically, and the three great fossiliferous periods into which the history of the earth is divided. But still this correspondence lies in the larger features of creation only, and we think it can not be maintained in minute particulars, though of course it is not unnatural to assume that the sacred narrator might purposely confine himself to the master phenomena of each successive stage. To a mere spectator, catching a sudden glimpse of the globe during the carboniferous epoch, the gigantic vegetables of that era would doubtless be the most striking objects in the scene. But still a higher sort of life had long ago appeared. Not only radiate animals, molluscs and annulates, but even certain vertebrate creatures—fishes and a few reptiles—were produced before the reign of monster plants had closed. Yet Moses does not mention the advent of this nobler species of vitality, though he does not exactly appear to exclude it, until he chronicles the transactions of day the fourth. Again—Mr. Miller seems to discountenance the idea that there was any break or hiatus in the scheme of creation—any chasm or blank interval separating the creatures of one deposit from those of the

fore-running rocks; and though this may be true in a certain popular sense, we shall find, if we come to details, that it is far from tallying with the story told by the fossils of the globe. These inform us apparently that from time to time great convulsions of nature have occurred—that numerous species, and not only species, but entire genera, have then been swept from the earth, and that when the paroxysm had subsided, and the fit of physical passion was over, life did not recommence from the exact point where it was arrested, but started up in a variety of new organisms in company with a portion only of the old. These intervals do not represent the mere sleep of a night from which all the inhabitants of a town may wake next morning; but to an observer their effect would be equivalent to a long absence of years, when, of course, familiar faces would have vanished from the streets, and unknown forms would appear in every dwelling.

In order, however, to explain the peculiarities of the scriptural account, Miller adopts, or seems to adopt, the idea already expressed by Coleridge and other writers, that Moses was instructed by means of a vision and not by a verbal revelation. He wrote optically, as if he had witnessed the great events of creation with his spiritual eye. He was permitted to behold a set of “representative scenes, embracing each but a point of time: it was, let us suppose, a diorama, over whose shifting pictures the curtain rose and fell six times in succession—once during the Azoic period, once during the middle or earlier Palæozoic period, once during the Carboniferous period, once during the Permian or Triassic period, once during the Oolitic or Cretaceous period, and finally, once during the Tertiary period.” The advantage of this theory is, that it explains the mere glimpse-like disclosures conveyed by the biblical Historian—the brief flashes of fact with which he supplies us, as if he were only making notes of the creative drama; and further, it justifies the geologist in applying the same principles of exposition to the first chapter of Genesis as divines do to the *prophetic* portions of the Sacred Book. For if Moses saw what he describes in a vision, and if this amounted to vaticination “backwards way,” why should we not interpret the periods he mentions and the spectacles he beheld in the same wide sense that we construe the “days” and “weeks” and “apoc-

alypses” of other biblical seers? It is not our purpose, however, to enter into the merits of this conjecture, and as little to follow the author into his masterly disquisition on the Noachian Deluge.

He assumes that the sin-flood—*Sündfluth*, as the Germans expressively term it—was a limited phenomenon; and arose in all probability from the subsidence of the region where the human family was located. Miller points to the remarkable depression in Asia, on the western margin of which Mount Ararat is planted; and it is somewhat singular that the great chains of mountains encircling this enormous hollow should have led observers, who had no notions of a deluge in their heads, to inquire by what agency it had been formed. Some have ascribed it to the shock of a comet which rebounded after the stroke, just as others have supposed that Australia is the nucleus of another which adhered to the globe; but Arago asks whether the existence of these great mountain masses does not simply indicate that a corresponding sinking must have occurred in the intermediate tract? Physically, therefore, there is an excellent basis for this theory in the conformation of the ground where the human race was probably cradled, and where the ark is presumed to have come to anchor after its melancholy cruise. The other lectures in the volume call for less notice, but it is enough to say that whatever Miller touches he adorns. The book is one of singular power and beauty. The splendid imaginings of the writer—the gorgeous fancies with which he has crowded his canvas—his rich and scenic language—his pages gleaming with bright thoughts as if they were studded with stars—the rush of his eloquence, sweeping along like a swift and lordly stream—the martial mustering of his facts when he goes forth to encounter the foes of geology, and the fire with which he marches to battle at their head—the sinewy logic with which he wields his weapons and the sparkle of coming victory which seems to glow in each swelling paragraph—all these conspire to impart a peculiar fascination to the work, increased, as the reader’s interest must be, by the recollection of its author’s fate; for who can pass from chapter to chapter, and near the conclusion, without feeling that the storm-cloud hanging in the distance only awaited the final touch to pour its lightnings on his head?

From Titan.

## THE FAIRY FAMILY.\*

"In old time of the King Artour—  
All was this land fulfilled of faërie."

In the old time, every wood and grove, field and meadow, hill and cave, sea and river, was tenanted by tribes and communities of the great fairy family, and at least one of its members was a resident in every house and homestead where the kindly virtues of charity and hospitality were practiced and cherished. This was the faith of our forefathers—a graceful, trustful faith, peopling the whole earth with beings whose mission was to watch over and protect all helpless and innocent things, to encourage the good, to comfort the forlorn, to punish the wicked, and to thwart and subdue the overbearing—a faith that had its believers in every land, around the turf fire in the peasant's hut, and on the lifted dais of the noble's hall—though their belief was ever the strongest whose dwellings were in the loneliest places; and the simpler their lives, the more frequent were the helpful visits of their supermortal neighbors. Says an ancient chronicler: "The fairy-folk do dislike the towns on account of the wickedness thereof." And another: "They call them the Good People, and say they live in wilds, and forests, and mountains, and shun great cities on account of the wickedness acted therein: all the houses are blessed where they visit, for they fly vice." And a modern reviewer: "It is true, where the stream of tradition runs pure, we still find them spoken of as the beneficent friends and protectors of mankind."

At what time they first came to dwell among men is not known; for no legend or tradition, story or ballad, hints at a period so remote. Whence they came we know full well; though, strange as it may

seem, numerous are the doubts and perplexities in the minds of men to which this question has given rise; nay, it has even led many to disbelieve in the very existence of the fairies; and thus do they account for what they call the credulity of our forefathers:

"In the rude old times of migrations and conquests, when the aboriginal inhabitants of a country had been vanquished, they fled to the mountain fastnesses and forest solitudes. Thus fled the ancient Picts into the remote Highlands before their more powerful neighbors, the Lowland Scots; thus fled the diminutive natives of Lappish, Lettish, and Finnish countries, before the victorious Asæ. In the course of time, they ventured from their hiding-places to visit their former habitations, now occupied by their conquerors, either to barter the objects of the chase and their solitary manufacture for food and raiment, or for the darker purposes of revenge—exciting commiseration, cupidity, or fear. Ultimately they came to be regarded as supernatural beings—the Brownies, Dwarfs, and Trolls of their respective countries."

Says another: "Nay, they were not living beings at all, mortal or supermortal—they were but the impersonations of certain virtues loved by the people among whom they were said to dwell, or the embodied ideas of certain elemental phenomena. Thus is Brownie but the impersonation of the national virtues of fidelity and hospitality, so highly prized by Lowland laird and border chief in the feudal times of Scotland; the Pixies, that of the cherished cleanliness and industry of the English housewife; and the Fata Morgana is but a name for the storms, at once terrible and beautiful, that so often overtake the mariner in the narrow and dangerous seas that separate Naples from Sicily."

Others there are who view the whole fairy faith as a series of fanciful inven-

\* *The Fairy Family: a Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales illustrating the Fairy Mythology of Europe.* Crown 8vo, 281 pp. London: Longman & Co.



tions; nay, will not even admit that the inventions are our own. Says one of these: "Our fairy tales are all borrowed from the East. The ancient tales of Persia soon spread along the shores of the Mediterranean. The Moors of Spain, who kept up a constant intercourse with all the Moslems who spoke the tongue of Arabia, must have had their share in the possession of these treasures of the imagination. The Franks, who occupied Syria with their colonies during two centuries, must have learned many a tale from their Moslem subjects and neighbors; and the Venetians, who possessed exclusively the trade of Syria and Egypt down to the sixteenth century, may have imported tales as well as spices in their argosies; and every one will allow that nothing was so likely as that the troubadours and trouvères who accompanied the several crusades from Europe to Palestine, should on their return bring with them the romantic and highly poetic fictions of the East. The generic term *Fairy* is confirmation of the accuracy of this hypothesis, being but the Arabo-Persian word *Peri*."

Says another: "Nay, ye need not go so far as the East for the personages of the fairy faith. They are but a reproduction in a popular form of the deities of Greece and Rome. Thus the *Mermaids* of the northern isles are but the *Nereids* of antiquity; and the household spirits, whether known as *Brownie* in Scotland, *Kobold* in Germany, or *Pixy* in England, are but the *Lares* of Latium—the guardians of the domestic hearth, and the averters of evil. Moreover, the description of the Fairy Queen by Thomas the Rhymer, the author of the earliest poem in our language, might pass for a portrait of the goddess Diana: 'Her steed was of the highest beauty and spirit, and at his mane hung thirty silver bells and nine, which made music to the winds as she paced along. Her saddle was of ivory, laid over with goldsmith's work; her stirrups, her dress, all corresponded with her extreme beauty and the magnificence of her array. The fair huntress had her bow in hand, and her arrows at her belt. She led three greyhounds in leash, and three hounds of scent followed her closely.' As to the origin of the term *Fairy*, we have it in the Latin *fatum*."

Says a third: "Nay, we are indebted to the north for our fairy lore. It is an integral part of the old Norse creed. The

earliest of the Icelandic sagas, and the elder 'Edda' itself, compiled in the eleventh century, prove the belief in *Duergar* or *Dwarfs*, and *Alfar* or *Elves*. And if the generic term *Fairy* be not derived from *Alfar*, some specific ones, such as *Drows* and *Trows*, used in Orkney and Zealand, are but variations of the Norse *Duergar* and *Trolls*, and point to the times when the old sea-rovers of the Baltic paid their dreaded visits to these islands."

Says a fourth: "Nay, the west of Europe is the author of its own fairy lore. The fairies of Celtic and Teutonic nations are as different from the ethereal *Peris* of Persia, 'who hover in the balmy clouds, dwell in the colors of the rainbow,' and exist on the odors of flowers, as the gnomes who swelter in the mines of Scandinavia are from the classic deities of Greece and Rome. In the 'Niebelungen Lied,' written about the time of Attila, we read how the Elf-King is vanquished by Theodorick of Bern; and as far as proof of originality lies in a name, take for choice the old German *Feen* or *Feinen*, the Italian *Fata*, the French *Fée*, or the Spanish *Hada*."

Says a fifth: "Nay, ye are all wrong. True it is that the fairy faith of Europe has been received from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, but from none of these in particular. It is an agglomeration of the superstitions of all nations, fables from the Roman, Celtic, Gothic, and oriental mythologies."

Says a sixth: "Yea, they are all wrong, and thou art the farthest wrong of any; and the converse of this is the right. The attributes have been dispersed, not collected. Fables have radiated from a common centre, and their universal consent does not prove their subsequent reaction upon each other, but their common derivation from a common origin."

Behold how they wander! lost on the waste of conjecture and doubt. Whence they came we know full well from the lips of one who had sojourned there, [Thomas of Ercildoune, the prophet-bard of Scotland,] and who was gifted by the Fairy Queen herself with

"The tongue which could not lie."

They came from their own green land, the ever-bright realm of Faërie.

## THE WEE FAIR FOLK.

## PART I.

"We the orphan's head will shield;  
 You an hour shall later spin,  
 I will sooner go a-field,  
 Little Lily's bread to win."  
 Thus the kindly neighbor said—  
 "We will shield the orphan's head,  
 We will win the orphan's bread."

Her father perished in the wave,  
 Years ago, and far away;  
 They laid her mother in the grave  
 Only yesterday.  
 Ere her weary spirit fled,  
 To her orphan child she said:

"The goal is won, my race is run,  
 And passed my sorrowing:  
 To a land beyond the sun  
 I am journeying;  
 Your father, with a seraph band,  
 Stands upon the golden strand,  
 And beckons with his shining hand.  
 Seek us in the spirit land."

Lily, Lily, whither now  
 With your flowing hair  
 Backward streaming from your brow,  
 Neck and shoulders bare?  
 Whither with your earnest eyes,  
 Bluer than the summer skies,

Little feet that scarcely press  
 The gowan to the grass,  
 Tottering with eagerness,  
 Lily, as you pass—  
 Whither with your happy smile,  
 Talking, talking all the while?

'Cross the green and o'er the stile,  
 Down the shady lane,  
 Saying, with your happy smile:  
 "We shall meet again.  
 Mother, with the seraph band,  
 Stand upon the golden strand,  
 Guide me with your shining hand;  
 I seek you in the spirit-land."

Down the shady lane, between  
 Hedgerows close and high,  
 Out into the meadow green,  
 Spread from sky to sky—  
 "Show to me your shining hand;  
 Guide me to the spirit-land."

O'er the meadow, on and on,  
 With her weary feet,  
 O'er the meadow, all alone,  
 In the summer heat;  
 The boundless meadow that doth lie  
 Like a sea 'tween sky and sky.

"I will rest a little space."

She sinks upon the ground;  
 Lo, a fitting resting-place  
 Her glowing cheek hath found;  
 A hillock all with mosses grown,  
 Tawny, green, and russet-brown,  
 Soft as tufts of eider down.

Lo, a fitting resting-place  
 Her weary feet have found;  
 An ell beyond the hillock's base,  
 Circling it around,  
 A ring of deeper, darker green  
 Than aught upon the meadow seen.

Head on hillock, feet on ring,  
 Arms crossed on breast—  
 "Mother, in my journeying,  
 Watch me while I rest:  
 Stand upon the golden strand,  
 Watch me from the spirit-land."

## PART II.

Hark! the little hill within  
 Humming strange is heard,  
 Like the million-voiced din  
 When the hive is stirred;  
 Left and right, by cords unseen,  
 Parts a tuft of lichen green,  
 Showing archéd gate between.

A horseman comes, with horn at lip,  
 And bell at bridle-rein,  
 With jeweled hand and silken whip  
 Resting on the mane;  
 Then two heralds side by side  
 In their brodered vestments ride.

Sounds the horn—a pause succeeds—  
 Come the king and queen,  
 On their prancing milk-white steeds,  
 In their mantles green—  
 Mantles that to fetlock fall;  
 Sceptre, star, and coronal.

Lord and lady, squire and knight,  
 Chamberlain and groom,  
 Steeds of gray and steeds of white,  
 Prancing, prancing come;  
 Housings all with jewels sheen,  
 Plumes, and scarfs, and mantles green.

Round, and round, and round the ring,  
 Three and three they ride,  
 Triple row encompassing  
 The hill on every side;  
 Sounds the horn. Each hoof is still,  
 And all stand fronting to the hill.

Thrice the herald, every time  
 With a louder call:  
 "Behold, behold, behold the crime!  
 Behold the criminal!  
 A mortal sleeping on the ground  
 That girds the Fairy Palace round!"

"Court of Fairy, what shall be  
That mortal's punishment?"  
Every eye is instantly  
On the sleeper bent;  
All are silent, not a word  
From the triple row is heard.

Cries the second herald: "Ho!  
For that she is young,  
For that she doth dwell below,  
Strangers all among,  
For that she is pure and good,  
And oh! too, for her orphanhood,

"Court of Fairy, set her free!  
Let the sleeper go!"  
Every tongue cries instantly  
From the triple row:  
"Free! free! Set the sleeper free!  
Free as when she came go she!"

Rides the queen within the ring,  
And her beaming eyes  
Their light upon the sleeper fling.  
"Never frown," she cries,  
"Shall fall where smile of mine has lain;  
Nor cloud of sorrow, care, or pain,  
Shall dim thy skyey glance again."

Rides the king within the ring,  
Sceptre lifted now,  
Till it may its shadow fling  
On the sleeper's brow:  
"Name thy dearest wish to me,

And accomplished it shall be  
Ere another summer see  
Flower on mead, or leaf on tree."

And the sleeper—did she hear?—  
Maketh this request:  
"Be anear me, mother dear,  
Watch me while I rest;  
Let me join the seraph band;  
Take me to the spirit-land."

Sounds the horn. Left and right  
Wheels the triple row,  
Steeds of gray and steeds of white  
Prancing, prancing go;  
Housings all with jewels sheen,  
Plumes, and scarfs, and mantles green,  
Fairy court and king and queen.

Sun is setting. Silver moon  
Trembles in the skies:  
Night is coming, coming soon—  
Mists and vapors rise:  
Lily looks up from the ground;  
There the neighbors, standing round,  
Have the little wanderer found.

Again, ere flower in mead is found,  
Or leaf on tree is seen,  
The weeping neighbors stand around  
Another hillock green:  
There Lily sleeps—but sleeps beneath—  
Sleeps the dreamless sleep of death.  
She has joined the seraph band;  
She is in the spirit-land.

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From the London Athenæum.

D O U G L A S J E R R O L D .

DEATH has taken from among us a man of vast and peculiar force. Heroes dwarf in the eyes of their valets; distance lends enchantment to the view; but Douglas Jerrold was the greatest marvel to those who knew him best. His reading was wide, and his memory for what he read prodigious. He knew the whole of Shakspeare by heart, and every noble line or beautiful image in Faust and the Inferno slept within his lips like the charge of a gun. He delighted in Eddas and Zendavestas, in the lore of the Rabbis, in science, and in the mysteries of the schoolmen. Lightfoot was familiar to him as

Rabelais and Montaigne, Bacon as Fuller and Donne. Yet the powers which made his fame were native. He was most widely known, perhaps, by his wit; for wit catches the sense like a torch in a ravine, even though the gold mines may lie unnoticed close by. Prophets who bear torches through the streets will draw a crowd sooner than those who teach the wisdom of Solomon. And his wit was very nimble, crackling, and original. No man could resist its spontaneity and sparkle, and it wrote its daily story in London life as a thing apart and institutional. But his wit, however brilliant,

was not his finest gift. Indeed, in his serious moments, he would laugh at his own repartees as tricks—as a mere habit of mind—which he could teach any dull fellow in two lessons! His wit made only one side of his genius—sprung indeed from a central characteristic—the extraordinary rapidity of his apprehension. He saw into the heart of things. He perceived analogies invisible to other men. These analogies sometimes made him merry, sometimes indignant. And as he never hung fire, dull people often saw his wrath before they understood his reason; and they blamed him, not in truth because he was wrong, but because they were slow.

Jerrold was born in London on the 3d of January, 1803, while Bonaparte was at Boulogne, and London was in the riot of anticipated invasion. He was christened Douglas William Jerrold, Douglas having been the maiden-name of his grandmother. His father, Samuel Jerrold, was manager of the two theaters of Sheerness and Southend, and in these sea-places much of his childhood passed, in sight of ships, breakers, press-gangs, theatrical stars, female and male, black-eyed damsels, and prisoners of war. He was the son of his father's old age, and he held a theory that the children of old men are always nervous, facile, and short-lived. Few friends or playmates of his own age came near him in the theater or in the town; indeed, he used to say the only boy he knew familiarly at Sheerness was the little buoy at the Nore. Among the theatrical folks who played on his father's stage, he remembered Edmund Kean with peculiar vividness; for the descendant of Halifax pleased him by carrying him on the boards in *Rolla*, and still more by his whimsicalities in the pantomime. He appeared also on the stage with Kean as the *Stranger's* child. Author and actor came together afterward at Drury Lane—in Jerrold's early London-life; Kean, who remembered Jerrold, gave him orders and oranges, and Jerrold paid him in admiration and epigrams. Long years of theatrical success—some quarrels and misunderstandings—never cooled the ardor with which the author of "Clover-nook" always spoke of the great artist who had been gentle to him when a boy.

Jerrold's school-days were few, and the results of his studies at Sheerness unimportant. He used to say, with a merry

melancholy, that the only prize he carried home from school was a prize ring-worm. In all ways, he was considered a dull boy; at nine years of age he could scarcely read. Breakers were the books which he liked to study. Frigates rolling past the Nore, and the grand tramp of war in Belgium, where Bonaparte was staking his last card, drew his imagination toward the sea—conquering for a time, even his passion for oil-lamps, property men, and the hot applause of the family theater. To sea he would go, and fight the French,—entering his Majesty's service as a midshipman on board the *Namur*. Middies in those days had not learnt to drink claret, smoke cigars, and quote Keats; and the mess-room was any thing but a cross between a boudoir in Park Lane and a hole in a Cider Cellar. The life was rough, the usage hard, the dissipation slight. Sea-life was then a passion—it is now only a sentiment. Something of Nelson's genius has passed into the navy—inextinguishable hate of the French. Jerrold caught this fury—natural enough to a boy born in the panic of invasion and trained in a war-port; and to his last year there remained in his writing and in his conversation-pulse—so to say—a breath—a suspicion—now taking a literary, now a social, now a political form—of that stern religion of the English in 1804. Though he afterward lived in France for years, educated his children there, and spoke its language with the readiness of a practiced jester, he never seemed to forget his blue cap and gold band, and rattled among the fish-wives of Boulogne and the flower-girls of Paris with the benignant vivacity of a middy just stepped ashore. His commander, Captain Austen, brother of the great novelist, was fond of theatricals, and the officers got up private plays. A man before the mast painted the scenery, and Jerrold superintended the stage. That man before the mast was Stanfield, our incomparable marine artist. When Jerrold was transferred to another ship they parted company—to meet again after long years on the stage of Drury Lane, when Stanfield was painting scenery for "The Rent Day." Out of those youthful recollections arose, we believe, that series of amateur theatricals which introduced the extraordinary histrionic genius of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon to the public, which secured honorable means to two veteran authors, and made



the charm of so many London seasons. A party of friends were walking over Richmond Park, chattering of other days, when Jerrold cries: "Let's have a play, Stanfield, like we had on board the 'Namur.'" Mr. Dickens took up the tale, and was acclaimed manager; "Every Man in his Humor" was selected, the parts were cast, and the row began.

After a few months, Jerrold returned to shore, and came to London in search of fortune. He found it in a printer's office, in a court leading from Salisbury Square; to the proprietors of which he was bound 'prentice. Working steadily, and, in process of time, a master in the mechanism of his craft, he nevertheless only considered the employment as a means of something higher. At this time, though the hours of labor were long, and there were no compositors' reading-rooms for leisure moments, he attacked Latin and Italian; rose at three in the morning to construe Virgil and Livy, and passed stormy hours with grammarians and glossaries before he commenced work with the heavy leaders and light sketches of the periodical press—the productions of the people enjoying fame and pay for writings in which his quick eye detected the weak points and the faded splendors. He began to scribble verse as soon as he learned to write; and his sonnets, epigrams, and songs appeared in the sixpenny magazines of the day. He was then a mere boy, and looked, indeed, like a child. An American writer, one of those gentlemen from over sea who print "Citizen of the World" on their cards, and invent pen-and-ink portraits of celebrities they have never spoken with, once described him as a tiny man who walked up the Strand fumbling his thunderbolts. Tiny he was: and before his fine fell of hair grised into a lion's mane, he seemed almost infantine in the delicate mold of his face and the exquisite beauty of his expression. Emboldened by success, he wrote for the stage, to which he felt a family call, and produced clouds of pieces ere he was twenty—some of which still keep the stage, like "More Frightened than Hurt," performed at Sadler's Wells. He engaged with Davidge, then manager of the Coburg, to produce pieces at a salary; and some of his plays of this time, hastily composed, and, as he thought, unworthy of his powers, appeared under the name of Mr. Henry Brownrig. In consequence of

quarrels, he went from the Coburg Theater to the Surrey, with "Black-Eyed Susan" in his hand. He had brought from the quarter-deck of the *Namur* a love of the sea and a knowledge of the service, which he turned to account on the stage and in his general writings. Salt air sweeps through these latter like a breeze and a perfume. "Black-Eyed Susan," the most successful of his naval plays, was written when he was scarcely twenty years old—a piece which made the fortune of the Surrey Theater—restored Elliston from a long course of disastrous mismanagement—and gave honor and independence to T. P. Cooke. Indeed, no dramatic work of ancient or modern days ever reached the success of this play. It was performed, without break, for hundreds of nights. All London went over the water, and Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor for an after-piece. A hackney cab carried the triumphant William, in his blue jacket and white trowsers, from the Obelisk to Bow Street; and Mayfair maidens wept over the strong situations, and laughed over the searching dialogue, which had moved an hour before the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the 300th night of representation the walls of the theater were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. When subsequently reproduced at Drury Lane, it kept off ruin for a time even from that magnificent misfortune. Actors and managers throughout the country reaped a golden harvest. Testimonials were got up for Elliston and for Cooke on the glory of its success. But Jerrold's share of the gain was slight—about £70 of the many thousands which it realized for the management. With unapproachable meanness, Elliston abstained from presenting the youthful writer with the value of a toothpick; and Elliston's biographer, with a kindred sense of poetic justice, while chanting the praises of Elliston for producing "Black-Eyed Susan," forgets to say who wrote the play! When the drama had run 300 nights, Elliston said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness: "My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?"

Many dramas, comic and serious, followed this first success—all shining with points and colors. Among these were

"Nell Gwynn," "The Schoolfellows," and "The Housekeeper." Drury Lane opened its exclusive doors to an author who had made fortune and fame for Elliston and Cooke. But Mr. Osbaldiston, who only timidly perceived the range and sweep of the youthful genius which he wooed to his greenroom, proposed the adaptation of a French piece, offering to pay handsomely for the labor. Adapt a French piece! The Volunteer rose within him, and he turned on his heel with a snort. Drury Lane was then in the hands of the French, freshly captured, and the boy who had gone to sea in order to fight Napoleon refused to serve in London under the literary marshals. He returned to the theater after a while with his "Bride of Ludgate," the first of many ventures and many successes on the same boards. "The Mutiny at the Nore," had followed the first nautical success, and his minor pieces on the Surrey side continued to run long and glorious. But the patent theaters, with a monopoly of the five-act drama, were strongly garrisoned by the French, aided by native troops whom they had raised—and some of whom, such as Poole and Planché, were men of great technical skill and facile talent; and he never felt his feet secure in either theater until the production of his "Rent Day,"—a play suggested and elaborated from Wilkie's pictures. Wilkie sent him a handsome letter, and a pair of proof engravings with his autograph. The public paid him still more amply.

A selection of early writings for the stage, made by himself, has been published in the collected edition of his works; but many were unjustly condemned, and among those rejected plays the curious seeker will find some of the most sterling literary gold. His wit was so prodigal, and he prized it so little, save as a delight to others, that he threw it away like dust, never caring for the bright children of his brain, and smiling with complacent kindness at people who repeated to him his jests—as their own! At the least demur, too, he would surrender his most happy allusions and his most trenchant hits. In one of his plays an old sailor, trying to snatch a kiss from a pretty girl—as old sailors will—got a box on the ear. "There," exclaimed Blue-jacket, "like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs!" The manager when the play was read in the greenroom, could not see the

fun, and Jerrold struck it out. A friend made a captious remark on a very characteristic touch in a manuscript comedy—and the touch went out: a cynical dog, in wrangle with his much better-half, said to her: "My notion of a wife of forty is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twentys."

The best part of many years of his life was given up freely to these theatrical tasks—for his genius was dramatic—his family belonged to the stage—and his own pulpit, as he thought, stood behind the foot-lights. His father, his mother, and his two sisters, all adorned the stage; his sisters, older than himself, had married two managers—one, the late Mr. Hammond, an eccentric humorist and unsuccessful manager of Drury Lane—the other Mr. Copeland, of the Liverpool Theater Royal. He himself for a moment retrod the stage, playing in his own exquisite drama, "The Painter of Ghent." But the effort of mechanical repetition wearied a brain so fertile in invention; and he happily returned to literature and journalism, only to reappear as an actor in the plays performed by the amateurs at St. James's Theater and Devonshire House.

After this time appeared, in succession, the greatest and maturest of his comedies. In "The Prisoner of War," in parts cast for them, the two Keeleys harvested their highest comic honors. "Bubbles of a Day" followed—the most electric and witty play in the English language; a play without story, scenery, or character, but which, by mere power of dialogue, by flash, swirl, and corruscation of fancy, charmed one of the most intellectual audiences ever gathered in the Haymarket. Then came "Time Works Wonders," remarkable as being one of the few works in which the dramatist paid much attention to story. "The Catpaw," produced at the Haymarket—"St. Cupid," an exquisite cabinet piece, first produced at Windsor Castle, and afterward at the Princess's Theater, with Mrs. Kean in *Dorothy*, one of the most dainty and tender assumptions of this charming artist—and "The Heart of Gold," also produced by Mr. Kean, complete the series of his later works. We are glad to announce, however, that the dramatist has left behind a finished five-act comedy, with the title of "The Spendthrift," for which the managers should be making early inquiries.

Contemporaneously, he had worked his way into notice as a prose-writer of a very brilliant and original type—chiefly through the periodicals. His passion was periodicity—the power of being able to throw his emotions daily, or weekly, into the common reservoirs of thought. Silence was to him a pain like hunger. He must talk—act upon men—briefly, rapidly, irresistibly. For many years he brooded over the thought of *Punch*. He even found a publisher—and a wood-engraver—and a suitable *Punch* appeared—but the publisher was less rich in funds than he in epigrams, and after five or six numbers the bantling died. Some time later, his son-in-law, Mr. Mayhew, revived the thought—and our merry companion, now of wide-world fame—appeared. All the chief writings of our author—except “A Man made of Money”—saw the light in magazines, and were written with the devil at the door. “Men of Character” appeared in *Blackwood’s Magazine*—“The Chronicles of Clovernook” in the *Illuminated Magazine*, of which he was founder and editor—“St. Giles and St. James” in the *Shilling Magazine*, of which he was founder and editor—and the “Story of a Feather,” “Punch’s Letters to his Son,” and the “Candle Lectures,” in *Punch*. The exquisite gallery of “Fireside Saints,” which appear in *Punch’s Almanac* for the present year, is from his hand. Most of these works bear the magazine mark upon them—the broad arrow of their origin; but the magazine brand in this case, like the brands of famous vintages, if testifying to certain accidents of carriage, attests also the vigor and richness of the soil from which they come. “Clovernook” is less perfect as a work of art than many a book born and forgotten since the Hermit fed on dainty viands, and discoursed of sweet philosophy. Some of his essays, contributed at an early time to the *Athenæum* and to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, rank amongst the most subtle and delicate productions of his muse. But we have recently devoted a long article to the consideration of his literary merits, and need not repeat in this obituary what we have said before, with greater leisure and more calmness than we can now command.

For several years past, he had devoted himself more exclusively than before to politics. Politics, indeed, had always at-

tracted him as they attract the strong and the susceptible. In the dear old days, when Leigh Hunt was sunning himself in Horsemonger Lane for calling George the Fourth a fat Adonis of forty, and the like crimes, he composed a political work, in a spirit which would probably, in those days, have sent him to Newgate. The book was printed, but the publishers lacked courage, and it was only to be had in secret. Only a few copies are extant. Of late years he had returned to politics, as a writer for the *Ballot*, under Mr. Wakley, and as sub-editor of the *Examiner*, under Mr. Fonblanque; returned to find his opinions popular in the country, and triumphant in the House of Commons. Of his efforts as a journalist, we need not speak. He found *Lloyd’s Newspaper*, as it were, in the street, and he annexed it to literature. He found it comparatively low in rank, and he spread it abroad on the wings of his genius, until its circulation became a marvel of the press.

We have neither time nor heart at this moment to draw the portrait of the deceased. An ampler biographer will not long be wanting; in which those who knew and loved him—and those who knew him best loved him most—will be able to paint him as the index and interpretation of his work. Yet even at a glance, the depth of his insight, the subtlety of his analysis, the vividness of his presentation must strike every one who reads. His place among the wits of our own time is clear enough. He had less frolic than Theodore Hook, less elaborate humor than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood. But he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points, and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humor. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman, who, after scraping the door for an hour with his latch-key, leans back, and exclaims: “By Jove! some scoundrel has stolen—stolen—the key-hole!” comes as near farce as any of his illustrations. His celebrated definition of Dogmatism as “Puppyism come to maturity,” looks like a happy pun—but is something far more deep and philosophic. Between this, however, and such fancies as his description of Australia—“A land so

fat, that if you tickle it with a straw, it laughs with a harvest"—the distance is not great. In his earlier time, before age and success had mellowed him to his best, he was sometimes accused of ill-nature, a charge which he vehemently resented, and which seemed only ludicrous to those privileged with his friendship. To folly, pretense, and assumption, he gave no quarter, though in fair fight; and some of those who tried lances with him long remembered his home-thrust. We may give two instances without offense, for the combatants are all gone from the scene. One of those playwrights who occupied Old Drury, under the French, against whom he waged ceaseless war of epigram, was describing himself as suffering from fever of the brain. "Courage! my good fellow," says Jerrold, "there is no foundation for the fact." When the flight of Guizot and Louis Philippe from Paris was the fresh talk of London, a writer of no great parts was abusing the Revolution, and pitying Guizot. "You see," he observed, "Guizot and I are both historians—we row in the same boat." "Ay, ay," says Jerrold, "but not with the same sculls." Yet such personal encounters were but the play of the panther. No man ever used such powers with greater gentleness. Indeed, to speak the plain truth, his fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say no. His purse—when he had a purse—was at every man's service, as were also his time, his pen, and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling, some body would get sixpence of it from him. He had a lending

look, of which many took advantage. The first time he ever saw Tom Dibdin, that worthy gentleman and song-writer said to him: "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh! yes," said the author of "Black-Eyed Susan," "I have all the confidence, but I haven't a guinea." A generosity which knew no limit—not even the limit at his banker's—led him into trials from which a colder man would have easily escaped. To give all that he possessed to relieve a brother from immediate trouble was nothing; he as willingly mortgaged his future for a friend as another man would bestow his advice or his blessing. And yet this man was accused of ill-nature! If every one who received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower on his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise on the last resting-place of Douglas Jerrold.

The deceased died after a few days' illness, from disease of the heart, at his residence, Greville Place, Hilburn Priory, on Monday last, the 8th of June. No first-class portrait exists of the deceased. Mr. Macknee, of Glasgow, painted him, but the likeness is a failure. Two or three others tried their hands, with even less success. Mr. Mayall and Mr. Watkins, have made fair photographs of an extremely difficult face. Dr. Diamond has also obtained some excellent studies—taken only a few days before his death. But the only art-memorial which completely and truly represents Douglas Jerrold to the many who are left to mourn his decease is, Baily's bust—now in the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures.



From the British Quarterly.

## SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA.\*

THE English Opium-Eater, in one of his stormy visions, imagines himself in the midst of the age-long conflict wherewith some great *cause* is assaulted and maintained. What it is precisely he knows not, in the confusion and obscurity, but it is something for which and against which generations play, and plot, and do battle. There are shouts of triumph, and despairing lamentations. The roar of furious multitudes, the shock of armed men, the hurrying feet of fugitives are heard; but how the day is going, and whether light prevails, or darkness, the forlorn dreamer can not learn. Even somewhat thus, in old and far-off empires, among by-gone states and vanished races, have long feuds of hostile principle been waged; and the memory of the strife wherewith those long-forgotten causes were once fought out, comes to us dim and distant, and perplexed with shadows, as were the forms and movements of the Opium-Eater's troubled vision. Yet about these causes—about the strife for the emancipation or suppression of a class, for the elevation or enslavement of a race, for the standing or falling of an order, a system, or a faith, all the worst qualities, and all the best qualities, have gathered, and done their utmost. As we read and endeavor to recall the past, and enter into the old strife, and as the eye glistens and the pulse beats quicker in so doing, we seem to see the good assuming angelic brightness, and the bad unearthly hideousness by the fitful light of those battle-fields.

Mr. Helps, in the "History of the Spanish Conquest of America," is the chronicler of one of these great causes. He describes and explains the various fortunes undergone by the cause of mercy as it strove against rapacity—the cause of wisdom, order, law, as they toiled to set some limit to the soldier's cruelty and the adventurer's greed. To conquer the Indies proved not difficult—but how to govern them? The most serious perplexities of

the victor began with victory. How shall he satisfy the demands around him, and the demands from home, yet so control triumphant avarice that the tree shall not be cut down to reach the fruit? A few humane and thoughtful men there were, who toiled and suffered to maintain the cause of the Indians—to save that delicate and gentle race who were perishing by millions before the face of the Spaniard—to bring them, if prosperity were hopeless, relief at least, or respite. To the best of their light and power, they sought to send succor to nations shipwrecked, as it were, upon their shores, to helpless multitudes around whom their countrymen were ravening like the hungry sea. Surely such efforts, though successful but in part, and though often made in error, have their record above, and should be traced by us with an interest more deep than that which follows the armed heel of the conqueror. Let us remember the times, let us remember the evil, how vast, how crying, and give due honor to Las Casas, and those devoted Dominicans who labored with him, or toward the common end. The zeal of these men (as Mr. Helps does not fail to remark) was not the zeal of reaction. In Europe, the ardor of Loyola and his followers—even that, to some extent, of the Juans, Theresas, and the Borromeos—was the ardor of antagonism. Every feat of asceticism, every exaltation of piety, every penitent and every proselyte, was a blow struck at hateful Protestantism. The rival religion was ever in the thoughts, even in the devotions of the heroes of the counter-reformation, as a something they were to out-pray, out-preach, and out-maneuver. Their very prayers were stamped on the reverse side with curses. Now no such subtraction (as in this case we can not fail to make) has to be deducted from the self-denial of the Spanish monks and prelates, who, in the days of Cortes and Pizarro, sought to rescue from extermination the Indians of New Spain. The current of their thoughts had been little disturbed by the rumors of the great

\* *The Spanish Conquest in America.* By ARTHUR HELPS. Third Volume. J. W. Parker and Son.

schism, and the foremost of them had reached the prime of life in the cloister before the Reformation had been much talked of in Spain.

The reader will learn from the interesting account given in this volume the methods of Spanish administration—what the *encomienda* was, and what the *repartimiento*—those rights and privileges, on the exercise or abuse whereof hung the misery or welfare of so many myriads of our species. He will see, too, how many were the conditions to be fulfilled, how many the obstacles to be vanquished, before any measures of amelioration could be made effectual to relieve any portion of that vast and suffering population. The interest and the value of the history are alike enhanced by those brief and pregnant reflections with which the narrative is interspersed. These remarks always arise, as such passages should do, from the events recorded. Mr. Helps is quite free from a fault which it is not easy for the philosophical historian always to avoid—the tendency to arrange facts in illustration of reflections, rather than to allow any general observations to follow in the train of facts.

The author has been telling us how Cortes was at last so impoverished that he was unable to live with his family for more than a month at a time in that very city of Mexico which he himself had conquered, devastated, repopled, and rebuilt. He then remarks:

“Those who care to observe human affairs curiously, have often speculated upon the change that would be produced by a very slight knowledge of the future. If men could see, they say, but ten years in advance, the greater part of mankind would not have heart to continue their labors. The farmer would quit his plow, the merchant his merchandise, the scholar his books. Still there would remain a few faithful to their pursuits—lovers, fanatics, and benevolent men. But of all those whom ten years' prescience would induce to lay down their work in utter discontent of the future, as it unrolled itself before their wondering eyes, the conqueror, perhaps, would be the man who first would stay his hand. For the results of conquest are among the greatest disappointments in the world. The policy which seems so judicious and so nicely adjusted that it will repay the anxious nights of thought that have been spent upon it, would, even with the small foreknowledge of ten years, be seen to be inconsequent, foolish, and mischievous. The ends which appear so precious that the blood of armies may justly be spilt in the hope of obtaining them,

would be clearly discerned to be noxious and ludicrous. All the vast crimes which are gilded by motives of policy would be seen in their naked horror, and the most barbarous of men or emperors would start back appalled at the sufferings he was about to inflict upon the world for inadequate and futile causes. When, however, the conqueror happened to be a fanatic, the future on this earth would not disturb him. He would be equally ready to slaughter his thousands, to devastate provinces, and to ruin, as mostly happens, his own fortunes, whatever the ten years' annals, written prophetically on the wall, might disclose to him.

“Cortes, as a statesman and a man of the world, might have shuddered if he could have foreseen the fate of himself, his companions, and the nations he came to conquer. But sheathed as he was in the impenetrable armor of fanaticism, he would probably have counted these things as no loss, provided that the true faith should thereby be proclaimed more widely in the New World. This must be his excuse, and this, no doubt, was his comfort when he contemplated the sorry end of his labors as regarded himself and his own fortunes.

“Later in life we find him writing to the Emperor in the same strain of complaint. The latter days of Cortes bear a strange resemblance to those of Columbus, and, indeed, to those of Charles V. himself. Men of this great stamp seldom know when to put a limit to their exertions, and to occupy themselves solely in securing the conquests they have made, and, as the nature of things is always against an energetic man, some day or other, especially when he grows weaker and older, adverse circumstances, to his astonishment, triumph over him. Besides, even supposing him to be very prudent, and anxious to undertake nothing which he can not master, the field for his exertions inevitably widens with success. Instead of a line to pursue, he has a large area to command. Envy, meanwhile, increases as he becomes more conspicuous. Many men lean upon him when he is known to be strong. His attention is distracted; and even without any deterioration of character, or failing of force, he is destroyed by the large development of new difficulties which grow up around him. As the early history of the Indies teems with commanders who ultimately prove unfortunate, it is but fair to look into the natural causes of failure which would beset them in any country, but which would be stronger in a newly-discovered country than elsewhere.”—P. 205.

For many readers, the last hundred and fifty pages of this volume will have most attraction. They contain an account of the early life and voyages of Pizarro, of the history and religion of Peru previously to the arrival of the Spaniards, and then of the conquest of the country by Pizarro, bringing the narrative down as far as to the execution of the hapless Atahualpa.

WELLS OF FIRE AND RAIN-STORMS AT DISCRETION.—Such is the title under which a French writer in a public journal takes a novel view of the physical possibilities of this globe we inhabit.

Regarding volcanoes as the natural escape-valves for “the high-pressure gasometer” existing beneath the crust of the earth, and constantly kept full by the decomposition of water in the great retort of the undercortex, he gravely proposes to bore artesian fire-wells, that is, to tap the gas for fuel and illuminating purposes; and thus dispense with volcanoes as safety-valves, and with coal, coke, wood, turf, and every other kind of fuel.

“It is only necessary to pierce very deeply through the cuirass of the globe to reach, not the fire, but the subterranean gas; for the Chinese have reached it at the depth of 1033 meters. We should be glad to see the water fail in the brick-wells of Passy as the brine failed in the wells of Outing-Kiao; for it was in deepening the bore to regain it that they found the gas, which has proved so valuable for the purpose of evaporating the water found in the bed of rock salt, gathered from more than two thousand holes in the space of ten leagues by four.”

The writer goes on to deprecate the indignation of the coal-owners at the utter depreciation of their property; but sets up in compensation the enormous advantages accruing to the city of Paris, by the present made to it of a gratuitous source of light and heat in perpetuity; which, if the public press would only do its duty, would be accomplished by “voluntary contributions of a million of francs as capital outlay in this crusade against the empire of the gnomes and salamanders.”

Moreover, it is just possible that the municipality of Paris may sell this gas at the rate of one centime the cubic meter; in which case there will be a revenue of 300f. per minute, or 158,420,000f. per annum.

This is not all. The gas-fuel being so cheap, whenever the city of Paris shall feel the need of a rain storm, the gas will be allowed to escape into the air for a few minutes, and then be set on fire, by the means of an electrical kite, when resting over the city. “A beautiful rain, regulated to a perfection by the gas-meter, would

refresh the city, sprinkle the marsh-gardens and promenades, while permitting the dispatch of water-bearing vehicles to make mud in the streets of Algiers.”

And then the writer bursts into a gush of patriotic enthusiasm on the noble national pride wherewith Paris city would present an artificial storm to stranger-princes coming to convince themselves that France had attained the power of giving rain and sunshine in physical as well as moral order.

Nothing apparently impossible in this. Manchester, they say, is very rainy by virtue of its large consumption of fuel; and a rainstorm is a common result of an earthquake. It is very likely that had Vesuvius or Etna been located at Snowdon, various means of turning the heat to account would have been discovered, just as the Icelanders utilized the Geysers of Hecla in their monasteries. But why they should be peculiar to Paris we are at a loss to understand; and whether, if a rival bore were made at London, and thus turned off the Paris supply, it would be a *casus belli*, as between old mill-owners and new water-companies? Would it be turned to account to war-making? Would the French generals, in case of a future war, take advantage of a peculiar state of the winds to utterly drown Ireland with added moisture; or would the philosophers prevail, and turn the currents over the sands of the great African desert, to clothe them in verdure? Will it be practicable to set to work in Greenland, with a sufficient number of jets to thaw the North Pole, and open the North-west Passage? Or would it not be better, instead of boring at Paris in the first instance, to lay on a main from Vesuvius, and another from Etna, direct to Toulon, for the supply of the Arsenal, and then carry a branch to Paris? If the “crust” should be thinner at London than at Paris, it is clear that it might draw off the Paris supply, and lower the pressure, unless the gasometer be continuous all over the globe. We shall wait with impatience for the commencement of the *Puits d'Enfer* as the means of converting the Puits de Grenelle into a steam-boiler.

The only difficulty seems to be the bore. That accomplished, the French philosopher may say of earthquakes, *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

THE CRYSTAL SPHERE, OR REFLECTIONS ON A DROP OF WATER.—“What is there,” says the author, “in a drop of water adequate to supply the materials for a long essay; and such a one as is calculated to interest those thoughtful persons who perchance may be induced to peruse this unpretending little volume? It is true that a drop of water is apparently a thing of small moment, almost too unimportant to come within the cognizance of that active mind which is prone to grasp at the vast and the sublime, to the total exclusion of what is minute and apparently trifling.” He then proceeds to show that this tiny *crystal sphere* is a wondrous reservoir of various natural forces, chemical agencies, and animate existence, to the latter of which the work is principally devoted. Here we start and shrink with dismay at the sight of those “creeping things innumerable,” which throng every drop of that very fluid we are daily accustomed to drink with such wonderful composure. All the beasts, reptiles, and insects that ever came within the range of our naked eye, are nothing in number as compared with those myriads of creatures which we have unconsciously imbibed under the impression that we were drinking pure water. Ay, but what is *pure* water? We suppose it to be the simple fluid, the unadulterated mixture of so much oxygen and hydrogen. And so it is; but—lamentable conclusion!—it appears that such water is of no use for drinking. Protest against it as much

as we please—if we are to have good water, we must take the live stock with it. Now if the reader can manage to shut out from his mental vision the part which these multitudinous animals are taking in his own nourishment, he will find it a very agreeable recreation to spend an hour or two with Dr. Sanders in looking through his microscope. He will be satisfied that “a drop of water, although a trivial thing, is really an unbounded world, and full large enough for the Creator to exhibit to us in a striking light an illustration of the beneficence and wisdom which pervade throughout every department of nature.” We must, however, remind him that the book in its *getting up* is decidedly on the bookmaking plan; the smallest *quantum* of letter-press being spread over the largest *quantum* of paper; though this may be no objection to those who wish to have a pretty volume for the *boudoir*. The composition also displays some Americanisms, which illustrate without adorning it. “Prolificacy,” though found in Webster’s Dictionary, is not to our liking; and if *proned* be not a typographical error, in the expression previously quoted, that “the active mind is *proned* to grasp at the vast and the sublime,” we hope that its use as a verb will be entirely confined to the transatlantic shores. We would rather have a score or two additional *infusoria* in our glass of water, than allow such expressions as these to get into the well of English undefiled.—*London Quarterly*.

## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S.

A COMMENTARY, CRITICAL, EXPOSITORY, AND PRACTICAL, ON THE GOSPELS OF MATTHEW AND MARK; for the use of Ministers, Theological Students, Private Christians, Bible-Classes and Sabbath-Schools. By JOHN J. OWEN, D.D. With a Map, Synoptical Index, etc. New-York: Leavitt & Allen, 369 Broadway. 1857. Pp. 501.

No ordinary responsibility rests on him who writes a commentary on the oracles of God—to evolve and explain the mind of the Spirit and thus affect and sway the minds of his fellow-men on the great themes and interests of salvation and the soul. But when well, carefully, and prayerfully done, it is a work of surpassing interest and importance, towering above and outliving all more literary performances as eternity outlives time. Dr. Owen has done a

good work in writing this commentary. He has erected a monument more enduring than brass or granite; because graven on imperishable minds. We have long known Dr. Owen, and have strong confidence in his talents, his ability, his mature judgment, his thorough and critical knowledge of the Greek language and its idioms, as well as in his earnest piety and love of divine truth to elucidate the meaning of the sacred text. In the presence of other and able commentaries, we think the lucid language, the force and beauty of expression, and clearness of arrangement which Dr. Owen has employed in unfolding and presenting the sublime truths of these two gospels of Christ, will commend his labors to ministers, to students of the Bible, as to families, Sabbath-school teachers, with warm and earnest approbation.



**THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT.** Now first entirely collected. Revised by himself, and edited, with an introduction, by L. ADAMS. Complete in 2 Vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. Pp. 300 and 320.

In this beautiful diamond edition of the poet's works, the admirers of Leigh Hunt have his gems of thought and art in a very neat and attractive form, characteristic of the taste and enterprise of the publishers. The fact that these volumes comprise the complete works of the poet will add much to their value. They belong to the library of the Muses and will find a place in the boudoirs of lady lovers of poetry.

**SISTERS OF CHARITY, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT, AND THE COMMUNION OF LABOR.** By Mrs. JAMESON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. Pp. 302.

SISTERS of Charity in truth are such the world over, in all times, and in all circumstances of human sufferings, wants, trials, and sorrows; where their presence and sympathies avail to alleviate human woe. The title can not be justly monopolized by any one class or name. It belongs to all the ministering spirits and angels of mercy, of whatever name or nation in femaledom, who, like the Saviour, go about doing good, and alleviate the wants and sufferings of the poor and needy. Mrs. Jameson in the volume before us, has struck a tender and vital chord, which we wish may vibrate in ten thousand hearts. Florence Nightingale has immortalized her name, by her self-denying heroism and efforts to alleviate the wounded and sick soldiers in the English Crimean army; and Mrs. Jameson has propounded principles of benevolent action, which, if carefully read and followed, will multiply a thousand-fold sisters of true charity and make them angels of mercy to the suffering on earth and fit them to wear the crown of angels in heaven. We commend Mrs. Jameson's book to the careful perusal of all ladies who would be sisters of charity and angels of mercy.

**BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.**—The fourteenth annual congress of this Society was commenced at Norwich on Monday afternoon, under the presidency of the Earl of Albermarle, and was well attended. The President, in opening the proceedings, said that he only claimed to be an admirer of the science of archæology, but he believed that the visit of such an important body as this Association, would lead to the dissemination of much information with regard to the antiquities of the city and county. Mr. T. J. Pettigrew then read the usual introductory sketch of the district visited by the Association.

THE Directors of the Madras Railway, acting on a memorial from the Christian portion of the community, have decided against the running of special trains on Sundays.

THE visitors to the Manchester Exhibition continue to be numerous. 64,886, or over 10,000 a day, went in last week; 16,275 of these entered on Saturday afternoon, by payment of 6d.

AT Foochow, confirmatory reports had been received respecting the injury sustained by the tea-plant from not being thoroughly picked. The decrease in shipments of tea from China to the 30th of June was 27,550,000 lbs.

**A VERY GREAT MAN.**—"Mr. Miles Darden, who died at his residence in Henderson county, was beyond all question the largest man in the world. His height was seven feet six inches. His weight was a fraction over 1000 lbs. It required seventeen men to put him into his coffin, and took over 100 feet of plank to make it. He measured around the waist six feet four inches."

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT DUBLIN.**—The twenty-seventh annual congress of the British Association was opened at Dublin, on Wednesday, under circumstances of more than usual interest. The inauguration meeting was held in the evening, at the Rotunda, where a numerous and distinguished company was assembled, including his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant and the principal members of the Viceregal Court.

THE INTERNATIONAL STATISTICAL CONGRESS opens its third session on Monday next in the Austrian capital. Eighteen Governments have already promised to send representatives. The session will only last a week.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE met at Montreal on the 12th inst. Amongst those in attendance were His Excellency the Administrator of the Government of Canada, ex-President Fillmore, and a large number of savans from both sides of the Atlantic.

AN official return appears in the Melbourne papers of parcels of unclaimed gold which have accumulated in the last three or four years, and now amount to 156,501½ ounces, worth about £626,000.

THE French Government has decided on building a huge hippodrome in Paris, to afford room for 25,000 people.

ON the 8th and 12th ult. 469 fathoms and 450 fathoms of the cable of the Atlantic Telegraph Company were recovered.

BY the end of September a direct telegraphic communication will be established between Malta and Paris and London.

LOUIS NAPOLEON's valet is the same who resided with him when he lived in Bury street, St. James's, continued to attend him during the captivity at Ham, and indeed throughout the whole of the Emperor's checkered career.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* states that the Committee formed at Worms for the erection of a monument to Luther, have been informed by Sir Alexandre Malet, the English Minister to the Diet, that Queen Victoria has subscribed £40, and Prince Albert £25, towards the object.

AN attempt has been made to bribe one of the criminal Judges of Vienna by sending him a sum of money equivalent to £600. The Judge has advertised that he will present the cash to a public charity if it be not reclaimed.

THE Curaçoa, steam-vessel, Commander Forbes, is now discharging her cargo, consisting of antiquities for the British Museum, obtained from the site of ancient Carthage.

By the Emperor's special command, the French Minister of Marine has issued an order to all captains of ships of war to give every aid to English vessels conveying troops to India, and to take them in tow when becalmed.

THE eruption of Vesuvius, which for some days past had materially slackened, on the 15th ult. acquired additional violence. The explosions were much more frequent, and the lava imprisoned at the bottom of the deep ravine of the Alvio del Cavallo has very materially increased.

VALUE OF HIGHLAND PROPERTY.—The Duke of Portland has just purchased the beautiful and romantic estate of Langwell, in Caithness-shire, at a price of £90,000. His Grace purposes making it a summer retreat and converting part of the 40,000 acres, to which it extends, into a deer forest. The fisheries and shootings, which at present yield £750 a year, are of the best description, and the property is therefore particularly desirable in a sporting point of view. As showing the value of an attractive Highland estate, it may be stated that the price amounts to about 30 years' purchase of the gross rental.

WILEY & HALSRED publish a new edition, revised and corrected by Charles Downing, brother of the author, of A. J. Downing's "Fruits and Fruit-Trees of America," a work of wide reputation. The present editor in preparing this edition has made "no alteration in the general principles of cultivation and propagation, and but little in the descriptions of those varieties that are retained; but some, after repeated trials, having proved unworthy of general cultivation, have been reduced and put in a class of inferior sorts; some of which, however, have advocates, and succeed in particular soils and localities." Many new varieties have been added, and "something has been done towards ascertaining synonyms and identifying new varieties, and great numbers of specimens compared from various sources."

C. S. FRANCIS & Co. have got out in three volumes 32mo, the favorite blue and gold, the complete Poetical Works, including "Aurora Leigh," of Mrs. E. Barrett Browning. Also, a new edition, 8 volumes in 4, of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," with a Biographical Sketch of the author.

TICKNOR & FIELDS favor us with two new volumes of their "Household Edition" of the Waverley Novels. They contain "The Heart of Mid-Lothian."

PLASTIC COTTON.—J. M. Legare, of Aiken, South-Carolina, is said to be engaged in perfecting an invention by which cotton is to be adapted to a variety of novel uses. It is said that the basis of this invention consists in the solidification of common cotton fibre by the aid of certain chemical ingredients. Plastic at first, so as to be readily moulded or worked by hand into any required shape, it becomes, on drying, hard and tenacious, with a somewhat metallic lustre.

LITERARY REPARATION.—The Civil Tribunal of the Seine on the 25th ult. gave judgment in the case of the "Memoirs of the Duke de Ragusa," in which the descendants of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais brought

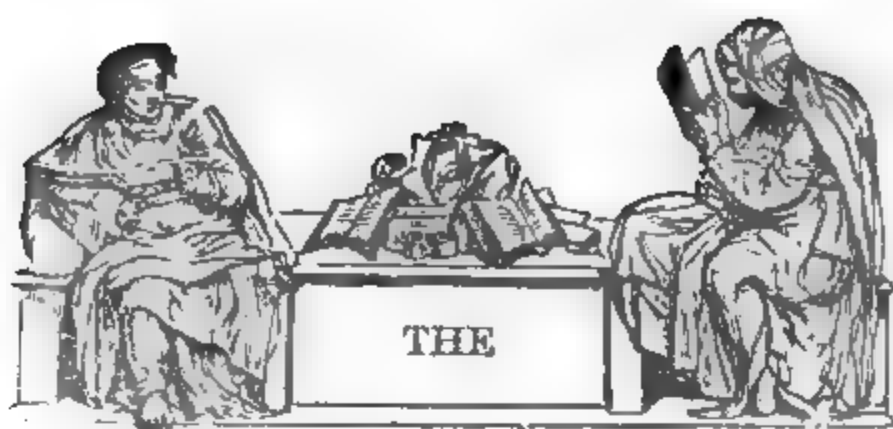
an action against M. Perrotin for publishing statements in that work highly injurious to the Prince's memory, and quite unfounded in truth. The Court decided that the plaintiffs had fully proved their case, and ordered Perrotin to insert in all the copies of the sixth volume which he had on hand the thirty-three documents brought forward by the plaintiffs in support of their claim. It ordered, in addition, Perrotin to pay all the costs. Perrotin was the intimate friend of Béranger.

A ROYAL HAIR-DRESSER.—Mr. Isodore, the Queen's *coiffeur*, who receives £2000 a year for dressing her Majesty's hair twice a day, had gone to London in the morning, meaning to return to Windsor in time for toilette, but on arriving at the station was just five minutes too late, and saw the train depart without him. His horror was great, as he knew his want of punctuality would deprive him of his place; so he was obliged to take a special train; and the establishment, feeling the importance of his business, put on extra steam, and whisked him the eighteen miles in eighteen minutes for £18.—*Ruikes's Journal*.

THE AMERICAN PICTURE MARKET.—We have been assured that even in Manchester ancient paintings are manufactured to a vast extent, and at an incredibly small price, for the American market. "You have often spoken to me of your father's gallery at New-York," said an English artist to an American traveler; "of what masters, may I ask, has he specimens?" "My father's gallery," was the reply, "consists almost entirely of Raphaels and Leonardos, but he has a few Correggios."—*Quarterly Review*.

DR. JOHNSON'S LOVE OF TEA.—At the tea-table he made considerable demands upon his favorite beverage; and I remember when Sir Joshua Reynolds, at my house, reminded him that he had drunk eleven cups, he replied: "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number up my cups of tea?" And then, laughing in perfect good humor, he added: "Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remarks; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number!" When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said: "Madam, I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did a while ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done on yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose than to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of; so, madam, I had my revenge on her, for I swallowed five-and-twenty cups of her tea, and did not treat her to as many words." I can only say, my wife would have made tea for him as long as the New River could have supplied her with water.

HAPPINESS.—Quaint old Andrew Fuller writes truly that contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire; not in multiplying wealth, but in subtracting men's desires. Worldly riches, like nuts, tear men's clothing in getting them, spoil men's teeth in cracking them, but fill no belly in eating them.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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NOVEMBER, 1857.

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From the London Quarterly.

PHILOSOPHY, OLD AND NEW—ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

WE have several objects to fulfill in the present paper; all of them depending upon one another, and all bearing upon the general design of the whole. We desire to sketch, in a brief outline, the course of speculative philosophy prior to Christian revelation, in order to make clear and definite the connection between the two. We desire to trace, still as briefly as may be, the history of the antagonism and reconciliation of the faith of the reason with the faith of Christ, following the two down through the centuries of the Christian era, until, with the uprising of modern infidelity, called alternately "Atheism" and "Pantheism," we arrive at the third great era of speculation. We shall thus view speculative philosophy as it has appeared in ignorance of, in obedience to, and in revolt from, the announcements of

revelation. It will be seen that we regard speculative philosophy from the historical point of view; that is to say, we consider it less valuable for its own intrinsic truth or certainty, than as the curious and constant expression of that craving for the ideal and the infinite which has been implanted in human nature. Nay, further, it is held that the capital value of speculative philosophy to us lies in its standing as evidence of the necessity of something higher, stronger, and more authoritative than itself. Philosophy is, by its own failures, the more valuable and dignified a witness for the faith: by its own failures, on the other hand, it is degraded from all title to be placed coördinate with the Christian verity as an attempt to explore ideal truth. When we have established this, we purpose to treat more fully upon the present position and bearings of philosophy, in order to adduce its most recent manifestations as an evidence in favor of our main position no less cogent than is its past history. And, in conclusion, we shall endeavor to draw some deductions as to the extent and purpose to which philosophy ought at the present day to be studied.

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\* 1. *Institutes of Metaphysic, the Theory of Knowing and Being.* By JAMES T. FERRIER, A.B., Oxon., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrew's. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1854.

2. *Psychology the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Truth. A Lecture.* By the REV. H. L. MANSER, M.A., Prelector of Moral Philosophy, Magdalen, Oxon.

In the first place, then, let us briefly traverse the course pursued by speculative philosophy prior to the dawn of Christian revelation; in order that we may be able to perceive in what degree the unassisted power of speculative reason availed to attain the truth which has since been given from heaven, and how far it fell short of that attainment.

Speculation, when, in the sixth century before the Christian era, it started into a life of its own from the womb of poetry, announced its aim and nature with a distinctness and boldness which it has not always since retained. Its aim was to discover an impersonal principle or *ἀρχή* sufficient without preliminary to underlie all the phenomenal manifestations of the universe; and in its nature it was thus a deductive theory of the universe. Each of the pre-Socratic philosophers announced some one principle, by which he hoped to be able to solve all questions of whatsoever nature; and the result was that they mutually destroyed one another, or rather that not any one of them, owing to the partial character of his hypothesis, obtained an assent as universal as his pretensions demanded. It would be loss of time to state or discuss the comparative merits of these pre-Socratic philosophers. Much labor has been expended already in the attempt to arrange them into schools, to classify them according to their tenets, and establish a succession of master and pupil amongst them. But in the uncertainty of chronology and the scantiness of their remains, little can be arranged satisfactorily. It is sufficient that the three great schools, or rather series of teachers—the Ionian, Pythagorean, and Eleatic—stand out to our view with distinctive, sharply-defined features, and serve, moreover, as types, to one or other of which speculative thought in all subsequent periods has assimilated itself. Philosophy, in those early ages, boldly demands from herself the solution of the vast and indeterminate problems which had been struck out by the hopes, and fears, and aspirations of mankind. She no longer rests satisfied with the facile explanations of all existences and changes which poetry offered: she scorns the cheap hypothesis of an infinite number of personal agencies of power and caprice sufficient to account for things the most incongruous. With sudden and extreme reaction she rushes from the thronged Olympus,

and seeks after a solitary and abstract motive principle. In this hopeless search she wandered like Bellerophon after he was thrown from the fields of air. It was to be long before she discovered that no one impersonal principle could be alleged as the cause of the universe; that while the questions to be solved remained as prodigious as before, the means of solution were, without poetry and religion, no longer adequate.

Meanwhile, this early philosophy is observed to assume a triple character, which the philosophizing intellect has since preserved. Without exception, the pre-Socratic philosophers, evidencing a true philosophic impatience at being unfurnished with a cause, start by announcing some one principle as lying at the bottom of all existing phenomena. But these principles are very diverse one from another. The Ionian principles are material, and lead in time to physical investigations; the Pythagorean principles are mathematical, pointing to no less positive results: but the Eleatic principles are subjective entities, generalizations of thought as expressed in language; and are precursors of something widely different, yet no less important than the positivism of the other two schools. In Zeno of Elea and his followers we see dialectical philosophy exhibited in a boldness and purity which succeeding Eclecticism has shrunk from realizing. They start from the widest generalization of language and of thought; they utterly set at naught the process of verification so indispensable in experimental philosophy: their principle has sprung from the brain equipped with native arms and to be defended by native skill; it is a dialectical principle, and must be dialectically maintained, namely, by a comparison of opposing probabilities. Herein we find engendered many marks which never left the ancient philosophy—its logomachy, its arrogance, we had almost said its unscrupulousness—whatever, in fact, was afterwards denominated “sophistry.”

There remained but one further step, and philosophy would have completed the first circuit of her allotted orbit. Socrates was to “bring down philosophy from heaven to earth.” This great man, having diligently studied both the physical theories and the dialectical deductions of his contemporaries and predecessors, and finding them all inadequate to solve the mysteries of existence, all too narrow



to hold the mighty fact of life, was led to search for some other thing as the object of science; and finally believed that he had discovered it in man himself. From Socrates is to be dated the birth of moral philosophy. Henceforth Philosophy assumes an eclectic character, which she has ever since more or less maintained.

Plato was the first great eclectic philosopher of the ancient world. He received into his capacious soul all that had been hitherto taught and believed, and he was destined to re-produce it stamped for eternity with the vivid impress of himself. The sources of his philosophy were threefold. From Heraclitus he took a mistrust for phenomenal existence, and for the senses by which these are conveyed to the mind. All things are perpetually flowing away, said Heraclitus; neither the material world nor the senses whereby we are made percipients of it, can be the object or media of true knowledge: this belongs to an unknown something behind phenomena, the cause of them; and to an undescribed apperceptive faculty which takes cognizance of them. This shadowy idealism of Heraclitus reappeared in Plato in conjunction with the bolder idealism of Pythagoras, which again was transformed and digested into his own philosophy by the homogeneous power of Plato. The unknown constant underlying the changeful phenomena was declared by the Pythagoreans to be number: things are what they are, because they are copies of numbers; take away from a thing its numerical value, its unity, and you destroy the existence of that thing. The ideal numbers of Pythagoras were each of them separate, independent units; for instance, the ideal dyad was not merely a multiplication of the unit, but itself a unit incapable of multiplication or division. These ideal numbers were re-produced in the speculations of Plato under the celebrated name of the *ideas*; and the philosophical nomenclature was altered to suit the greater energy of his conception respecting them. All things are what they are, not because they are *copies* of the ideal numbers, but because they *participate* in the ideas. Many strange and unexplored mysteries lie around this great doctrine of the ideas—their nature, their relation to each other, to the material world, to the idea of the good. In Plato we find many statements regarding them which sound con-

tradictory of one another; and the whole doctrine, as announced by him, seems to be the utterance of a mighty speculative genius, prodigious in surmise, swift in anticipation; but not exact or systematic in thinking, although endowed with an astonishing power of enforcing conclusions. He holds in his hand grains of the golden sands of the infinite, but they are ever running from him back into their native deep. Or else he lets them so slip away voluntarily, that he may the better show their mystic nature, refusing to be grasped, by the swiftness of their vanishing.

From Pythagoras, then, did Plato receive whatever of theoretic system may be found in his works. Along with Pythagoras he dreamed the golden dream of the universe, listened to the music of the spheres, strove to extend the realm of the limitable into the illimitable, and believed to find in mathematical truths a solution of the infinite harmonies of the Cosmos. A genius so vast and tender as his could not long hope for much from the rigid precision of mathematical formulæ; but we must notice one thing in Plato, that he often seems to be translating mathematical language into metaphysical; and that he gives to mathematics a most eminent place, both as a means of attaining truth, and, especially, as a process for disciplining the mind. Another thing of which he received the germ from the constructive genius of the Pythagoreans, is the notion of a political sect or brotherhood of philosophers, who were to be trained from infancy in the contemplation of the abstract principles of justice and truth, in order that they might be fitted for the governance of the body politic. It is very observable, that this great speculative thinker should hang his mysterious contemplations upon the framework of a social system, as he does in the "Republic," the largest and most mature of all his writings.

The third of the great teachers of Plato was Socrates. From Socrates he received dialectical skill, and a firm belief in the possibility of constructing a science of dialectic which should be a guide to the attaining of the highest truths. This science he has in part fabricated in his "Dialogues:" perhaps he gives a much fuller account of it than is generally supposed—in fact, a complete account. People usually seem to think that Plato is defective in method, that he has elabo-

rated no instrument for the discovery of metaphysical truth, just because he does not contain the "Organon" of Aristotle. This is a most singular misapprehension, worthy of comparison with the case of begging the question which occurs in Aristotle himself, where he attacks the Platonic ideas on the score that they do not correspond with his own well-known classification of the categories. The dialectic of Plato is so far from being any part of the logic of Aristotle, that its object, scope, and tendency are exactly contrary. Plato's dialectic, whatever it may have been as a process, had clearly this one object: it was an attempt to bridge over the gulf between man and the ideal world. Plato perceived within himself, and in other men, ideas of beauty, truth, and goodness, far transcending any approach towards their realization in the world of experience. These ideas seemed to be independent of his own personal state; they changed not as he changed, but remained the same, an unalterable, inexorable conscience. Hence he was led to regard them as divine, the voice of the Deity speaking within him. He felt much in his own nature that was at variance with them, and needing to be assimilated to them; and he longed and panted in soul with an unceasing desire to see, to know, to feel, and to realize these ideas in complete fruition. Where was their abode, and how was it to be reached? Was there not an ideal world, the region of real being, whether or not in the mind of Deity, in which the soul of the votary might be lost forever in the mystic contemplation of the true, the beautiful, the good? Was there not as surely some pathway by which the soul could ascend to this its native region, and by searching find out its truest heaven? Plato gave a long answer to this inquiry; and a part only of his answer has been heard. His dialectic seems to answer to what we call "self-examination," or some such mental and moral process. It implies the devotion of the whole heart, and mind, and life, to the service of philosophical or theological\* truth. Now the whole scope and efficacy of Aristotle's logic is totally different. The logicians of the present day are all what are called Conceptualists; that is to say, they seem with one

consent to have merged the extreme opinions of the old sects of Realists and Nominalists, and come to the agreement that all general terms are neither more nor less than names of notions existing in the mind. We do not pretend to discuss this opinion; but it is the conclusion to which the followers of Aristotle have been led at last after two thousand years' study of the "Organon;" and it is a conclusion very different from that of Plato. If general notions and names have no existence elsewhere than in the human mind, a long farewell to the ideal world towards which all that is noblest and best within us so ardently aspires!

But how has it come about that Aristotelian logic has been confused with Platonic dialectic; and that Plato has been accused of imperfection because he does not give so good an account of the laws of thought as is contained in the "Organon" of Aristotle? The confusion seems to have originated with that inconsistent Realism which was throughout a practical weakness in Aristotle himself. The Stagyrte seems to have shrunk from the conclusion to which his followers of the present age have come, and indistinctly maintains that there is in things themselves something analogous to the arrangements which human thought, as expressed in language, lays down for its own convenience in observing and recording the facts and events of nature. From this weakness of Aristotle has arisen the confusion between him and Plato to which we refer, and which we hope to clear up in a few words. Realism is not Idealism. It may, perhaps, be described as Idealism Aristotelized; but it is not Idealism. As far as the admissions of the Stagyrte go, general terms may have something in nature corresponding to themselves; but no account is made in his writings of such general terms as manifestly have no existing correspondences in nature, but must be sought, if anywhere, in the ideal world. It may be granted that Idealism follows to Aristotle by parity of reasoning, from his realistic admission; just as Realism is a corollary which Plato perceives from his Idealism. But the two are forever and essentially to be distinguished; nor is the Idealism of Plato to be charged with the many grave objections which lie against Realism. It would tend to simplify some of the most mysterious passages in Plato, if the reader would mark

\* *Φιλοσοφία* and *θεολογία* are interchangeable terms in ancient philosophy.

that he sometimes speaks of the ideal world and its archetypes, and sometimes, by a tacit admission of Realism, speaks of the real world and its archetypes as illustrative of the ideal. Thus, then, the Realism of Aristotle is distinct from Idealism, although related to it; but it is important to remark that this relation, being mistaken for identity, was what afterwards secured the entrance of Aristotelian forms into Christian theology.

From Socrates Plato further received a widely spread, deeply rooted moral element, which is as it were the principle of life to his whole philosophy. Yet moral truth is not in Plato deprived of its force and value by being treated as a separate science; it remains inclosed in the one great orb of philosophy, taking at once the form of religion and of preceptual morality, but never that of systematized moral philosophy. It proclaims as its theology, that God is good, God is true; as its maxim, that the best man is he who is most like unto God; as its speculative belief, that the idea of the good is the supreme and sublime of all the ideas. So that, altogether the germ of every moral system that has ever tormented the world is to be found in Plato, yet it is unjust to charge the authorship of any one of those abominations upon him. His object, as a moral teacher, was essentially practical—the drawing of the soul to the love of moral truth; and this he sought to effect by a series of metaphors so apt and impressive, as to have furnished the hint to almost every future theorist. “Virtue,” he says, “is a harmony of the soul.” In that saying we may trace the famous Aristotelian doctrine of “the mean state.” In another place he calls it a well ordered commonwealth, under the sway of the superior faculty; and we are immediately reminded of the Stoics with their “cold reason.” Again, he designates virtue as the art of measurement, (*μετρητική*), and the expression has been perverted into Utilitarianism. The three most celebrated views of moral truth are thus to be discovered in Plato.

But more than any thing else, Plato was indebted to Socrates for his personality. Throughout the “Dialogues,” the one prominent figure is that precious Silenus, with his bull-like aspect, his awkward figure, and ugly features. We seem, in reading Plato, to catch the very curl of his unfathomable smile, the very

twinkle of his quick eye, as the deep meanings of his words shatter the finest systems of the Sophists, or he more kindly assists towards truth the tottering thoughts and tongues of the young men of Athens. Let us thank the gods that Socrates is such a Silenus, so ugly, so clumsy, so grotesque an eater and drinker, with the capacity and rotundity of a wine-cask. Let us also thank the gods that this Silenus who has got amongst us is Socrates, the hardiest and bravest of the soldiers at Potidæa and Delium, and the honestest of jurors in the Athenian law courts; that prophetic gleams and voices break out from amidst his pitiless laughter and banter; that through the channel of that strange soul, along with the silt and dragging gravel, flows down in grains the purest gold of truth. Let us observe, too—and we shall presently recur to this remarkable fact—that the sublimest speculative philosophy of the ancient world is part and parcel of the dramatic force, the quaintness, the humors, of a man.

We have one other observation to make before concluding this brief sketch of the growth and acme of ancient speculation. Plato, so far as regards his philosophy, was a Pantheist; the speculation of the highest reason not being of itself sufficient to aid him to the recognition of the Personal God. His Idea of the Good has been with truth described as God divested of personality. But there is in him the recognition of a Personal God; nay, there is a grand outline of a scheme of theology; and it is clear that he was compelled to return to the religion of his age and country for this notion of a supremely good, true, and powerful Being.\* Thus we see that philosophy, which was originally a search for an impersonal cause of all things, finds its perfection in the greatest of all philosophers in returning to its starting-point, and acknowledging that the full belief and worship of the Personal Cause of causes is essential to the well-being and completeness of human nature.

To recapitulate, then: we find in Plato, so far as the workings of that mighty mind can be traced, the preceding phi-

\* If proof be considered wanting to the statement that reason of itself can not lead to the notion of a First Cause invested with personality, the elaborately reasoned system of Spinoza will supply proof enough. Professor Ferrier, however, gets at a different result; but of this anon.



losophy digested and become the germ of the Platonic philosophy. That rejection of knowledge, such as is gained by the senses, which distinguished Heraclitus, is confirmed; "man walketh in a vain show;" there is an unrevealed truth in the universe, after which we are to grope, not resting content with the manifested and the sensible: the mathematical Idealism of Pythagoras is enlarged and rendered into the language of metaphysic; hence results the Platonic doctrine of ideas, and this sublime speculation is inseparably fitted into the theory of a perfect social community: the instrument of dialectic is fashioned, that by means of it man may come into the possession of his ideal world: and, finally, the whole vast edifice is carved everywhere with the features of the most extraordinary intellectual portent of the ancient world. We do not pretend to give a complete account of the philosophy of Plato; no one ever has or will do that. We do not even profess to have enumerated all the distinguishable parts of it; we have only taken enough of it to bear upon our present design.

And now we seem to be in a position to ask the question, What is philosophy or metaphysic? Many use the term as synonymous with psychology, as Kant and the Scottish school. To this opinion we shall have occasion to revert. The ancients, generally, make it what has since been called "ontology," referring to things in themselves independent of their relationship to the mind. Others say that metaphysic is the abstract form of all sciences; when we look at a science abstractedly, it becomes metaphysical. All these descriptions will be found to suit something in Plato, although it may be taken as a general statement that his dialectic is more akin to those systems which treat of ontology, of being, and knowledge, than to those of a psychological complexion.

But let us view the question in its broader aspect, and find what answer is given to it by Plato, the most renowned name and influence in the world. He calls his dialectic "the science of sciences, and the art of arts." Now what must his dialectic consist of, to claim so proud a title as this? The thing of the greatest concern to man is this, that he is a finite placed in the midst of a surrounding infinite; that he is conscious in a dim and vague manner of the infinite around him, and possesses powers which at times seem

to him capable of grasping and comprehending all its heights and depths; at all events, that he is possessed with an instinct which is ever prompting him to make this essay. Moreover, by the life which man now leads, he is brought into perpetual contact with what he calls "nature," which he knows to be a finite like himself, but which may well, by its perpetual varieties, image forth the unknown silent infinite for which he longs. Time beats in and beats out the various movements of the life around him in fierce, resistless pulsation; the blue expanding space above is fretted with a thousand soaring fires, which he knows to be worlds as vast and thronged with multitudinous mysteries as his own earth; the clouds of his firmament, the hues of his dawning and sinking sunlight, the trees of his forests, the waves of his ocean, are countless, exhaustless, renewed forever; and yet he shall not find one cloud, one radiance, one tree, one wave, exactly the counterpart of another. Is not this majestic abundance, variety, and succession, a fitting emblem for that eternal, that unconditioned absolute of which some inner sense assures him, towards which some inmost instinct urges him? Further, although there be no sameness discernible in this great universe, yet "all things are double one against another, and God hath made nothing imperfect." Man perceives in nature the operation of mighty laws so regular, that he can not recall the day on which he first conceived his faith in what he calls "the uniformity of nature." He can collect these laws, and thus form sciences; he can proceed from generalization to generalization, until, in the height of abstraction, he embraces in one cognition the whole universe. Now does not the traveling of his mind from one truth to another in the knowledge of the sensible world afford some clue to the method by which he may hope to arrive at the knowledge of the infinite? May not the process of acquiring knowledge of the sensible be a necessary preliminary to strengthen and mature the power which is to comprehend the infinite?

Plato thought thus; and therefore it was the first part of the business of his dialectician to master all the positive knowledge and special sciences in the world. Every faculty was to be trained to the utmost, every string to be strung



to concert pitch, to fill the ears of the world with loud and resounding harmony. But this implies a vast deal more than merely the possession of the special sciences and arts. The dialogues of Plato have been declared by many to be in themselves examples of the dialectic art. Good; but we must accept this statement in a far wider sense than is usually given to it. Not only the arguments which are found in Plato are examples of dialectic; not only the two or three forms of arguing which he expressly names are examples of dialectic; not only the sciences with which he proves himself conversant are parts of dialectic; not only the arts which he criticises are so; but the whole dialogue, from beginning to end, is an example of dialectic, with its persuading tentative force, its dramatic power, its humor, its pathos, its metaphor, its gleaming river of eloquence. The reason is obvious. We can not pretend, in our present ignorance, to know what sort of knowledge and experience shall best aid us in our hoped fruition of the infinite. The Platonic dialogues were evidently the work of a man of a confirmed moral character, of the amplest capacity for enjoyment—a dramatist, a humorist, with an amount of life and a strength of purified passion within him scarcely ever equaled. All this is to be within the compass of the dialectician who aspires to the infinite. He is in the fullest degree to appreciate, understand, and enjoy the present; and when he has thoroughly exhausted the old heavens and the old earth, then, and not until then, may he give free course to his inner promptings, and attempt to scale the unimaginable heights of infinity.

This is no wire-spun inference from one or two isolated passages in Plato's writings. Speculation has advanced not one step farther than where he left it; he stands confessedly at the head of the speculative genius of the world. And he has, without exception, adhered to the dialogue, with all its scenic accompaniments, as the type in which dialectic is to be exhibited. And his dialogues are acknowledged, in a half-sighted manner, to be examples of the dialectic art. By those who make this half-sighted acknowledgment astonishment has been expressed at the variety of subjects treated upon in the different dialogues, their notion evidently being that dialectic is a kind of organic art, like logic or arithmetic, in

which the process is in principle the same, with whatever subject-matter. The reason for the diversity of subjects treated upon in the dialogues is, that Plato was not sure what subject was more important to be studied with a view to strengthening the faculty whereby the infinite was to be reached, inasmuch as he was unacquainted with the exact nature and requirements of that faculty itself. It must, however, be conceded, that he does show a preference for certain pursuits and topics, though his selection has been, on the other hand, greatly criticised. But the enormous extent of the education preparatory to the study of the science of real being itself is confessed by himself, inasmuch that he is compelled to devise a peculiar condition of society for its realization. If we understand Plato aright, this education would be such as could end only with life itself; for at what earlier period than the hour of dissolution could a man say, "I have exhausted the universe, and come to the end of its successions"?

It belonged to the genius akin to madness to conceive that this preparatory course could be completed, and time still be left for the study of the infinite. Nevertheless, suppose it complete, and the powers of the dialectician mature, his sense of life at its keenest, his knowledge of the universe all-comprehensive. What next? What is dialectic in itself?—what can be said in description of the dialectical faculty? Plato, it has been remarked, describes dialectic as the science of sciences, the crown and coping-stone of the sciences. Therefore, this master-science must possess that which is essential to the notion of science, namely, the recognition and investigation of laws and principles. And, moreover, by virtue of its own peculiar nature and object, it must differ from the formality of special science. It must be, not method, but the very soul of method; it must be, not order, but the very essence of it; it must be fettered by no law, but is to be a law unto itself. Thus it is to be the spirit, substance, highest completeness, of the contents of the several sciences. The faculty of this science Plato designates *νοῦς*, intuition, the highest reason, the summit of the immediate faculty—terms which sufficiently indicate his conception of its nature. This is about the sum of what he says respecting the science and the faculty of the infinite; and beyond this speculation may

confess itself unable to proceed. The German description of the same science of the infinite, as "the movement of opposites;" the terms of Coleridge's definition of method, as "unity in progression;" the Hegelian logic, the continuous rejection of contradictory ideas—all these might be with propriety applied to designate the dialectic of Plato. Speculation has advanced no jot since Plato. The most bold, sustained, and daring thinkers of the world have soared these heights, and found an infinite beyond them; their fall has proved that to us the absolute, the unconditioned, the infinite, must ever remain the unknown.

And now is it not among the marvels of human history that one endowed with gifts so singularly varied as Plato—a dramatist as great as Homer, and as sublime as Æschylus; a humorist more delicately delicious, and perhaps as powerful, as Aristophanes; a mathematician and physicist, completely endowed with what was known—that this man, who seemed born to revel in the present world of men and things, should have cast all other designs into subordination to the hopeless hope of scaling the infinite? Is it that the greatest naturalist is, moreover, a purist? Or is it that we have, indeed, here bound up together in one the souls of two men—the sententious, humorous, moral, practical, inscrutable Socrates, and the sublimely enthusiastic Plato? We know not, and crave forgiveness for suggesting that solution. But mark how magnificently Plato confesses his own failure. He leads us in safety not to the infinite or unconditioned, but to the ideal; and he can only depict the ideal by reference to what man has seen and heard in the sensible. The ideal is a place or world corresponding in beauty and glory to the visible world; to express the absoluteness of his belief in the objective existence of this ideal world, he is led into a realism, of which we have spoken, with regard to the visible world: as the sun is the luminary of the visible world, so is the idea of the good the light and glory of the ideal world. Finally, the human nature is unable to bear the saying that the light and life-giver of the ideal world is an impersonal principle; and he hastens to clothe his idea of the good with Divine Personality. Here is the triumphant failure of this grand essay: the infinite becomes the ideal; and human

faculties can not reach beyond the ideal! Discomfited philosophy may, however, console itself by reflecting upon what it has without doubt achieved. What renders Plato the pride and glory of the world, one of the most renowned names among men? It is that he has more clearly than any other opened up to our gaze the wonders of that ideal world of which we are all more or less conscious, in which to live is our life indeed; and that he has more fully, and with diviner eloquence than any other, drawn out the parallel between the exhaustless wonders, profusion, and magnificence of the real world about us, and the unutterable splendor of the spiritual and ideal. In this service, we find that he has explored more diligently and happily than others the universe of nature, and that microcosm, the heart of man. The actual is hanging in gorgeous folds about the ideal. We have seen how much Plato saw in, and took out of, the comparatively feeble philosophy which preceded him. His instructed observation drew no less copious a supply from the life of the generation amidst which he found himself. He respected every thing; no opinion was so palpably absurd as to meet with his uninquiring scorn; no object was so mean as to avoid his wondering and reverential scrutiny. So that in result the fame and value of Plato consists not in his being the philosopher of the infinite, but in his being the philosopher of the finite, the revealer of nature to man, of man to himself, and of the relations between the idealizing tendencies of human nature, and versicolored multiform actuality in the midst of which God has granted that man should expatiate. From this point of view, how great and wise a teacher he appears! He pleads for the immortality of the soul, until his passionate earnestness awakens in his hearers a faith that was not revealed. He points constantly upwards to the unseen heavens, the abode of the half-enshadowed forms of goodness, loveliness, and truth, in order that the unsteady eyes of mortals may follow his direction: he proclaims the great fact of a state of prior existence, which is at times breaking forth to man in a dimness of half-memory; and no theory on the stultified question of the origin of ideas can compare with the Platonic doctrine of *anamnesis*. The germ of every science, the eloquence of every art, are enfolded in

that nebulous confusion called by Plato his "philosophy."

Had Plato lived in another age of the world, it is more than probable that this prince of philosophers would have been the greatest of poets. But he lived in an age when philosophy was the religion of the world; and it was the duty of the most nobly gifted to strive to gain, in behalf of his fellow-mortals, some certainty in the present, and hope for the future. Otherwise, the question must have occurred to him, whether it were not best to cease the search for the knowledge of the unknowable, to live the ideal life revealed, and repose in calm security upon the everlasting infinite around, whilst enjoying and working in the present with whatever zeal and faculty he could command. We who are called Christians stand in a wondrously different position from the heathen Plato. We were never to reach the Infinite, but the Infinite has mercifully stooped to us. Leaving the eternities and infinities, and in a manner how mysterious and incomprehensible entering within the bounds of time and space, God has made known to us his Personality, his infinite love and compassion for us. Revelation has appointed to us the bounds of our thoughts not less distinctly than the sphere of our duties. We know of the Infinite that it is an infinite of love. With this we are to be contented, and would that it could be said of all of us that we are so!

It has often been observed that a certain degree of similitude exists between the philosophy of Plato and the revealed word. This similarity is both external and internal. We would speak very reverently, and say that Plato is the Bible of Heathenism.\* It is so, in that it is the only heathen book which defines for mankind the boundaries and coasts of the ideal world, that it alone strives to shape a pathway to this world, that it alone creates and intensifies in the human breast the belief that this grand goal may per-

chance be reached, that it alone insists sternly and unwaveringly upon the necessity of a conversion and change of nature: it is so, inasmuch as it contains the history of the life and death of the noblest pagan confessor of the truth: it is so by the witness of the thousands who have pointed to it as the awakener and strength of their faith and hope.

But the parallelism may be carried on still further. The ideal life of Plato is hard and impracticable by the side of the ideal of the Gospel, the beginning and end of whose commandment is love. The one is a brave but losing strife with the infinite, the other is the mandate of the infinite given to man. We have said that the ideal world of Plato is shadowed out and mirrored forth by the natural world. How much more truly may this be affirmed of revelation! The Author of revelation is also the Author of nature: nature is the record of the laws by which the Divine Creator works; revelation is the covenant containing the conditions of his promises to man. Can you hope to curtail and modify the curl of the changing wave that swirls past you in the rush of the broad river? Can you desire to trim, or in any wise alter, the free lines of the transformations, or to break the outlines of the hills? Then, only then, may you expect to reduce to exact system and dove-tailed order the life-giving principles of the Revealed Infinity. What a wonderful drama, what a magnificent, solemn, and terrible grotesque is the face of nature, with its storms and sunshine; its swiftly passing lights and shadows; its careering thunder-clouds and relentless rains, and its sweet blue in which are placed the quiet white clouds! How full of mystery is a dark mist, which yet may be filled with close grain of purple drops by the uprising of the sun! How awful is the sea raging in the white wild waves, which yet once again, as anciently, shall from placid level send forth a gleam to mingle in the colors of the disk which sinks upon it! Wind and vapor, hail and snow, storm-cloud and cirrus—we know them not, we can not utter their mystery. We know only thus much, that they "fulfill His word;" that the being and will of the Personal God is the code of the universe. And how strange, portentous, grotesque, and hazardous a thing is human life; in its origin and end, in its struggles, its achievements, joys and sorrows! How

\* We can scarcely be misunderstood in venturing upon a comparison between the revealed word and the writings of Plato. When we say that Plato was the Bible of Heathenism, we mean only that it was the purest code of ethics which the heathen world possessed: it was a light in darkness, but could not do more than make the darkness around itself miserable, lacking the authority and fullness which belong to revelation. The difference between the two is the difference between man inquiring after God, and God revealing himself to man.



awful is man when he laughs and when he weeps! He is conscious of an almost infinite capacity, prompting him forever to work at something; yet he is dumb or scarcely articulate, concerning what is within him. He feels possession of an irresistible power to do or not to do, which he calls his will; and yet once in every day must he desperately lie down, and lose for some hours all consciousness of will and promptings of infinite capacity. So that, lamenting these conditions, he calls himself in deplorable weakness the victim of necessity, until he is taught to call himself rather the child of God! Not less closely does revelation fit the life of man than it fits the order of nature. In the first place by psalm and burthen, by precept and by history, by rite and parable, is man declared unto himself; his mighty helplessness is laid bare; his passionate joys and sorrows are most pathetically expressed; the conscious or unconscious need of his spiritual nature is drawn and set in the strongest light: so that there is no-book to be placed beside the Bible for dramatic power and pathos. Then, amidst all this comes the history of the causes of all the imperfection and suffering; the act of disobedience, the obscuration of human faculties, the sundering of human life. The whole scene of the universe is depicted, and man seems to lie in the centre of heaven, earth, and hell. The grand serenity and repose of heaven, full of worship and solemnest, sublimest pageantry, "vast images in glimmering dawn," stand in contrast to the earth which lies under sentence of death, beautiful yet convulsed, weeping yet striving to smile amidst her pangs; and in still extremer contrast appear the unendurably quick, furious, and disproportioned movings of the children of the pit. Finally, and as the triumphant issue of all things, man is brought, by the life and death of the Lord Christ, into immediate relation with the Eternal and Infinite; his duties are defined; and among the rest, that his duty towards the Infinite is faith.

The world has had only two philosophies — Platonism, and Christianity, which has superseded Platonism in the necessities of the world. Most of the points of resemblance between these two might be exhibited as points also of contrast, and Platonism thus be brought up as testimony against itself in regard to the superiority of Christianity. Platonism

is a pure hypothesis; Christianity is a fact with external evidence. Platonism requires impossible conditions in order to its realization; Christianity is adapted to the present state of the world. Platonism provides only for the satisfaction of the higher necessities of a select few; Christianity commands "all men everywhere to repent." Platonism arouses the hope of immortality, without its blessedness, connecting the doctrine with its fancy of transmigration; Christianity proclaims the life that is hid with Christ in God. The Republic of Plato is a theory of a perfect state which can never be realized in this world, ending with the dream of what happened to Er, the son of Armenius, in another world: the revelation of the Bible proclaims what it is God's will to accomplish for our race, and ends with the vision of the new heavens and the new earth. The Perfect Commonwealth is an iron system which provides for every hour of the life of the individual: the Church of Christ is an indeterminate organization, typical of the freedom and catholicity of the inner fellowship of the Divine life. Thus, both in its similarities and its contrasts, does Platonism bear record to Christianity; and in both, also, it prepared the world for the reception of the Christian faith.

Neo-Platonism is, in very many respects, (as our readers know,) to be markedly and totally distinguished from the teaching of Plato himself. Neo-Platonism sprang forward as the fierce opponent of Christianity at the time of its appearing; and very quickly did the defenders of Christianity conceive or find it indispensable to adopt from their philosophical opponents, who treated them as rude and ignorant men, a mannerism and mode of thought which has since exclusively usurped the name of the Platonic. Neo-Platonism agrees with Plato himself, and differs from Christianity, in a certain aristocratical spirit. The mysteries of the higher spiritual life, in the conception of Plato, were not meant for the multitude, but only for the happy few provided with capacity and leisure to enjoy them. Those who followed Plato added to this the spirit of sectaries, embittered by the opposition of the Aristotelians; they made a secret and a mystery of the tenets of their professed master, and by their antagonistic position lost more and more of his spirit. They cultivated to extrava-



gance his mysticism and enthusiasm; they renewed his search after the absolute; while they lost his delight in the present world, and all that was included in this. They were men of a scientific rather than a genial turn of mind. They further differed from their founder in the complexion of their faith. Their belief in the power of the highest reason led them to use it as an instrument for the overthrow of every thing which was not strictly amenable to reason. For example, Plato himself had the utmost reverence for the popular religion, and for the myths in which it was embodied. He makes mythology an essential part of his educational training, and only interferes with the myths which he found already in existence in his own time when they were at variance with his own preconceptions of the worthiness and dignity of the divine personages concerning whom they were written. In such cases, he held that the truth was corrupted by the human medium; but he never dreamed of calling the myth itself into question, or weakening it by allegorizing or rationalizing explanations. The Neo-Platonist, on the other hand, rationalized every thing. At Alexandria, about the time of the first promulgation of the Gospel, they had come into contact with the Hebrew Scriptures; and in the writings of the philosophic Philo the Jew, there prevails a singular compromise between rationalism and literal acceptance. The Neo-Platonists had further imbibed an oriental spirit, of which no trace is discernible in the most Greek of Greek writers. The earliest of the Christian Fathers show manifest signs of the influence which this, the philosophy of the day, had upon themselves. They call Christianity *the philosophy*—the only philosophy of life; and Christianity received its first tincture of purely human thought from the intolerant mystic heathen faith of the reason, becoming imbued with a mysticism which its own inherent sublimity can afford to wear, and a rationalism which it is the burden of its faith to support—a prototype of the transformations so soon to ensue, in which the original simplicity of the Divine word became intermingled for better or for worse with the forms and inventions of the human intellect.

Christianity proclaimed the possibility of a higher inward life, arising from the immediacy of the relations in which it placed mankind with the infinite. And it

made humility and the abnegation of self the condition upon which this higher life was to be enjoyed. This violently opposed to it the exclusive and self-subsisting spirit of the philosophy of the age, which was a mixture of Platonism *in abstracto* and the colossal theosophy of the East. It was conceived practicable to include the spirit, and in part the substance, of this philosophy in the Christian idea. That the vivifying influence of the Gospel was universal, was always admitted; but there were truths contained in it which the multitude of believers could not penetrate; an order of men was already separated to pursue these superior directions of contemplation; and in Christianity was established a resemblance to the esoteric and exoteric teachings of heathenism. To this tendency the heathen philosophy, which opposed itself to the simple faith, offered a powerful alliance; and the various sects of the Gnostics, whose disputes are spread over the greater part of the first three centuries of Christianity, exhibit, as their common feature, a coalition of Christian verities with the Platonic abstractions, and with the hypostatic intuitions of the Asiatic religions. The revelation of truth became the philosophy of ecstasy.

We can not particularize at length the great Gnostic movement. Suffice it to say, that the mystic and sublime elements of Christianity received from it a prodigious expansion, whilst they were commingled with much that was merely and fantastically of human invention; and that Platonism and the Platonic became henceforth synonymous with the elevated and transcendental in thought and feeling. But the Gnostic extravagance aided to pave the way for another scarcely less important example of the handling of Divine truth by human philosophy, which is next to be described.

From the earliest period the center of the higher life given by Christianity was by human pride of philosophy placed elsewhere than the center of the Christian faith; and a distinction arose between the *πνευματικοὶ* and the *ψυχικοὶ*, it being believed that the speculative truths of the Revelation were to be studied apart from the vitalizing power which acted so wondrously upon the hearts and lives of the mass of believers. Had the mystery of the Christian faith been always taken along with its power, the development of

Christianity would have been historically very different. Committed to the devices of human thought, Christianity, in the first place, as we have just seen, assimilated to itself the hybrid philosophy called "Neo-Platonism;" which resulted in the aberrations of Gnosticism and Manichæism, whereby the philosophic reason is seen in partial revolt against the practical answer given by the faith to the various subjects of its speculation; and the speculative point of view is carried away from the simply faithful; mere practical orthodoxy, thus abandoned, being already invested with a kind of narrowness. Christianity, meanwhile, continued to be assailed by philosophy; and it found its adversaries of the second and third centuries—both pagan and, especially, heretical—in possession of a method in the Aristotelian logic, against which the inferior Stoical logic in vogue could not avail. It was found requisite, in the next place, to adopt and study, for the sake of their argumentative value, the forms of Aristotle. Thus was Christianity made the receptacle of the wavering creeds of the two most opposed philosophies of antiquity. The beginner of the innovation was St. Augustine, the apostle of orthodoxy in the west, at the end of the fourth century. Augustine was by nature a Platonist, a sublimely speculative genius, but who subjected the free course of his contemplative bent to the necessities of the controversialist, and thus acquired the habit of expressing revealed truth in an argumentative form, being in this the forerunner of a multitude. A century later Boëthius followed the initiative of Augustine, though from other motives. As a philosopher, he formed the immense design of transfusing the substance of Greek speculation into Latin, thereby to provide for the continued empire of philosophy over the world. In this way was introduced to the West the latest Eclecticism of the schools of Athens, which consisted in an attempt to reconcile Plato and Aristotle. From this foundation arose the long-enduring edifice of Scholasticism.

Aristotle was, in the first instance, studied exclusively for his method, and hated both for the sake of the assistance which he had afforded to the enemies of the faith, and with the antipathy of men Platonic in tone and education. But gradually the degrees in which he ap-

proaches Platonism were recognized; and as his logical treatises were neutral, the hostility gave place to admiration and a venerating spirit which ultimately ceded the preëminence to him. The inconsistent realism of the great founder of the Peripatetics, of which we have spoken, was welcomed as agreeable to many things in Plato, and stretched out so as to meet the Platonic idealism. The logical Aristotle was evidently an application of the philosophy of language to the interpretation of nature. The logical Plato, more inscrutable, was perhaps the same application to the same interpretation, amongst other things. The result of the combination was a Platonic enthusiasm of theological thinking, embraced in an Aristotelian rigor of form and positivism of reasoning, of which, while still immature, the chief representatives are Scotus Erigena in the tenth, and Abelard in the twelfth, century.

The Christian Platonists of the preceding centuries had assigned to the ideas an abode in the Divine mind, as the elements of the order and constitution observed in the creation. Aristotle had, in his *Physics*, in a generalizing way, described every sensible object as consisting of *matter* and of *form*—"matter" meaning that which constitutes a sensible object; "form," that which distinguishes sensible objects into different classes. By adopting Aristotle's term of form, and attaching to it the cognition of the personal nature of the Deity, means were found of reconciling Aristotle with Plato. Aristotle had only attacked the ideas as a theory of the individuals of the natural world; not as the eternal reasons of things as contemplated by the Deity. "Indeed," remarks Bishop Hamden, "Aristotle might be held to have invested his abstract forms with some such preëxistence, in assigning them as the ultimate ends to which nature is conceived to tend in all its manifold operations and productions, with instinctive and unceasing effort." The conception which the Christian followers of Plato attached to the word "idea," was henceforward transferred to the word "form."

Logical truth was, by Aristotle, notwithstanding his realism, definitely distinguished from metaphysical truth. But logic, or the science of general principles applied to deductive purposes, is apt to be mistaken for an interpreter of nature,

and universality of the mental conceptions expressed in language to be confused with universality in point of fact. So that, in this view, the more abstract the conception, the more valuable, as scientific, the truths it contains. Logical truth, thus confused with metaphysical, produces a corruption of idealism; and if in a similar way confused with the physical province, it has the effect of crippling investigation. In such a philosophy the point of view is wholly metaphysical.

Such a philosophy was Scholasticism—a system which received into its bosom the seeds of dissolution in the shape of the too rigorous method by which it hoped to exhibit and enforce all truth. It was a bold and, for four centuries, a successful attempt to adjust the balance between reason and faith. It saw in Christianity the seeds of all truth—all science; and its design was to subject speculative, moral, and physical truth to the theological point of view. But, unhappily, it sought to do this not by infusing the religious element into scientific investigation, but by applying to the several sciences the *à priori* method by which theology proceeds, instead of permitting each science to rest upon its own principles, and to be pursued in the method natural to it. This mode of procedure was, beyond doubt, right and justifiable in speculative and moral science, falsely so called. There is no ideal for man but the Christian ideal; all other ideals are only historical evidence to the glory of this. There is no need to haggle and vex the brain about the independence or non-independence of the principles of morality, when I know that the practice of virtue is the law of God to me. Scholasticism, then, was perfectly right in its conception of the subordination due from speculation and morality to theology; and its period is to be pointed at as the only one in the history of mankind in which the true relation between these sciences has been maintained. But the Aristotelianism within its bosom ruined Scholasticism. The universality of the design failed from the universality of the method.

In the desire to exhibit God as the center and circumference of the universe, it was deemed requisite to embrace physics also in the same *à priori* method. For this a precedent was found in the method of physical investigation among the ancients. A number of the Aristo-

telian principles, which were strictly logical, and not physical—generalizations of the mind, not facts of nature—were de-ported into the one great theological scheme of Scholasticism, and the research into nature prevented. Such principles were the doctrine of contraries, whereby it was concluded that because certain notions exclude one another, therefore there are certain correspondences in nature which, in like manner, mutually exclude one another; the principle of transmutation of bodies, whereby a power of change from one form of being to another was attributed to nature, similar to the power of the imagination to vary the forms which it can summon up to infinity; the principle of privation, and, in short, the whole theory of motion; and the distinction between potential and actual being. Thus was physical genius prevented from expatiating in its proper domain, until its shackled condition, in the age of disruption, aroused the emancipating strength of Bacon.

It will be instructive, after this sketch of the building up and contents of Scholasticism, to look at the edifice itself, as it stands. What is it as a whole—principles, method, and every thing else together? How does the theological element pervade and weld together the heterogeneous materials? Scholasticism reached its maturity in the course of the thirteenth century, and its greatest names are Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and William Ockham. One book is its type—the *Summa Theologiæ* of Aquinas. It seems to us that a singular misconception prevails concerning these men and their writings. They are popularly supposed to be a vast wilderness of dry logical forms, defaced by uncouth terminology, and rendered useless by reference to exploded authorities. To say that their terminology is uncouth in our ears, can be nothing more than saying that we are unaccustomed to it: their authorities, upon some things, may be exploded, but not upon the most important; and we may often ask ourselves whether it is not our own belief that has decayed, rather than the authority brought by the schoolmen. The most popular idea is, that the schoolmen are merely intellectual machines, whose natural force is overpowered by technicality, and who exhibit nothing of the vital movement of other men. There may be some ground for this state-



ment, as far as the technicality is concerned; but no ground for the pith and meaning of it can be discovered by a discriminating and patient reader. Take the *Summa Theologiæ*. We have there a perfectly elaborated system of theology, beginning with the most rudimentary questions, and proceeding to the most complicated. Now, Aquinas had no need for the brilliant power of a Plato, to emit momentary and piercing tongues of flame into the bosom of a waste and dark infinite void. His sphere was rounded for him by his faith; and his business was to explore and map out that sphere as thoroughly as he could. The first requisite for this kind of work is to insure regularity. Aquinas takes a form, to which he adheres throughout his immense labor, from the disputations which used to be held in his day. The subject to be discussed is proposed as a question; then the subordinate questions into which the main question arranges itself are stated, analogously to the headings of a modern sermon. Each of these subdivisions is discussed separately, the arguments for and against being arranged one under the other, and a conclusion is drawn upon each, and finally upon the main question. The whole vast volume is a succession of great questions treated in this way. Now, at first sight, such unaltering regularity appears repulsive enough; but not upon renewed observation. It insures perspicuity, and enables the mind to grasp and retain what was meant to stand for a perfect system. And it will not be found that this great thinker is devoid of affections, or unalive to human interests. His soul is not a dead soul; for he undertook a labor as great as that of any man, and went through it with all the care and watchfulness of his intellect. There is something affecting in this huge monument of labor, and others like it, which was undertaken for the good of mankind, and has been so completely deserted and left to the worm and moth. And there is more than unremitting and intense thought in Aquinas. There is the pure glow of a spirit refined and sanctified by labor and meditation, and a pathos, not of passion, but arising from his perceiving the truth; a pathos of truth. We have spoken of the dramatic and exuberant life of Plato, comparing him to those who have possessed this attribute. Let us now venture upon

another comparison. If Plato resembles, in one respect, Homer or Shakspeare, Aquinas no less strikingly resembles Spenser. The *Fairy Queen* is full of life, play, incident, the grotesque, the impassioned; yet it is different, essentially different, from the life, freedom, and play of Homer or Shakspeare. Spenser adheres not only to one metre, but to one stanza throughout, and with very peculiar effect. He relies for variety on the tones and pauses in the line itself, which the course of composition brings out; and as the scenes move along, and passion after passion, incident after incident, succeed, they are invested with a strange, unearthly, ideal kind of dignity and gravity; and we are carried along upon a mighty tide of harmony we know not whither, wave after wave, in regular succession, yet with their sweet, minute, fortuitous variations, their curvatures changing, and the wind making little ripples in them as they rise, and swell, and burst. Here we have a sort of idealizing gracefulness cast over life, so that passion is depicted in all its force, but none of its homeliness; grief in its bitterness, without its painfulness; joy in fullness, without its extravagance; and we can mark everywhere the nobly restrained hand which refused to indulge one touch, one line excessive. Even so, as we conceive, has Thomas Aquinas loaded himself with a heavy armor of forms, yet moves beneath it with steadiness and strength; his heart beating deeply, his pulses thrilling sharply with human tenderness, yet unwilling to waste one atom of his strength otherwise than with reference to that object towards which he is disciplinedly marching. Yet he does attain a sort of subdued—and, to those who rightly consider the mightiness of his labor, a touching—pathos, which we have striven to insist upon by calling it the pathos of truth. After all, these neglected scholastics did good service in their day and generation, which is the main thing, and were honored accordingly therein.

But the time when the great edifice was to be shattered, along with the hierarchical authority which had consecrated it, was at hand; and very remarkably were the men appointed to do the work of disruption. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries boast of three men mighty to destroy and build up again: Luther, Bacon, and Descartes. Luther



shook the throne of the usurper of the Seven Hills; Bacon cast down the paralyzing dominion of the Stagyrte over the realm of nature; while it was the more questionable destiny of Descartes to emancipate speculation from the rule of faith. If it seemed improbable that the poor Wittenberg monk should well-nigh unseat the Pope, it seemed yet more improbable that Bacon, the lawyer, the orator, the statesman, the historian, who originated no invention himself, should be the man to whom the philosophy of experiments owes its birth; and most improbable that Descartes, the mathematician, the man of formularies, should narrow the sphere of theology by severing it from speculation, and set the human intellect once more astray through the infinite. Yet the birth-place of modern infidelity was the brain of the mathematical Descartes.

We have seen how the darkness and mist of the infinite arched itself to the light which Plato carried, in his unexpressed gropings after it, into the shadowy sphere of the ideal world; and with what a grander resplendence this darkness and mist circles round the star of Bethlehem and the torch-light of Gethsemane. Plato the wise seemed content to miss the infinite when his search had gained the ideal; he and his brethren, with a pagan instinct that was wonderful, naming that which is definite, as the ideal is, by the name of "good," and that which is indefinite by the name of "evil." The pagan, great as was his faith, could not be sure of the infinite of good; he could only discern that the infinite was dreadful, unknowable; and build for himself an ideal wherein to dwell safely. And truly there is round about us, above and beneath, an infinite good, and what might seem an infinite evil; and these two have ever been haunting the earth, descending to human comprehension in ideal ghastliness or ideal beauty, and leaving their footprints in curses or in blessings. The serpent in the garden, coiled around the tree of knowledge, and hard by the tree of life; Satan accusing Job before the Throne, and the voice of God from the whirlwind; the war in heaven, and the great red dragon cast therefrom, his angel conqueror upright and serene in his strength and fearlessness; how shall not these be known as unveilings of the infinite between which the finite man is placed? And may it

not be known, moreover, by the shudder with which man can not bear the awfulness that lies beyond these unveiled forms of the infinite, that the only comfort and refuge is in embracing the ideas of the Gospel, and striving to attain the high spiritual life therein brought within the compass of humanity? Forget not that what you are to know of the infinite has been unsealed: if you are restless, you may perchance be permitted to adorn the revelation with a philosophic symbolism of *Æon* and *Demiurge*, as did the Gnostics—a symbolism which speaks as meaningfully to the philosophic temperament as does the symbolism of art to the artistic temperament. Better adorn it even metriculously, and be cast out as a heretic, than abandon it, and go wandering in the unlighted void inane, and be accused before God and man as an infidel. Yet into the darkness we are about to wander sadly lost. Modernism begins, and begins in speculation, as in art, by denying Christ.

Concerning the beginning of desolation. Scholasticism expired with great struggles, and was not entirely dead until the very end of the seventeenth century. Every vestige of prescriptive authority, theological, speculative, and political, lay extinct along with Scholasticism, upon the threshold of the eighteenth century. During the heat of the conflict the full extent of the havoc was not perceived; how much that was worthy of mercy and honor had perished irrecoverably beneath the scarlet robe of Rome, which vainly sought to give protection. And the noble character of the men who fought the victorious battle in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—Luther, Bacon, and, we may say, Descartes, Spinoza, Cromwell, Milton, Pascal; men who, each in his own way, labored in the struggle for human liberty—prevented the loss of the slain from being felt. It needed an eighteenth century of debasement in all that ought to be noblest, of desecration in all that ought to be held most reverently, before men could be brought to acknowledge the danger of the free and scrutinizing spirit which had led them thoughtlessly everywhere, even into the holy of holies. We now recognize that while one hero had struck down a monster, another had been slaying a true knight; and when one had let forth the innocent captive, another had been unchaining a devil. But we can in

this place point only to the unhappy divorcement of speculation from Christianity; a thing of itself one of the most pernicious and evil consequences of the Reformation, not, however, immediately imputable to the Reformers, but to those who, in modern times, began to ply the trade of speculative philosophers. At the outset, let us premise thus much. We shall be led to mention names which stand highest in the roll of fame; whom, nevertheless, we are conscientiously compelled to regard as having been utterly and fundamentally mistaken, and to have passed, in consequence, lives of more than useless labor. Let it be conceded to us to admire while we reprobate, to respect where we regret; and let us state at once, that we would not seek to blame the men themselves so much as the tendencies which are represented by them. We must make the fullest allowance for the expansive force of ideas when once started; we must acknowledge that a wrong direction is not easily recovered; and then we must say that modern philosophy has lost its way for three centuries; nay, that it is like the adventurer on the prairie, who galloped all day long, in terror, upon his own track, until he returned to the place from which he started, and the sun was going down!

The first demonstration made by speculation after the discarding of revelation was, rightly viewed, a most inestimable piece of evidence as to the dependence of man upon God, the insufficiency of reason without faith. Descartes, after eight years of retirement in Holland, spent in meditation upon the philosophies of the world, came forth with a conclusive proof of the futility of them all. He destroyed, at one long-meditated blow, the edifices raised by human speculation throughout two thousand years. He demanded a demonstration for all things; nothing was to be accepted without the fullest proof to the consciousness. This demand at once demolished all that had been built upon sublime conjecture, all that of which we demand no proof, and yet in which our humanity discerns and accepts something intensely and eternally true. Platonism sank before it, every thing sank before it, except faith, which defied it, and that object of faith which could prove itself Divine, by its actual effect upon the lives of men, and its perfect power to satisfy the high cravings of the mind.

Descartes found that the only axiom which acquired absolute certitude, and the denial of which involved a contradiction, was his own existence. "*Cogito, ergo sum*," was the beginning of the Cartesian philosophy. But it was also the end; for when Descartes attempted to reconstruct a philosophy upon this axiom, he found that he had cut away so much foundation that he could not build at all. He endeavored next to prove the existence and attributes of the Deity, but could not gain the same degree of certitude for this demonstration as for the preceding one, and was compelled to let the idea of the mind respecting God stand proof for the existence itself of God. And so of the rest of his system; it falls prostrate before the iron demands of reason, as do the systems before it; and Descartes, who so sternly demanded a proof for every thing, spent his life in angrily answering the objections of assailants who required him to fulfill his own condition; and died the pertinacious defender of hypotheses very arbitrary, and lacking that verisimilitude which men accept in lieu of demonstration without flaw.

Descartes' method trained a disciple abler than himself, in the person of Spinoza, "the subtle Jew of Amsterdam." The *Ethica* of Spinoza is a system of metaphysical reasoning which adopts the rigid type of geometrical deduction from a few axioms and definitions. If these be granted, the whole system follows. Various attempts have been made by men shrinking from the ghastly conclusions to which the Jew would drag them, to discover some flaw in the chain which binds them. And unless Spinoza be defeated, Pantheism and Necessity are to be the creed of the intellect. Here comes in the value of the point of view which we have adopted, of viewing philosophy as a history of the successive phases in which the human mind has approached metaphysic, at the same time that our design is to collect its failures as evidence for the need of revelation. We have already seen that Pantheism is the creed of the unaided reason: the intuitive genius of Plato could not arrive beyond it, and his unsatisfied soul had to borrow the personality of God from poetry and religion. Spinoza was now to prove, having revolved and matured his thoughts for twenty years of silence, the same result, that Pantheism is the creed of reason. Yet this same Spi-

noza, how little delighted with his own doing, is found writing such words as these following: "*Justitia et caritas unicum et certissimum veræ fidei Catholicæ signum est, et veri Spiritûs Sancti fructus: et ubicunque hæc reperiuntur, ibi Christus re verâ est; et ubicunque hæc desunt, deest Christus. Solo namque Christi Spiritu dirigi possumus in amorem justitiæ et caritatis.*" It is the profound remark of Wesley, (quoted somewhere by Hallam,) that, considering the degree of intelligence displayed by the brute creation, it is hardly consistent to consider reason as a mark which distinguishes man from the brutes, but rather the capacity for knowing God, which is possessed by man, but not by brutes. This religious capacity, then, seems to have little to do with reason, the separate faculty; but is rather the great result of the whole compound nature of man. What is philosophy to me, must be philosophy for my whole being; the philosophy of reason, which addresses only one part of me, and starves the rest, is revolted from as a lie by the emotional and imaginative part.

Spinoza's system need not, after all, alarm us, if even we could not detect a fallacy in it. To his conclusions we must apply bold, sound, round observation, accepting them when in accordance with our faith and that consciousness of ours, which it is the glory and crown of our faith not to destroy, but to fulfill. Spinoza says: "There is no substance but God." A Christian philosopher, who was not ashamed of his Christianity, might reply to this: "If you mean that there is no being absolute, infinite, and everlasting, but the Divine Being, I believe you; for the attributes of God, as revealed in Christianity, are infinite; He 'is of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness.'" Spinoza proceeds: "The more reality or existence a being possesses, the more attributes are to be ascribed to it. There is but one substance, but God: therefore all attributes are in God, or God is the cause of all things. Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be conceived without God. For he is the sole substance, and modes can not be conceived without a substance; but besides substance and mode nothing exists. God is not corporeal, but body is a mode of God, and, therefore, uncreated. God is the permanent, but not the transient, cause of all

things. He is the efficient cause of their essence as well as of their existence, since otherwise their essence might be conceived without God, which was shown to be absurd. Thus particular things are but the affections of God's attributes, or modes in which they are determinately expressed.\* Hence follow several things usually taken for paradoxical. There is no contingency, but every thing is determined by the necessity of the Divine nature, both as to its existence and operation; nor could any thing be produced by God otherwise than as it is. His power is the same as his essence; for he is the necessary cause both of himself and of all things, and it is as impossible to conceive him not to act, as not to exist. God, considered in the attributes of his infinite substance, is the same as nature, that is, *natura naturans*; but nature in another sense, or *natura naturata*, expresses but the modes under which the Divine attributes appear. Intelligence, as an act, is only a mode of thinking, to be referred to *natura naturata*; there is no faculty of thinking apart from the act; there is no intelligent substance, or infinite intelligence." Hence follow certain pernicious conclusions, which Spinoza does not explicate. Nature is eternal, if it be part of the Divine substance; evil is divinely caused, or is an attribute of the Deity. It will be borne in mind, that we have only given the conclusions, not the proofs of Spinoza.

But the answer is ready: "You draw conclusions too tightly. That truth, whose essence is beauty, lies in curves, not in your straight line of reason. God is an infinite intelligence, in spite of you; for so he stands revealed, and so necessity of nature compels me to believe: God is an infinite person, and no mere soul of the world; for I am commanded to address him as my Father. Nature is no part of the divine substance; for nature is imperfect, and God is perfect: and, as for evil, you draw things too tight; God permits evil, but never causes it. Your necessity is contrary to my consciousness. The only active agent that I know is myself, and I feel conscious of free-will in all my actions; consequently, my only knowledge of agency is a knowledge of free-will agency, and I must transfer the no-

\* We are partly quoting from Hallam's abstract of Spinoza, "Literature of Europe," vol. iii.



tion of causation, thus obtained from my own experience, to the divine cause, and presume that the Deity is not a necessary agent. In fact, all the truth which may be in you is turned into a lie by distortion. You mar the macrocosm, and man ceases to be the microcosm. You do not leave things as undisturbed as possible, which is what a great man would strive to do; you alter relations, and thus falsify things. It is the glory of God to conceal himself in nature, supporting its blind life by his omnipotence, but allowing free play to its secondary agencies. But your conclusion would confound God and nature, first cause with secondary causes, stopping all the freedom of which we are conscious, and which is to us the breath of life, in one monstrous pulsation of an unintelligible, necessary infinite. You may be legitimate in reason, O Spinoza! but you are as death to human nature; and, thank the sweet heavens, you are contrary to the revelation of Jesus Christ."

In Descartes and Spinoza we have the history of the emancipated speculative philosophy of the seventeenth century. It resolves itself into a search for true ideas, *veræ ideæ*, and this search may be considered to be its first phase. In the next century it confesses itself baffled in the search, as might be anticipated in a philosophy which had abandoned the true idea of revelation, and enters a distinct eighteenth century phasis next to be described. Observe, however, before passing on, how entirely the disciple has overthrown his master's work. The foundation with Descartes is the existence of the *ego*, or personal consciousness: the deductions of Spinoza confound all human action, thought, and responsibility in the huge anomalous whole, where every thing is God, and there is no worshiper.

The new or eighteenth century period was inaugurated by the great work of Locke. In Locke, the speculative reason confessed its defeat, and in its own way, strove to discover the cause of it. Why were not the ideas of Descartes and Spinoza invested with the same power of commanding belief in the world, as the ideas of Plato? "Not," replied the Speculatist, "because of the reflex influence of the revealed truth, which, although ignored, is yet a *puissance* within the realm of reason, and, unseen, unheeded, is turning the wisdom of men

into foolishness. It is because the instrument of reason has been misused and mistaken as to its powers, set to perform work for which it is unfitted or unaccustomed. We must discover the limits of our faculties, and invent, if we can, some training process, that we may strengthen them to the work, ere we go up to conquer and possess ideal realms in the land of the infinite." Had speculation, at this point, been taught humility by defeat, and seen, what it might have seen in the clear light of Revelation, how hopeless was the conflict from which she had just retired, she would have found other work to do than training her forces for a renewal of the attempt. But now for about a century, speculation ceases to be speculation, becomes psychology — a study interesting to a few, revolting to most, very useless, but still harmless, except that the memory of the old defeat was never lost, and speculation promised herself a day when she should endue herself in ancient arms, and lead her trained and disciplined forces up the heights of the infinite.

We are not at all called upon to give the particulars of the psychological period. Psychology, as we say, is not metaphysic — although it has been again and again mistaken for it; and many speak as though the uncontained could be made cognizable by measuring accurately what the human soul can contain; a curious instance of the easy propagation of a fallacious mode of thinking. Man may be a little world, so that by man one may become cognizant of the great world; but you can scarcely call man "a little infinite!" The history of psychology, upon which we do not feel called upon to enter, is a very dreary one. It consists chiefly of endless discussions upon the nature and origin of ideas; desperate attempts to analyze the different parts of the mind, which proceed upon the strange assumption, that what we call for the sake of convenience by different names — as memory, imagination, reason, etc. — are actually separate parts or faculties, bound up together in one person, and holding a dignified intercourse with one another in a sort of "common room," called "consciousness," where the amenities are presided over by a very fine old gentleman by the name of "Higher Reason," *alias* "Secret Recess," *alias* "Spiritual Essence," etc., etc. A sore,



puzzle to this psychological school has been the construction of a philosophical language remote from the usage of common men, and in which certain words are to be taken in one acceptation by all philosophers. Yet psychologists can scarcely be brought to agree among themselves as to the meaning of their commonest terms. The word *idea*, for instance, has a history of its own, which it has required the erudition of the late Sir W. Hamilton to unravel. Under this fact, it is scarcely fair in philosophers to complain of the fluctuations in common parlance.

We would classify the philosophers of the psychological period not according to their respective psychological theories, but according to their relation to metaphysic in the science of the unknown. The bulk of them, as Locke, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Brown, are mere psychologists, and seem to forget any ulterior purpose in their busy task of mapping out the human soul. Others, as the late illustrious Sir W. Hamilton, are led by psychology into the conclusion to which revelation might have led them at once, namely, that there can be no such thing possible as a science of the infinite and absolute. There is but one man so far as we know who has actually attempted to make use of psychological distinctions for metaphysical purposes. Kant, despairing of the power of reason to grasp the unconditioned, made the attempt from another side, the infinite capacity of the human will. He failed, inasmuch as the will or active power of man, which seems so infinite and so capacious, is not, can not be, separated from the infirmities of the human intellect. A distinction, introduced for convenience into psychological language, could not divide the unit of the human soul.

The era of psychology extends to the present generation, although with this difference from the eighteenth century—that while in the eighteenth century all is psychology, in the present cycle metaphysic has grown weary of her long psychological pupilage and in several daring thinkers has sprung forward once again to the escalade of the unconditioned. But we have not yet quite done with the eighteenth century. It is part of our business to indicate the progress of the free-thinking spirit which was the most positive result of the modern speculation. While psychology lulled metaphysic into

harmless repose, the restlessness of the metaphysical spirit passed into a class of writers who are called “philosophers,” but whose influence is in its essence political. We mean the series of Frenchmen who extend from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes down to the Revolution or later. We have in these writers the most curious and distressing anomalies offered throughout the course of history. They are imbued with the fierceness and restlessness of speculation, without its spirit of deliberative, suspensive criticism; they deify reason, and yet avow atheism, the most irrational of creeds; they are cruel, quick, and witty beyond endurance, and yet they exhibit every symptom of weakness, from the tears of Rousseau to the gibing fury of Voltaire. The deterioration was very marked after the former generation of great French thinkers in every department, such as Pascal, Montesquieu, and Descartes. The powerful and well-matured writings of those men were succeeded by a spirit of vehemence, hasty pamphleteering, which consummated itself in the *Encyclopédie*—an unmistakable proof that the depth and solidity of ancient thought were passed away, and the heady era of false brilliance, hasty positiveness, and impatient generalization had commenced. These things broke into their own terrible consequences. The pantheistic creed of unaided reason never became popular in the community; the atheistic creed of unreason seemed to shake for a season the foundations of the faith, and drew on the most fearful convulsions of society. Yet what is the difference between the creed of reason and the creed of unreason, the one of which leaves no worshiper, the other leaves no object of worship?

In the nineteenth century speculation has, in the brains of several daring thinkers, re-assumed its original form and labor. It stands boldly forth without dissemblings; it will no longer submit to rest content with ideal theories; it refuses to believe in the conclusions of its own psychology, which might have taught it that there is a limit to human capacity; and with unabated confidence it demands no less than the infinite. There have been in Germany two great schools of absolutists: one of these has occupied itself with following out the line begun by Kant, when by an invincible analysis he disproved the capacity of the reason, and

yet did not despair of the attainment of the infinite from another side. The men of this school are Fichte and Schelling. The other school consists of Hegel and his followers. Of the impenetrable Hegelian philosophy, which the author of the remarkable work at the head of the present article, Mr. Ferrier, despairs of understanding, we give the following account from one well able to gauge its value :

"After the Kantian Critique, it was impossible to bring a philosophy of the absolute within the received compass of human thought; there remained only the attempt to expand thought to the immensity of the subject by a gigantic scheme of intellectual Pantheism, in which the personal consciousness and its limits should be absorbed in the processes of the one infinite mind. Such is the fundamental principle of the logic of Hegel—a logic constructed not in obedience to, but in defiance of the laws of thought, which are held to be valid only for the finite understanding dealing with finite objects; the philosophy of the infinite being based on their abrogation.

"It is not easy to give in a short compass an account of Hegel's logic, which shall be intelligible to an English reader. If we were to describe it as an attempt to develop a philosophy of being in general, by reproducing the divine thought, in the act of creation, we might support the view by sufficient quotation from the work; but it would convey an erroneous impression to one who did not bear in mind the total suppression of *personality*, Divine as well as human, in the Hegelian philosophy. It may perhaps be better characterized as an illegitimate expansion of the fundamental principle of the Cartesian philosophy, modified in some degree by the Kantian. '*Cogito, ergo sum*,' is true within the limits of the personal consciousness. I exist only in so far as I am conscious of my existence; and I am conscious only as being affected in this or that determinate manner. Within these limits, Thought and Being are identical, and every modification of the one is a modification of the other. But if this principle be accepted in its Hegelian extent, I must commence by ascending from my personal consciousness to a supposed Universal Thought, identical with Being in general. Here personality disappears altogether; and the problem is, to deduce from the identity of Thought and Being in general the several identical determinations of the one and the other. Such a process is not thought, but its negation. If the universe had one consciousness, the system might be possible; for Thought and Being are identical only in and through consciousness. But such universal consciousness could not be *my* consciousness, and thus the Hegelian assumption can not be grasped by any act of human thought. On the other hand, thought

without consciousness is inconceivable, since it implies a negation of the one essential characteristic, under which all thought is presented to the human mind. The logical notion, which is not a function of my own personal thought, is a mere empty abstraction, inconceivable by reason; and the system deduced from it is incompatible with those regulative truths that are above reason. Vulgar rationalism subjects belief to thought; it has been reserved for transcendental philosophy to subject it to the annihilation of thought."—*Mansel's Introduction to Aldrich's Logic*, p. xlix.

We now perhaps stand in a position to estimate at its right value the *Institutes* of Professor Ferrier. This is in all respects a most remarkable book. When we began its perusal, we were greatly excited by the magnificent promise it laid before us; which was no less than, by an unfaltering march and process of reason, of demonstration, to arrive before and capture the fort of absolute existence. Professor Ferrier writes with such genius, such passion, such enthusiasm; he is so evidently master of his subject, and has thought it out from beginning to end; he is so conversant with the history of previous failures, and so aware of the futility of the expectations of metaphysic from psychology, that if any man may hope to make sure the foundation and place the coping-stone of an edifice of metaphysic, it will be Professor Ferrier. We will not say that we have risen from his work with a feeling of disappointment; but we will say, that we have gained this conclusion, that if Professor Ferrier is right, there is such a thing as independent metaphysical science, but that it is a perfectly useless thing, better to be abandoned; whereas, if Professor Ferrier is wrong, this final grand failure must convince the world that, certain as is the existence of metaphysical truth, it can never be erected into a science. The only proposition which is not demonstrated, but taken as self-evident, is that which stands first in the work, namely, "Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognizance of *itself*." This proposition is the beginning and the end, the sun, soul, and center of Professor Ferrier's system; it meets us at every turn throughout his pages, all the other demonstrations refer themselves to this prime axiom; and it inspires the final proposition: "All absolute existences are

contingent, *except one*; in other words, there is one, but only one, absolute existence which is strictly *necessary*; and that existence is a supreme, and infinite, and everlasting mind in synthesis with all things." But this axiomatic proposition has been attacked by Mr. Mansel, with what we confess sounds to us very much like a quibble. He says, that "if the cognizance of one self forms part of the act of knowing, why not the cognizance of three or four selves? As well admit one thousand selves as one self in the object of cognition." For our own part, we believe that Professor Ferrier is right, and that he has succeeded in erecting a system of metaphysical truth; of which, and of his work in other respects, we shall briefly examine the merits. But observe, that although the writer of the present article has seen with astonishment the raising together of a metaphysical system, yet that system has been sapped at its foundation by the keen incredulity of a mind trained to view these questions in another light. So far is metaphysical science from possessing the authority and universality which should give it value in the world.

And, first, concerning the literary spirit and style of Professor Ferrier, we have nothing but encomium to bestow. He is a model of perspicuous language upon an abstract and obscure subject: he has vitality enough to be popular, and at the same time his own profound and luminous mind shows out the real shallowness of the men of pedantry and intellectual routine. He has given course to the instincts of the literary man, to render his book at once attractive and the more instructive, and has intermingled his severe demonstrations with abundant observations and explanations, tending to set the value of the demonstrated position in a clearer light, and open out its bearings upon the history of philosophy. Nothing can be stronger and more candid than Professor Ferrier's writing. He abominates mystery, pedantry, concealment of every kind; and seems possessed with a vehement eagerness to be understood, and to render himself unmistakably intelligible. Thus he gives the converse of every proposition having one, as fully as the proposition itself; he reiterates, insists, and proves again and again. He advances many startling things, in a bold style of positiveness and self-assertion, which is de-

lightful in these days of fashionable self-depreciation and lack of bigotry. He would have all men rationalize their creeds; he would make clear the convictions at which men come through the instinct of faith; and his work is an appeal to the catholic reason of mankind. The false subtleties of psychology strike him with an intense disgust; but still he takes a cast from psychology, in making his system a theory of knowledge and of ignorance previous to the theory of being. With equal dissatisfaction does he regard the tortuosities and lack of system in the true philosophers who have preceded, Plato and Hegel, for example; lamenting in all that they have been careless of mankind, careless to screen themselves from popular misconception, and exhibit their truths each in the strongest possible contrast with popular error. The force of unimpeded reason has not even yet, thinks Professor Ferrier, been fully tried; either over-subtlety has slid like poison into its action, or want of lucid arrangement has obscured it. He would speak to all men in the plain and honest language of truth. Old psychology may well feel astonished at the sweeping strokes of this new man. Certainly metaphysical philosophy has not often addressed the world in such language as this following:

"We naturally suppose that truth lies in the distance, and not at our very feet; that it is hid from our view, not by its proximity, but by its remoteness; that it is a commodity of foreign importation, and not of domestic growth. The further it is fetched, the better do we like it—the more genuine we are disposed to think it. The extraordinary moves us more, and is more appreciated, than the ordinary. The heavens are imagined to hold sublimer secrets than the earth. We conceive that what is the astonishing *to us*, is also the astonishing *in itself*; thus truly making 'man the measure of the universe.' In this supposition the savage and the *savan* fraternize, (bear witness, Mesmerism, with all thy frightful follies!) and, drunk with this idolatry, they seek for truth at the shrine of the far off and the uncommon; not knowing that our ancient altars, invisible because continually beheld, rise close at hand, and stand on beaten ways. Well has the poet said:

'That is the truly secret which lies ever open before us;  
And the least seen is that which the eye constantly sees.'—*Schiller*.

"But dead to the sense of these inspired words, we make no effort to shake off the drows-



ing influence, or to rescue our souls from the acquiescent torpor which they renounce—no struggle to behold that which we lose sight of only because we behold too much, or to penetrate to the heart of a secret which escapes us only by being too glaringly revealed. Instead of striving, as we ought, to render ourselves strange to the familiar, we strive, on the contrary, to render ourselves familiar with the strange. Hence our better genius is overpowered, and we are given over to a delirium, which we mistake for wisdom. Hence we are the slaves of mechanism, the inheritors and transmitters of privileged errors; the bondsmen of convention, and not the free and deep-seeing children of reason. Hence we remain insensible to the true grandeurs and sublime wonders of Providence; for is it to be conceived that the operations of God, and the order of the universe, are not admirable precisely in proportion as they are ordinary, that they are not glorious precisely in proportion as they are manifest, that they are not astounding precisely in proportion as they are common? But man, blind to the marvels which he really sees, sees others to which he is really blind. He keeps stretching forwards into the distant; he ought to be straining backwards and more back, into the near; for there, and there only, is the object of his longing to be found. Perhaps he may come round at last. Meanwhile it is inevitable that he should miss the truth.”—Page 197.

The truth discovered by the clear faculty of Professor Ferrier is satisfactory to us who are in search of evidence in favor of the necessity and power of the Divine revelation. We have granted him his postulate—that, along with the object of cognition, a thinking intelligence takes some cognizance of itself. This granted, conclusions rapidly follow. The material and its qualities can not be apprehended *by themselves*, without some recognition of self or of the *ego*; that the *ego* is, therefore, the permanent and universal in cognition, and every thing else in cognition is the transient and particular; that this *ego* is not material, yet can not be known *per se*, or in an indeterminate state; that the only independent universe which any mind or *ego* can think of, is the universe in synthesis with some *other* mind or *ego*; that the object in cognition, together with the subject in cognition, matter *mecum*, object *plus* subject, is the substantial and the absolute in cognition; while both the *ego* or subject, and the objects, whatever they may be, are taken separately, the phenomenal and relative in cognition: That there can be ignorance only of what is the object of knowledge, or capable of being known: therefore we

can not be said to be ignorant of the contradictory or nonsensical; we can not, that is, be ignorant of either of the elements in cognition taken separately, the universal or subject, and the particular, or object; but that these, taken together, are the subjects of ignorance or of knowledge, as the case may be: we can not, without absurdity, be said either to know or be ignorant of matter *per se*, or of mind *per se*: That absolute existence, or being, in itself is either that which we know or are ignorant of; for absolute existence is not the contradictory, (which, we said, was alone the object neither of knowledge nor ignorance,) inasmuch as there is nothing absurd in the supposition of absolute existence; that absolute existence is not matter *per se*; that it is not the particular by itself, nor the universal by itself; in other words, “particular things, prescinded from the universal, have no absolute existence, nor have universal things, prescinded from the particular, any absolute existence;” that absolute existence is not the *ego per se*, or the mind in a state of pure indetermination; but that “absolute existence is the synthesis of the subject and object, the union of the universal and the particular, the concretion of the *ego* and *non-ego*: in other words, the only true, and real, and independent existences are minds-together-with-that-which-they-apprehend.” Finally: “All absolute existences are contingent, *except one*; in other words, there is *one*, but only one, absolute existence which is strictly *necessary*; and that existence is a supreme, and infinite, and everlasting mind, in synthesis with all things.” This is the closing proposition of the book.

And now, after this zeal and agony of demonstration, whither have we come? where are we landed? We find ourselves upon the foundation slab of the staircase leading up to heaven; we have proved by reason what we already know by the instinct of faith, and yet more certainly by the Gospel of Revelation—the necessary existence of an Infinite Intelligence. Metaphysics, in the hand of Ferrier, have led us one step nearer the throne than that Pantheism of Spinoza and of Plato which seemed to be that in which the unaided reason must abide. But here reason stops, and philosophy gives place to theology; it can penetrate no further; it has been two thousand years in getting a foothold on the path which leads to this;



and its very foothold is not undisputed. It is very triumphant that the flaring rival of revelation sinks thus at length into the servant—the unprofitable servant.

And now recurs the question, *Cui bono?* To very few certainly. If Professor Ferrier is right—and we do believe that he is—it is highly satisfactory to have reason prostrate before the threshold of Divine revelation, imploring for entrance; it is a valuable piece of additional evidence to truth; and that is all. We should believe revelation if this evidence were away; and we should disbelieve reason if she gainsaid revelation. So then, this is metaphysics. Well, it is an interesting fact in the history of the human mind, that the unaided reason has encompassed the primary truth of the Bible, the being of a Personal and Absolute Intelligence: and Professor Ferrier is a very great man. But what good will accrue to any one from repeating the process? We take revelation, and have taken it for two thousand years, independent of, and in defiance to, reason: now that reason has surrendered, let the strife cease, and all philosophical controversies be merged forever in the faith. A new era is opened in the history of philosophy; let it also be a new era in the history of faith; and let not the direction traced out by Ferrier be illustrated, historicized, criticised, and *tar-gumized* after the manner of mankind hitherto. It is a fact, a curiosity, and no more. Let us admit it, let us store it up in the armory of the faith, as a subsidiary of whose value we are fully conscious; and then let us have done with it.

We have now seen speculative philosophy in its most important phases; as blindly and dimly conscious of the infinite, and striving to grasp it; as falling short in that, and yet scooping out an ideal which supplied the earth with noble livings, until the coming of the “life indeed;” as coalescing with the Christian verity, and in process of time merging itself in theology; as revolting from God and man both in the pride of reason and the folly

of unreason: and now we see its triumph consisting in its surrender to the truths of the Bible, and submitting once again to be led by theology. Here we pray with fervor that its history may close, for its work is done; its long warfare is ended, and it sinks in repose upon the infinite, from which it rose in pride and untried confidence. It has added its testimony to the great fact, that God, in his personality and infinity, as in his providence and grace, is ever about us, upholding all things by the word of his power; that the seeds and elements of all truth are to be sought in his revelation; that the duty of man is reliance upon him, and in his present agency, who so completely fills all things, that all our motions are incomplete, or only complete as losing themselves in his absolute perfectness; for he is both the center and the circumference, the perfect round of things; and the more lightly, less laboredly, do we move within that sovereign arc, the more happy shall we be, the more beautiful, the more acceptable in our incomplete completions. We are finites embraced within the Infinite; but the Infinite is to us an Infinite of love, having entered within our finite time and space; an inner, higher life is placed before each of us, and we are commanded to “rejoice and be exceeding glad;” and verily with reason, inasmuch as we are left no longer to our own ideas, but are brought, each one, by Divine institutions, into immediate relations with the Deity. Let us awake, then, from the evil slumbers of human devices, pride of system, pride of knowledge, pride of reason, pride of infidelity; and, embracing the Christian ideal, realize it in the Christian life, secure it in the truth of God, and, striving only to adorn and magnify that truth by thought, and word, and deed, let us study nothing apart from it, that we lose not the light of life, and lose not our very minds in pernicious vapors, stifling, born of hell; but let us in Christian contemplation tend ever towards the Source of Light, knowing many things, and secure for all.

From Titan.

## W H O W A S P R E S T E R J O H N ? \*

TOWARDS the commencement of the eleventh century, a prodigious sensation was excited in Europe, Asia, and Africa, by the conversion to Christianity of a prince known by the name of *Priest*, or *Prester John*. The renown of this monarch went on increasing through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—for this partly real and partly fanciful personage appeared not to be subject to the law of mortality. The type still remained, and was continually receiving new embellishments. It was agreed that this sacerdotal person surpassed in power and riches all the potentates of the earth; on that point there was no difference of opinion. But as to whereabouts this wonderful priestly Cræsus, this kingly pontiff, was to be found, there were very wide differences indeed. Some placed him in Africa—in Ethiopia; others proclaimed that his incomparable kingdom was situated in Asia, but could not decide whether it was in India, Tartary, or Thibet. The country, as well as the title and the religion, of this mysterious potentate furnished the crudite of the time, and also the tellers of stories, with materials for dissertations without end, and a monstrous heap of fables and contradictions.

There was, indeed, so much written in the middle ages about Prester John, that it is not very easy to discover what little portion of truth may exist amidst the thousand accounts, which scarcely agree in any one particular. Otho of Freisingen, Alberic of Trois Fontaines, William of Tripoli, Vincent de Beauvais, Jacques de Vitry, Marco Polo, Plan-Carpin, Rubruk, Jordan de Severac, Mandeville—in short, all the travelers and writers of the period—busied themselves about Prester John, and related the most marvelous things concerning him. Nothing, however, can equal what this strange personage says of himself;

or, at least, in a letter attributed to him, which was addressed to the Emperor of Constantinople. Mosheim, who copies it from Assemani, regards it as apocryphal; but many other critics, and among others Marsden, are disposed to admit its authenticity. Authentic or not, however, it is so curious, and so illustrative of the spirit of the time, that we shall not hesitate to translate it almost entire:

*“John Priest, by the Power and the Virtus of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, Lord of Lords, to the Sovereign of Constantinople, may he enjoy health and prosperity by the grace of God.”*

“It has been made known to our majesty, that you esteem our excellence, and that there has been speech among you of our grandeur. We have learned from our secretary that you had the intention to send us some articles of luxury and curiosity. What we desire and wish to know is, whether you have, like us, the true faith—whether you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ? We know that you are a man, and that your little people take you for a sovereign, although you are but a mortal destined to corruption. If you have need of any thing that would be agreeable to you, make it known to us by our secretary, and you shall obtain it from our munificence. If you like to come to our dominions, you shall be appointed to be the greatest and most worthy of our house, and you may partake of our abundance. Should it please you to go back again, you shall set forth overwhelmed by benefits.

“Do you desire to know the grandeur and excellence of our dynasty, the extent of our power and dominion? Know and believe that I am the Priest John, the servant of God, and that I surpass, in riches, in power, and in virtue, all the kings of the earth. Sixty-two kings are tributary to me. I am a zealous Christian, and I protect and support by my alms the poor Christians who are subjects of our merciful empire.

\* *Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet.* By M. L'Abbé Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. In 2 vols. 8vo, 422 and 406 pp.

"We have formed the project of visiting the sepulcher of our Lord, at the head of a great army, as becomes the glory of our majesty; and we wish to combat and to humble the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose name be blessed and exalted.

"Our magnificence dominates the three Indies; our domains, setting out from Farther India, where reposes the body of St. Thomas the Apostle, advance across the deserts to the place where the sun is born, and return by a circuit to the ruins of Babylon, not far from the Tower of Babel.

"Sixty-two provinces, of which few are Christian, obey us; each has its king, and all are tributary to us. In our territories are found elephants, dromedaries, camels, and animals of every species under heaven. Milk and honey flow in our country, and no poison is ever found there. One of our provinces, which is inhabited by Pagans, is traversed by a river called the Indus. Issuing from Paradise, it rolls its waters through the entire province, and in them are found emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones. In another province pepper grows in abundance, and the earth is covered by an immense forest filled with serpents. This forest is situated at the foot of Mount Olympus, whence springs up an inexhaustible fountain, whose waters preserve all kinds of flavors. Then comes an arid sea of sand. At three days' journey from this immense desert there are inhabited mountains, amongst which there flows a stream that can not be approached. This stream throws itself into a great river, into which the inhabitants of our countries plunge, and bring up wonderful quantities of precious stones. Beyond that river are ten Jewish tribes, who, although they choose their own kings, are nevertheless the slaves and tributaries of our excellency.

"In another province of our states, near the torrid zone, there are worms, called in our language salamanders, which can only live in the fire. They envelop themselves in a kind of tissue, like the insects that produce silk, and the substance is wrought with care by the ladies of our palace, and thus we have stuffs and garments of it for the use of our excellency. These garments can only be purified by being placed in a fierce fire.

"We believe that we have no equal,

either for the quantity of our riches, or the number of our subjects. When we issue forth to make war upon our enemies, we have borne before us, upon thirteen cars, thirteen large and precious crosses, ornamented with gold and jewels. Each cross is followed by ten thousand horsemen and a hundred thousand foot soldiers, without counting the men of war, charged to conduct the baggage and provisions of the army.

"When we go out merely on horseback, our majesty is preceded by a cross, without either gold, jewels, or any ornament, in order that we may always remember the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ; then there is a golden vase filled with earth, in order to remind us that our body must return whence it came—that is to say, to the earth; and lastly, there is a silver vase filled with gold, that every one may understand that we are the lord of lords. Our magnificence surpasses all the riches in the world.

"Every year we visit the body of the prophet St. Daniel, in the desert of Babylon. We go there armed because of the serpents. In our country is caught the fish whose blood is used for the purple dye. We rule over the Amazons, and likewise over the Brahmins. The palace in which our sublimity resides, is like that built by St. Thomas for Gondoporus, King of India. Its wood-work is of the most costly kind, and its roof is of ebony, to avoid the danger of fire. At the summit of this palace are seen two golden globes, surmounted each by a carbuncle, in order that the gold may shine during the day, and the carbuncle at night. The tables on which the repasts are spread in this palace are, some of gold, and some of amethyst; the columns that support them are of ivory.

"The chamber where our sublimity reposes is ornamented with various works in gold, silver, and jewels; and is perpetually perfumed by the odor of the balsams burned in it.

"Our bed is of sapphire. Why does our dignity choose to adopt the title of Priest? That is what your prudence need not be surprised at. We have in our court many officers, whose dignity, functions, and titles, are borrowed from the ecclesiastical hierarchy. There are even some who are superior to us with respect to their divine functions. Thus the master of our pantry is a primate as

well as a king; our cupbearer, an archbishop and king; our chamberlain, bishop and king; our marshal, archimandrite and king; our chief cook is an abbé and a king; it is therefore not repugnant to our majesty to adopt the titles of which our court is full. If we have chosen an inferior title and rank, it has been out of humility. Our empire extends on one side for four months' journey, on the other no one can know how great it is. If you can count the sands of the sea and the stars of heaven, you may number my domains, and reckon my power."

Such is the pompously extravagant epistle addressed by Prester John to the Emperor Commenus; and many missives in the same style were sent at various epochs to the emperors of the East and West, to the Pope, the King of France, and even, it is said, to the King of Portugal. These curious documents contained, like that we have copied, an ostentatious account of the fabulous power of this royal pontiff, but nowhere sufficiently exact indications of the locality of his dominions to enable us to identify them. Every one was convinced, nevertheless, of the existence of this extraordinary personage, and the wonders of his empire formed a common theme for discussion. It represented the Eldorado of the time, in the excited imaginations of the people.

The great renown of Prester John induced the Pope Alexander III. to write to him, (in 1177,) and he addresses him by the title of "King of the Indies, and most holy of Priests."

After having shown, at the commencement of his letter, the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter, and the authority given him to regulate the affairs of the Church, and determine points of doctrine, he speaks of a certain "Master Philip," his physician and servant, who had received from powerful and distinguished people in the East some communications relative to the desire which Priest John had to be instructed in the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Alexander then endeavors to demonstrate how important it is for those who call themselves Christians to hold the true Catholic faith. He exhorts Priest John, therefore, to repent of his errors, and to give his full confidence to Master Philip, who will explain to him the true principles of the Christ-

ian faith, without which "one can not hope for salvation."

This brief of Alexander III. gives us to understand that Prester John and the subjects of his vast empire did not profess a very orthodox creed. In fact, the chronicles of the time are unanimous in representing them as tainted with the Nestorian heresy. As early as the year 1143, the Bishop of Gabala, legate of the Church of Armenia, addressed to the Pope Eugene III., the following report: "Some years ago," said the prelate, "a prince, named John, who dwelt beyond Persia and Armenia, at the extremity of the East, professing, along with his people, Nestorianism, and uniting in himself the characters of sovereign and priest, came and waged war against Media and Persia, and having seized upon Ecbatana, cut the armies of his enemies to pieces."

Jacques de Vitry expresses himself thus: "The Nestorians have mortally infected the greater part of the East with their doctrine, and especially the empire of the very puissant prince, vulgarly called Priest or Prester John."

Finally, Matthew Paris reports the receipt, in 1237, of a letter from Brother Philip, prior of the Dominicans in Palestine, which declares Nestorianism to be predominant in India, the *kingdom of Prester John*, and the most distant states of the East.

From all these documents, it may certainly be inferred that Prester John was a real person, in whom European Christendom was powerfully interested. He was, it seems, a potent prince of Upper Asia, professing, with his subjects, the Nestorianism which for a long time was actively propagated in those countries; and all these facts are placed beyond doubt by the testimony of history and the most authentic narrative of travelers.

#### THE DRINK OF THE TARTARS.

The ordinary drink of the Tartars is *kumys*, a spirit made of mare's milk. They pour the milk into a large leathern vessel, and when they have got a considerable quantity, beat it till it begins to ferment like new wine. When it becomes quite sour, they beat it again violently, and then draw off the buttery part. The fermented whey makes a brisk sort of liquor, with an agreeable almond flavor,



very intoxicating to those not much accustomed to it. The Tartars also make from goat's milk a kind of butter, which they boil and keep for winter use in goatskins, and though they put no salt in it, it never spoils. After they have taken off the butter, they boil the curd again to make cheese, which they dry in the sun, and which is as hard as iron; these cheeses they put into sacks for the winter store, and when the supply of milk becomes scanty, they put this hard sour curd into a leathern vessel, pour hot water upon it, and beat it till it liquefies; and with this acid drink they have to content themselves during the time of year so severely felt by pastoral nations.

#### THE GREAT EMPIRE OF KUBLAI-KHAN.

The war between Gazan and the Sultan of Egypt was prolonged for several years with various success. The King of Armenia, his faithful vassal, or, as the chroniclers say, seneschal of all his host, came with 40,000 vassals to ravage Syria, and took several towns, and it was in consequence of these events that the idea of invoking the aid of the Crusaders recurred to Gazan, and that he sent ambassadors to the West to solicit it. His messengers came to Paris, and renewed to the King of France their former proposals of alliance; they then went to England, and endeavored to come to an understanding with Edward I.

But, while Gazan was thus offering his alliance to the sovereigns of the West, the circumstances that might have rendered it valuable to them were considerably altered. A great victory gained by the Mussulmans had obliged the Mongols and the King of Armenia to retire across the Euphrates—a misfortune which is said to have afflicted Gazan so much, as to cause the malady of which he died in the year 1302.

At the same epoch, there died also at Peking the great Kublai-Khan, Emperor of the Chinese and Oriental Tartars. Kublai was indisputably the sovereign of the most enormous empire that the annals of the world have ever made known: it comprehended the whole of China, Corea, Thibet, Tonquin, and Cochin-China; a great part of India beyond the Ganges; many islands of the Indian Ocean; and the whole north of the continent of Asia,

from the Pacific to the Dnieper. Persia, also, was a feudatory of his throne; its sovereigns, the successors of Houlagou, receiving their investiture from the Emperor of China; and as the dominions of these great vassals extended to the Mediterranean and the frontiers of the Greek Empire, it may be said that the whole of Asia was subject to the laws of the great Khan, who had chosen Peking as the central seat of his government. What was the empire of Alexander the Great, or of the Romans, or even of Tchinguiz-Khan, compared with that of Kublai? And yet this astonishing potentate is scarcely known among us, and our most learned histories hardly say a word about him.

This reign of Kublai offers to our observation one remarkable phenomenon. We see this powerful sovereign ruling at once over the most civilized nations of the East, and over those who had scarcely issued from barbarism; with one hand encouraging the arts of peace, and with the other exciting ardor for martial enterprises; softening nations already vanquished, and unchaining against others the furies of war.

Kublai had received a Chinese education; he appreciated the advantages of civilization; he admired the institutions of China, and protected the literature and the sciences. He had some of the best Chinese books translated into the Mongol language, and founded schools for the young people of his own country, and gave much encouragement to their studies. He received with favor learned and literary men of every country and religion, granting them many privileges, and exempting them from taxes and tributes. It was he who established the college of *Han-lin*, the first academical institution of China. He spread the taste for mathematics, and, with the assistance of the Arabs, labored in the construction of a new system of astronomy, greatly superior to any that the Chinese had hitherto been acquainted with. He afforded, also, great encouragement to agriculture, industry, and commerce; he had numerous canals dug in all the provinces of China, and threw open the sea-ports to all foreigners. But the task of civilizing the Tartars proved beyond the power even of Kublai. The intercourse of these ignorant and warlike tribes with a peaceful and cultivated nation never effected any fusion between them; and whilst the Tartars re-

tained their rude, turbulent, and vagabond habits, the Chinese submitted patiently to their conquest, and quietly devoted themselves to commerce and industry, arts and letters.

The religious sentiment was the only one that could have combined elements so discordant, and upon this point the Chinese and Mongols seemed to differ irreconcilably. When Kublai-Khan had achieved the conquest of China, he found there religious systems acclimated in it, and at that time engaged in bitter hostilities against one another; though since then, having all fallen into the abyss of skepticism, they have become reconciled, and given each other the kiss of peace.

The first and most ancient of these faiths is that called *Jou-Khiao*, the Doctrine of the Lettered, of which Confucius is regarded as the reformer and patriarch. It is based upon a philosophical pantheism, which has been variously interpreted at various epochs. It is believed that, at a remote period, the existence of an omnipotent God, a requiter of human actions, was not excluded from it, and various passages from Confucius give room to suppose that the sage himself held such a doctrine; but the little care he took to inculcate it on his disciples, the vague meaning of the expressions he employed, and the resolution he had apparently taken to found his system of morals and justice merely upon the principles of love of order, and of a certain not very well defined "conformity with the designs of Heaven," and the progress of nature, have allowed the philosophers who have succeeded him to go entirely astray, and many of them had, even in the thirteenth century, fallen into a true Spinozism; and while still appealing to the authority of their master, taught a materialist doctrine that has since degenerated into Atheism.

Confucius himself is never religious in his writings; he contents himself with recommending in general the observance of ancient precepts, of filial piety, and fraternal affection, and of maintaining a course of conduct "conformable to the laws of Heaven, which must always be in harmony with human actions."

In reality the religion, or rather the doctrine, of the disciples of Confucius is Positivism. They care nothing about the origin, the creation, or the end of the world, and very little about long philosophical lucubrations. They confine their

cares wholly to this life: they ask of science and letters only what is needful to enable them to go through their various occupations; of great principles, only their practical consequences; and of morality, only what is political and utilitarian: they are, in fact, what many people in Europe are now seeking to become. They put all speculative questions aside, to attach themselves exclusively to the positive; their religion is but a kind of material civilization, and their philosophy the art of living in peace, of obeying and commanding. The "Religion of the Lettered" has neither altars, images, nor priests; the mandarins are its sole ministers, and when on some solemn occasions it is thought desirable to offer some homage to Heaven, it is they who officiate.

Whatever is most in earnest and least vague in this religion of the lettered, has been absorbed by the worship of Confucius himself. His tablet is placed in all the schools, and masters and pupils are required to prostrate themselves before his venerated name at the commencement and end of the lessons; and his statue is to be found in all the academies, in the places where the learned assemble, and where literary examinations are undergone. All the towns in China have temples raised to his honor, and more than three hundred millions of men proclaim him with one voice the saint *par excellence*. Never has it been given to any mortal to exercise, for so many ages, such an empire over his fellow-creatures, or to receive from them homage so like actual worship; although every one knows perfectly well that Confucius was simply a man who lived in the principality of Lou, two centuries before the Christian era. The annals of the human race present no more extraordinary fact than of this civil homage and religious adoration, rendered by an immense nation, for twenty-four centuries, to a simple citizen. The descendants of Confucius too, who still exist in great numbers, participate in the extraordinary honors rendered by the Chinese to their glorious ancestor. They constitute, in fact, the only hereditary nobility of the empire, and enjoy certain privileges, reserved for them alone.

The second religion of China is regarded by its disciples as the primitive one of its most ancient inhabitants. It has numerous analogies with the preceding; but the individual existence of genii and de-

mons is recognized in it, independently of the parts of nature over which they preside. The priests and priestesses of this worship are devoted to celibacy, and practice magic, astrology, necromancy, and a thousand absurdities. They are called Tao-sé, or Doctors of Reason, because their fundamental dogma, taught by the renowned Lao-tze, is that of a primordial reason, which has created the world. This doctrine is contained in a work pompously entitled, the "Book of the Way and of Virtue."

This Lao-tze was in frequent communication with Confucius, but it is difficult to know what was the opinion of the head of the Religion of the Lettered concerning the doctrine of the patriarch of the Doctors of Reason. One day he went to pay him a visit, and when he came back to his disciples, remained three days without speaking a word. Tseu-Kong was surprised at this silence, and asked its cause.

"When," said Confucius, "I see a man making use of his thoughts to escape from me like a bird who flies, I arrange mine like a bow armed with its arrow to pierce him, and I never fail to reach him and master him. When I see a man making use of his thoughts to escape from me like an agile stag, I arrange mine like a hunting-dog to pursue him; and I never fail to overtake and seize him. When a man makes use of his thoughts to slip away from me like a fish into the deep, I arrange mine as the fisherman does the hook, and I never fail to get him into my power. But as to the dragon that rises into the clouds and soars into the air, I can not pursue him. This day I have seen Lao-tze, and he is like the dragon. At his voice my mouth remained wide open, and I was not able to shut it; my tongue come out with astonishment, and I have never been able to draw it back again! My soul was plunged into perplexity, and has not been able to recover its former tranquillity."

Whatever may be said of the philosophical ideas of Lao-tze, his disciples have never enjoyed great popularity, and the superstitions to which they give way are so extravagant, that the most ignorant make them the object of their sarcasms. They have acquired celebrity chiefly by their pretended secret of an elixir of immortality, a secret which has brought them into great favor with some famous emperors.

The Chinese annals are full of the disputes and quarrels of the Lao-tze with the disciples of Confucius, who have employed the weapons of ridicule against them with the greatest success—and have never failed to turn the laugh against both them and the Bonzes, the priests of Buddhism, which is the third religion of China.

Towards the middle of the first century of our era, the emperors of the Han dynasty officially admitted into the empire the Buddhism of India; and this worship, which admits of material representations of the Divinity, spread rapidly among the Chinese, who called it the religion of *Fo*—an imperfect transcription of the name of Buddha. This is a very ancient generic word, with a double root in Sanscrit—one part signifying being, and the other wisdom or superior intelligence. It is the name employed to designate the supreme Being—the omnipotent God; and it is also sometimes extended to those who worship him, and seek to raise themselves towards him by contemplation and sanctity. The Buddhists generally use it for a real historical personage who became celebrated throughout Asia, and who is regarded as the founder of the institutions and doctrine comprised under the general denomination of Buddhism. In the eyes of the Buddhists, this personage is sometimes a man and sometimes a god, or rather both one and the other—a divine incarnation, a man-god—who came into the world to enlighten men, to redeem them, and indicate to them the way of safety. This idea of redemption by a divine incarnation is so general and popular amongst the Buddhists, that during our travels in Upper Asia we everywhere found it expressed in a neat formula. If we addressed to a Mongol or a Thibetan the question, "Who is Buddha?" he would immediately reply: "The Saviour of men." The miraculous birth of Buddha, his life and his instructions, contain a great number of the moral and dogmatic truths professed in Christianity, and which we need not be surprised to find thus in other religions, since these truths are traditional, and have always been the property of the whole human race. There must be amongst a Pagan people more or less of Christian truth, as they have been more or less faithful in preserving the deposit of primitive tradition.

By the concordance of the Indian, Chinese, Thibetan, Mongol, and Cingalese



books, the birth of Buddha may be placed as far back as about the year 960 B.C. He was of the house of Chakia, which reigned in India over the powerful empire of Mogadha, in the southern Bahar; and the legend concerning him is full of the most extravagant prodigies and wonders. After many years passed in solitude and contemplation, he went to Benares, where he assumed the name of *Chakia-Mouni*, the Penitent of Chakia; and having assembled around him a multitude of auditors of all classes, he unfolded his doctrines. His teachings are contained in a collection of a hundred and eight large volumes, known under the generic name of *Gandjour*, or Verbal Instructions; and turning exclusively on the metaphysics of creation, and the frail and perishable nature of man. This monumental work is found in all the libraries of the great Buddhist convents.

Chakia-Mouni experienced in his apostleship a lively opposition from the priests attached to the more ancient creeds of India; but, after a solemn discussion with them, he triumphed over all his adversaries, and their chief prostrated himself before him, and confessed himself conquered.

Chakia-Mouni then revised the fundamental principles of morality, and the Decalogue. The moral principles he reduced to four: 1. The force of mercy, established on an immovable basis; 2. An aversion to all cruelty; 3. A boundless compassion towards all creatures; 4. A conscience inflexible in its observance of law. Then follows the Decalogue, or ten special prescriptions and prohibitions: 1. Not to kill; 2. Not to steal; 3. To be chaste; 4. Not to bear false witness; 5. Not to lie; 6. Not to swear; 7. To avoid impure words; 8. To be disinterested; 9. Not to avenge one's-self; 10. Not to be superstitious. This last prohibition is a very remarkable one, and one which certainly the modern Buddhists do not observe very strictly.

Chakia-Mouni declared that these precepts and rules of human action had been revealed to him after the four great trials to which he had subjected himself, when he first devoted himself to the state of sanctity, and according to the legend, this code of morals was beginning to be generally diffused in Asia, when Buddha, then twenty-four years of age, quitted the earth, putting off his material envelope to be re-absorbed into the universal soul, which is himself. Before bidding farewell to his

disciples, he foretold that his doctrine would reign on the earth for five thousand years; and that at the end of that time another Buddha would appear, a man-god predestined twelve centuries before to be the teacher of the human race. "From this epoch," he added, "my religion will be a prey to persecution; my disciples will be obliged to quit India, to retire to the lofty summits of Thibet; and this table-land, from which the observer overlooks the world, will become the sanctuary and the metropolis of the true faith."

The dominant character of Buddhism is a spirit of mildness, equality, and fraternity, which contrasts strongly with the hardness and arrogance of Brahminism. Chakia-Mouni and his disciples in the first place endeavored to communicate to all the world the truths which were before the exclusive property of the privileged classes. The Brahmin idea of perfection was of an egotistical character; religion was for them only, and they devoted themselves to painful penances, in order to share hereafter in the abode of Brahma.

The devotion of the Buddhist ascetic was more disinterested; not aspiring to elevate himself only, he practiced virtue, and applied himself to perfection, to make other men share in its benefits; and by the institution of an order of religious mendicants, which increased to an immense extent, he attracted towards him, and restored to society, the poor and unfortunate. It was, indeed, precisely because he received among his disciples miserable creatures who were outcasts from the respectable classes of India, that he became an object of mockery to the Brahmins. But he merely replied to their taunts: "My law is a law of mercy for all."

One day the Brahmins were scandalized to see him receive a girl of the inferior cast of the Tchandala as a nun; but Chakia said: "There is not between a Brahmin and a person of any other caste the difference that there is between gold and a stone, between light and darkness. The Brahmin did not issue from the ether or the wind, nor did he cleave the earth, and come forth like the fire from the Arani wood. The Brahmin was born of a woman just like the Tchandala. Where, then, is the cause that should render one noble and another vile? The Brahmin himself, when he is dead, is abandoned like a vile



and impure thing, as a man of any other caste is. Where, then, is the difference?"

The religious systems of Brahminism and Buddhism resemble each other, nevertheless, in many particulars; and the fierce persecutions the Buddhists have experienced are not so much to be attributed to the divergence of their opinions upon doctrinal points, as to their admission of all men, without distinction of caste, to the civil and sacerdotal functions, and to the rewards of a future state.

A reformer who proclaimed the equality of men in this world and the next, could not but excite the hostility of the adherents of a system depending so essentially as Brahminism does on a hierarchy

of castes; and the persecutions of the Buddhists were long and violent. According to their own accounts, the number of victims who perished would be quite incalculable; but at length, towards the sixth century of our era, Brahminism obtained a decisive victory over the partisans of the new religion; and the latter being driven from Hindostan, and forced to cross the Himalaya in great numbers, spread over Thibet, Bucharica, Mongolia, and China, the Burman Empire and Japan, and also over the island of Ceylon. So actively, indeed, has propagandism been carried on in those countries, that Buddhism at present boasts a greater number of disciples than any other form of religious faith.

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From the North British Review.

## ISAAC WATTS, THE GREAT LYRIC POET.\*

IN the gloomy reign of James II., the most diligent boy in the Grammar School of Southampton was a little Puritan. So tiny, that he would hardly have passed for eleven years of age, he was so grave and good, as to be at once a model and a reproof to his sturdier class-mates; and, although in repose there was nothing peculiarly prepossessing in his pale face, with its prominent cheek-bones, and a forehead far from lofty, the moment that some hard question posed the form, the sparkling eye and the slight nervous figure quivering with the pent-up answer, betrayed the genius and the scholar. Already he had made good proficiency in French, Latin, and Greek, and had delighted his mother, whilst he astonished

his companions, by ingenious acrostics and clever impromptu stanzas; and altogether, with his quiet, docile disposition, and his precocious attainments, he made glad the heart of the Rev. Mr. Pinhorn, who, like many a disconsolate preceptor before and since, at last foresaw a dim and distant Ararat, and hailed the youth who should yet "comfort him concerning his work and the toil of his hands."

The little Nonconformist, so dear to the good rector of All Saints, probably owed something of his early sedateness to his family circumstances. His father, a man of gentle and noble nature, and an excellent scholar, had kept a boarding-school; but, whilst his first-born was a babe, he lay in prison to expiate his crime as a frequenter of conventicles. On the sunny days his wife used to come and sit on a stone near the cell of her husband, nursing her child; and now that he was grown to be dux of the grammar school, whatever might be a father's pride and pleasure, he was obliged to forego all personal share in superintending the edu-

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\* 1. *Horæ Lyricæ. Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind.* By ISAAC WATTS, D.D. With a Memoir of the Author by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D. London, 1834.

2. *The Poet of the Sanctuary. A Centenary Commemoration of the Labors and Services, Literary and Devotional, of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.* By JOSIAH CONDER. London, 1851.

cation and forming the mind of his boy. For the last two years, Isaac Watts the elder had been a fugitive, hiding somewhere in London; and the best holiday known in the household, was when a letter arrived to assure them that he still had escaped from the hands of his persecutors.

The "grandmother Lois" is often as influential on the opening mind as the "mother Eunice." Our young friend's mother carefully taught him the Shorter Catechism, encouraged him to write verses, and helped him with his tasks; but the venerable lady of threescore and ten, in addition to the hold which maternal tenderness takes upon the heart, had for her grandson the fascination which saintly worth and a beautiful old age exert on a susceptible and imaginative childhood. The husband of her youth had been a gallant sailor. In "the piping times of peace," he wielded the pencil and played on the violin, and, with his wit and his traveler's tales, he was the life of the friendly circle; but his favorite tune was the breeze whistling through the shrouds, and the roar of the cannon was the music which he could not resist. With Blake for his admiral, and with the Dutch for his foe, the young captain hasted out to sea; but in the battle a shot penetrated the powder-magazine, the ship blew up, and Mrs. Watts was a widow. And now, in her old age, her grandson loved to hear the story of those terrible sea-fights, and how his bold ancestor had fought with beasts as well as men; how, for instance, in the East-Indies, he had once run into a river to escape from a tiger, but the enraged creature followed him, and it was only by putting forth a wild paroxysm of strength, and holding under water, till it was drowned, the head of the struggling monster, that he saved his life. But deeply as such recitals stirred the listener's spirit, they enkindled no emulous aspirations. To the cutlass and truncheon he preferred the captain's flute and fiddle, and showed more disposition to copy his drawings, than to rival his deeds of naval daring. Had he been a strong and active boy, the nautical succession would have developed in boating, "pluck," and pugilism. As it was, with the tarry-at-home necessities imposed by a feeble frame, it only imparted to the thoughtful lad a tinge of romance, and a certain tone of unselfish and chivalrous feeling.

At last King James's indulgence allowed the persecuted Nonconformist to return to his family. There he was cheered by the gentle virtues and studious dispositions of the "Isaac whom he loved," and soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of finding that the lessons and musings of these carefully instructed and well-guarded years had ripened into earnest piety. All along an affectionate onlooker might have hoped the best for a child so duteous and so blameless; but it was not till his fifteenth year that his apprehension of the Gospel became so distinct, and his love to the Saviour so influential, as to mark to his own mind the commencement of personal Christianity.

Impressed with his piety and his promise of rare ability, a kind friend offered to send him to the University, if he would consent to study for the Church. But no one will wonder that Isaac Watts had "determined to take his lot among the Dissenters." He was no bigot. Many have felt more strongly on questions of religious worship and ecclesiastical government. But he had his preference; and, after all that his parents had done and suffered in the cause of Protestant Nonconformity, he would have felt it a filial treason, as well as an apostasy, to go over to the other side. Accordingly, as soon as he had learned all that his father and Mr. Pinhorn could teach him, he went, in his seventeenth year, to study at the Dissenting Academy then kept at Newington, a pleasant village now nearly absorbed in London.

At the time we speak of, and for nearly a hundred years thereafter, a Dissenting academy was a very simple and unostentatious institution. Its local habitation was usually a plain but commodious building in a country town, or in some peaceful and sequestered hamlet near the capital. The principal was a divine, judicious, experienced, and learned, whom the esteem of his brethren had invited to the office, and who not only combined in his single personality the entire faculties of arts and theology, but who was almost always a pluralist, discharging, alongside of his multifarious professorship, a diligent and effective pastorate. But it was really wonderful how much a conscientious student contrived to learn during a three-years' sojourn in one of these unpretending colleges. His tutor was himself an adept. Perhaps he had studied

under Perizonius and Witsius at Leyden, or had brought over from their learned contemporaries at Utrecht and Franeker vast collectanea on all the mental and material sciences; and it was only a revival of his own earlier enthusiasm to traverse those fields afresh in the society of his ingenious and youthful companions. The inexorable bell rang at five in the morning, and the hours of prime were devoted to Hebrew and Jewish Antiquities, Euclid and Astronomy, Locke on the Understanding and Heereboord's Logic. Divinity lectures were interspersed with theses and discussions on controvertible points; and, as a preparation for the direct work of the ministry, the composition of sermons and the arts of communication were largely cultivated. During "school hours," the language was Latin; and a respectable scholarship must have been required in order to read the Hebrew Bible into Greek, as was the custom under some tutors. The system may not be adapted to modern times; but, last century, most of the men who entered on their ministry fully furnished, came from these quiet but industrious seminaries. As one example, may be mentioned the Academy at Gloucester, where, out of sixteen contemporary pupils, we recognize at least four distinguished names; Jeremiah Jones, the author of the still unsuperseded work on "the Canon;" and Bishop Butler, author of a no less enduring work on "the Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature;" Dr. Daniel Scott, the learned continuator of Stephens' "Thesaurus;" and a youth who shared the same apartment with Scott, Thomas Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the three years which Isaac Watts spent under Mr. Rowe at Newington, there is abundant evidence still extant of his intense application and his progress in knowledge. But, what was still better, his piety kept pace with his intellectual attainments. Amidst devout and warm-hearted fellow-students, and in daily contact with a holy and high-minded teacher, there was much to maintain that fervor which sometimes subsides in academic halls, and which needs to be revived by the solemn urgencies of the actual pastorate. At the end of his curriculum the student returned to his father's house, rich in acquirement, but with that reluctance to enter on the actual ministry,

which sometimes occasions a long pause to conscientious minds confronting near-hand the responsibilities of the sacred office; and before he would take any further step, he lingered two years and a half at Southampton, giving himself to reading, meditation, and prayer.

However, it was during this interval that he entered on that special ministry by which he, "being dead, yet speaketh" in the churches of Christendom.

Isaac Watts was born a poet, and there were many things in his early life which fostered and developed the faculty divine. His ancestors had been musical: his father was not only a man of taste and intelligence, but was given to "versing;" and his mother used to beguile the rainy afternoons, by offering to the boarding-school pupils a prize for the best poetical effusion. On one occasion Mrs. Watts's copper medal was gained by the following rather saucy couplet of her eldest son, then seven or eight years old:

"I write not for a farthing, but to try,  
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

Afterwards, under his excellent instructors at Southampton and Newington, he was introduced to the best models, English and classical. Of these, none laid such a hold on his imagination and affections as the Latin Psalms of Buchanan, and the soaring, high-sounding lyrics of Casimir Sarbiewski:

"See, from the Caledonian shore,  
With blooming laurels covered o'er,  
Buchanan march along!  
Hail, honored heir of David's lyre,  
Thou full-grown image of thy sire,  
And hail thy matchless song!"

"Methinks, enkindled by the name  
Of Casimir, a sudden flame  
Now shoots through all my soul.  
I feel, I feel the raptures rise;  
On starry plumes I cut the skies,  
And range from pole to pole.

"Touching on Zion's sacred brow,  
My wand'ring eyes I cast below,  
And our vain race survey;  
Oh! how they stretch their eager arms  
T' embrace imaginary charms,  
And throw their souls away!"

Besides, Watts's was a serious childhood. Not only was there much in the state of the times to make him grave—

the danger of attending their chosen place of worship—the imprisonment of their favorite ministers—the breaking up of their home—the flight of his father—but the solemn views of revealed truth, to which he had all along been habituated, and to which days so dark imparted a deeper shadow, were fitted to increase his thoughtfulness. He had been profoundly impressed with his inherent depravity, and the Divine displeasure at sin; and the doctrines of election and sovereign grace were not only sayings of his Catechism, but convictions penetrating his inmost soul; and, whilst they must have been suggestive of much anxiety to one who feared that he was still unconverted and unsaved, we can not but regard them as eminently conducive to the function for which Providence designed him. No one feels so thankful for the Rock of Ages as one who has been snatched from the abyss; nor can any one so celebrate the glories of redeeming and rescuing grace, as the man who has felt the raptures of a great deliverance. Moreover, it may be doubted if any bard has ever taken deep hold on the heart of humanity, who has not early learned to “sit alone and keep silence.” As the greatest Christian poet of the present century has described the solitude, the spiritual isolation, and the gloomy forebodings, from which at last unfolded the beautiful flower of his genius:

“A pensive child, I slink away  
A lonely spot to find;  
And, musing, sat the livelong day,  
The playmate of the wind.

“No victor’s palm waved o’er my head,  
No poet’s laurel-spray;  
For me no lily fragrance shed,  
No little bird its lay.

“Dark grew the dunes, down died the blast,  
The ghostly air was dumb;  
I gazed on desolation vast,  
And thought on wrath to come.”

Without supposing that Isaac Watts was a child so sad and sequestered as William Bilderdijk—or, we may add, as William Cowper—we are sure that there was an analogy in their early experience; and, just as the story of Rembrandt in the mill teaches us that nobody can paint light so well as who has been accustomed to look at it from the darkness, so no one can be

a Christian psalmist who has not thought and felt profoundly, and in some form or other been, like the Chief Musician, “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.”

At fifteen years of age, as has been already mentioned, a new world opened to his hopes, and, along with the peace of reconciliation, there flowed into his mind fresh elements of life and power. In the right of his Divine Representative, he now humbly ventured to regard himself as a child of God, and an heir of the promises; and all that was refined in his taste, or generous in his aspirations, received a proportional impulse from prospects so unspeakable, and a calling so divine. The very materials of poesy seemed to multiply without limit; for he had got the clue to the labyrinth, the key to creation’s cipher. The stars sang, and he tried to make his brothers and sister understand the tune: it thundered, and he thought of the day when exhausted long-suffering

“Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,  
And fling His wrath abroad.”

He looked out on the surging rain-swept tide, on the spot where it had once put to flight Canute and his courtiers, and exclaimed:

“Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my Heaven, my All.

“There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.”

Or, on some peaceful evening, he gazed across Southampton Water, to trees and meadows steeped in the sunshine, and remembered:

“There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

“There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.”

He took his walk in the New Forest, and the gipsy outlaws made him thankful that he did not



"Wander like an outcast race,  
Without a Father's love;"

and the mournful notes and anxious gyrations of the turtle suggested :

"Just as we see the lonesome dove  
Bemoan her widowed state,  
Wandering she flies through all the grove,  
And mourns her loving mate ;

"Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,  
In restless circles rove ;  
Just so we droop and hang the wing,  
When Jesus hides his love."

After the glorious Revolution, the little congregation at Southampton regained liberty of worship ; and Isaac Watts, senior, was elected one of its two deacons. Here it was that, for the two and a half years after the completion of his academic course, Isaac Watts, junior, worshiped. At that period there were congregations which eschewed all psalmody, and in whose worship there was to be heard as little of the voice of melody as in a meeting-house of "Friends." But this was not the case in the congregation of the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson. They sang ; but whether it was Sternhold's Psalms or Barton's, or some one's hymns, we do not know. However, the collection did not come up to the standard which the devotional feeling and poetic taste of the young student craved, and, having hinted his discontent, he was challenged to produce something better. Accordingly, on a subsequent Lord's day, the service was concluded with the following stanzas :

"Behold the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne :  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

"Let elders worship at his feet,  
The Church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.

"Those are the prayers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise :  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.

"—Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.

"Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free ;

Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

"The worlds of Nature and of Grace  
Are put beneath thy power ;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promised hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no reason to question its truth. But more remarkable than the composition of the hymn, is the alacrity with which it is said to have been received. The attempt was an innovation, and the poet was a prophet of their own country ; but, to the devotional instincts of the worshipers, so welcome was this "new song," that they entreated the author to repeat the service—till, the series extending Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient number had been contributed to form the basis of a book.

It was not, however, till 1707, and when the publication of his "*Horæ Lyricæ*" had given him some confidence in his powers, that Watts committed to the press his "*Hymns and Spiritual Songs*." For the copy-right Mr. Lawrence, the publisher, gave him ten pounds ; and in less than ten years six editions had been sold. He then brought out what he deemed a more important contribution to the cause of public worship—"The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament," which he hoped would escape some of the objections urged against his Hymns. Their texture was the language of Inspiration ; and they chiefly differed from the Hebrew Psalter by introducing "the name of Jesus" in passages which, as Christians believe, refer to his person.

Since the publication of the first of these volumes a century and a half have passed away, and only twelve years fewer since the publication of the second ; yet nothing has appeared to dim their lustre—as yet, nothing threatens to supersede them. With their doctrinal fullness, their sacred fervor, their lyric grandeur, they stand alone—by dint of native sovereignty, overtopping all their fellows. In particular features they may be occasionally surpassed. With his gushes of heart-sprung tenderness, and his exquisite execution, amidst the sacred choir of Britain, the nightingale would represent the Bard of Olney : with his melody filling all the ethereal vault, and then, in its abrupt conclusion, leaving long silence in the expectant firmament, in the soaring grace and sudden close of Toplady

there is what reminds us of "the lark singing at heaven's gate;" and when he "claps his wings of fire," there are empyrean heights to which Charles Wesley can ascend, defying aught to follow. But "they that wait upon the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles." To elevate to poetic altitudes every truth in Christian experience and revealed religion needs the strength and sweep of an eagle's pinion; and this is what Isaac Watts has done. He has taken almost every topic which exercises the understanding and the heart of the believer, and has not only given it a devotional aspect, but has wedded it to immortal numbers; and, whilst there is little to which he has not shown himself equal, there is nothing which he has done for mere effect. Rapt yet adoring—sometimes up among the thunder-clouds, yet most reverential in his highest range—the "good matter" is "in a song," and the sweet singer is upborne as on the wings of eagles; but even from that triumphal car, and when nearest the home of the seraphim, we are comforted to find descending lowly lamentations and confessions of sin—new music, no doubt, but the words with which we have long been familiar in the house of our pilgrimage.

Of no uninspired compositions has the acceptance been so signal. They are naturalized through all the Anglo-Saxon world, and, next to Scripture itself, are the great vehicle of pious thought and feeling. In a letter from his friend Dr. Doddridge, we find that affectionate correspondent telling him: "On Wednesday last, I was preaching in a barn to a pretty large assembly of plain country people, in a village a few miles off. After a sermon from Heb. 6:12, we sung one of your hymns, (which, if I remember right, was the 140th of the second book;) and in that part of the worship, I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the auditory; and, after the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected with it; and the clerk, in particular, told me he could hardly utter the words of it. These were most of them poor people who work for their living."\* A climbing-boy was once heard singing in a chimney:

\* In case there should be any of our readers who do not already know it, we may here transcribe the hymn:

"The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from this place,<sup>1</sup>  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less."

And, like King David's own psalter, the same strains which cheered the poor sweep in the chimney, and melted to tears the Northamptonshire peasants, have roused the devotion or uttered the rapture of ten thousand thousand worshippers; and there is many a reader who, in his experience, can imagine nothing more akin to celestial enjoyment, than the sensations which he shared in singing, when the heart of some solemn assembly was uplifted as one man, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," or, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

So naturalized in the common mind of Christendom is the language of Watts, that, were all copies of his hymn-book to perish, probably half the stanzas could be recovered from quotations in printed sermons, and in the pages of Christian biography, and so necessary a supplement to preëxisting psalmody are these spiritual songs, that we know not of any Church of England collection which has not adopted some of them, and it was mainly the demand created by their popularity which constrained the most cautious and conservative of all the churches to compile those "Translations and Paraphrases," in which the superior poetry of Logan and Cameron only sets off to greater advantage the superior devotion of Watts.

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"Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

"Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

"I ask them whence their victory came?  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.

"They marked the footsteps that he trod  
(His zeal inspired their breast:)  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised Rest.

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to Heaven."

But for any book of verse or devotional manual, there is reserved an ordeal more trying than the suffrage of a public assembly, or the criticism of an ecclesiastical committee. The book of books excepted, there is little authorship which we care for in the sick-room, or which we can tolerate on the verge of eternity. But so essentially scriptural are the sentiments and sayings which, in this case, meter has helped to make memorable, and so near the better country must the author have been when he first felt their inspiration, that like bright shapes, or balmy airs blown seaward from the exotic shore, some of their holiest breathings seem indigenous to Immanuel's land, and can only be fully understood on the confines of heaven.

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

"Jesus, my God! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost."

With such accents on their lips, what multitudes of pilgrims have approached "the land of pure delight!" and, with the tear in their eyes, but no murmur in their hearts, how often have survivors sung:

"Why do we mourn departing friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms."

But there are many who can not rise to such exulting strains, and who still, in the words of the familiar volume, have breathed out their latest prayer. When Daniel Webster lay dying, almost the last employment of that oracular voice, which had so often thrilled the senate, and given the signal of action to his country, was to repeat again and again, in deep and solemn pathos, the psalm beginning.

"Then pity, Lord, O Lord! forgive  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of Thy grace!"

And, to mention no other, there is a grave-stone in Bengal which, besides a name and date, contains nothing but the lines:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;"

an inscription peculiarly affecting, as the testamentary injunction and final confession of faith, of one in labors so abundant, and for strength of character so conspicuous, as William Carey.

Wonderful as these effusions of sanctified genius are, they are by no means perfect. Of many, the mechanical execution could be improved by almost any poet of the million. The rhymes are often wretched; and it is perfectly marvelous how the author could survive the first publication forty years, and allow edition after edition to appear with such couplets unaltered, as:

"How can I sink with such a *prop*  
As my eternal God?"  
Our souls can neither *fly nor go*  
To reach eternal joys."

Some of the grandest hymns are marred by a poor and unworthy ending. After launching in mid-air in a style worthy of Pindar, the muse is suddenly winged, or seized with vertigo, and flutters down into a bathos deeper than Sir Richard Blackmore. But there are graver faults than artistic blemishes. Their representations are sometimes unreal.

"Lord, what a wretched land is this!"

is a libel on that earth which the meek do inherit, and is entirely inconsistent with the excellent writer's general appreciation of the beauties of nature and art, and, like some other forms of a mistaken asceticism, it is a relic of Popery, which even the Puritan had failed to discard. But more injurious than any monkish or manichean anathema on life and its material enjoyments, is any misrepresentation of the Divine character and dispositions; and such an unwitting misrepresentation, we fear, is sometimes conveyed by language like the following, applied to the throne of the eternal:

"Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame;  
Our God appeared 'consuming fire,'  
And Vengeance was his name.

"Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,  
That calmed his frowning face;  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turned the wrath to grace;"

where a vindictive aspect is given to Paternal Deity, in direct contradiction to the gracious assurance that it was "God who so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son." It is only when we realize the Saviour's mission and satisfaction as the result and expression of the Father's love, that in the Christian atonement we have "strong consolation," and therefore we regret, as injurious and reacting towards opposite errors, the language, whether in sermons or in hymns, which, in order to dramatize the work of redemption, exhibits as stern and severe one person of the adorable Godhead, as mild and compassionate another.

For Dr. Watts Mr. Montgomery has claimed the honor of being "almost the inventor of hymns in our language," and the claim is not extravagant. Of sacred poetry, from the humblest rhymes up to the great English epic, there had already appeared an ample store; but of compositions adapted to public worship, there was no choice, except as it lay between the various metrical psalters. How far the father of English hymnology may have availed himself of existing materials we leave to the research of those who love such curiosities of literature. As far as any instances occur to our casual recollection, the resemblance is remote, or, where it is closer, the improvement on the original is so great as to reconcile us to the plagiarism. For example, in some old copies of King James's Bible, we find verses beginning:

"Here is the spring where waters flow,  
To quench our heat of sin;  
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,  
To lead our lives therein.

'Here is the Judge that stints the strife,  
Where men's devices fail;  
Here is the bread that feeds the life,  
That death can not assail."

In Watts's hymn "On the Holy Scriptures," (Book ii., 119,) the same thoughts thus reappear:

"Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench my thirst of sin;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale."

In our own North-Britain, as in many of the sanctuaries of the Church of England, the words of Dr. Watts are sung every Lord's day, although the authorship is often unsurmised by the worshipers; and, in many instances, owing to the material changes which have been made, it is fairer to affix no author's name, or insert, as is sometimes done, "*Anon.*," in the table of contents. Some of our readers may, therefore, not be displeased if we offer them a sample of the old wine undiluted and unadulterated; and even those to whom the specimens are most familiar, will not deem their introduction irksome or unwelcome.

"My God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

"In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun!  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.

"The op'ning heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,\*

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\* In this hymn, Mr. Milner (*Life and Times of Dr. Watts*, page 276) says, that Dr. Watts "avails himself of a beautiful idea from Gray's 'Fragment on Vicissitude,'" quoting the well-known passage:

"See the wretch that long has tost,  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigor lost,  
And breathe and walk again:  
The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise."

It may be questioned whether there is more than a casual coincidence between the two poets. At all events, Watts could not have borrowed from Gray, as the above hymn was published nine years before the author of the "Fragment on Vicissitude" was born!

Thomson's beautiful "Hymn of the Seasons," as every one remembers, concludes with the line,

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

The first book of Watts's *Lyric Poems*, with a reference to Psalm 65, "Tibi silet, O Deus," ends with the stanza:

"God is in heaven, and men below;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few;  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues."

The *Lyrics* were published in 1705, and, if we mistake not, Thomson's hymn was first published in 1730. Is it at all unlikely that the cadence of the



While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, 'I am his!'

"My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through ev'ry foe;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear the Conqu'ror through."

"Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

"But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

"My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine;  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

"My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

"Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love."

"When I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

earlier poem, lingering in a congenial memory, re-appeared in the later and more exquisite production? In many cases of seeming plagiarism, it is extremely difficult to distinguish betwixt unconscious absorption and deliberate abstraction; and there can be no question, that some of the most curious examples of "parallel passages," are in the same category with those accidental coincidences which are constantly occurring in the history of scientific discovery.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

"Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

"'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
'To be exalted thus:'  
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,  
'For he was slain for us.'

"Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

"Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise;

"The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb."

Before taking leave of the Christian psalmist, it may be well to mention that the last time he took up the lyre, was to entertain and instruct the lambs of the flock. Arrived at middle life, a bachelor, a student, and an invalid, it might have been supposed that he would have lost his interest in children, if he did not even find their company an irritation and a trouble. But as long as the heart is green—as long as it retains aught of the poet's ingenuousness, or of the Master's graciousness, it will try to secure some leisure for the little ones; it will survey them with tender and sympathizing reminiscences, and will seek to resuscitate its earlier self, in order to commune with them. So was it with Isaac Watts. He felt that his mental harvest had been reaped, and fancied that with his powers it was coming to the sear and yellow leaf. But there was still the Michaelmas summer. It brought out again some blossoms of the spring; it revealed some birds of passage which had not taken flight; and for the sake of the children he caged the birds, and made a posy of the flowers, and he has left them in his "Divine" and "Moral" songs. And what should we have done without them? How tame and tuneless would the days of our childhood

stand out to our retrospect, if stripped of "The Cradle Hymn," and "Abroad in the Meadows," and "The Rose, that Beautiful Flower, the Glory of April and May!" And cross and lazy and hard-hearted as we are, how much worse might we have been were it not for "The Dog's Delight," and "The Busy Bee," and "The Voice of the Sluggard," and "Whene'er I take my walks abroad!" Kind tutor! how mellow is thy memory! How hallowed and how innocent do the days now look that we spent with thee! and how glad we are to think that in the homes and the Sunday-schools of Britain and America, some millions of young minds are still, from year to year, enjoying thy companionship, so loving, wise, and holy!

With poetical contempt of dates we have arrived at the minstrel's last lay, whilst we have scarcely reached the majority of the man. Suffice it then to add, that after being a short time tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp, in his twenty-fourth year he was invited to become the pastor of the congregational church in London, of which Joseph Caryl, Dr. Owen, and David Clarkson, had been successive ministers. This, for half a century, namely, from 1698 till his death on the 25th of November, 1748, was his office, and its work was what he loved; but through manifold infirmities his labors were often intermitted. At last, in 1712, he was seized with a nervous fever, which continued for many months, and from the effects of which his constitution never perfectly recovered. And then it was that Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, having tempted him out to their charming retreat at Theobald's, made him their prisoner for life, and converted a week's visit into a delightful detention of five-and-thirty years. "Here," in the words of his biographer, Dr. Gibbons, "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favor the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose

them, the most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigor and delight."

In all the annals of hospitality there is hardly such another case. "A coalition," as Dr. Johnson calls it, "a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits;" and in which, it may be added, there must have been, on either side, a rare exemption from the foibles with which ordinary goodness is afflicted. The Abneys did not weary of their guest, nor did that guest, amidst unwonted luxuries, grow soft and idle; and as it was in the cheerful asylum which they opened to the shattered invalid, that most of the works were penned, which now fill the six collective quartos, we are all of us the debtors of the generous knight and his gentle lady, nor, we may well believe, is their labor of love forgotten by Him, who, in the case of the least of his servants when sick, remembers those who visit them.

Never was kindness more considerate—never was interposition more providential. As far as his own instincts and the circumstances of the times could indicate, Dr. Watt's calling was the improvement of Christian literature. In the previous century Bishop Hall had published the banns between Letters and Religion, and in his pungent "Characters" and entertaining "Epistles," he had labored to press into the service of the sanctuary the shrewd observation of Theophrastus, the varied intelligence and vivacity of Pliny. But the example had not been followed. Notwithstanding the unprecedented amount of theological authorship with which the intervening age had overflowed, little or nothing had been done to propitiate men of taste to evangelical religion; and although, as regarded the older generation who had listened to Baxter and Owen, this was of minor moment, it greatly concerned their successors. Pious matrons in the country and God-fearing merchants in the city, felt a famine of the word, and whilst in the meetings they frequented, they sighed for the sap and the savor to which they had been accustomed in their youth, their sons and daughters were reading Pope and Addison throughout the week; and, in the self same meetings to which they were dragged by their pious seniors on the Sabbath.

they were yawning at the prolixity of the sermon, or tittering at the grotesque similes of the preacher. Nor on the Sunday evening, in the parlor at home, was the matter greatly mended. It would have been well for the young people if they had read the good books their parents recommended, or sung the psalms of which these never wearied; but, after yesterday's Spectator, Owen on Perseverance was heavy reading, and even the best-disposed youth could hardly convince himself that Sternhold was sublimer than Dryden. Dr. Watts felt the desideratum. The whole course of his studies had prepared him for supplying it, and there was nothing to which he was more inclined by the entire bent of his genius. And now, in the good providence of God, he enjoyed the opportunity, and the rest of his life was mainly spent in advancing the cause of Christian culture, through the medium of an attractive authorship.

But the congregation in Bury street was as self-sacrificing as the Abneys were generous. They could not part with a pastor whose praise was in all the churches, and of whom they themselves were proud; neither would they selfishly restrain him from his higher calling and his wider ministry. They released him from all his more toilsome duties. They found for him a colleague, with whom, for thirty years and upwards, he was happily associated. They were glad to hear the Doctor when he was able to preach; and when the Doctor was nervous or indisposed, he himself was happy to join the rest in listening to Mr. Price. And, indeed, in preaching he was not so preëminent. Although his voice was musical and his utterance delightfully distinct, his manner was calm and deliberate, and more fitted to instruct an affectionate circle than to arouse a promiscuous auditory. He had neither the material volume and sonorous vehemence which constitute the modern Boanerges, nor the excitable temperament which sometimes makes up for physical defects; and, it may be questioned, whether it was not, on the whole, better for Bury street that Mr. Price was the stated preacher.

So Dr. Watts was allowed to ply the ministry which God had given him; and in the longer or shorter intervals of illness, he went on replenishing more and more

his richly furnished mind, and giving forth, volume after volume, those books for which after-ages were to bless his memory. Few subjects of rational inquiry escaped his versatile and eager pursuit, and every new conquest was a tribute to his Master and a present to mankind. True to his own maxim, "I hate the thoughts of making any thing in religion heavy or tiresome;" he sought to make every attractive theme, and every useful science, the handmaid of religion, even as he longed to see religion the mistress of an intelligent and well-instructed family. And with this twofold aim—seeking at once to Christianize knowledge and to refine and expand the mind of the Christian community, and with a prevailing reference to the rising race—he took up in succession, Logic, Astronomy, Geography, English Grammar, Scripture History; and as, in his "Logic," he had given directions for the right use of reason, so, in his work on the Passions, he gave instructions for the right guidance of man's moral and emotional nature; besides publishing treatises more purely theological on Prayer and Christian Ethics, and on controverted questions in divinity, and a volume entitled "*Reliquiæ Juveniles*," perhaps the most characteristic of the whole, as containing in its miscellaneous pages short papers on all kind of topics, grave and gay, mental and material, terrestrial and celestial, in Latin verse and English prose.

Of these a few are now obsolete, owing to the advancement of the sciences, and others have been pushed out of favor by brisker or more brilliant competitors. But still they have accomplished their purpose. For the instruction of youth, they have necessitated the preparation of manuals at once attractive and thorough, and conveying information in a tone of cheerful affection and benevolent solicitude for their higher interests. Some, however, can not easily be superseded. We doubt if even Todd's "Student's Guide," with all its modern adaptation and its welcome minuteness, will consign to oblivion the "Improvement of the Mind," so practical in its details and so inspiring in its tone; and although the universities may have now produced systems of logic more suitable to their objects than our author's clear and masterly compend, we know of nothing so likely to in-

terest the non-professional reader in his own mind and its intellectual processes, or to aid him in his inquiries after truth.\*

In his theological disquisitions, Dr. Watts was not so successful as in his contributions to Christian literature. The best of his hymns leave little for the most fastidious to censure, and nothing for the most aspiring to hope; and his sermon on "The End of Time," is as profoundly awakening as "The Happiness of Separate Spirits" is elevating to our nobler sentiments and reproofing to our earthliness. But when he quitted the devotional and the practical for the speculative, he was away from home. Every one wants to climb a mountain, and it is exceedingly difficult to believe beforehand that it needs much strength to achieve the task, or that mists can be very dangerous: it looks so clear from below, and we feel so strong in the valley. And all of us can remember how, in the days of our youth, the first use we made of our Aristotelian alpenstock, was an attempt to ascend some metaphysical Mont Blanc or theological Jungfrau; and although we can not exactly say that we reached the summit, yet we are sure that we were a great deal higher than the Origin of Evil, or the water-shed betwixt Liberty and Necessity. Even to old age, Dr. Watts felt something of this temptation, and very naturally. His forte was explanation. He had an admirable faculty of clearing up confusion, within his own line of things. In every-day ethics, and in the elements of mental science, he could expound, distinguish, simplify, so as few could do better. But it was unfortunate that he tried to set philosophers right on the subjects of Space, and of Liberty and Necessity, nor less unfortunate that he sought to readjust for theologians the doctrine of the Trinity. It is scarcely presumption even in us to say, that these were matters too high for him. His mind was not naturally

designed to master such difficulties; nor were his habits those of profound, continuous abstract thinking. He was neither Joseph Butler, nor Jonathan Edwards, nor William de Leibnitz, but the Isaac Watts, whom the most of good men would have rather been; and it is no reproach to his general ability to say that he failed to ascend those dizzy altitudes, although it might have been more to the credit of his prudence if he had never tried.

If rightly told, a life like that of Isaac Watts would read great lessons; but, for brevity, and notwithstanding the exception we have just taken, the whole might be condensed into—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business." Dr. Watts had his own convictions. He made no secret of his Nonconformity. At a period when many Dissenters entered the Church, and became distinguished dignitaries, he deemed it his duty still to continue outside of the National Establishment. At the same time, he was no agitator. He felt no call to rail at his brethren for their ecclesiastical defection, nor did he write pamphlets against the evils of a hierarchy, real or imagined. But God had given him a "business." He had given him, as his vocation, to join together those whom men had put asunder—mental culture and vital piety. And, studying to be quiet, he pursued that calling, very diligently, very successfully. Without concealing the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, without losing the fervor of his personal devotion, he gained for that Gospel the homage of genius and intelligence; and, like the King of Israel, he touched his harp so skillfully, that many who hardly understood the words, were melted by the tune. Without surrendering his right of private judgment, without abjuring his love of natural and artistic beauty, he showed his preference for moral excellence, his intense conviction of "the truth as it is in Jesus." And now, in his well-arranged and tasteful study, decorated by his own pencil, a lute and a telescope on the same table with his Bible, he seems to stand before us, a treatise on Logic in one hand and a volume of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" in the other, asserting the harmony of Faith and Reason, and pleading for Religion and Refinement in firm and stable union. And as far as the approval of the Most High can be gathered from events

\* The merits of Watts's Logic are admirably stated by Tissot of Dijon, in his preface to a French translation. (Paris, 1846.) "Il y a aussi plus de méthode et de clarté peut-être dans la Logique de Watts que dans celle d'Arnauld. Le bon sens Anglais, le sens des affaires, celui de la vie pratique, s'y révèle à un très-haut degré; tandis que le sens spéculatif d'un théologien passablement scolastique encore, est plus sensible dans l'Art de penser. Or, Watts a su être complet sans être excessif; il a touché très-convenablement tout ce que devait l'être, et s'est toujours arrêté au point précis où plus de profondeur aurait pu nuire à la clarté."



or from its reflection in the conscience of mankind, the Master has said: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Without trimming, without temporizing, he was "quiet;" and without bustle, without boasting or parade, he did "his own business," the work that God had given him. And now, no Church repudiates him. Nonconformity can not monopolize him. His eloge is pronounced by Samuel Johnson and Robert Southey, as well as Josiah Conder; and whilst his monument looks down on dissenting graves in Abney Park, his effigy reposes beneath the consecrated roof of Westminster Abbey. And, which is far better, next Lord's day, the Name that is above every name, will be sung in fanes where princes worship and prelates minister, as well as in barns where mechanics pray and ragged scholars say, Amen, in words for which all alike must thank his hallowed genius; and it will only be some curious student of hymnology, who will recollect that ISAAC WATTS is the Asaph of each choir, the leader of each company.

From the London Critic.

## THE POET AND THE STARS.

A SAGE of the starry science sat  
In his high and guardless tower,  
And swept the night-heaven's boundless realm  
With a glass of wondrous power;  
He saw where far-off suns gave day  
And the march of worlds went by,  
Till a wandering poet came and spake  
To that watcher of the sky:

"A moment turn thy mighty glass  
Where the foamy waters spread,  
And let it wing an exile's sight  
To the land he may not tread.  
The skies are high and the stars are bright,  
But the bird will seek its nest;  
There lies the home of my happier years,  
And the hearts that love me best."

The sage smiled cold as the winter moon,  
But he turned his glass of might,  
And the exile saw his country's cliffs  
Like a mist-wreath on the night.  
He saw, and went, and the long years passed,  
As ever the years have gone—  
The world around his watch-tower changed,  
But the watcher still gazed on.

At length to his far-exploring glass  
That wanderer came again,  
The love was cold and the home was low,  
And he turned to the bright stars then.  
"I greet thee well," quoth the scornful sage,  
"For an ancient art thou hast;  
When the world below goes ill with men,  
They turn to the skies at last."

"Thy glass can reach," the poet said,  
"To the planets' utmost goal,  
But can not give to thy sight the range  
Of the winged and wandering soul;  
Thou hast gazed and reckoned many a year  
Where their distant splendors burned,  
But the well-spring of my song was there,  
And my heart hath but returned:

"Beside that fount I learned of them  
What never was known to thee,  
Till the light of an earthly home-fire came  
Between the stars and me;  
For thus it is, that the nearest bond  
Hath power on the spirit's wings,  
And thus it is that this weary world  
Is full of parted things:

"The wise man parts from wisdom here,  
And the true man parts from truth;  
The royal heart to clay comes down  
From its golden hopes of youth;  
The souls that were as brethren born  
Grow old and die alone,  
And the prophet love is not received  
When he cometh to his own:

"They are reckoned among many a race  
That pine for a far-off kin;  
They are growing gray in many a home  
That are strangers yet therein;  
They have sat them down with stock and stone,  
They have toiled with herd and swain,  
Whose birthright was the loveliest realm  
Of the Graces' fair domain:

"So is the world's work marred and staid,  
For the soul is out of place,  
And life is a burdened heritage,  
And man is a troubled race—  
At strife for the fears that downward strain,  
For the hopes that upward go,  
And haunted still by a broken dream  
Of the time it was not so:

"The Earth grows cheerless in her age,  
For the parting time is long,  
And brave hearts break on the prison bars,  
But the bars are old and strong:  
They grow by fortune, they grow by time,  
By friendships and by wars,  
Yet never may one abide that parts  
The poet from the stars."

FRANCES BROWNE.

LONDON, July 18th.

From the Eclectic Review.

## MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.\*

THERE are mighty agencies in the physical world, which have not only temporarily marked the place where their manifestations have occurred, but have likewise stamped their impress upon them to endure forever; and so, too, in the world of mind, there are master-spirits which have not only exercised a mighty influence upon their own age and country, but have also defied the power of time; and are, even now, exerting over the human intellect a more extensive dominion than that which they possessed over their own contemporaries. Among these

"Dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns,"

none deserve a loftier niche in the temple of fame, and few have had greater influence upon succeeding ages, than Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The architect of St. Peter's—the skillful engineer whose efforts almost saved Florence in her last struggle for freedom—the designer of the Cartoon of Pisa, whose appearance marked an era in Art—the painter of the Sistine Chapel, whence generation after generation of artists have since drawn inspiration—the sculptor of the tomb of the Medici, and the mausoleum of Julius II.—the author of many a graceful madrigal and thoughtful sonnet—the great Florentine possessed a comprehensiveness and universality of genius, to which the whole of history can scarcely furnish a parallel. In him, vigor and originality of conception and matchless fertility of imagination, were combined with energy of purpose and unwearied application. Solitary, self-sustained, incorruptible, incapable of truckling or flattery, he stands forth, a prominent example of a true man in the midst of a

profligate and degenerate age. Often misrepresented, disappointed, under-valued, compelled to waste some of the best years of his life in works unworthy of him, by the ignorance and obstinacy of his employers, he never gave way to idle complaints, or sunk into unmanly inaction; Art was his mistress, to whom his thoughts were unceasingly directed, and whose smiles consoled him for the frowns or neglect of his patrons. Of such a man we can scarcely have too many biographies. That at present before us, is most carefully compiled, written in a clear and pleasing style, and, besides the life of the hero, includes clever sketches of his principal contemporaries, such as Lorenzo de' Medici, Savonarola, Raphael, Vittoria Colonna, the beautiful and accomplished Marchioness of Pescara, and many other distinguished historical personages.

Mr. Harford thus sets forth the objects at which he has aimed in adding another to the already numerous lives of the many-sided Tuscan:

"The claims of Michael Angelo to admiration as an artist, have been forcibly portrayed by numerous writers; but his great qualities as a man, present a wide field for further illustration. It has been my aim throughout the following biography, fully to do justice to him in each of these capacities. And, though it may appear difficult to add to the force of all that a Flaxman and a Reynolds, a Lomazzo and a Fuseli, have so ably written upon the characteristics of his art, I trust it may be found that the subject is not wholly exhausted, but that writers following in their train may be able to glean precious materials in the same field of criticism. My aim throughout these volumes has been to render them interesting, not only to the artist, but to general readers, and to the literary world, by developing Michael Angelo's character, artistic and social, political and religious; and by proving him to have been in each of these particulars equally worth of esteem and admiration. His social character, it is true, has been ably illustrated by his biographers Condivi and Vasari, who enjoyed the privilege of his intimate friendship, and published their memoirs of him in his own lifetime. These pages will

\* *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna.* By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. In Two Vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans & Roberts. 1857.

be found to combine all the most interesting facts recorded by them, as well as much matter collected from other sources."

We are bound to say that Mr. Harford's volumes fulfill the promises thus made, and present a full and most able delineation of the brilliant career of Michael Angelo, whose long life extended from 1474 to 1563, and whose mental powers continued unimpaired even in his ninetyeth year. The principal incidents of his life are too generally known to require recapitulation, and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to bringing before our readers some of the most interesting facts and eloquent passages in Mr. Harford's work relating to the great artist and his most distinguished contemporaries.

The ruling passion was never more strongly displayed in early youth than in the case of Michael Angelo. Descended from the noble family of the Counts of Canossa, his father esteemed it a disgrace that his son should become an artist, remonstrated with him on his fondness for drawing, prohibited him from using the pencil, and had even recourse to severe personal chastisement; but all in vain; and the father was at length obliged to yield, though with a very bad grace, to this scion of the Counts of Canossa following art as a profession. The abilities of Michael Angelo soon attracted the notice of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the youth was admitted into the Academy of San Marco; where, in his ardor to excel, he pursued his professional studies even on holidays, and often far into the silent hours of the night. While Michael Angelo studied at Florence, he had the privilege of associating on intimate terms with some of the most accomplished scholars of the age, such as Politian and Pico di Mirandola. Lorenzo was a great patron of Greek literature, and two young Englishmen, named Grocyn and Calot, afterwards distinguished promoters of Greek learning in their own country, obtained their knowledge of it at Florence:

"The torch of Greek learning," says Mr. Harford, "which to the honor of England, has so long emitted a pure and steadfast light on the banks of the Isis and the Cam, was thus derived to her from those of the Arno, beneath the auspices of Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian. Such, however, is the power of bigotry and prejudice, that great opposition was made to the first attempts of English scholars to introduce

Greek letters into our two Universities. The facetious pen of Sir Thomas More denominated the two parties at Oxford for and against the new study, as Greeks and Trojans, and so bitter was their mutual animosity, that they actually came to blows, the watch-word of the opposing faction being, 'Cave a Græcis, ne Hereticus fias.' When Erasmus visited Oxford, this prejudice was on the decline; but it continued so strong at Cambridge, that he lectured on Chrysostom to empty benches; and severe penalties were even denounced against any one who should be detected as having a Greek Testament in his possession."

In the fourth and fifth chapters, an interesting account of the Platonic Academy, founded at Florence by Cosmo de' Medici, will be found, and of the doctrines and beliefs of these modern Platonists. Michael Angelo used to frequent the meetings of this Academy, and his poetry proves how deeply he was imbued with its doctrines; and Mr. Harford thinks, that their influence is also to be traced in his artistic works, inducing a lofty idealism, a love of allegory, and mystical views of nature and art. The death of Lorenzo de' Medici, in 1492, was a great blow to Michael Angelo, who long continued deeply to lament him, but found a refuge from his grief in unceasing application to his professional studies. About this time, he seems to have acquired the profound knowledge of anatomy for which he was afterwards so distinguished. He was intimate with the prior of the monastery of Santo Spirito, and executed for its church a crucifix in wood of somewhat less than the natural size. The prior, who was a great admirer of his talents, furnished him with an apartment in which to pursue his anatomical studies. On first handling the dissecting knife, however, his nervous system was so powerfully affected that it seemed as if he must forever abandon it. But his resolute will and unquenchable desire to render himself a complete master of the science of design came to his aid, and, at length, enabled him to overcome his repugnance. Subjects were frequently supplied him from the hospital of the monastery; and, ultimately, he became able to handle the knife with surgical indifference and precision.

We now come to one of the most interesting and best-written parts of Mr. Harford's work, the history of Savonarola, that fearless and single-minded, but ill-

starred precursor of the Reformation, who, for some years, exercised in Florence a power as great as that afterwards exercised by Calvin in Geneva. Michael Angelo had a great friendship for this extraordinary man, regarded his character with affectionate veneration, and in his later years, the Holy Scriptures and the writings of Savonarola were his favorite study. Both the monk and the artist were ardently attached to the cause of freedom, in which the former fell, and the latter long afterwards nobly distinguished himself, when appointed commissary-general of the fortifications of Florence, against the attacks of the Imperialists, in 1529. Savonarola was born at Ferrara, in 1452. He was of noble extraction, and being destined for the medical profession, had all the advantages of a learned education. He soon, however, evinced a decided preference for the study of theology; and to avoid the opposition of his relations, secretly quitted the paternal roof at the age of twenty-three, and joined himself to a Dominican fraternity at Bologna. His first appearance as a preacher at Florence took place in 1483, when owing to a natural difficulty of articulation, he entirely failed. Undiscouraged, however, he persevered for a year, like the great orator of Greece, in trying to overcome this defect, and succeeded so well that, being appointed in 1486, to preach at Brescia, scarcely a vestige of it was apparent. From this time, his preaching was distinguished by all the zeal and energy of a reformer. He denounced the vices of the age, the luxury and profligacy of nobles and priests and cardinals, and even ventured to point to Rome as the mystic Babylon, and mother of abominations. In 1491, he was appointed prior of the Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence, and soon became the most popular preacher in the city; crowds flocking to hear him from the neighboring villages as well as from the town itself:

"Many of the tradesmen," says Mr. Harford, "forbore to open their shops till after the morning preaching was over, and not a few of them were in the habit of exercising hospitality to such of the peasants as had come in from a great distance and needed refreshment. Even during the rigors of winter, the area in front of San Marco was thronged, long before the doors were opened, by a multitude of devotees, anxious to obtain the best places. The people hung

upon his lips with intense interest, for he addressed them with a fervor, an affection, and a fidelity which they had never before witnessed, and which deeply touched their consciences and their hearts. An increased attention to the duties of religion, and a remarkable reformation of life and manners, gradually became the visible consequences of Savonarola's preaching."

Savonarola, as Mr. Harford justly observes, was not the first Italian who had denounced the vices of the clergy, and the corruption of the papacy. Petrarch a century before, in his "*Epistles sine titulo*," and in three of his Sonnets, spoke of the Romish Court at Avignon, as the western Babylon, a sink of iniquity, a hell upon earth; and Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., the successors of the Popes denounced by Petrarch, and under whom the youth and manhood of Savonarola were passed, were equally vicious and unprincipled, and disgraced their position by the most shameless profligacy and the darkest crimes. These roused the zeal of Savonarola, and one can not but admire the courage of a simple monk carrying out his reforms against the spirit of the age, and in the face of all Italy. Lorenzo de' Medici—although he and Savonarola worked in different ways, the one trying to divert the Florentines in order to prevent them from thinking of their lost liberties, the other striving to reform their minds and lead them heavenwards—had such a high opinion of the fidelity and truthfulness of the Dominican monk, that he sent for him when on his death-bed, and listened in the most devout manner to his prayers and exhortation. After the expulsion of the Medici, Savonarola was applied to, by the members of the new government, to point out the measures best adapted to the present crisis. This he did in an eloquent address, and concluded by exhorting the citizens: 1st. To do whatever they resolved upon in the fear of God. 2. To act on a patriotic preference of public to private interests. 3. To promulgate a general amnesty; and 4th. To fix the government on a popular basis. Thus placed in an elevated and commanding position, the subsequent mistakes of Savonarola were the consequences of a misdirected zeal for good and great objects, not of any selfish or unworthy motives. Mr. Harford gives several specimens of Savonarola's powers as a preacher, which will be found very generally interesting, from their fervor, boldness, and



just views of Christian truth. The indignation of the papal court against this unscrupulous reformer was unbounded, and his own rashness at length enabled them to effect his destruction. He endeavored to turn the Carnival into a religious ceremony, of which mystic dances and sacred songs formed a part, the whole scene being strongly tinged by fanaticism. He induced the citizens to give up indecorous books, pictures, and objects of extravagant luxury, and resolved, during the Carnival of 1497, upon making a holocaust of the various offending objects, which is thus graphically described by Mr. Harford:

"A pyramidal scaffold was erected for this purpose in the public place, opposite the palace of the Signory. At its base were to be seen false beards and hair, masquerading dresses, cards and dice, mirrors and perfumery, beads and trinkets of various sorts; higher up were arranged books and drawings, busts and portraits of the most celebrated Florentine beauties; and even pictures by great artists, condemned in many instances, on very insufficient grounds, as indecorous or irreligious. Even Frà Bartolomeo, one of the greatest artists of that, or of any age, was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, as to bring his life-academy studies to be consumed on this pyre, forgetful that in the absence of such studies, he could never himself have risen above low mediocrity, nor such painters as Raphael and Michael Angelo ever have been trained to glory. Lorenzo di Credi, like himself, a devoted follower of Savonarola, did the same. It was thus that a man of great learning and lofty eloquence, full of zeal also for the glory of God, and for the highest interests of humanity, was betrayed by monkish extravagance into an indiscriminating warfare against taste and genius. The pile thus constructed was set fire to by the enthusiastic procession, amidst hymns and acclamations; and its value may be judged of by the fact that a merchant of Venice offered to purchase the whole at the price of 20,000 crowns."

From this time the influence of Savonarola appears to have declined, but not his reforming zeal, and denunciations of papal corruption, which, at last, induced the infamous Alexander VI. to determine on effecting his destruction. An interdict and excommunication was suspended over Florence, the partisans of the Medici and of the Romish Court obtained an ascendancy in her councils, and the spot where the dauntless monk was arrested is still pointed out in the beautiful library of San Marco. His arrest was immediately notified to the Pope, who dispatched

two judges from Rome to try, or rather to condemn him. Savonarola was put to the torture in its severest form, and the extremity of pain wrung from him admissions retracted as soon as the torture ceased. After passing a month in prison, he was sentenced to be strangled and burnt, along with his disciples, Pescia and Maraffi Sylvestre, which sentence was carried into effect on the 23d of May, 1498, and the ashes of the martyrs was afterwards cast into the Arno. The deportment of Savonarola was calm to the end; and his last words to his confessor were: "Pray for me, and tell my friends not to be discouraged at my death, but to continue steadfast in my doctrine, and to live in peace."

During the period of Savonarola's power in Florence, Michael Angelo had paid his first visit to Rome, and had executed his *Bacchus*, and the *Group of the Pietà*, now in St. Peter's. Nothing could exceed the celebrity which the last of these great works attached to his name. It was the theme of universal admiration. Poets celebrated its merits, artists multiplied studies from it, and its author was henceforth regarded as the first of living sculptors. In 1502, he revisited Florence, having received a commission to execute a colossal statue from a great block of marble which had long lain neglected in the Palazzo Vecchio. From this, in spite of the difficulties of the undertaking, he sculptured his celebrated "*David*," which now stands in the open air in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. About this time, he also painted a *Holy Family* for Angelo Doni, and designed the famous *Cartoon of Pisa*, in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. Each artist selected his subject from the wars between Florence and Pisa. Leonardo chose a cavalry encounter; his youthful competitor a company of infantry surprised by the near approach of the enemy whilst bathing in the Arno. In Michael Angelo's cartoon the figures were of the size of life, drawn in black chalk, the shadows being in brown, and the lights in different degrees of white. Benvenuto Cellini thus speaks of these two great works: "While these cartoons thus hung opposite to each other, they formed the school of the world. Although the divine Michael Angelo afterwards painted the great chapel of Pope Julius, he never again fully realised the force of these, his earlier studies."

Michael Angelo was drawn from his literary and artistic pursuits at Florence—where he assiduously studied the Tuscan poets, and especially Dante, as well as the arts of design—by the invitation of Pope Julius II., who sent for him to Rome, in order to intrust to him the execution of his mausoleum. The fiery old pontiff and the haughty independent sculptor had many differences, and at length the latter, indignant at the studied neglect with which he was treated, fled from Rome to Florence, and resumed his labors upon the Cartoon of Pisa. He was, however, induced to return, and was received by the Pope with distinguished consideration. He returned to Rome in 1508, and soon after, at the urgent request of the Pope, but contrary to his own inclination, undertook the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which he completed entirely with his own hand, and which occupied him for nearly two years. Of this magnificent work, Mr. Harford remarks :

“Michael Angelo stands single and alone, no less in the force and spirit of his execution, than in the grandeur of his conceptions. Never was pencil more obedient than his to the suggestions of the intellect. Those who have had the privilege of mounting by means of temporary scaffolding, nearer to these awful Titanic forms of prophets and sybils, who look down like another race of beings from their lofty seats, or who have availed themselves of the use of mirrors to bring them beneath the eye, never fail to be smitten with admiration at the dash and vigor of each stroke, and not less at its certainty and truth. On a fine day, aids like these will insure to the artist and the amateur impressions of indelible wonder and delight, at the originality of this great artist's mind and style; a style in which the relief of sculpture appears to blend with the richness and clair-obscur of painting.”

Those who wish a detailed account of the whole composition and painting of the Sistine ceiling, will find it in the thirteenth chapter of Mr. Harford's first volume, who thus eloquently sums up his elaborate description :

“The grand works of creation—the primeval history of man—the entry of sin into Paradise—the curse which it brought on this fair creation and its awful consequences—the reversal of that curse, and the reëntry of life and immortality through the Gospel—the initiatory preparation for the incarnation of that divine Redeemer to whom all the prophets bear witness, and to whom at length every knee shall bow—such are the great subjects chosen by Michael

Angelo to employ his creative pencil. We are carried back to the patriarchal age, to the mystic age of prophecy and poetry; and we have also before us a magnificent display of the mighty energies of physical force and industry. Sublimity of sentiment and unrivaled powers of design, undebased by any admixture of puerile superstition, here reign and triumph.”

That selfish and unprincipled voluptuary, Leo X., whose name has come down to posterity encircled by a halo of false glory, succeeded the fiery old soldier-pope, Julius II. He sent for Michael Angelo as an architect, in order to employ him in building a magnificent facade for the church of San Lorenzo in Florence, which contained the ashes of many of the family of the Medici. In consequence of this commission, the great artist was compelled to proceed to the quarries of Seravizza, where five or six of the best years of his life were consumed in making roads and raising marbles; and yet, after all, the undertaking was abandoned by the capricious Pope, whose patronage proved to Michael Angelo the greatest misfortune of his life.

In 1527, took place the terrible sack of Rome by the lawless bands of the Constable de Bourbon; and, in 1529, the Imperial army encamped before Florence. The citizens had for some time been aware of the impending struggle, and had made preparations to meet it. Towards the close of 1528, they appointed Michael Angelo commissary-general of the fortifications, in which post he displayed transcendent abilities as an engineer. His first care was an attentive inspection of the fortifications, and the execution of all essential repairs; his next was to place the walls and fortress of San Miniato, as commanding the city, in a complete state of defense, and to add to their security by new works and bastions. This he accomplished with so much scientific skill, that, in after times, the celebrated French engineer, Vauban, devoted considerable time to their examination, and made accurate drawings of them. His labors were, however, futile. There was treachery within as well as the foe without; and Malatesta Baglioni, the Florentine general, introducing the enemy within the bastions of the Roman gate, nothing was left but to surrender; and so, in August, 1530, fell the liberties of Florence. A general amnesty, with certain exceptions, was one of the condi-

tions of capitulation ; but, to gratify the revenge of Pope Clement VII., this was afterwards violated, and the scaffolds ran red with the blood of some of the noblest citizens of Florence. Michael Angelo was among those excepted from the general amnesty. He succeeded in concealing himself for some time, and was at length pardoned by the Pope, who wished to employ him on the sacristy of San Lorenzo, for which he executed the tombs of the Medici, where are the celebrated statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, and the no less famous allegorical figures of Aurora and Twilight, Day and Night.

The mausoleum of Julius II., Michael Angelo's first papal commission, which had given him such constant anxiety, and about which he had suffered so many disappointments, was at length finished on a reduced scale, and erected in the church of San Pietro-in-Vinculis. It is thus described by Mr. Harford :

"Not having been originally destined for its present locality, it very naturally appears quite out of place. It is too lofty and vast in its dimensions for the size and height of the church. The object which principally strikes the eye, on approaching it, is the colossal statue of Moses ; not placed according to the artist's original plan, on an elevated platform in composition with various figures of Prophets and Virtues, but singly and alone in the centre of the façade of the mausoleum, and close to the eye. It is some time before the spectator discovers, what ought to have been a leading object, the sarcophagus and reclining form of Pope Julius on the second stage of the monument. It was the work of Maso dal Bosco, but is devoid of dignity or effect. On each side of the Moses, in niches, are two statues emblematic of Active and Contemplative Life. The idea is borrowed from Dante. They were designed and finished by Michael Angelo himself, and are fine specimens of his sculpture. Active Life, under the appellation of Leah, holds a mirror in her hand, signifying that our actions ought to be the result of reflection ; in the other hand is a wreath of flowers, the symbol of cheerfulness. Contemplative Life, under the name of Rachel, indicates by the bent knee, by the upraised head and eye, that her wrapt soul is mounting heavenwards. Above the sarcophagus, is a Virgin and Child, from the design of Buonarroti, by Settignano. The child holds a little bird in its hand, and is a model of grace and sweetness. Immediately above the statues of Active and Contemplative Life, are two figures of a Prophet and a Sibyl, by Montelupo, with which Michael Angelo was by no means satisfied. The entablature of the tomb is flanked on each side of the Moses, and at its extremities, by termini, and is further

adorned by the arms of the Pope, and by two marble candelabras. The whole looks less like a monument to the honor of Julius II. than to that of Moses."

In 1533, Michael Angelo, at the desire of Paul III., commenced his famous painting of the Last Judgment. Its design and execution cost him eight years of assiduous application and severe labor, and it was finally opened to public view at the Christmas festival of 1541, when Michael Angelo was in his sixty-eighth year. Before the painting was quite finished, the Pope came to view it, accompanied by a train of attendants, among them his master of ceremonies, Biagio da Cesena, a grave and grand old gentleman, far more alive to breaches of etiquette than to wonders of Art. He was terribly scandalized at the number of naked figures that met his view, and pronounced them more suitable for the walls of a bagnio than for those of a Pope's chapel. Unlucky man ! Michael Angelo had heard and remembered ; and never was poor master of ceremonies so punished. On the Pope's departure, he seized his pencil, and gave to the countenance of Minos (a huge monster with a sweeping tail, bowing amidst a crowd of demons) so perfect a resemblance to Biagio, that no one could possibly mistake the likeness. The painter's revenge soon became known, and created much merriment ; but the indignant master sought the Pope, and complained of the insult to which he had been subjected. "Where has he placed you ?" said the amused pontiff. "In hell," replied poor Biagio. "Alas ! then," replied the Pope, "I can do nothing for you ; had he placed you in purgatory, I might have delivered you, but in hell there is no redemption."

In his seventy-first year, Michael Angelo painted, in the Pauline Chapel, the conversion of St. Paul, and the crucifixion of St. Peter. These, the last works of his pencil, were completed when he had reached the advanced age of seventy-five. As compared with the free and grand penciling of his works in the Sistine Chapel, their execution is deficient in spirit and energy. "They may be regarded," says Mr. Harford, "as forming the Odyssey of his art. Behind the great altar of the Cathedral of Florence is still to be seen a marble group, the last piece of sculpture touched by the great Florentine. The subject is the Dead Christ supported by



the Virgin Mother, to whom another female figure is ministering, and Nicodemus is introduced near them in a standing posture. Owing to the intractableness of the marble, this group was never completed. The following graphic account has been left by an eye-witness of the energy and certainty with which Michael Angelo wielded his chisel:

"I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year, and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four hours—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labor, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark, that, had he passed it, even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole."

The magnificent fabric of St. Peter's was the work of Michael Angelo's old age; for he was only appointed architect on the death of San Gallo, in 1546, when he was upwards of seventy years of age. In contrast with the design of his predecessor, whose defects he had clearly pointed out, he formed a new plan, simple and majestic, a model of which he executed in fifteen days, at an expense of only twenty-five scudi. It exhibited a single order of 108 feet, of a magnitude unexampled in ancient or in modern times; for the order of the great Temple of Baalbec, the loftiest of antiquity, is only eighty-one feet. This order he surmounted by an attic of thirty-two feet, making the front altogether 140 feet high. Thus, to a gigantic design he superadded gigantic features appropriate to its colossal dimensions, and imposing by real magnitude as well as by quantity and numbers. He also restored the church to the Greek cross—a form best adapted to give prominence and effect to its grand and central feature, the magnificent dome, whether viewed from within or without. This design was approved of by the Pope, and, at the advanced age of seventy-two, the great sculptor entered upon the arduous duties of architect of St. Peter's. In the patent appointing him to this office, he demanded and obtained the insertion of his refusal of all salary for his great work,

and, during the seventeen years of his superintendence, he never received a single farthing. He at length achieved the magnificent conception of Bramante, of elevating the Pantheon in the air, and produced a cupola far surpassing that of Florence in height and magnificence, and transcending it no less in the beauty both of its external and internal curve. In this respect, indeed, the dome of St. Peter's can scarcely be surpassed:

"He planted it," says Mr. Harford, "upon an elevated tambour, and in place of the unbroken peristyle of Bramante, he introduced on the side of each window (sixteen in number) piers encircled with coupled columns, the summits of which were destined to be adorned with statues of prophets and apostles from his own designs. That magical play of light and shadow upon the cupola of St. Peter's, which charms the eye of the spectator throughout the day, is a consequence of these advancing piers, and the present effect would be greatly heightened if the statues, as seen on his model, had actually been introduced. The corresponding piers on the minor domes were also to have been adorned with statues. The interior sections of the cupola correspond with those of the exterior; the linear graces of the roof being repeated, and coupled pilasters within answering to the coupled columns without. The lantern is singularly elegant, and was constructed with only a slight deviation from the original model."

Unfortunately, Michael Angelo's plan of the Greek cross was departed from. Pope Paul V. authorized Carlo Maderna to violate the original plan by the elongation of the entrance nave. Had the great artist's scheme of the Greek cross been adhered to, the eye of the spectator, on entering the church, would at once have been struck by the sublimity of the dome, and by the fine arrangement of the subordinate parts of the fabric in connection with it. Carlo Maderna's alteration entirely frustrated the possibility of any such effect, by placing the opening into the dome at such a distance from the entrance portal as scarcely to allow of its being visible; and it was still more fatal to the external beauty of the building, for the cupola, on approaching the grand façade, is cut through in perspective by its upper story, and is, therefore, half concealed from the eye, instead of triumphing as the sublime and presiding feature of the whole edifice. Another most unfortunate departure from the plan of Michael Angelo, has been the substitution of the present encumbered façade, frittered and broken



into a number of parts, for the grand portico in the style of the Pantheon, which presented a design of unexampled boldness and magnificence. Mr. Harford supplies two careful drawings of St. Peter's—as Michael Angelo designed it, and as it now appears—which show far better than any description how much the world has lost by these ill-judged departures from the plans of the great Florentine.

A very interesting chapter in the second volume is devoted to the considerations of Michael Angelo's poetry, which, says Mr. Harford, "is deeply interesting from the light which it reflects upon his character and opinions, as well as from its intrinsic beauties. It chiefly consists of small poems, some of which are light, airy effusions of sportive fancy, whilst the greater part are of a graver character, and are replete, like his art, with original and lofty thought, and pure and noble sentiment, conveyed in language concise, vigorous, and elegant. The collection includes sixty-two small poems under the name of madrigals, and sixty-four sonnets, besides a few pieces of somewhat greater compass—the most interesting among which is an elegy, in which he deploras the death of a brother, and describes in a touching strain of devotion and tenderness, how much this stroke had revived his feeling of grief for the loss of his father." The original MSS. of these poems in Michael Angelo's own handwriting, very clearly and carefully transcribed, are among the literary treasures of the Vatican Library. They were first published at Florence in 1623, and were reprinted by Manni in 1736. They have since passed through several editions, both in Italy and France; and, about ten years ago, Mr. E. Taylor published, at London, an elegant essay on these poems, accompanied by various translations.\*

In his old age, Michael Angelo was deeply afflicted by the death of his faithful and attached servant Urbino, who had

lived with him for twenty-six years; and the following touching letter to Vasari, who had written to condole with him, shows how deeply he felt his loss:

"MY DEAR GEORGE: I scarcely know how to write, but must just acknowledge your letter. You have heard of Urbino's death—an event for which most grateful thanks are due from me to God, though, as respects myself, the loss is most severe, and my grief profound. My thanks are thus due, because, while living, his care of me was such as greatly to prolong my life, and dying, he has taught me to meet death, not with aversion but with desire. He lived with me twenty-six years, and I ever found him incomparable and faithful; and now, when I had rendered him rich, and regarded him as the prop and the repose of my old age, he has passed away, leaving me no other hope but that of rejoining him in Paradise; and of this God has vouchsafed me, as it were, the pledge, by the great blessedness of his last moments. His chief regrets in the prospect of death were, that he left me in this deceitful world pressed upon by so many sorrows, though indeed, the greater part of me is departed together with him, nor does aught remain behind but a deep sense of bereavement."

In 1558-9, Duke Cosmo of Florence visited Rome, and paid the utmost respect to Michael Angelo; and his son, Don Francesco de' Medici, when conversing with the great artist, held his cap in his hand, and seemed unable to express the delight he felt on finding himself in the presence of a man of whom he had heard so much, and whom he had long wished to see. But the closing scene was now approaching. A slow fever attacked Michael Angelo in the beginning of 1563, and he breathed his last on the 17th of February of that year, surrounded by his friends, retaining his senses to the end, and in his last moments, requesting those around him to remind him of the sufferings and death of our blessed Lord. According to his expressed wish, his mortal remains were conveyed to Florence, which they reached on the 11th of March; and it was decided to convey them in the dead of the ensuing night to a chapel in the church of Santa Croce. A great concourse of artists assembled for this purpose; the elder bore torches in their hands, while the younger contended with each other for the honor of aiding in carrying the bier, over which was cast a velvet pall studded with gold; and happy, in after-times, did any of them feel, who

\* For specimens of Angelo's graver sonnets we refer our readers to Mr. Sheppard's volume, "The Foreign Sacred Lyre," noticed in our last number. Sonnet VIII. is deeply interesting, written, as it appears to have been, at the close of the great artist's earthly career. The last stanza is thus translated by Mr. Sheppard:

"Nor painting now, nor sculpture can beguile  
The soul—embracing on death's awful brink,  
Love's arms for us upon the cross outspread."  
Pp. 236, 237.

could boast of having shared in this office. A magnificent public funeral was celebrated on the following 14th of July, in which the splendor of the preparations vied with the artistic beauty of the works prepared by the genius of the Academicians. A conspicuous position in the church of Santa Croce was subsequently selected by the duke for the monument of Michael Angelo, for which he presented the marbles, while Vasari furnished the design, which was carried into execution by the eminent sculptor Battista Lorenzi. "Its most prominent features," says Mr. Harford, "are a pure bust of Michael Angelo, and statues of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in allusion to his triple artistic honors. The bust is distinguished by an expression of dignified amenity. Recorded honors gathered around this monument in the form of innumerable poetical tributes in Latin and Italian, the most admired of which were afterward published."

We can not better close our notice of these interesting volumes, than by the following extract describing the personal appearance and habits of the great artist whose career we have been pursuing:

"Michael Angelo was of middle stature, of a spare habit of body, bony and muscular, active

in his gait and movements, and of a ruddy complexion. His forehead was square, lofty, and somewhat projecting; his nose might have been fine, but from the flattening injury inflicted upon it early in life by Torrigiano; his cheekbones were a little prominent; his eyes were rather small, sparkling, of a grey color inclining to blue, and but slightly overshadowed; his lips were thin, the lower lip somewhat projecting; his hair and beard raven black, till extreme old age shed its snows upon them; the beard terminated in two points. The cranium was large in proportion to the face. His aspect was amiable and animated, blended with an expression of resolute firmness and decision. He was rather broad in the shoulders; but his limbs were in good proportion. His habits of temperance were rigid. In youth, when absorbed in study or by professional labor, he lived chiefly on bread and a little wine; and in old age he exercised the greatest moderation. At the age of sixty-six, when pursuing the gigantic labor of painting the Last Judgment, he contented himself with little more than a frugal repast at the close of the day. He was in consequence ever active both in body and mind; seldom accepted or gave invitations to dinner; and declined receiving presents, which he regarded as involving dangerous obligations. He required but little sleep, and often rose in the dead of night to pursue his artistic occupations. At such times, if employed in sculpture, he would put on a paper cap or casque, so constructed as to bear in its front a candle, by means of which his hands were left at liberty while pursuing his work."

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From the Leisure Hour.

## TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CHINESE LIFE AND MANNERS.

THE city of Canton, surrounded by walls five leagues in circumference, is divided into three distinct towns: the first, extending along the banks of the river, consists of more than forty thousand *champan*s, which serve both for ships and dwellings; the second contains the European and American factories; and the third, separated from the latter by walls and a gate which no foreigner is allowed to pass, forms the true Chinese city. Near this gate, but in the foreign quarter, in days gone by, two men were walking. The costume and appearance of the elder were those of a

native, while the light nankeen dress, and still more the figure and countenance of the other, showed him to be of a different race. He was one of those Western merchants who had begun to settle at Canton for purposes of trade. The two men were conversing in a subdued tone, and in the Chinese tongue.

"I tell you, You-hi," said the foreigner, "that our Company will no longer endure such robbery: the duties claimed by your *hou-pou*\* would ruin us in two years. I

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\* Chief of the customs.

might talk till to-morrow without being able to enumerate half the frauds which he practices! It was only yesterday that he returned crates of common glass as mirrors, and gun-flints as agates! I tell you, You-hi, that such tricks shall not go on."

The Chinese made a deprecating gesture. "What can I do?" he asked. "The *hou-pou* is a greedy man; the Company were wrong in offering him a half-closed hand when they should have opened it entirely."

"And have we not, then, already made sufficient sacrifices in giving the fellow presents to the amount of five thousand dollars? We can't give him any more; and you, You-hi, must make your *hou-pou* understand that."

The Chinese tried to excuse himself.

"You must," repeated the factor firmly. "In granting the exclusive privilege of foreign commerce to twelve merchants, forming what you call the *Kong-hang*, the Emperor has appointed them to serve as agents with the 'barbarians.' When one of our vessels arrives, it is you who furnish it with provisions, and obtain for it the *chop* (permission) to depart. In short, you are our agent, and it is your business to obtain justice for us."

"But how is that to be done? We poor *hanists*\* are the victims who suffer all the ill-treatment which our masters dare not inflict on you foreigners. We are placed between the two, like iron between the anvil and the hammer, and receive all the blows without being able to escape them."

"That's your affair, You-hi," replied his companion coolly. "You are far too clever not to be able to discover some means of making the *hou-pou* more tractable. Otherwise," added the merchant, trying the effect of a threat, "I fear we shall have to get angry, and throw a dozen or so of your people into the river."

"What do you say?" cried the Chinese, his small cunning eyes squinting with terror. "You can't be serious."

"Indeed I am, my good friend. I think it would be a most useful lesson to your functionaries in general. And here we are," he said, pointing to a palace, whose gates were adorned with dragon's heads in effigy, and with very real chains and whips. "Go in now, and plead our cause

well: with good will mountains are moved."

"Ah! that is always your saying; but we have a proverb which says, that the wisest man in the world can not force the spider to spin silk. I will do all I can, however, and let you know the result this evening at supper; for you have, I hope, received my invitation?"

"Written in gold letters on red paper? Yes, you may depend on seeing me."

They parted; and the factor repaired to his own dwelling. As he entered the door he was met by a pleasing young girl, attired in a magnificent European dress. This was the foreigner's only child, and she was deaf and dumb. Yet her intelligence was so great that her father, by means of signs and finger-language, was able to converse with her perfectly. Her appearance at this time seemed to cause him very unpleasant surprise.

"Are you mad," he said, in the language that she understood, "to appear openly in such a costume? Unhappy child, you will ruin us both!"

The young girl threw herself into his arms, with a gesture of regret and a look so humble and supplicating that the factor's anger vanished; and, embracing her, he murmured: "Poor child! I forget how little she has to amuse her."

The laws of China forbade, on pain of death, the admission of any foreign female into the Celestial Empire. Consequently, when our merchant accepted the lucrative post which he held, he was obliged to bring his daughter, whom he could not be induced to leave behind, in disguise, while he subsequently kept her most scrupulously in the interior of his dwelling from the observation of the natives. But it often occasioned him much anxiety, lest she should at any time imprudently expose herself to public gaze, and thus incur the displeasure of the Chinese authorities.

Shortly after his return, the merchant again left the house, in order to keep his appointment with You-hi; and, in doing so, quite forgot to leave word with his daughter that he would not return to supper. When his child found that her dearly-loved father did not appear, and that the servants knew not whither he was gone, it occurred to her that he was seriously displeased at her for having ventured to show herself in the front of the dwelling—a persuasion which made her

\* Members of the Kong-hang.

feel very uneasy. At length, with the wayward impatience and willfulness which often mark the actions of a deaf mute, the girl left the house, and rambled timidly along the banks of the river, hoping to meet her father. Suddenly, while doing so, two strong arms from behind grasped her: she turned round, uttering a piercing cry, and the same moment received a blow on the chest, in consequence of which she sank senseless on the ground.

Who can describe the grief of the merchant, when, on his return home, he learned the mysterious disappearance of his daughter?

Weeks passed on, and all researches having proved unavailing, he was settling down into a state of fixed despair, when he found it needful one day to meet the *Kong-hang*, in order to arrange some affairs of the Company. On his way through the vicinity of the forbidden precincts of the Chinese town, his eye happened to be caught by a sumptuous equipage, drawn by several richly-capri-soned horses. It was driven by a coachman who was easily recognized as a Co-rean, by the amplitude of his robe, his conical cap formed of woven bamboo, and his boots of quilted cotton. On the black lacquered panels of the coach appeared, in gilded relief, the baton of a mandarin, crowned with a garland of gilded jessamine.

Suddenly the silken curtains opened, and a loud cry was heard. The factor looked up, and recognized, bending forward, the face of his lost daughter.

The excited factor stretched out his arms, and rushed towards her; but at that moment the carriage passed through the Chinese gate, and disappeared. The frantic father tried to follow, but the sentinels thrust him back.

"My daughter! 'tis my daughter!"

"To the factory, dog!"

"No!" shrieked the merchant, "my daughter, let me follow her!"

"He's mad," said one.

"Throw him into the river," cried another.

Just then, the officer commanding the post came up, and ordered his men to tie the poor factor's hands behind his back, and to drive him to his own quarter of the town.

That evening saw the merchant in deep consultation with You-hi, to whom he confided the news of his loss. By the ad-

vice of the experienced *hanist*, he sent a petition to the governor of Canton, promising a thousand *liangs* for the recovery of his daughter.

In two days he received the following reply: "I, King-fo, having the diploma of *tsin-sse*, having worn in succession the two blue buttons and the coral button; wearing to-day the button set with precious stones, and recommended nine times on the register of *ping-pou*; governor of the province of Canton, in the name of the Son of Heaven, the great and sovereign Emperor: to the chief barbarian of the foreign factory. We have read the petition which thou hast addressed to us, and have seen therein the truth of the words of the wise man, when he said that the hearts of men are as various as the different soils of the Celestial Empire. For, like the rocky and sterile ground are the hearts of the barbarians. Thou hast disobeyed the orders of the Sovereign Emperor, in keeping thy daughter concealed, and now thou complainest that she has been carried away; but know that the wise man does not believe the word of him who has violated the law. And as to the thousand *liangs* of which thou speakest, we are graciously pleased to accept them this time, although a very insufficient fine for the fault thou hast committed. Let this be a law in thine eyes."

After this attempt, the factor made various other equally unsuccessful ones to recover his daughter. At length, through his friend You-hi, he obtained information that she was living at Peking, in the house of a rich mandarin named Fo-hu, and passed for his niece. The time was approaching when the daughters and nieces of the principal mandarins were to be presented to the Emperor, in order that he might select the most beautiful for his wives. If the so-called niece of Fo-hu happened to be chosen, it would bring an immense accession of riches and power to the mandarin; it was, therefore, most unlikely that he would consent to give her up. Disguised as a Co-rean merchant, the distracted father traveled to Peking, obtained an interview with Fo-hu, and, as he anticipated, was met by a point-blank denial of the identity of his child, and a refusal to give her up.

The factor lost no time in vain remonstrances, but brought the matter immediately before the judge of the district; and by favor of rich presents, the cause came



on without much delay. Fo-hu appeared before the tribunal. He was a cunning-looking little old man, with a white beard, and wore a silken robe, ornamented with figures of a dragon, boots with carved points, and a violet-colored felt hat, adorned with a precious stone, in token of his dignity.

The factor first related his story; and then Fo-hu was called on for his defense. He exclaimed at the audacity of the barbarian, whose complaint, he said, should be marked false; and he summoned several of his servants, who, after having touched the ground with their foreheads, declared that the young female who lived in their master's house was really his niece, the daughter of a brother of his who had died at Canton.

The factor then proposed that the girl should be brought into court, and that they should abide by her decision.

Fo-hu turned pale at this proposal, and objected to the indelicacy of making a female of rank appear in public.

"Let her appear veiled," cried the factor; "but let her come."

The judge having approved of the expedient, dispatched some of his officers to the mandarin's house, accompanied by one of Fo-hu's servants, to whom his master gave some directions in an undertone.

At length a veiled figure was ushered into court, and the factor rushed towards her. But the low stature, the tottering gait, the fingers with long nails, were all utterly unlike his daughter!

The vail, by order of the judge, was raised, and the factor beheld a total stranger!

Fo-hu immediately demanded that the stranger should be severely punished for his audacious attempt, and the judge acquiesced.

"You are sentenced," he said, "to wear the *tcha* during two years in the state prisons."

The punishment of the *tcha* is very much used in China. It is a sort of frame composed of two pieces of wood, hollowed in the middle: the neck of the criminal is placed in the hollow; then the two pieces being joined, the judge places his seal on them, to prevent their being opened. The *tcha* thus forms a sort of collar varying in weight from sixty to two hundred pounds. A jailer, armed with a whip, marches the unhappy prisoner,

thus loaded, every day through the streets, where he is exposed to the insults of the populace, and conducts him back to prison in the evening.

It was at the close of one of these dreadful promenades that the factor, when near one of the suburban canals, sunk on the ground, completely exhausted. The jailer, finding his prisoner really unable to move, philosophically resolved to wait, and sat down beside him.

Just then a noise of oars was heard, and a *loche* appeared on the canal. Two boatmen stepped out of it, bearing a burden which they laid on the ground. The jailer perceived that it was the body of a drowned man.

"You caught a fine fish, then, comrades!" he said.

"One that won't enrich us much," replied one of the men.

"Did you find nothing on him?"

"Nothing but this little case, containing a vial of drugs and some papers."

"Pity he's dead," remarked the jailer; "for he looks like a physician, and I have a patient here whom I do not know how to get back to prison."

"Ah! so you have some one in your collar—who is he?"

"A rich merchant from Canton."

"Rich!" cried the boatman; "and why does he not purchase a substitute?"

The factor roused himself at these words. "Is it true that another might take my place?" he asked in astonishment.

"Certainly; for high payment you will even find men who will suffer themselves to be decapitated."

The factor's eyes brightened; he made an effort, and, standing up, despite of the crushing weight of the *tcha*, he exclaimed: "Which of you will take my place? I will enrich him for life."

"What is the length of your sentence?" asked one of the boatmen.

"Two years."

They shook their heads. "No man could survive it," they said.

"Unless the prisoner was sometimes permitted to take off his collar," observed the jailer, with a significant wink.

"But how can that be done?"

"Oh! there are means," replied the jailer. "I'll do it for you now for a *tael*."

The factor fumbled in his garments, and threw the coin on the ground. His keeper immediately set to work; and in a few moments the *tcha* was off.

"Now," cried the factor, whose morals from long contact with the Chinese were somewhat of the same low standard, "I have found a substitute. Put the *tcha* round the neck of this corpse; dress it in my clothes, declare that I died of exhaustion, and I will give you one hundred *taels*, and the same between these two honest men."

The bribe was too tempting to be rejected. The factor gave them an order on the *hou-pou* for the sum named, and proceeded to exchange garments with the defunct. The boatmen gave him the little casket, which was of no value to them, and he hastened away, scarcely able to believe that he was free.

He walked on for some distance, until, his strength beginning to fail, he sat down to rest beneath a lamp. Bethinking himself of the little casket, he took it out and opened it. As the boatmen had said, it contained nothing but a little bronze vial, carefully sealed, and some papers.

Those which the factor first opened, contained formulas of different poisons, with descriptions of their various effects; but the last was a letter addressed to the physician Wang-ti, in which he was entreated to hasten to Peking for the great enterprise which had been intrusted to him.

While the factor was reading over this letter and trying to discover its meaning, he became aware that two men, bearing lanterns, were standing near, observing him attentively. The factor, not half-liking this scrutiny, stood up, and began to replace the papers in the casket; but one of the men approaching, read the name engraven on its cover.

"It is he," said he, in an under-tone, beckoning to his companion.

"What do you want of me?" asked the factor.

"You are the physician Wang-ti from Pao?"

"And what then?"

"We were sent to meet you by Fo-hu."

"Fo-hu!" repeated the factor, trembling with agitation.

"Come! he is waiting for you."

The factor's first thought was to try to escape; but the recollection of his daughter determined him to brave all dangers. He therefore stepped into a litter which was in waiting, resolved, if possible, to profit by the mistake of his conductors,

in order to see and deliver his child. He was borne to the dwelling of Fo-hu, and passed great part of the night in conversation with that worthy. There we will leave him, and see what passed next day in the imperial palace of the "Round Garden," situated at some distance from Peking.

On this day the Emperor was to receive the grandees of his empire in his throne-room, named "the dwelling of the Serene Sky." Before the door there stood twenty-two young nobles, some bearing in their hands yellow umbrellas, others holding golden suns and crescents, and others carrying various other emblematic devices, which were all covered with gold. At the end of the hall, which was approached by an alabaster staircase, stood the throne, covered with precious stones, and supported by two dragons of massive gold. The Emperor had just taken his place. His dress consisted of a tunic of marten's fur, over a long robe of yellow silk, on which the dragon with five claws was embroidered in jewels. He wore a cap of fox's skin, adorned with a single pearl of extraordinary size. He was surrounded by princes of the blood, and several governors of provinces, to whom tea was served in small cups. The Emperor himself was listlessly sipping a decoction of Indian beans from a golden cup, which a kneeling servant had just presented to him. Although still young, his features were withered, his figure bent, and some inward disease seemed to be drying up within him the springs of life. He raised his dim eyes when the chief mandarin, Fo-hu, appeared before the throne, leading by the hand the factor, whom he had clothed in a magnificent costume.

They both knelt before the throne, and bowed their foreheads to the ground. The Emperor made a sign, and they were led to the platform before him.

"Is this the physician of whom thou hast spoken to me?" asked the Emperor.

"It is, Son of Heaven," replied the mandarin.

"You guarantee his skill?"

"The province of Ordos is full of the miracles which he has wrought."

"And thou," said the Emperor, turning to the pretended physician, "dost thou undertake to restore my health?"

"I hope to do so, if your Majesty has confidence in your slave."

"What must I do?" said the patient, with that air of submission which suffering gives; "I am ready to do any thing—to follow your directions implicitly. Only extinguish this fire that consumes me, and I will enrich you beyond all the mandarins of the empire."

"May your slave be permitted to speak without witnesses?" asked the factor.

The Emperor made a sign, and all the courtiers withdrew.

Then the factor, bending towards the throne, and lowering his voice, said: "You are betrayed, great prince! and Heaven has sent me to save you: they are compassing your death."

"Who?—what meanest thou?"

"Some of the mandarins have conspired to raise your successor to the throne, and have been trying to effect their object by means of slow poison. But your suspicions having been awakened, and hearing that Wang-ti possessed the secret of a most subtle poison, they addressed themselves to him——"

"So they sent thee to murder me!" interrupted the Emperor. "The names of these wretches!"

"Fo-hu alone spoke to me. I promised him to pour into your cup this day that sure and certain remedy."

For a few moments the Emperor was silent; then his pale features lighted up with a sudden gleam of triumph.

"Thou hast that remedy?" he said.

The pretended physician produced the little casket with the bronze vial.

"Pour it into this cup," said the Emperor, holding out the golden one from which he had been drinking.

The factor obeyed. Then the Emperor, having summoned back his mandarins, addressed them in a loud voice: "The sons of the dynasty of Han are protected by Heaven; and a wondrous blessing has just descended on them. Revere this man as a god: by his science he has discovered a beverage which not only cures disease, but causes life to revive within the frame, even like the buds of spring."

All eyes were turned on the physician, and a murmur of admiration was heard amongst the courtiers.

"This beverage," resumed the Emperor, "instead of reserving it for myself alone, I will share with my faithful servants. Approach," he said, holding out the cup, "and drink

There was a sudden movement amongst the throng of courtiers. Those who were innocent of the plot pressed forward with eagerness, while the others drew back, and cast apprehensive glances at each other. The Emperor counted these with his eye; they were the chief officials of the empire! He called them by their names.

"Why do my nobles draw back? Approach, Fo-hu! Thou shalt have the first draught."

The mandarin, pale and trembling, fell on his knees, and exclaimed that the physician was an impostor. His accomplices followed his example. Then their master arose in a threatening attitude, and exclaimed with a loud voice: "Heaven has marked the sign *tao*\* on your forehead. Soldiers! seize these poisoners, and let them be tortured until they confess their crime."

At these words the guards surrounded Fo-hu and his companions, and carried them off. There was tumult in the court, and all the ordinary etiquette was suspended. The faithful courtiers crowded around the throne, expressing their horror and their joy. Then all eyes were naturally turned on the disguised factor, whom the Emperor commanded to approach.

"Come," he said, "thou who hast saved me! Come, faithful Wang-ti! Only speak your wishes, and they shall be fulfilled."

The factor fell on his knees.

"Pardon me, mighty prince," he said, for having deceived you. I am no physician, and my name is not Wang-ti. Son of Heaven, you see before your throne a stranger who has braved every peril, in order to implore your justice."

He then related his story from the beginning. When he had ended, the Emperor raised him up, and, looking at him kindly, said: "The wise man forgives the tiger who tears the hunter in order to save its young ones. I pardon thee for having broken the laws of the 'Beneath the Sky,'† in favor of thy daughter. It is written that the monarch should be a fountain of joy to all those who approach him: take courage; if thy child still lives, she shall be restored to thee."

\* The mark of traitors.

† Hyperbolical periphrasis for China.

In a month after these events, the merchant, loaded with costly gifts, was sailing with his recovered daughter in a vessel bound for his native country. The intelligent mute comprehended the extent of her father's devotion, and her love for

him increased daily. Whenever any difficult enterprise was mentioned, and the father remarked, "By good-will, mountains are moved," his daughter never failed to add: "And by love they are carried away."\*

## ELECTRIC ANIMALS.

Kind readers, do not fear that I am going to write about pith-balls and brass discs, prime conductors, electrophori, and, in short, a thousand other technical things belonging to electricity: nothing of the sort. Indeed, I am just at this time in no mood to philosophize deeply myself. Sitting alone before my fire—a little tired, and, perhaps, if I dealt honestly with myself, a great deal more lazy than tired—poking the fire, as an Englishman does when he has nothing better to do—my black and-white cat, Tom, jumps on my knee, and warms himself as dry as a chip before the cheerful blaze, which my poking has been the cause of.

Abstracted still, I look into the fire, and see in the glowing coals hundreds of pictures of friends that have been, when I am suddenly aroused from my meditations by a sharp puncture from the claws of my poor cat, Tom, accompanied by a short sharp hiss. I don't give Tom a kick, and call him an ill-conditioned animal, after the manner of all cats, as their enemies say; but I consider his remonstrance, and the punishment which accompanied it, as the result of a very justifiable resentment on his part. Whilst I was abstractedly looking into the fire, I had been unconsciously stroking down Tom's fur. This excited his latent electricity, which pricked him as so many fine needles would have done. Tom is not expected to know the philosophy of the thing, though he feels the pain of it; he scratched me—served me right.

I have very little doubt that much of the seeming caprice of cats—their sudden changes of temper, which people complain

of so much, and put down to innate badness of disposition—is nothing more nor less than the consequence of pain, occasioned by the development of electricity. Black cats have the reputation of being more electrical than others, but perhaps without reason. True it is that, if the fur of a black cat be warmed, and gently smoothed down by the dry hand, it is more luminous than cats' skin of any other color; but this is probably dependent upon the fact that fiery sparks are best perceived on a black ground.

Ever since Thales, of Miletus, remarked that a piece of amber, (in Greek, *elektron*,) when rubbed, acquired the property of attracting light bodies, friction has been one of the commonest means of exciting electricity. The ordinary electrical machine is nothing more nor less than a mechanical contrivance for causing a cylinder or plate of glass to rub against a cushion, and subsequently collecting and turning to account the electricity developed. A cat's skin is one of the most

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\* The reader, of course, will not forget that to try such a narrative as this by a strict historical test, would be subjecting it to too severe an ordeal. It ought simply to be regarded as a faithful illustration of Chinese official life. Such of our readers as have perused Huc's "Travels through the Celestial Empire," will remember his vivid portraiture of the corruption of the mandarins. As regards, also, the substitution of prisoners, it may be remembered that during the late debate in Parliament on Chinese affairs, the Premier stated that in Canton persons might be found who, for a pecuniary reward, were willing to take the place of condemned criminals; content to procure with the money a few short days of sensual indulgence, and the prospect of a fine funeral—an honor so dear to the Chinese heart.



electricity-developing things known. Many instrument-makers sell a little apparatus, consisting of a slip or ribbon of silk, which, being drawn rapidly through a slit, in contact with a piece of cat's skin, develops electricity enough, when properly turned to account, to fire gas or gunpowder, to give shocks—in point of fact, to answer all the ordinary purposes to which the electrical machine is applied.

There is no agent so omnipresent as electricity, and yet concerning the nature of which we know so little. Many a timid lady who fears a thunder-storm, would be surprised if she only knew how much of the elements of a thunder-storm she may set in motion by the mere combing of her hair. Those of our readers who attend the Royal Institution Friday Evening Lectures, (and we strongly advise all to do so,) need not be told that Professor Faraday, that great master of electrical science, is frequently in the habit of showing, when delivering a lecture on electricity, how the mere act of combing a lock of ladies' hair will evolve sufficient electricity to set fire to gas, inflame gunpowder, or effect any ordinary result of electricity. All that is necessary to insure success in the experiment is, that the hair shall be absolutely free from pomatum, and absolutely dry. Yes, ladies, I have not the least doubt that if either of you, for the sake of experiment, chooses to free her hair from pomatum absolutely, to dry it absolutely, to stand before a fire on a stool having glass legs, (four wine-bottles will do,) and get a friend to comb her hair, with sharp rapid stroke—one of the newly-invented composition india-rubber combs would be most eligible—she would soon become sufficiently charged with electricity to evolve sparks on a piece of knobbed metal, or a friend's knuckle being presented near her. Equally little doubt have I that she would be able to light a jet of gas by the mere touch of her finger.

Every living being, animal or vegetable, evolves in various ways enormous amounts of electricity. The electrician can render it evident by special contrivances, but ordinarily it passes insensibly away. The act of stepping, or rather rubbing the surface of a carpet by the shoe, develops electricity; so does the act of rubbing the surface of dry paper with a piece of india-rubber. Indeed,

the electricity developed in the latter way is sufficient to make the paper luminous in the dark.

But friction is by no means the only cause of electricity being developed. I can not dissolve a piece of sugar or salt without developing electricity. I can not expose a piece of iron to moist air, and let it rust, without setting the mysterious agent in motion. In fact, every sort of chemical action involves the action of electricity; and when the chemist separates a drop of water into the two gases which by their combination form it, as much electricity is disturbed as would be involved in a considerable thunder-storm! This is a stupendous thought. I can not demonstrate its truthfulness here, but its correctness has been amply proved by the researches of Professor Faraday. To say "I don't know," has always been regarded as a painful theory; accordingly, philosophers, or, rather perhaps, would-be philosophers, have cherished certain pet terms at various times, which they use to cloak their ignorance. It has been the fashion amongst some people to refer the agency of whatever they did not know to electricity. That electricity has much to do with our material constitution there can be no doubt; but when people speak of the identity of the electrical and the nervous fluid, it may be as well to bring them to book at once, by asking whether there be any proof in favor of the existence of either the one or the other?

It is easy to develop electricity from any person by artificial means; but there are instances on record of people whose natural constitution was so electrical naturally, that they evolved sparks as they went about. There seems no reason to doubt these statements: they appear perfectly consistent with what we know of electricity.

Of all animals, perhaps the frog is most sensitive to electrical influences. So delicate indeed is his nervous system in this respect, that electricians are often in the habit of using the frog as an instrument for demonstrating the existence of smaller amounts of electricity than even their most delicate instruments are competent to do. The melancholy honor belongs to the frog, of participating with Galvani in the discovery of that branch of electricity which bears the name of galvanism, or, still more frequently, voltaic electricity.

Galvani having been dissecting some frogs, hung their legs on the iron palings of his door-way. A thunder cloud happening to lower over Bologna at the time—for Galvani lived at Bologna—all the dead frogs' legs began to kick. Alas! the poor frog, the barren honor of having lent a "leg" to the discovery of galvanism, little compensates for electrical experiments he has since been obliged to participate in against his will.

Leeches and snails are also delicately susceptible of electric influences. When almost any two pieces of different metal are brought into contact, with moisture between them, electricity is evolved; this, indeed, being the principle on which voltaic batteries are constructed. Well, if a crown-piece be moistened, then laid flat upon a plate of iron or zinc, and a leech dropped on the crown-piece, the little fellow will be almost as securely imprisoned as if he were tied by the tail. He may kick and wriggle, and try to be off, but immediately he extends his snout over the edge of the silver, and drops it upon the outside metal, he receives a shock which makes him glad to shrink back again; and by varying the form of arrangement, taking an annular piece of silver, and laying it upon another annulus of iron or zinc, the protective influence of electricity may be brought to bear for the protection of an object placed within the charmed circle. In this way we can, if we are so minded, protect any little vegetable of which snails are fond from their insidious advances.

Animal electricity assumes its most curious manifestation in certain fish, which discharge shocks at will, for the purposes of offense and defense. Three fish are noticeable in this respect; one, a sea-fish, (the torpedo;) the others, fresh-water fish belonging to hot countries: these latter are the *gymnotus electricus*, and the *silurus electricus*, respectively. In all these creatures the electricity is developed by specific organs, which, being dissected, show a configuration something like that of a voltaic battery.

The torpedo is a gristly flat fish, one of the ray tribe: it is common to the Mediterranean, and its powers have been known from times of great antiquity. Long before the real source of its power was dreamt of, certain Roman physicians proposed touching the torpedo, and receiving its shock as a curative means for

the same class of diseases which are treated by electricity now.

Much more formidable than the torpedo is the fresh-water shock-giver—the *gymnotus electricus*, or electric eel, found in some of the rivers of the hottest regions of South America. Several specimens of the *gymnotus* have been imported to England at different times, and made the subject of experiment. There once was a doubt whether the shock-giving power of the fishes indicated really depended upon electricity of precisely similar kind to that evolved by our machines. As regards the torpedo and the *gymnotus*, these doubts have long ceased to exist, and though the *silurus electricus* has not given equal opportunities for experiment, no one doubts that the shocks communicated by it are really dependent upon electricity. The *silurus*, however, is a smaller animal, and altogether a more contemptible foe than the *gymnotus*, only measuring about twenty inches long; whereas a full-grown *gymnotus* will measure three or four feet, or in extreme cases even more.

Some idea of the power of the *gymnotus* may be entertained from the means used to disarm them, and to catch them when their capture is desired. Humboldt relates that fords have sometimes to be abandoned for fear of the *gymnoti* which infest them, and he graphically describes the means employed to catch them. A number of wild horses being driven into the river, and prevented getting out again until they have accomplished their task, soon awaken the *gymnoti* from their lazy slumbers. They ascend from the bottom, glide under the horses, touch them, and dive again. It is only a touch; but such a touch! The horse neighs with fright, and kicks and plunges. Other *gymnoti* now touch him, returning to the attack again and again. Many of the horses are drowned in the unequal struggle; but each attack costs the fish an expenditure of force. They, too, are at length exhausted, float like dead things near the surface of the water, and may be caught with impunity.

What is this wonderful agent—what is electricity? We can not tell. Nothing is more common than to hear it attributed to the action of a fluid to which the term electric fluid is applied. Now this is delusive. Not only is there no evidence of the existence of such fluid, but modern

electricians are inclined to ignore its existence altogether. True it is that most of the functions of electricity convey the idea of something passing—of something flowing on; but this is no proof of the existence of a specific fluid. Who has not gazed on a field of corn in a windy day, and seen wavelike forms careering over its surface? The waves pass on, but each cornstalk remains where it originally was, and thus philosophers believe it to be with electricity. In other words, they conceive it to be a peculiar motion set up amongst the particles of matter, rather than a specific something contained in matter.

The rapidity with which the electric influence is transmitted through conducting bodies is astounding; but it is a fallacy to say, as is sometimes done, that electricity passes at any definite rate, abstractedly. The fact is, that its velocity of traveling not only differs for every peculiar substance, but for every varying dimensions

(within limits) of that substance. Thus wire may be so small that a charge of electricity will simply melt it without passing through, or the wire may be so much larger than requisite, that the increase of dimensions above the necessary point will not accelerate the passage of electricity. Moreover, the material where-with a conducting body is surrounded modifies the passage of electricity; for example, it will not traverse a subaqueous cable with the same facility that it traverses one surrounded by air. In an experiment performed by Professor Wheatstone—too complex for explanation here—it was found to traverse a copper wire with the amazing velocity of at least four hundred and ninety millions of miles in a second of time! The puny mind of man sinks down powerless before the contemplation of such tremendous figures, and we rise with new wonder and reverence at the mysterious powers which God has set around us.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.—Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice: "1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundred-fold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives present stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides, nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream and bread, thus allowing the

body gradually, and by safe degrees, to regain its usual vigor. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigor not recently known." No reader will require to be advised a second time who will make a trial as above, whilst it is a fact of no unusual observation among intelligent physicians, that eating heartily, and under bodily exhaustion, is not unfrequently the cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden death. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humor and a courteous spirit; and let that member of it be sent from it in disgrace who presumes to mar the ought-to-be blest reunion by sullen silence, or impatient look, or angry tone, or complaining tongue. Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen, you graceless churl, you ungrateful pestilent lout that you are! There was grand and good philosophy in the old-time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner-table.

From the Leisure Hour.

## A S E A - M O N S T E R .

It is related of some savages, in the fifteenth century, that when they for the first time beheld a ship approaching their shores, they imagined it to be an immense animal skimming the surface of the waters, whose wings were represented by its sails, and whose boats they regarded for a time as its offspring. Similar misconceptions have occurred in more recent times. About thirty years ago, for example, the crew of a British ship that had been some years in the South Seas, and was homeward bound within a week's sail of England, witnessed a phenomenon not less astonishing to their apprehension than a ship had proved to that of the simple natives of a remote region. The sensation it excited is not to be easily conceived; but the notice of the occurrence, as recorded in the phraseology of the ship's logbook, may possibly assist the conception. The following is the entry: "At sunset, dead calm; cloudy and hazy; no sail in sight. At 6.30, saw a black spot on the horizon, bearing W.S.W., which we at first supposed to be a vessel more fortunate than ourselves with a breeze; and this seemed the more probable, from its enlarging in bulk as if advancing toward us. At seven o'clock it had increased considerably, but was wholly unlike a vessel in its form, although a good height above the surface of the waters, and we could perceive that its form altered repeatedly. By several of the crew it was thought to be a very large whale, and the variation in its aspect arose from its spouting up water in its gambols upon the surface. Got a gun ready to fire at it, if it should come within range; but we soon found that it was taking an oblique direction across our stern. We could now, with the telescope, distinctly perceive the waters breaking and foaming about it from the impetuous action of its unwieldy body. The whole crew had become greatly excited, from an apprehension that it might turn upon us. Kept the gun pointed at it, ready to

fire, and got another gun loaded. At 7.15 it was broad on our larboard quarter, bearing N.W. by W. It now loomed still larger through the haze of evening, but with as little resemblance to a whale as to a ship; and from the rapidity and peculiarity of its motions, it seemed to partake more of the feathered than of the finny tribe, unable, perhaps, from some cause or other, to sustain a higher flight, whilst the violent action of its wings and feet must have occasioned those frequent bodies of water it cast upward, and which left behind it long streams of spray. Unfortunately, the obscurity of evening deprived us of a distinct view of its general form, but its color appeared to be of an uniform black. At 7.30 it was three points before our larboard beam, pursuing the same direction; and at 7.45 it was wholly obscured from our sight. All hands on board witnessed this extraordinary creature, and were greatly alarmed at its extraordinary bulk and action, its furious velocity, and its frightful aspect during its transit across the calm waters of the Atlantic. Two or three of the men on board were so affected that they went to prayers, fervently testifying their conviction, by repeated asseverations, that the mysterious object could be nothing but some supernatural appearance. Calm all night, keeping a good look-out, but no further appearance of the stranger." To this entry succeed the names of the master and crew.

By the time the ship had arrived in England, the imagination of all on board, growing by what it fed upon, had so worked upon their credulity, that even the captain, endowed probably with a larger share of intelligence and experience than his companions, having never before seen, read, or heard of so prodigious a mass of vitality, had persuaded himself that his name, with the names of his crew, and that of his ship, had established a famous notoriety, which could not fail to be thenceforth associated with a recorded



marvel. An elucidation, however, as surprising as it was unexpected, awaited them on their arrival. The monster had actually been brought into the port at Liverpool, where it was being exhibited. Thousands of persons, men, women, and children, had heard of it, seen it, and become familiar with it, and the inhabitants generally had ceased to regard it with astonishment or special interest; for while the skipper and his crew had been catching whales in the South Seas, its species, its habits, and even its organization, had been duly investigated and popularized; and in the meantime vulgar phraseology, for want of a better term, had named it a *steam-ship*.\*

A few years elapsed. A privateer lay becalmed off the shores of the island of Trinidad. Her sails, drooping from the yards and cringles that sustained them, seemed languishing for a breeze to neutralize the intensity of the glowing heat to which they were exposed. The steersman's vocation was suspended, and the helm left to itself. Some spare sails were extended above the deck, to serve as a temporary awning over the heads of the hybrid crew of half-caste desperadoes, who cared little for sun, moon, or stars, for the welkin above or the depths beneath, and as little for danger in any form, till a breeze should bring it or enable them to seek it. They were promiscuously disposed in listless inaction about the deck, after partaking of a repast which had imposed upon the cook the most arduous duties, and had also stimulated their own bibulous propensities. Some were smoking their cigars, but most of them were dozing away their time. It was a season of general repose. That beautiful island and the opposite shores of the continent were slumbering beneath the pink gauze of an ardent atmosphere, and not a cloud was to be seen in the keen azure above, to cast a shadow upon the bright smooth waters. While Nature was resting, why should not *they* also have a nap? And so they smoked and napped, until at length they were startled to their feet by a sudden exclamation of one of their number, who had been sleepily looking out upon the glassy face of the deep. As their attention was roused, and their

gaze directed seaward, their eye-balls were ready to start from their sockets, while they looked affrightedly upon the swift approach of some incomprehensible monster, which had been stealthily advancing upon them unperceived. All now was confusion: invocations, vociferations, and even imprecations mingled in a general and indescribable hubbub, while all hands were summoned to get one boat over the side, and to drag up another that had been towing astern. Hasty glances only could be given at the demon advancing with such appalling strides—rather, however, to measure its distance than to examine its features. The boats were not sufficient for the whole crew, who were soon rushing headlong over the vessel's side to gain them. A brief conflict ensued among the competitors, the strong against the weak, till both boats hurriedly shoved off, leaving those who were abandoned to seek safety by plunging into the sea, to follow by swimming, or to sink by exhaustion and fright. Every nerve was strained by the rowers in the boats, and every kind of utterance was employed to stimulate them in their purpose. As the distance was short, they soon reached the shore, and with one bound the whole of the living freight reached the strand, and scampered as fast as legs could carry them into the adjacent forest. With the swimmers, hope was now yielding to despair; their ears had caught the fearful sounds emitted by the belching monster, which seemed to convey a fearful presage of their fate, and paralyzed their energies. Still, however, they continued to strike out, as the hissing, whizzing, gurgling, tremulous noise increased. Their nearer approach to the beach encouraged them, and they strove also to animate one another, but all in vain; it was too late; their spirits gave way within them; the wild, confused sounds came louder upon their ears, and they felt that they were already within the monster's grasp, as the first long swell of the agitated waters overtook them, and carried them half senseless upon the sands. The unknown and dreaded object—a *steamer*—had meanwhile whisked past them, and round the bend of the coast, heedless of the abandoned vessel, and of the ignorant terrors which its first appearance in these waters had produced.

Years rolled on, and steam was astonishing the natives of other regions, till one day it penetrated the West-African

\* This was, we believe, the first steam-ship that crossed the Atlantic, and was named the "Fulton," belonging to New-York.

mist on a visit to Sierra Leone. Neither its name nor its distinguished rank appeared as yet in the category of expected or casual arrivals, at a station on that coast, near which the writer then resided. "Ships, "brigs," and "schooners," were alone on the visiting list, as worthy of the honor of a signal from the functionary whose office it was, as they came in sight, to announce them from his *bureau*, on the top of the hill about two miles from town and harbor; whilst the prominence of the spot itself, with the whitewashed lighthouse beneath it, was as significant as a street-door into an entrance-hall, for the guidance of such vessels in a safe approach toward the anchorage. Still, as they necessarily came end foremost to this particular point of the coast, their precise denomination was not always to be readily distinguished; but as a mast, like a tooth, is more easily taken out than put in, the signal-man made it a rule to announce a ship first, and then, if necessary, make her into a brig.

This notable was an eccentric character; he was a strict disciplinarian, had served in the Ashantee war as a private in the African corps, had graduated in West-India regiments till he acquired the dignity of a sergeant, and eventually became entitled to a "good-service pension" of six pence a day, with the honor of still serving the British crown as "captain-general and commander-in-chief," of a signal-post and its et ceteras. He was, nevertheless, strictly speaking, a "*retired* officer." His locality made him so. Here upon the rugged rocky platform of his domicile, hemmed in by high coarse grass intermixed with the prickly cactus and a variety of wild shrubs, Phœbe his wife, a few fowls and his telescope, one single gun and a flag-staff, were the sole ministers to his social enjoyments. Now and then, it is true, a chance visitor came to stop, for the sake of an airing or the beauty of the view, to whom he would show his certificates of service, advert to the origin of the distinction he bore in the army under the soubriquet of "Trump," or particularize the several occasions, during the reign of George III., on which he had shared in honor of firing a "*furious-joy*" on his majesty's birthday.

No wonder that, with the wide ocean as the prescribed sphere of his daily contemplations, his philosophy should have

inclined to the speculative, or that, while scanning the hazy horizon with his glass, or in occasional fits of abstraction, his mind hovered over the small "farms" around the base of the hill, with their yams, and cassada, and corn, and his "broder Africans" at their desultory labor, he should have indulged a good deal in monologue. Hence we can picture him, on the day in question, soliloquizing somewhat in the following fashion:

"No wind, no wind, to-day—him go dead, quite dead; no ship, no brig, no schooner; dat sea him sleep. Berry well. Whew, him warm! Dem fowls, 'em sleep too; eberything sleep. I tink *I* go sleep lilly while. Phœbe!"

Phœbe was engaged in the cooled recesses of the kitchen, but she answered to her name, and subjoined the natural interrogatory:

"Wha' you want?"

"Him no warm to-day?" he continued. There was no difficulty in satisfying such a want.

"I tink so," she replied.

"Dere no wind; I no see noting; eberyting sleep; I go sleep too. 'Spose you eye catch any one come, call me; hearey?"

"Berry well," responded Phœbe.

Still he had been on "guard" so often in his life, that it had become a habit; and that the wind might not catch him napping, he instinctively took another glance at the horizon—*now* to behold *something*!

"Berry odd," he exclaimed, "no see dat biffore!" But he had seen that singular phenomenon in the sky which is called the "bull's-eye cloud," and known to presage a tornado, and it seemed that here it was fallen into the sea in the middle of the dry season. His glass had never materially deceived him, but his suspicion now fell upon it; his hand, too, was not so steady as usual, and he experienced a strange pricking sensation about his cranium as he gazed steadfastly through the tube. It certainly was *warm* and *misty*!

"Berry odd," he repeated, "him move, him move—come dis way, too, I *tink*; no wind dere—sea smooode—no hab sail—no hab mast; dat no ship, no brig, no schooner, berry odd. Phœbe, come here!" And Phœbe came.

"Phœbe," he continued, "you no hearey ob dat island long way up da Melli-

courie riber, dat come down one time, go away into da sea, and den go back again up da riber to da same place?"

We have said that he was very speculative, like most African negroes; and here *might* be such an island taking a trip, with a small community upon it, all smoking their pipes. Phœbe generally affirmed her husband's notions.

"Dis wicked world Phœbe." Phœbe felt uncomfortable, and a little puzzled: so did he.

The object was now more palpable, but he alone had, as yet, regarded it. Phœbe was regarding her husband. "He *must* hab *feber*," she thought, which answers for most complaints in an African's apprehension.

"Phœbe," he repeated, as he withdrew his eye again from the glass, and with a prodigious expansion of the chest to effect the power of utterance: "Phœbe, you eber see da ebil spirit?"

Phœbe thought she had seen him *once* but she "no see him *good*!"

"Look *dere*!" exclaimed Trump, pointing with his glass to the approaching object.

"Yih, yih, yih, yih, oh me!" ejaculated Phœbe; "wha' for you no mek no signal—fire gun?"

"Wha' for mek signal? him no ship! Wha' for fire gun? You tink I fool, mek noise—eh?" responded Trump; and the glass went again to his eye, while poor Phœbe *yih-yihed* with tremulous emotion, as she gazed alternately at the awful-looking nondescript and upon the workings of her husband's countenance. His mouth became the most significant index of intense apprehension, remaining too wide open to respond to Phœbe's repeated questions, till it at length relaxed, first in letting out a groan, and then vociferated: "I see 'em, I se 'em foot—see 'em good; him tear up da water; him mash 'em, mash 'em, mash 'em, all round! See, him come fast; run, Phœbe, run; I neber leabe my post—neber!"

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Phœbe would have remonstrated, but she *yih-yihed* instead most lustily, on beholding at the same moment the people on the little farms beneath, throwing away their hoes and scampering away up the country. Trump saw them too, and involuntarily dropped his glass; but he still faced the enemy, although under the effects of a revulsion within him, which seemed to paralyze him. All his martial exploits crowded in upon his mind, and with them the glory of a soldier's death. "Run, Phœbe run," he still muttered, as he stood transfixed, confronting the perturbed, unwieldy spirit of the waters; but Phœbe was already running, at the imminent rise of her neck, down the declivity. "I *neber* leabe my post," he repeated, and now, indeed, there seemed less need for it; for as his terrors increased, the cause of them became less distinct; his eyes had dilated into a goggle; his mouth had expanded to a prodigious stretch; respiration seemed to have almost ceased; his knees, from the weight of their responsibility, took to working zigzags; and in evidence that the whole of his understanding had settled downwards, his feet at last, with a spring to adjust their load, started off with his body down the rugged and precipitous incline, with such celerity that the achievement continued for some years as a popular condiment with "*Palaver sauce*." Tradition, too, has it, that the fowls were conscious of being left in command of the signal-post; that the cock reared his crest and gave a crow on the occasion, so like the crow of an English cockerel, that it has never been determined, and probably never will, whether it was in compliment to the passing steamer—for such was the monster—or the triumphant retreat of Sergeant Trump.

The substantial accuracy of the foregoing incidents may be relied on, they having come beneath the cognizance of the writer.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE MYTHOLOGY OF FINNLAND.\*

THE recent rise of Finnish literature is probably owing to two causes: one, the fear of the Finlanders lest the result of their separation from Sweden should be complete absorption in the Russian empire; the other, the desire of Russia to counteract in anywise the Swedish tendencies of the educated classes in Finnland, even at the risk of developing the nationality of the purely Finnish element of the population.

However this may be, no Finnlander ever deserved better of his countrymen than Castrén—as philologist, mythologist, and traveler, perhaps the most noticeable man yet produced by the North of Europe. The book whereof we shall now render an account, was the final product of his restless, vehement spirit, and was intended to comprise a course of lectures, to be delivered by him as Professor of the Finnish Language and Literature in the University of Helsingfors. But this design was never completed; and we hardly know a sadder spectacle than he must have presented, reclining, as his editor describes him, on the bed whence he was never to rise, and beating back death until his failing hand had penciled the last lines of the chapter which now concludes his work.

Founded on myths and legends which till lately have been preserved solely by oral tradition, the system of ancient Finnish belief frequently, of course, appears incomplete and contradictory. Possibly if Castrén had lived to finish and revise his book, these defects might have been removed: possibly the discovery of new fragments of archaic poetry may do much towards supplying the deficiencies and reconciling the contradictions to which we have alluded. Till then we shall not attempt to localize the tribes and places

mentioned in the myths of Finnland, to indicate the relation (if any) which they bear to the history of the Finnish people, or dogmatically to rationalize their legends, seeking vainly to find therein embodiments of physical truths or illustrations of ethic principles. We can not condense and utilize these mythic mists and clouds: let us, however, present a sketch of their fantastic forms, as they soar and sweep above and around the reefs and rivers, the pine-forests, lakes, and sandy moors of Finnland.

In so doing we may hope to throw some light on mythology in general. These traditions and legends, too, were believed and are still sung by perhaps the most ancient European tribe: the creed which they illustrate, after a contest of three hundred years, finally succumbed to Christianity as late as the sixteenth century; and our account, however meager, may gratify the enlightened curiosity of those who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the fathers of the bravest soldiers of the Lion Gustavus, the ancestors of the silent, much-enduring people against whose shores we were lately obliged to level our Baltic cannon. But above all, some knowledge of the Finnish myths is a necessary preliminary to the comprehension and enjoyment of the *Kalevala*, the national epic of Finnland, a wild and singular production, which we may hereafter introduce to our readers.

It would seem that in the earliest ages of Finnland, the people worshiped natural objects under their sensible form. The mythopœic period (to use an expression of Professor Max Müller's) appears anticipated, and all beings were persons, all relations actions.\* The sun, the earth, and the sea, for example, were held to be living and sacred beings. And such is still the case with certain Samoyedan tribes akin to the Finlanders. Gradually, however, as their capacity for abstract

\* Castrén's Lectures on the Finnish Mythology, translated from the Swedish by order of the Imperial Academy; with notes, by A. Schiefner. St. Petersburg: Eggers et Comp. London: Williams and Norgate. 1853.

\* *Oxford Essays*. 1856, pp. 11, 32.]



ideas increased, the existence of secret, invisibly working energies was recognized: these were attributed to unseen and superior Persons, who dwelt connected with, but distinct from, the visible entities; and the fundamental idea in Finnish mythology, as *we* have to deal with it, came to be this: that every object in external nature was presided over by an unseen tutelary deity, *haltia*, (plural *haltiat*), genius, or regent. These *haltiat*, like human beings, had bodies and souls; but the minor ones at least were almost formless and immaterial; and their existence was distinct from, and independent of, that of the objects in which they were especially interested. They were all, in fact, immortal, but ranked according to their respective powers, which varied directly as the extent and importance of their several charges. The plebs, among those Finnish deities, occasionally served the gods of the greater houses, who ruled respectively the air, the water, the earth, the forest, etc. Thus Pihlajatar, the goddess of the mountain-ash, though quite as divine as Tapio, the forest-god, was compelled to act as his servant. There is, nevertheless, no doubt that one of the chief peculiarities of this mythology is the absence of interdependence among the deities:

"Every god (says Castrén, a little strongly) how petty soever he may be, operates in his own sphere as a substantial, independent power, or, to speak in the spirit of the runes, as a self-ruling householder. . . . The god of the polar star only governs a quite insignificant spot in the vault of heaven, but on this spot he is his own master or host."

Like the ancient gods of Italy, the Finnish deities are generally represented in pairs. Every god or "host" was probably wedded; they lived in palaces or houses, and were surrounded by families more or less numerous.

Could a people with such anthropomorphic tendencies ever attain to the abstract idea of Divinity? Did the pagan Finns ever recognize the existence of a single Supreme God? Yes; but at a comparatively late period in the development of their mythological system, and possibly under Christian influences. Judging from the Samoyedes and other Finnish tribes remaining in the religious condition from which the Finns proper have long emerged, the primary object of Finnish worship was

the visible heaven; and naturally, for what could sooner awaken the wonder and awe of the northern savage than the sky, with its sun, moon, and stars, its snow, rain, and storms, its lightning, aurora borealis, and, above all, its thunder, which even the Shaman, with his magical powers, confessed himself unable to control? The sky itself was regarded as divine; a personal god of the sky, bearing, as was usual, the name of his dominion, was then conceived of; and, lastly, this being was chosen to represent the idea of Supreme Divinity. The word Jumala is found in the Finnish runes with each of the three significations—the material sky, the sky-god, and the Supreme Being. Its etymology also strongly confirms the foregoing theory.

When this word Jumala was thus elevated to express the abstract idea of Supreme Deity, its former concrete meanings became obsolete, and new vocables had of course to be chosen to express them. The sky was then denoted by *taivas*, the god of the sky by *Ukko*, originally a title of honor applied to any of the gods, and strictly meaning a grandfather, a married man, or an old man, but ultimately appropriated to the god of the sky, as the most eminent of the ordinary Finnish divinities. Hail, ice, snow, and storms were held to be in the hands of Ukko. He ordained the march of the clouds through heaven. For obvious reasons, therefore the Finnish agriculturists sought to secure his favor; and the hero Väinämöinen thus invokes him in the second rune of the *Kalevala*:

"Give us, Ukko, rain from heaven:  
Let the clouds all drip with honey,  
That the corn-ears be uplifted,  
That the standing-corn may rustle!"

In his latter capacity he is called *the Leader of the Clouds, the Shepherd of the Lamb-clouds*. Other titles of his are: *the Ancient One of the Air, the Father of Heaven, the Golden King, the Silvern Ruler of the Air, the God of the Breezes*, etc. As successor to Jumala, he wields the thunderbolts, pashing therewith the mountain-demons, and his voice is the thunder; he is therefore entitled *the Thunderer, the Neighbor of the Thunder-clouds, and He that speaketh through the Clouds*. He was represented as seated on a cloud in the midst of the sky (hence

he was also called *the Navel of Heaven*) and bearing on his back the firmament. He was armed like a noble warrior: his bow was the rainbow, (it is still called *ukon kaari*,) his fiery arrows were of copper, and the lightning was his sword. Like Thor, he wielded a hammer; and, lastly, we find, in a vein of homely symbolism, that his shirt sparkled with fire, his stockings were blue, and his shoes colored.

In the *Kalevala* he occasionally interposes. Thus, when the sun and moon were hidden away in a mountain by the evil Hostess of Pohjola, Ukko, like the Titan Atlas, relinquishes for a time the support of the heavens, strides along the edge of the clouds, and strikes fire from his sword to kindle a new sun and moon. So also, when Lemminkäinen is pursuing the steel-hoofed, fire-breathing horse of Hiisi, the Evil Principle, Ukko, at the prayer of the hero, checks the speed of the courser by opening the windows of heaven, and showering on him flakes of ice and hailstones of iron. He generally, however, seems to prefer encouraging a spirit of self-reliance in his worshipers; and we find him, accordingly, vainly invoked to aid the mystic Daughter of the Breezes in bringing forth Væinämöinen, who had lain in her womb seven hundred years; to staunch an axe-wound in the same hero's knee; to guide with his sword of fire a warrior's boat down a roaring cataract.

With all his power, Ukko was by no means the suzerain of the sun, the moon, and the other heavenly bodies that abode within his dominions; they dwelt apart, and uninfluenced by him; and, though originally worshiped in their material forms, had soon special deities of their own, called, like Scottish lairds, by the names of the estates with which they were respectively connected. Pæivæ thus came to mean both sun and sun-god; Kuu, moon and moon-god; Tæhti and Ottáva designated the polar star and the Great Bear, as well as the respective deities of these bodies. These gods were represented as dwelling in glorious palaces, and as all of the male sex. The *Kanteletar* (a collection of Finnish popular songs) contains an account of the expedition made to earth by the sun, moon, and polar star, to win the hand of Suometar, a beautiful virgin, egg-born, like Helen. The steady star was the successful lover. The sun and moon, however, had each a

consort, a son and a daughter. Pæivæ, indeed, had two sons, one of whom comes to aid Væinämöinen in the destruction of a mystic fish with a knife, "silver-edged and golden-handled," which the sun-god flings him from the clouds. Pæivæ's other son was Panu, "scion of beloved Day-time," the god of fire; and Castrén therefore thinks it probable that the ancient Finns regarded earthly fire as an emanation from the sun, or, as the runes would say, "a child of the sun-mother."

The daughters of the sun, moon, polar-star, etc., are represented as young and lovely maidens, seated sometimes on the border of a red shimmering cloud, sometimes upon a rainbow, sometimes at the edge of a leafy forest. They were surpassingly skillful in weaving, the ascription of which accomplishment was probably suggested by the resemblance borne by rays of light to the warp of a web.

As might be expected in such a climate, the gods of the sun, moon, and stars are represented as serene and noble beings, holding all the beauty of earth in fee, and generally willing to share with mankind the knowledge of mundane matters which their lofty position and penetrating rays have procured them. So in one of the last episodes of the *Kalevala*, evidently produced under semi-Christian influences, when the marvelous child mysteriously disappears from the knee of his virgin-mother Marjatta, and she successively invokes the stars, the moon, and the sun for information as to her "dear golden apple," "her beloved little silver-staff:"

"Wisely then the Sun gave answer:

'Well I know thy child beloved:

It was he alone who made me,  
Let me rush in gold through heaven,  
Let me beam in silvern splendor  
All the lovely days of summer.

Yea, I saw thy Son beloved,  
Him, thy babe, O thou Unhappy!  
There he stands, thy son so little,  
In the marsh up to his girdle,  
To his arms within the heather.'

The sun's career of gentle beneficence is seldom varied. Once, when the mother of the murdered hero, Lemminkäinen, was, like King Æetes, raking together the fragments of her son's body from the river of Tuoni, (the god of the underworld,) and feared that the shadowy beings on the banks might resent her intrusion, the sun-god, yielding to her entrea-

ties, caused the Shades to fall asleep in the strength of his beams. Far-darting Phœbus Apollo would have taken their shadowy lives if he could have got to Erebus. The legend is remarkable, as showing that the Finns believed that even the abode of the dead could be reached by the blissful rays of heaven.

Another heavenly being is Koit, the dawn and the deity thereof. Nothing concerning this deity is contained in the purely Finnish traditions; among those of Esthonia, however, we find the following graceful myth, evidently physical, and suggested by the length of the northern summer solstice.

In this myth the sun is represented as a lamp illuminating the hall of Vanna Issa, (the Esthonian Supreme Deity,) and intrusted by him to the care of two immortal servants, a youth and a maiden.

"To the maiden who is called *Æmmarik*, (*Evening-Twilight*), the ancient Father saith: 'My daughter, unto thee I intrust the sun; extinguish him, and hide away the fire that no damage may ensue.' Then to Koit, (*Dawn*): 'My son, it is thy duty to rekindle the light for a new course.' On no day is the light absent from the arch of heaven: in winter he resteth a great while, but in summer-time his repose is short, and *Æmmarik* gives up the dying light into the very hands of Koit, who straightway kindles it into new life. At such times they each take one look deep into the other's dark-brown eyes, they press each other's hands, and their lips touch. The Ancient Father beholds them, and saith: 'Be happy as man and wife.' But they answer: 'Father, destroy not our delight, let us forever remain bride and bridegroom, so shall our love be always young and new.' Once a year only, for the space of four weeks, they come together at midnight. Then *Twilight* layeth the dying light into the hands of *Dawn*, and a pressure of hands and a kiss make them happy. And the cheeks of *Twilight* redden, and their rosy redness is mirrored in the sky till *Dawn* rekindles the light. If *Twilight* delay overmuch, the nightingale calls to her banteringly: 'Thou lazy maiden, the night is too long!'"

The other deities of the air may be soon described. Among them were the *Luonnotars*, mystic maidens, three of whom were created by the rubbing of *Ukko's* hands on his left knee-cap. These became the "mothers" of iron, as related in the following curious fragment:

"Faltering they began their journey,  
From the cloud-rim stepping downward.

And their bounteous breasts were swollen,  
So that all their nipples pained them.  
Then on earth their milk down-pouring,  
Flowed the fullness of their bosoms,  
Through the earth and through the marshes,  
Ay, and through the drowsy billows.

Black the milk that one produceth,  
She, the eldest of the Virgins:  
White the milk the second spilleth,  
She that was the next begotten:  
Red the milk the last outpoureth,  
She the youngest of the maidens.

Wheresoe'er the black milk trickled  
There soft iron sprang to being;  
Where the white milk came down-pouring,  
There was hardened steel created;  
Where the red milk ran in rivers,  
There did brittle iron follow."

*Kalevala*, rune ix. 47-67.

Dwelling in the highest regions of the sky, *Utar* presides over fogs and mists. She passes the finer descriptions of fog through a sieve before sending them down on the world. There is also a goddess of the wind, and a special goddess, *Suutar*, (from *suve*, summer, south,) of the south wind. She is described as a gentle, benevolent deity, healing the sick with honey, which she drops from the clouds, keeping watch over the herds, etc.

Next to air, water was the element most revered by the ancient Finlanders and the tribes akin to them:

"It could hardly be otherwise, (says *Castrén*), for so soon as the soul of the savage began to suspect that the godlike is spiritual, supersensual, then, even though he continues to yield reverence to matter, he in general values this the more highly the less compact it is, the more ethereal. . . . He sees on the one hand how easy it is to lose his life on the roaring waves, and on the other, he remembers that from these same waves he derives the gifts that form a means of prolonging his existence."

Accordingly, the map of Finland is still full of names like *Pyhäjärvi* (holy lake) and *Pyhäjoki*, (holy river.) The *Votyaks*, a Finnish tribe, still offer a goat or a cock to the water; the *Ugrian Ostyaks* and many *Samoyedan* clans still bring a reindeer to the river *Ob*, which they hold in high honor. In Esthonia, too, there is a brook, *Vöhhanda*, so sacred that till lately no one dared to fell a tree or break a twig in its vicinity, such sacrilege being avenged by death within the year. Storms arose if any impurity was allowed to enter the brook, and a mill which an unbelieving and speculative German had

built so as to pollute the stream, was burnt down by the zealous guardians of its honor. We are even told that not only animals, but children, were offered to it. The Esthonians also revered the lake Eim, concerning which Fr. Thiersch relates the following legend :

"Savage, evil men dwelt by its borders. They neither mowed the meadow which it watered, nor sowed the fields that it made fruitful, but robbed and murdered, insomuch that its clear waves grew dark with the blood of the slaughtered men. Then did the lake mourn, and one evening it called together all its fishes, *and rose aloft with them into the air*. When the robbers heard the sound, they exclaimed : 'Eim hath arisen: let us gather its fishes and treasures.' But the fishes had departed with the lake, and nothing was found on the bottom but snakes and lizards and toads. And Eim rose higher and higher, and hastened through the air like a white cloud. And the hunters in the forest said, 'What bad weather is coming on!'—the herdsmen : 'What a white swan is flying above there!' *For the whole night the lake hovered among the stars*, and in the morning the reapers beheld it sinking. And from the swan grew a white ship, and from the ship a dark train of clouds ; and a voice came from the waters : 'Get thee hence with thy harvest, for I will dwell beside thee.' Then they bade the lake welcome, if it would only bedew their fields and meadows ; and it sank down and spread itself out in its home to the full limits. And they set the bed in order, and built dams, and planted young trees on the bank to cool the waters. Then the lake made all the neighborhood fruitful, and the fields became green, and the people danced around it, so that the old man grew joyous as a youth."

In Finland the water-god was Ahti, or Ahto, on the etymology of which name the Finnish language throws no light : Castrén, however, compares it with the Sanskrit *ahis*, lake, and the Old-Norse *ahi*, the world-surrounding serpent, that is, the sea, (*ægir*, Lat. *æquor*.) Like other Finnish deities, he is represented as an aged venerable man ; but he wears a robe of foam, and is bearded with grass like a Roman river-god. This Water-host, or Wave-king, as he is called, dwells with his stern and aged spouse, Vellamo, at the bottom of the sea, in a chasm called Salmon-rock or Fish-court, where his palace Ahtola is built. He possesses (besides the fishes, his *peculium*) an untold treasure, which he has acquired in consequence of fragments of the mystical, luck-bringing Sampo having been sunk in the sea by the Hostess of Pohjola. Although greedy for

the goods of others, and seldom returning any portion of what falls into his hands, he is by no means incapable of generosity. He receives the drowned with hearty kindness, and once, when a herd-boy was chipping wood on a river-bank, and his knife fell into the water, Ahti (like the god in the Æsopian fable of Mercury and the Woodman)—

"Moved by his weeping over the mischance that had befallen him, came swimming to shore, dived down to the bed of the river, and brought up from thence a golden knife. Full of honest innocence, the boy assured the god that *that* knife did not belong to him. Then Ahti dived down a second time, and brought up a silver knife, and when the boy refused to take this also, Ahti betook himself a third time to the river-bed and brought from thence the right knife, which the boy gladly recognized as his own. To reward the child for his upright dealing, Ahti gave him the three knives."

The other water-gods appear in the rivers under the general names of Ahtolaiset, (inhabitants of Ahtola,) "Water-people," "Vellamo's eternal people," etc. They are sometimes mentioned as the children, sometimes as the subjects, of Ahti and Vellamo. They did not confine themselves to the sea, but were met with in lakes, rivers, fountains, and streams. Some had special names: as Aallotar, (*wave-goddess*), Koskenneti, (*waterfall-maiden*), Melatar, (*rudder-goddess*), etc. We find nothing noteworthy concerning any of them except Pikku Mies (*the little man*), who once when the human race was deprived of sunshine by the branches of a colossal tree brought forth by the earth in her primal rankness, yielded to the prayers of the hero Väinämöinen, and came forth from the sea with a copper axe in his girdle, gradually gained Titanic bulk and height, and felled the tree at his third stroke. They were in general kindly and helpful ; some, however, such as Turso and Vetchinen, used their power for annoyance and destruction. These names are remarkable as indicating that the Finnish system of belief was to some extent influenced by the mythologies of the neighboring populations—Turso being clearly cognate with the Scandinavian *thurs*, (as in *Hirmthursar*, the evil *rime-giants*), while Vetchinen (from *vesi* water) is the water-demon, called by the slaves Vodennoi. The Scandinavian Neck, concerning whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has



sung so exquisite a ballad, also appears in Finnland, under the name of Nækki, and with the peculiarity of having iron teeth—a mythological expression of a current's edacious and enduring powers.

The earth was doubtless originally regarded by the Finns as a god-like being, and then endowed with a personal deity represented as a gracious mother bestowing existence and nurture on man and other living creatures. We find accordingly the two appellations: Maa-emæ (mother-earth) applied to the maternal earth, and Maan-emo, (mother of the earth,) given to the Finnish Demeter. She is a powerful goddess, and when duly invoked, ever willing to aid the weak and helpless. According to some mythologists, she is espoused to Ukko, the sky-god, who blesses her children with rain and warmth; and she cares for the fertility of females as well as for that of fields. It is unnecessary to particularize the minor terrene deities who respectively govern trees, hemp, flax, rye, etc. One alone is mentioned in the *Kalevala*, Virokannas, the aged, who leaves for a time his presidency over oats in order to baptize the Virgin's infant. Little attention seems to have been paid to these agricultural deities, the Finns, with their cold climate and barren soil, naturally neglecting cultivation for hunting, fishing, and cattle-breeding. But the gods of the forests were held in high veneration. Their chief was Tapio, the watchful, "the forest-friend"—*benignus ac facetus* like the Roman Faunus. He is described as a tall slender old man, wearing a dark brown beard, a high-crowned hat of fir leaves, and a coat of tree-moss. His spouse was Mielikki, (*gracious*), "the forest hostess," "the honey-rich mother of the forest." Success in hunting was considered in Finnland, as well as in Greece, to depend on the favor of the wood-gods. Our readers may remember the allusion in Theocritus to the pelting and tearing and nettle-stings inflicted on Pan by the unsuccessful Arcadian sportsman. The Finnish system was more refined and perhaps equally effectual. If the hunters had been fortunate, Mielikki was described in their songs as gentle and beautiful,

"Fine her shift, and soft her kirtle,  
With her lovely locks all golden;"

having her hands glittering with golden

ornaments, wearing garlands, hair-bands, ear-rings, all of gold, with pearls on her eyebrows, and blue stockings and red shoe-strings on her feet. But if the bag were empty, it was asserted that the goddess was a hateful and hideous being, clothed in rags and shod with grass.

She keeps the keys of the treasury in Tapiola, her husband's habitation, and her chest of liquid honey (the food of all the forest deities) stands on a golden hillock in a glade. The tired hunter often prays for a drink from this chest. With her husband, children, and servants, she watches over the wild beasts and herds of cattle. These wood deities are invariably represented as mild and gentle-hearted, doubtless because they were all females with the exceptions of Tapio, and his son Nyyrikki, a stately youth, who employs himself in building bridges over the morasses, through which the cattle would otherwise have to struggle on the road to the summer pastures, and in cutting guide-marks on the forest trees, lest hunters should lose their way among the woods and mountains. This latter occupation is also carried on by the little Sima-Suu (*Honeymouth*), one of Tapio's maidens, who plays besides on Sima-pilli, (*Honeyflute*;) and in one of the runes is implored by a hunter to waken Mielikki with her music, that the goddess might listen to his prayers for success.

The forest-demons are few in number, but strong in wickedness. Their chief, Hiisi, is the Finnish Devil. He closely resembles the Samoyedan Parnó,

"An evil being, who dwells [like the Italian Orco] deep in the forest and pursues men. He has only three fingers on each hand; but his fingers are furnished with sharp nails, wherewith he rends those who fall into his power. He devours all his offerings, and has neither tent, reindeer, nor clothes. He always travels on foot, and is a swift runner. He has no wife, but some true comrades, who always associate with him."

Hiisi was brought into the world along with Sycejætær, from whose spittle he formed the snake, and is described as immeasurably strong and horrible. He sends the sorest pains and diseases that afflict mortals, and generally assists in all the evil that is done throughout the world. He is frequently identified, with Juntas (Judas?), Piru, (perhaps the old Slavonic Perun, the thunder-god,) and Lempo, a

purely Finnish word, originally allotted to the representative of evil in its most comprehensive meaning. His name has in modern times been employed to express the Christian hell, just as Hades ultimately became a synonym for Erebus.

Turning from the external world to man himself, we meet with some gods whose energies find a field only within the sphere of human existence.

"These deities, however, (says Castrén,) have no dealing with the higher, spiritual, supersensual nature of man. All that they do concerns man solely as an object in nature. Wisdom and law, virtue and justice, find in the Finnish mythology no protector among the gods, who trouble themselves only about the temporal wants of humanity."

The goddess of love was Sukkamieli, which name literally means stocking-lover:

"Stockings (says Castrén, with amusing gravity) are soft and tender things, and the goddess of love was so called because she interests herself in the softest and tenderest feelings of the heart."

This conception is, however, as modern as it is puerile; the ancient Finns' love-deity was Lempo, whom we have already mentioned as identical with the spirit of evil; and their selection of him was doubtless due to their way of looking on love as a wild suffering, which bordered on madness, and was excited some how by an evil enchanter. Sleep Uni, was, as might be expected, personified as a friendly and gentle deity. The lazy Untamo was the god of dreams. Munnu cured diseases of the eye; Lemmas, a female deity, healed wounds and assuaged their pain. The most singular of this group was Suonetar, who occupied herself in spinning veins and sinews wherewith she supplied such of her worshipers as stood in need of her surgical aid. Other deities connected with human requirements were the Sinettäret and Kankahattaret, the goddesses, respectively, of dyeing and weaving. Matka-Teppo (journey-Stephen) was the road-god, and Aarni the guardian of hidden treasure. This employment was also pursued by a being called Mammelainen, whom Renwall, the Finnish lexicographer, describes as "*femina maligna, matrix serpentis, divitiarum subterraneorum custos.*" Hence it ap-

pears that the idea of a connection between hoards and serpents, so frequent in the myths of the Slaves and Germans, is by no means alien to the popular mind in Finnland.

In nowise are the inconsistencies of man's practice with his theories more curiously shown than in the customs existing among those Finnish tribes who disbelieve in a future state, and nevertheless perform various ceremonies—such as placing in or upon the graves of the deceased food and clothing, axes, knives, kettles, flint and steel, sledges, and spears, which evidence their practical recognition of some form of life beyond the tomb. Some Finnish tribes—such as the Lapps, incapable, like all savages, of complete abstraction from the material—believe that the spirits of the dead are furnished with new bodies strong as those which they have animated upon earth; while others consider ghosts as invisible to all but the Shamans, as immaterial to a certain extent, (not so much so as to enable them to dispense with nourishment,) and either as abiding in the grave or the kingdom of the dead, or else as wandering through the darkness and storms of night, and giving signs of their presence in the howling of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the crackling of fire, etc. All the tribes, however, agree in considering the dead hostile to the living, in regarding them with terror, and in adopting measures to prevent their return to earth—such as casting red-hot stones behind their coffins, surrounding their graves with palings, making them bribe-offerings, or, finally, invoking the aid of Shamanism.

The ancient Finns, however, like the Greeks and Norsemen, were used occasionally to crave help and counsel from the dead. Thus, when Væinämöinen needed three magic words in order to complete the boat in which he was to sail to the Virgin of Pohjola's, he betook himself to the grave of the songful giant, Vi-pünen, roused him from his death-sleep, and received the necessary information. And still the Shaman, when he falls into his trance, is believed to wander through the subterranean regions, gaining wisdom and strength from his converse with the departed.

The earliest notion of the Finlanders with regard to the dead was that they spent their shadowy existence in their graves, over which the god *Kalma*

(corpse-smell) presided, with his evil daughter, who gave the serpent its poisonous gums. Not till long after were the dead conceived to inhabit Tuonéla, or Manála, a subterranean kingdom, ruled by Tuóni. So in the ancient Latin cosmology there was, according to Mr. Keightley, no place answering to the Hellenic Erebus. Travelers to Manála must voyage over nine seas and a half, as well as one river, of great vehemence, which contains seething whirlpools and a perilous waterfall.

Like the Scandinavian Helheim, Tuonela was deemed analogous to the upper world. The sun shone there: land and water, forest and field, gave shelter to bears, pikes, wolves, and snakes. But the forests were gloomy, the waters black: from the grains produced by the corn-fields, the serpent, or the so-called Tuoni-worm, had taken its teeth. The ruler of this region is an unyielding and merciless old man, with three fingers, and a hat hanging down on his shoulders. Like Hades, as originally conceived, Tuóni is described as being himself the leader of the dead to the under-world, as well as their guardian and governor. In the latter capacities he is aided by his wife, a hag with hooked, iron-pointed fingers and a distorted chin, and called in the runes, ironically, *hyvæ emæntæ*, (*the good hostess*), the customary food of her guests being frogs and serpents. Tuonen poika, "the red-cheeked," as he is called from his blood-thirstiness, is the son and assistant of this hateful pair. They had also three daughters, the first of whom, though wicked, black, and small, is memorable as having *once* exhibited kindly feeling, when she vainly advised Væinämöinen to give up his expedition to the under-world, and not to brave her father's wrath. Charon-like, she ferried the hero across the river of Tuonela. The black and eyeless Loviatar, the second daughter, is described as still more hateful. Impregnated by the wind, she brought forth the spirits of our nine most fatal ailments, plague, consumption, etc. The third daughter is the goddess of diseases.\* Where three arms of the hell-river meet, a rock uprises, called Kipukivi, or Kipu-vuori, beneath which the

spirits of all diseases are imprisoned. The goddess sits on the rock, whirls it round like a millstone, and grinds her subjects until they escape and go forth to torture mortals—a singular myth, the creator of which was, perhaps, actuated by a certain analogy between the fineness of flour-dust and the subtle nature of morbid influences.

The idea of a system of future rewards and punishments seems never to have occurred to the purely Pagan Finns; and the tone of the exhortation delivered by Væinämöinen, on returning from the expedition above referred to, is doubtless due to the introduction of Christianity:

"In the course of your existence  
Deal not ill, O sons of mortals,  
With the men whose souls are sinless;  
Leave the innocent unharmed.  
Evil are the wages paid one  
In the household of Tuóni.  
*There* is set the couch of sinners;  
*There* the bed of evil-doers;  
Under stones that burn forever,  
Under blocks of glowing granite,  
With a coverlet of serpents,  
Of Tuóni's swarthy reptiles."

Besides the gods and goddesses, there were various spiritual beings in whom the Finns believed. The Haltiat we have already mentioned as the powers presiding over all objects in nature. The Tonttu was a good-natured, one-eyed brownie, or house-spirit. He was held in high honor, and offerings of broth were made to him every morning. Putting a mare's collar on your neck, and walking nine times round the church, was a sure mode of attracting one to your house. They evidently came originally from Sweden, where the *tomte i gården* is still believed in. The Para also originated in the Swedish Bjæran, or Bare, a magical three-legged being, manufactured in various ways, and which, says Castrén, attained life and motion when its possessor, cutting the little finger of his left hand, let three drops of blood fall on it, at the same time pronouncing the proper spell. The owner of this being, by fair means or foul, had had always abundance of milk and cheese. The Maahiset (*maa*, *earth*) are the dwarfs of Finland. They dwell in the earth, under trees, stones, and thresholds. Though infinitely small, and invisible to ordinary mortals, they possess human forms. Their tempers are irritable, and

\* The Finns regarded almost all diseases as evil spirits: some were formless, others had the shapes of animals, (for example, worms,) the nine, however, had the forms of men.



they punish with pimples, ringworm, and other skin diseases, those who neglect them at bakings, brewings, and entertainments; who enter new houses without bowing to the four corners, and paying other attentions to the subterranean inhabitants; or who in any wise happen to pollute their habitations. The *Kirkon-wæki* (*church-folk*) are little misshapen beings, who dwell in churches under the altars. When their wives are in labor, they richly reward any female Christian who comes and relieves the sufferers by laying her hand upon them.

Various beasts and birds were held sacred by the Finns. We find traces of the arctolatry, or bear-worship, once so widely diffused through the north. Ohto, the bear, was born near the sun and moon, on the shoulders of Otáva, and nursed by the goddess of the forest in a cradle slung by a band of gold to the branch of a budding fir-tree. His nurse refused to give him teeth until she received his promise to abstain from acts of violence. Ohto, as is well known, frequently breaks this promise, and the Finnish hunters have accordingly been able to reconcile their consciences to his destruction. He is called *the Apple of the Forest, the beautiful Honey-claw, the Pride of the Thicket*, etc. Swift dogs were the offspring of the West wind (Ahava) by Penitar, (*she-whelp*), a blind woman in Pohjola, just as Achilles' horses, Xanthos and Balios, sprung from Zephyros and the harpy Podarge. As to birds, the eagle according to some traditions, the wild duck according to others, took part in the creation of the world. The North-wind, Puhuri, the father of Pakkanen, (*frost*), sometimes, like the Edæic giant, Hræsvelgr, was imaged as an eagle. The cuckoo, also, is held to have fertilized the earth by his song. The didapper is deemed sacred, because it foresees and proclaims the approach of rain. The milky way is called linnunrata, *bird-way*, probably from some legend, like those of the Swedes and Slaves, in which liberated souls assume the forms of gray or snowy dovelets. Among insects, the bees—the loyal *Musarum volucres*, gathering honey, the ἡδεῖα ἐδώδη of the gods, from flowers and trees, as poets gain thought from all things fair and high—were of course regarded as sacred.\* The

butterfly (Ukon koirra, *Ukko's dog*) seems appropriated to the ruler of heaven. We may observe that the Bretons, not irreverently, call butterflies *feathers from the wings of God*.

In the department of inanimate nature, certain mountains, rocks, lakes, rivers, and springs were held especially holy. Among trees, too, we find the oak—the ὄρνυς ὑψίκομος Διός—called in the *Kalevala* puu jumalan, *God's tree*. The mountain-ash, or rowan tree, (*esculus Jovi sacra*), is also, even at the present day, regarded with reverence, and peasants plant it gladly by their dwellings.\* The sacred trees of Finland, like many excellent persons among ourselves, were by no means insensible to the pleasure of witnessing the misfortunes of those who become skeptical as to their divine qualities; and it was with full appreciation of this truth that the Pagan Tavastlanders, (as we find from a bull of Gregory IX.,) martyred certain of their countrymen who had become converts to Christianity, by hunting them to death round the trees aforesaid.

Having now touched on all that the Finns held spiritual or sacred, we come to consider their giants. Respecting these we find nothing in Castrén's work, and the following notices are gleaned from Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*. The giants of Finland, he observes, are distinguished by their cunning and ferocity from the stupid, good-natured monsters of Germany and Scandinavia. Soini, for example, (who seems to be the same as Kullervo, the hero of the mournfullest episode of the *Kalevala*),

“when three days old, tore his swaddling-cloth asunder. Sold to a Karelian smith, he was told to wait on a child; but he tore its eyes out, killed it, and burnt the cradle. His master then ordered him to fence the fields in; but he took entire firs and pine trees, and interwove them with serpents. He had then to tend the herds:

tion is perhaps the most remarkable: “The origin of bees is from Paradise, and on account of the sin of man they came from thence, and God conferred his blessing upon them; and therefore the mass cannot be sung without the wax.”—*The Gwentian Code*, xxvii., *Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales*, 1841.

\* Virgil has:

“Æsculus in primis, quæ quantum vertice ad auras  
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.”

In the west of Ireland branches of the mountain-ash are sometimes tied round churns, to keep the butter from being witched away.

\* We find traces of this reverence for bees in the popular creeds of various nations. The Welsh tradi-



the mistress of the house, however, baked a stone in his bread, [there is a similar incident in an Irish legend,] whereupon Soini was so wrathful that he brought the bears and wolves there, who tore her leg and destroyed the herds."

There is something almost touching in this old giantess' recognition of the certain triumph of mind over the mere size and strength of her kindred:

"A giant-maiden took up in her lap a horse, plowman, and plow. She brought them to her mother and asked: 'Mother, *what sort of a character can this be*, which I found rooting in the earth?' The mother said: 'Take it away, my child; we must leave this land, and they will dwell here.'"

We have still to describe the Finnish heroes: this will be more fully done when we analyze the *Kalevala*, which is principally occupied with their achievements. We have also to exhibit the Finnish cosmogony. This we have deferred till now, inasmuch as some traditions assert that the world was entirely created by the heroes, and all agree that these mythic personages had much to do with its completeness and beauty.

In general, nations, like men, have had their golden age, to which, on attaining a certain maturity, they look back with pride and longing. We all have been in the land which Poussin thought of when he carved *Et in Arcadiâ ego* upon his shepherd's tomb; we all have exulted in the remembrance of that "wild freshness of morning," for which an Irish singer yearned. And so the Finnish tribes, whether on the barren steppes of Siberia or among the moors and morasses of Suomi, take delight in repeating runes about *their* golden age, when the mill-grist was gold, the oaks dripped honey, and the rivers flowed with milk; when sickness and famine were unknown; when all men were God-fearing and pure, wise, large, (like Hercules and Sigurdr,) strong and prosperous. Then lived the heroes who have now quite disappeared from the world. They ranked between gods and men, and gained their glory not only by their valor and warlike deeds, but also by their wisdom, their magical power, their skill in song, and their dexterity in smiths' work and other handicrafts. The women, too, of this race excelled in strength and bravery.

As to the origin of these heroes, the

Esthonians consider white within it Supreme Deity, begoon in heaven: tion of the world, and is clearness Father in his heavenly L heaven: Proper, however, regard rkness and Ilmarinen, their princip ng: the offspring of a celestial vi Ilmatar, impregnated by the win air, (*ilma*,) light, and water were t non-spiritual existences. And now, as Esthonian and Finnish cosmogonic myt. are mutually illustrative, we shall quote them both, and first the Esthonian:

"Vanna issa [the Supreme Being] abode in his lofty heaven: the holy sun was splendid in his hall. He had created the heroes in order to avail himself of their counsel, their art, and their strength. The eldest among them was Vannemuine, (Væinæmöinen.) God had created him old, with gray hair and beard, and had endowed him with the wisdom of age; but his heart was young, and he possessed the gift of poetry and song. Vanna issa availed himself of the hero's wise advice, and when cares darkened his brow, Vannemuine played before him on his wondrous harp, and sang him his delightful songs. The second hero was Ilmarine, in the prime of life and manly strength, with wisdom on his forehead and meditation in his eyes. To him the gift of art was given. The third was Læmmeküne, [the Finnish Lemminkäinen,] a sprightly youth, full of freaks, ever joyous, and disposed to all manner of wantonness. Others, like Vibboane, the strong archer, are less noteworthy. All, however, regarded themselves as brothers, and the Ancient Father called them his children. Their abode was Kalleve.

"Now the Ancient Father rose up before the heroes, and said: 'In my wisdom have I determined to create the world.' The heroes were surprised, and looked up at him, and said: 'What thou in thy wisdom hast determined, can not be evil.' And whilst they slept, he made the world; and when they awoke, they rubbed their eyes and were astonished at the work. But the Ancient Father was wearied with the toil of creating the world, and he laid himself down to rest. Then Ilmarine took a piece of his best steel, and hammered it out into a vault, and strained this like a tent over the earth,† and nailed thereon the silver stars and

\* We now see the contradictions in which we should be involved were we to hold with some authors that the heroes were the sons of a giant Kaleva. Their abode, Kalevala, simply means Hero-home, and is derived from *kaleva*, heroic, cognate with the Turkish *alep*, hero.

† So in the *Kalevala*, Ilmarinen is said to have forged the heavenly vault, "the roof of the breezes," so well that neither trace of tongs nor mark of hammer was perceptible thereon. This, however, as Castrén suggests, is probably only a rhetorical mode of expressing the hero's great skillfulness.

they punish with pimples  
other skin diseases,  
them at bakings, bro  
ments; who ente  
bowing to the  
other attentiv  
habitants; *Väinämöinen*  
pollute the  
wæki  
being the only  
all the

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coasts, and then will I create men who shall rule the world; but man I will make feeble, so that he may not boast of his strength. And ye shall befriend mankind, and mingle with them, so that a race may arise that shall not so easily succumb to evil; for Evil I must not and can not destroy, because it is the measure and goad of Good."

The cosmogonic myth of the Finns Proper is less Hebraic, more obscure, and evidently much older. The notion of a mundane egg, with its power of self-development, which we had hitherto conceived peculiar to the Hindu, Chinese, Persian, and Phœnician systems,\* has been lost by all the Ugrian tribes, except the Esthonians and the Finns. No trace thereof is discoverable among the neighboring Slavonic and Scandinavian populations; and the myth may fairly be deemed a relic of the earliest Asiatic life of the Ugrian races. It is contained in the first rune of the *Kalevala* (2d ed., Schiefner's translation, vv. 103-288,) and to this effect:

"Often have I heard them saying,  
Oft in song I've heard them chanting:  
*Singly draw the nights anear us;  
Singly dawn the days upon us;  
Singly too was Väinämöinen,  
Speaker, he, of spells forever,  
Born of her that was his mother,  
Her the Daughter of the Breezes.  
Virgin was the Breezes' Daughter,*

\* The North-American Indians in their picture-writing, represented the Great Spirit "as an egg, with points projecting To the four winds of the heavens." See Mr. Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*, which poem seems to have derived style as well as meter from the German or Swedish translation of the *Kalevala*.

She, fair Daughter of Creation.  
Long she bore her lone existence,  
All the time her life unwedded,  
In the long abode of breezes,  
On the level-beaten regions.

There her life was very lonely,  
Void of pleasantness her being,  
Evermore alone to tarry,  
Thus in maidenhood to dwell there,  
In the long abode of breezes,  
In the far-spread desolation.

Downward then the maiden floated,  
Sank upon the waves of water,  
On the ridges clear of ocean,  
In the desert far-extended.

When a storm-wind 'gan to gather,  
fiercely from the east a tempest,  
rove the deep to savage foaming,  
o that madly leapt the billows.

Then the sea-wind rocked the maiden:  
With her played the ocean-billow,  
On the azure water-ridges,  
On the snowy-wreathed brine-floods;  
And the storm-wind *blew* her pregnant,  
And the ocean gave her fullness.

Then the hardness of her body,  
And her pregnancy and sorrow,  
Seven hundred years she suffered;  
Suffered ages nine of mortals—  
Still the child unborn remaineth,  
Forth to light she can not bring him.

As the Mother of the Waters  
To the east and west she swimmeth,  
Northward now and now to southward,  
Ay, to all the sides of heaven,  
Anguished by the storm-wind's offspring,  
By her body's sore affliction:  
Still the babe unborn remaineth,  
Forth to light she can not bring him.

Softly then to weep beginning,  
Mournful words the maiden speaketh:  
'Woe is me so evil-fated!  
Woe is me that I have wandered!  
What a waste is here around me!  
Ah! that from the air I wended!  
That the storm-wind here should rock me,  
That the billow should caress me,  
On the wide-spread ways of water,  
On the far extended brine-floods!  
It were better were I only  
Still the Virgin of the Breezes,  
Than to reign in *these* strange regions  
As the Mother of the Waters.  
Very painful here is motion,  
Here my life is cold and dreary,  
Thus to bide within the billows,  
In the waters thus to wander!

'Ukko, thou, the god above me,  
Bearer, thou, of all the heavens!  
Hither come, for thou art needed,  
Hither come, for now I call thee!  
Take the maiden from her torment,  
From her sorrow free the virgin!  
Come forthwith, and hasten hither,  
Hither where thy love is longed for!

Little time had gone forever,  
Scarce had flown away a moment,

Lo! a wild-duck hastened thither,  
Thither flew the beauteous birdie,  
Seeking for her nest a station,  
Seeking where to fix her dwelling.

East she went, and then to westward;  
Northwards now she flies, and southwards:  
No such place can *she* discover,  
Not the very vilest station  
Where her nest may be upbuilded,  
And her homestead be established.  
Flying slowly, gazing round her,  
Then she pondered and considered:  
'If I have my house in storm-wind,  
If my dwelling be on brine-floods,  
Soon the blast will break my dwelling,  
Fast and far the waves will bear it.'

Then the Mother of the Ocean,  
She, fair Daughter of the Breezes,  
Raised her knees from out the billows,  
Raised her shoulders from the brine-flood,  
Where the bird a nest might build her,  
Where she might remain in quiet.

Then the beautiful bird, the wild-duck,  
Sailing slowly, gazing round her,  
Sees the Water-mother's knee-cap  
On the azure ocean-ridges:  
Takes it for a meadow-hillock,  
Deems it turf so fresh and dewy.

Flying thither, long she hovers,  
Now upon the knee alighteth,  
Quickly there her nest she buildeth,  
Golden eggs therein she layeth:  
Golden eggs a good half-dozen,  
But the seventh egg was iron.

On the eggs she bideth brooding,  
Soon she warms the maiden's knee-cap:  
Broods one day and then another,  
Also for a third she broodeth.  
Now the Water-mother marketh—  
She, fair Daughter of the Breezes,  
Feels that it is growing warmer,  
That her skin is being heated—  
Now she thinks her knee is burning,  
And that all her veins are melting.

Suddenly her knees she stirreth,  
Shakes her limbs with vehement motion.  
Fall the eggs within the water,  
Fall within the floods of ocean:  
'Neath the floods they break in pieces,  
And they dash themselves in fragments;  
And the pieces in the water,  
Sunk in slime they do not perish,  
But are beauteously transfigured,  
Fair the forms of all the fragments!"

Here, apparently, occurs an omission,  
or else two inconsistent runes have been  
united. Henceforward only one egg is  
mentioned.

"From the egg-shell's under portion,  
See, the lower earth-vault groweth!  
From the egg-shell's upper section,  
See, upsoars the arch of heaven!  
All the egg contains of yellow  
As the dear sun brightly beameth:

What besides is white within it  
Softly shines the moon in heaven:  
What within the egg is clearness  
All becomes the stars in heaven:  
What within the egg is darkness  
Changes to the breezy cloud-land.  
Fast and fast the time is flying:  
On and on the years go over,  
By the young sun's royal radiance,  
By the young moon's silver shining:  
Ever swam the Water-mother,  
She, fair Daughter of the Breezes,  
On the slumber-silent billows,  
On the misty ocean-barrens,  
And before her lay the brine-floods,  
And behind, the light of heaven.

Now, when nine long years were ending,  
Towards the tenth return of summer,  
From the sea her head she heaveth,  
And her brow from out the billows.  
Now beginneth *her* creation:  
Bringing-forth she now commences  
On the ridges clear of ocean,  
On the levels wide of billows.

Wheresoe'er her hand she raiseth,  
There uprise the rocky headlands:  
Where upon a foot she pauseth,  
Lo! the fish-garths fast are hollowed:  
Where she dives beneath the water,  
Sink the darkling sea-abysses.

Wheresoe'er her hips she turneth,  
There appear the level beaches:  
Where her steps to land she bendeth,  
There come forth the salmon hollows:  
Where nigh land her head she bringeth,  
Broadly grow the bights of ocean.

Further yet from land she swimmeth,  
Rests a little on the ridges;  
Then the wild sea-crag she fashions,  
Reefs that to the eye are hidden,  
Where the ships are often shattered,  
Where the sailors' lives are ended.

Fashioned now are all the islands;  
In the sea the cliffs are root-fast;  
Firmly fixed the breezes' pillars;  
Field and plain already fashioned;  
Shining stones upon them scattered;  
Rocks already furrowed finely;  
*But the singer Väinämöinen*  
*Is unborn, and so abideth."*

No power save his own can bring him  
forth to the light for which he longs. His  
mother fails: the sun, the moon, and Ota-  
va, the greatest of material beings, fail also.  
At last, strong in his self-reliance, this fu-  
ture poet, sage, and warrior liberates him-  
self; helps to clothe the earth in material  
beauty, and to free it from the shadow of  
its early rankness: dwells in Kalevala,  
the land of heroes; strives for the hand  
of a beautiful virgin, but fails, though for  
her sake he descends into the under-  
world, and afterward dares a giant in his  
grave. Nowise disheartened, he builds

ships, fashions harps, cures diseases, slays wild beasts, fills the soul of his people with song and wisdom. Assisted by two other heroes he successfully warrays Pohjola, the land of mist and darkness—the Turan of the Finnish Iran—and thereby establishes forever the happiness of his country. At last, when his work is done, when the Virgin's child is crowned the King of Karelia, perceiving that

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"

the pagan hero, chanting a mystic song, sails away to an island between earth and heaven.

"Then the aged Væinämöinen,  
With his swollen sails resounding,  
In his shining ship of copper,  
In his galley made of metal,  
Sought the higher earthly regions  
And the lower realms of heaven.

"There his galley gained the haven;  
There abode the Ship and Hero:  
But he left his harp behind him,  
Left his music sweet in Suomi,\*  
For the people's joy eternal—  
Noble song for sons of Finland."

So ends the *Kalevala*, together with these notes on the mythology of the ancient people by whom that poem was produced.

MACC DA CHERDA.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## THE KING'S WORD.

NEVER had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect as that of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1456, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the ports and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—those were the circumstances in which Charles found himself, when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With the defection of these troops, under the command of the Count de Richemont, Constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favorite, the Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely

looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked: "What! are they *all* gone?"

"All, sire."

"Well, Giac, that is a good joke," said the King, laughing and turning to his favorite.

"Yes, sire," answered Giac; "and the misfortune could not have befallen your Majesty at a luckier moment."

"Why so?"

"The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the treasury is empty." At this moment a page announced the Comte de Richemont, Constable of France; and the countenance of the Marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gayety, instantly changed to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

"My cousin is welcome!" cried the King, at the same time looking towards

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\* The native name of Finland.



the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

"Well, Giac?" said Charles, in a tone of wonderment, as his favorite, whilst expecting the entrance of the Constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him; "the throw is with you."

"Sire," stammered Giac, as he arose in embarrassment from the table.

"What is the matter?"

"Your majesty is aware that the Constable is not friendly towards me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged."

"Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you."

"But circumstances might occur, your Majesty——" said the Marquis, trembling.

"There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word——"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Constable.

"Welcome, good cousin, to Bourges!" cried Charles. "I have already heard what has taken place at St. Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors!—— But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?"

"I am come, sire," answered the Count, "to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France."

"Not so hasty, cousin!" cried Charles, knitting his brows. "It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us."

"It is not *mine*, sire," answered the Constable, proudly and with emphasis.

"I know, I know," said the King. "You are a faithful servant." The Count bowed coldly.

"When I received the constable's sword from your Majesty," said he, "and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition: I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your Majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Very true, cousin."

"Four months have elapsed since then; I kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The troops refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated and threatened, but without avail: the trai-

tors deserted secretly. It would not have happened, sire, if you had kept your word as well as I kept mine, and had sent the money as you promised."

"What!" cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage; "I did not send the money?"

"No, sire."

"No? And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose! . . . . What has become of it?"

"Ask the Marquis de Giac, your Majesty: perhaps he knows," answered the Constable coldly.

The Marquis, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the King's question:

"Sire," said he, "out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier d'Ange was paid the bet he laid with your Majesty; and the rest I took in part-payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy."

"So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!" cried the Constable, angrily turning to the Marquis: "you are truly an excellent treasurer!"

"Whether I am so or not," answered the Marquis scornfully, "it is not your business to decide." The Constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee before the King, and presented his sword.

"Here, sire," said he, "is my sword back again."

"No, my cousin, we will not accept it," cried Charles; "for we know none more worthy to whom we can confide it." The Constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a side-glance at the Marquis:

"Since you command it, sire," said he, "I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honor of my king and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me."

"Most willingly, cousin."

"As Constable of France," continued the Count, "I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the provinces confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges."

"Right!"

"Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shown to me that would be shown to yourself." Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with

a side-look at his visibly anxious favorite: "It shall be so, cousin," said he, "but with one stipulation: you must answer to me with your honor for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac."

"I answer for his life, sire," said the Constable. Then turning to the Marquis:

"My Lord Marquis," said he, "you are my prisoner."

A few hours after the visit of the Constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges, on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This at least, was the form under which the Constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the Marquis, for a long list of offenses he had been for some time committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the especial protection of the King. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the King, as well as that of the Constable, was undoubted security for his life. But are there not punishments infinitely more painful than death? Are there not tortures insufficient to destroy the thread of life, yet in comparison with which death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous King, at the time when the will of the Constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the Marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen under the displeasure of the Constable. It was, therefore, that same evening that the door of the prison opened, and the Mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the Marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former announced to him that his fate was decided.

"My Lord Marquis de Giac," said the Mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, "draw near, and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you."

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul

which enabled him to meet with fortitude inevitable evils, arose courageously, and walking up to the Mayor almost with an air of pride:

"Let me hear it!" said he. "But, pray, use not many words."

"As you command," replied the Mayor, bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: "The supreme administrator of the laws of the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he be accordingly attained of high treason, and condemned to suffer death by the sword."

"How? Death?" cried the prisoner, more in anger than in terror.

"Allow me to proceed, my Lord Marquis; I have not yet done," said the Mayor; and he read on: "In consideration, however, of its having pleased his Majesty, our most gracious king and master, to pardon with his own royal word the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant him his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance; which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned declaring in his own handwriting that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favor of the royal pardon offered him."

"And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?" asked the prisoner, turning pale.

"It is as follows," said the Mayor, reading further: "That Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword to-morrow morning before sunrise, in the open market-place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder."

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench of his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring Mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest

degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that act which the authorities of Bourges had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honorable race, and one who had long stood high in the favor of a crowned head.

At the dawn of day, on the 15th of June, 1456, an agitation began on the market-place of Bourges, which announced that something, as unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets, and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled round a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market-place, the entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear sight of what was prepared upon the inclosed spot, still there was a general idea of what was to follow, and those that stood nearest could discern a lightly erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. This difference had its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but, as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice hitherto altogether without precedent. Besides this, the unusual time of day, as well as the place, contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling-houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had not been particularly beloved by the people, had at least always been looked up to by them with respect.

As at length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable even from a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees, and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage

formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring; surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart, in which sat the executioner, and by his side a haggard-looking man, who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor.

At a little distance from the cart, followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man, whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud, and his aspect imposing. His dress, richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting, showed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he appeared, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the mean time five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from an opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after, the victims appeared upon the place of execution. The clergyman drew near to the culprit who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time, and then led him to the fatal seat; after which, amidst the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud, first the sentence of the murderer, and then that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words:

"I demand of you, Arthus Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?"

"No," answered the Marquis, in a firm voice.

"Then," continued the officer of justice, "you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of the headsman."

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword, which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety was depicted on every countenance. After a short pause, the Marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared his right arm, and—— A shriek of hor-

ror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning the sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said: “Go, tell the Constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no

hand with which to perform the duty of executioner——”

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood.

Before the expiration of an hour, the Marquis received the pardon of the Constable, who admired courage still more than he hated political crime.\*

## MISS TALBOT'S LETTER TO A VERY YOUNG PERSON.\*

You are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the mean time may you have a nurse with a tunable voice, that may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophical disposition; the gayeties and follies of life have no attraction for you, its sorrows you kindly commiserate! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendor. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of Bristol's first rule of conversation, Silence; though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects round you. As you advance further in life, this philosophical temper will by degrees wear off: the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration, as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to show great partiality for some

very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex: O my poor cousin! to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you, with a pious care to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother come to put your nose out of joint? There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute, (though it has occasioned abundance,) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised; but the men unenvied shine in public; it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but, as I dare say you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well. In the mean time, I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely, and that I am, my very young correspondent, most affectionately yours, etc.

\* From Miss Talbot to a new-born child, daughter of Mr. John Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor.

\* From the German of Schubar.



From the Eclectic Review.

## BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN.\*

SCIENTIFIC men are so prominently associated with the discovery of natural agencies and phenomena, and the promulgation of physical truths, that when reviewing their lives we are apt to forget their individual characters, and are comparatively indifferent to the manner in which they performed those duties common to every member of society. It is true that a class of special duties rise out of the pursuits in which a man is engaged, and we are so critical in our judgment of the manner in which they are performed as to be comparatively indifferent to his behavior in the incidental positions of life, if the code of morals be not broken, and his character be unstained by selfishness and an indifference to the welfare of those who have a claim on his affections. If a man be a lover of natural science, we follow his wanderings, participate in his research, and revel in the scenery to which he introduces us, without inquiring whether he is employing his talents in the best way, or whether he may not be neglecting some imperative duty. If he be a physicist, we do not tire of watching his experiments, and when his calculations intimate the correctness of his conjectures relative to some physical law, or to its exhibition in a previously unobserved phenomenon, we participate in his joy without asking whether such a mind might not have been more usefully employed in the resolution of some great social question, or whether the rectification of a public wrong-doing, or the establishment of a better principle of government in a prison, a poor-house, or a state, would not have been more honorable to him, and more beneficial to his neighbor.

The biographies of scientific men, however, are too often avoided by the reading public as though they were literary

deserts where human affections can find no object for their sympathy. Research, discovery, and the applause of academies, we are told, engross the thoughts of the man of science, and separate him from the habits and feelings of his neighbors and kindred. His name is honorably associated with scientific journals and unintelligible pages of learned phraseology, mystic emblems, and cabalistic formulæ, but has no place in the discussion of social affairs, and questions of political moment. If the popular notion of the history and character of eminent scientific men could be trusted, we might write a brief description applicable to them as a class. Poverty of birth, the opposition of parents, struggles for existence, seclusion from the world, accumulation of knowledge, great discoveries, renown, poverty, and a neglected grave—such would be the table of contents descriptive of the lives of all. A scientific man in the opinion of the world is one who refuses to conform to the conventionalities of society, rejects its enticements, and is indifferent to its scorn—one who lives out of the area of the amenities of life, too wise to be loved, too poor to be respected. Can he be thought capable of the ordinary pursuits of life who voluntarily abandons that hope of wealth which maddens the life of other men, and follows that which other men despise? We know a man of science who spends every night in looking through a strange combination of mirrors and lenses, constructed by his own hands, and is as anxious at his work as if all mankind had an irrepressible longing to explore the stellar spaces, and, like the unfortunate, were oppressed by the idea that some distant place might be found where they could shake off care and be happy. Till light stealthily creeps from the east, and covers the sky with an impenetrable luminosity, the enthusiastic observer keeps his vigil in the silence of the awful heavens, as once the watchful eye rested on the serene summit of Sinai

\* *Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men.* By François Arago. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D.C.L., F.R.S., the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., and Robert Grant, M.A., F.R.S. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

before the cloud covered it, and the voice of God was heard. Another is seen playing with sunbeams, turning them through prisms, reflecting them from mirrors, watching their courses, measuring the angles of their incidents and refraction, breaking white light into colored rays, and ensnaring them in the net-work of geometry. A third is more hazardously occupied in drawing towards him the active agency of a thunder-storm from a black surcharged cloud, or extracting the same potent force from drops of water that he may discover the motive energies of nature, or apply them to some doubtful purpose which he considers an object of utility. What have such men to do with the engrossing interests of commerce, the jealousies of competition, the contentions of social politics, or the movements of the national will?

It is not our intention, at present, to discuss the compatibility of scientific pursuits and an active interest in, and performance of, social duties and commercial engagements, nor shall we long dwell upon the question, whether the possession of scientific knowledge is an impediment to the performance of those duties and services which the state has a right to demand of every citizen. The volume before us proves by examples, that it is possible to be eminently successful in the prosecution of science without neglecting the ordinary duties of life or the claims of country. Six of the nine celebrated men of science whose biographies are contained in this volume, were Frenchmen, living in the times of the Republic and Empire — servants of the state, filling efficiently stations of public trust, and acting with more than average ability and self-denial. They were men who, while they pursued the most occult subjects of scientific research, were, for good or evil, foremost in the political movements of their age, lovers of freedom who suffered with their country, while they strove to protect her from anarchy by a prudent and courageous opposition to the lawless impatience and wrong-doing of a debased populace. A brief relation of some of the events in their lives will prove the accuracy of this assertion, and appropriately introduce a few remarks upon the progress, in their times, of at least one of the sciences they cultivated.

Silvain Bailly, the pupil and friend of

the Abbé Lacaille, and a member of the French Academy of Sciences, is best known to the English public as the author of a voluminous history of astronomy, which, in spite of many fanciful and absurd hypotheses, and an omnivorous credulity, frequently allied with religious skepticism, has a merit sufficient to redeem in part its follies. His ability as a man of science was not more highly esteemed by his contemporaries, than his character as a politician; but as in one capacity he was loaded with honors, so in the other he suffered the unmitigated penalty of being the favorite of a fickle populace. It is a painful spectacle to see such a man drawn into the vortex of a sanguinary revolution, for his sympathies were with honorable and benevolent acts, and his ambition was confined to the distinctions he won by his intelligence and learning. When offered a decoration and title of nobility by the government of Louis XVI., he made this proud reply: "I thank you, but he who has the honor of belonging to the three principal academies of France is sufficiently decorated — sufficiently noble in the eyes of rational men; a cordon or a title could add nothing to him." This man, who was the son of the keeper of the King's pictures, valued his science and its honors more than the titles kings give; but he could refuse no invitation, whatever its danger, when society demanded his time. When Laplace, Lavoisier, Coulomb, and other members of the Academy of Sciences, were appointed to investigate the charges made against the administration of the Hôtel Dieu, the great hospital of Paris, Bailly was elected secretary to the commission; and a fitting choice it was, for he had a cool head, a warm heart, and a ready pen. With a stern and indignant energy he described the horrors of that lazaretto and slaughter-house, and by his successful struggle with the abuses he witnessed, proved how little the benevolent feelings had suffered from the severe exercise of the intellect in the application of mathematical science to astronomical phenomena. In the great hospital of Paris, which would have been pointed to as the evidence of the civilization of France, the diseased, the dying, and the dead were lying side by side, and in the small-pox ward, six men or eight children were packed in the same bed. Operations were performed in the presence of men who, in

a similar condition, were only waiting the flight of a few hours or a few minutes to submit themselves to the same torture. The appeals of Bailly, aided by the tacit authority of the men of science with whom he was associated, at last lifted the arm of power, overcame the resistance of custom, held up to scorn the habitual insensibility to suffering, and established a decent and beneficent order in an institution which had before rather aggravated than relieved the sufferings of the diseased poor.

In the convocation of the States-General, Bailly took his seat as first deputy of Paris, and was afterwards elected president of the six hundred deputies of the communes. Not many days after the destruction of the Bastille, he was chosen mayor of Paris, and for two years filled that office under circumstances of pressing danger and difficulty. Thus was he brought to witness the dark deeds of *Sans-culottism*—that mad fury of an ignorant, suffering mob, which dragged Foulon and Berthier from the hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville to the lamp-post, and with a lawless mockery of retribution compressed into the few last hours of their lives the agonies they had often inflicted on others in the lapse of years, and then with demoniacal yells and laughter rushed through the streets of fashionable and fastidious Paris, to expose the heads of their victims. Was it a strange thing that, when the virtuous magistrate had become the jest of Marat, the hated of the populace, he should be robbed of his patrimony, and then driven to the bar of the infamous revolutionary tribunal, there to be condemned to death by the will of a people whom he had preserved from famine, and in all things served faithfully? It is not our present business to examine the charges brought against the mayor of Paris, or to defend his character as a public administrator, but we may affirm, without controversy, that his love of science and successful pursuit of it did not incapacitate him for the performance of public duties, destroy the love of rational liberty, nor diminish his influence and usefulness during a period of great national excitement and misfortune.

Joseph Fourier, another of the *savans* of France eulogized by Arago, was one of those gifted men who, in spite of adverse circumstances, have achieved for themselves that noble fortune—an illustrious

name in science. Though born in a low rank of society, an orphan when eight years old, and indebted for his education to the charity of a convent of Benedictine monks, he raised himself to eminence by his mathematical knowledge, and to renown among men of science by his researches on the theory of heat. Had he spent his life in the study and the laboratory, his scientific labor and literary taste would have satisfied posterity that his genius had not lacked the encouragement of industry. His career as one of the professors of the newly established Polytechnic School had scarcely opened with a flattering hope of that scientific glory which amongst the most intelligent classes of France is coveted as the greatest good, when he was selected by Monge as one of the philosophers who were to accompany General Bonaparte to Egypt, and form an institute by which he had resolved to civilize the country he had in anticipation conquered. Though Egypt was not conquered, the institute was formed, and Fourier was elected its perpetual secretary; but other labors were also assigned him, and he proved himself to be as efficient in the office of commissioner at the Divan of Cairo, as useful in the arrangement of treaties, and as skillful in diplomatic services, as he was eminent for his application of pure science and the investigation of physical problems. On his return to France, he was appointed Prefect of the department of l'Isere, and while his mind was occupied in the preparation of his "*Théorie Mathématique de la Chaleur*," a work of great originality and genius, he was also constructing roads, draining marshes, and effectively performing all the duties of a public administration. Fourier is thus exhibited as a man possessing in an eminent degree the capacity and tact which are the qualifications of a public officer, and in none of his labors does he more completely justify his claim to be regarded as a man of science, than in the direction of those works which converted a pestilent tract of country into a rich pasture, and made it a healthy residence for an industrious people.

Carnot, one of the judges of Louis XVI., and then successively a member of the Committee of Public Safety, Director of the armies of the Republic, a member of the National Convention, Minister of War, and Governor of Antwerp, is so un-

mistakably identified with the French Revolution, and is so often apparently associated with its most revolting atrocities, that one might hesitate to believe it possible he could at such a period, and with such work in hand, have occupied himself in the preparation of profound physico-mathematical papers. But his "Essay on Machines," his "Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus," and his publication on the "Geometry of Positions," give indisputable evidence of a scientific mind of high order. That he also possessed habits of business and eminent administrative powers, might be now regarded as a misfortune by those who are interested in his posthumous fame. His defense by Arago is an interesting contribution to the history of the revolutionary era. But while it is sufficient for our purpose to show that he did not find scientific research incompatible with the duties enforced by the acknowledged claim of his country on his time and talents, we do not doubt that his administration will be defended from many of the accusations made against it, if it can be proved that he acted up to the noble and magnanimous creed he professed when in exile: "Universal toleration," he said, "is the dogma which I decidedly profess. I abhor fanaticism, and I believe that the fanaticism of irreligion, brought into fashion by such men as Marat and Père Duchêne, is the most fatal of all. We must not kill men to force them to believe; we must not kill them to prevent their believing; let us compassionate the weaknesses of others, since every one has his own, and let us allow prejudices to wear away by time when we can not obviate them by reason."

Malus did not occupy any prominent place as a politician, nor hold an office demanding the exercise of those qualities of mind most appreciated by men of business. In the School of Engineers at Mézières, he received his education; but the disorderly acts of the scholars caused the suppression of the establishment, and Malus, disappointed of his commission, joined the army as a volunteer. While working at the fortifications of Dunkirk, he attracted the attention of M. Lepère, the engineer, and through the interest of that gentleman was received into the Polytechnic, where he passed his examinations with honor, and obtained his commission as a sub-lieutenant of engineers.

Soon after he had been promoted to the rank of captain, he embarked in the expedition to Egypt, and while there, had his full share of labor and suffering. When encamped at Cathieh, he composed a "Memoir on Light," the science he at a later period so greatly enriched, and we are curious to know how such an occupation of mind could be made consistent with his duties as a commanding officer in an enemy's country.

"There has recently been found among the family papers," says Arago, "a small bound book, in which Malus, when captain of engineers, and employed in the army of the East, traced day by day an abridged narrative of all the events of which he had been an eye-witness, or in which he had taken a direct part. These memoranda, which I have read with the greatest interest, and in which our fellow-laborer figures chiefly as a military man, seem to me to deserve a detailed analysis. I have resolved to lay it before you, were it only to prove once more, that profound knowledge and a scientific genius did not weaken either the zeal, the constancy, the courage, or the spirit of enterprise, which ought to distinguish an officer of the highest military qualities."

On his return to France, he presented to the Academy of Sciences, first, a "Treatise on Analytical Optics," and then a "Memoir on the Refractive Power of Opaque Bodies;" but these were unimportant contributions compared with the discovery of Polarization by Reflection, an observation and research which will rank with the most valued philosophical investigations of the nineteenth century.

Augustine Fresnel is another illustrious example of the combination of scientific genius with the ability and willingness to perform the ordinary duties of life, for he was a man who contributed largely to the true glory of his country by extending the boundaries of human knowledge, while he conscientiously performed with scrupulous exactness, the most trivial engagements of an inferior public appointment. When eight years of age he could not read, and his "memory refused almost absolutely to retain words from the moment they were detached from a clear argument and displayed in arrangement." After completing his education in the Polytechnic School, he received the appointment of *ingénieur ordinaire* in the *Ponts et Chaussées*, and was stationed at Vendée, "to level small portions of road; to seek, in the countries placed under his superin-



tendence, for beds of flint; to preside over the extraction of the materials; to see to their deposition on the road, or on the wheel-ruts; to execute here and there a bridge over the irrigation drains; to re-establish some meters of bank which the torrent had carried away in its progress; to exercise principally an active surveillance over the contractors; to verify their accounts, to estimate scrupulously their works; such were the duties, very useful, though not very lofty, not very scientific, which Fresnel had to fulfill during from eight to nine years in Vendée, in Drome, and in Ille et Vilaine." When Napoleon landed at Cannes in 1815, Fresnel, actuated by a sense of duty, joined the Royalist forces; but his feeble health was broken down by the hardships of the camp, and he returned to his residence at Nyons, amid the sneers and derisive shouts of the people. A few days later he was deprived of his office by the imperial government, and placed under the surveillance of the police. Having taken up his residence at Paris, he commenced that brilliant career of research which yielded one discovery after another in rapid succession, enlarging and systematizing the science of optics by the addition of new facts and correct data, and thus making his name famous in every country where knowledge is sought, and intellectual pursuits are honored.

Laplace is another of the six eminent French *savans* whose Eloges are contained in this volume, and if we are unable to bring him prominently forward as an instance of the union of business habits with eminent scientific talents, or even if we should find that he was an exception to the dogma we have proved by other illustrious examples, and as Napoleon said, "carried into the art of government the principles of the infinitesimal calculus," we need not regret the fact. Mankind could well afford to give an almost unbroken leisure, and a freedom from the toils of material existence, to the author of the "*Mécanique Céleste*," the "*Exposition du Système du Monde*," and the "*Théorie Analytique des Probabilités*"—works which a nation desired to reprint as the noblest monument it could produce in memory of its most profound philosopher and of its own glory. He surely might be excused from interference in the strife of parties, and the turmoil of revolutions, who was engaged in the production of works which will be an everlasting

honor to France, and give her a place, higher than she deserved, among civilized nations, when the name of her idolized Emperor fades from the page of history like the muster-rolls of the hundred thousand heroes who fell in the vain hope of accomplishing his ambitious projects. But even Laplace could not be excused from the cares of state when it was thought that the prestige of his name or his administrative ability could serve his country; and to his honor it is recorded that his first act, on the evening of his appointment to office as Minister of the Interior, was to solicit a pension of two thousand francs for the widow of the astronomer Bailly, which was nobly granted by General Bonaparte, then First Consul, with an order that it should be paid half-yearly, in advance. But while we thus do honor to the motive and the act of the greatest geometer, and the greatest military commander, France has produced, let us not forget the still more noble generosity of M. Cousin, also a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a municipal counselor, who had previously obtained for the impoverished widow the allowance granted to the poor, and every week personally received the provisions allotted for her support, and carried them to her lodgings. Well might Arago say: "Such noble actions are certainly worth good papers." The highest scientific attainments, whatever the world may say, are not drags upon the benevolent feelings, and in no degree hinder the exercise of the warmest affections of the heart, but inasmuch as the purity and activity of the moral powers are more excellent than the capacity and refinement of the intellect, so much more is the benevolent action of M. Cousin better than the best scientific paper. We can say but little of the manner in which Laplace performed his duties as Minister of the Interior, but we can not forget the words he uttered in his last moments, for they contain a truth which, from his lips, if properly understood, would be of more worth to mankind than all he could have done as an active partisan of the Revolution, or as the minister of a nation: "What we know is little; what we are ignorant of is immense."

The lives of the three English philosophers, whose Memoirs are contained in this volume, are still more pleasing examples—from the absence of the military

spirit—of the pursuit of science without impediment to the exercise of the domestic affections and social virtues, or to the performance of public duties.

William Herschel was one of the ten children of a musician living in Hanover, and was educated by his father for the same profession. By his eldest brother, Jacob, band-master in a Hanoverian regiment, he was brought to England. After suffering many disappointments and privations, he was appointed, by Lord Durham, band-master of an English regiment, quartered, it is said, on the borders of Scotland. His talent as a musician advanced his circumstances in life, and like many another poor youth, he probably seemed to himself richer in the advent of his fortune than when he had realized it. No longer harassed by unprovided daily wants, he devoted a portion of his increasing income and leisure to the study of languages, and the elements of science. A telescope at last came into his hands, and although he held the situation of organist at the Octagon Chapel in Bath, and his time was much occupied in private teaching and in public performances in concert and ball-rooms, he found time to use it, and the heavens were unsealed to him. In restless anxiety he sought for a larger instrument, and when his purse failed to meet the exorbitant demands of the optician, his poverty became his blessing, and his mechanical skill and optical knowledge supplied that which he could not purchase. A few years after this William Herschel was exploring the heavens with a five-feet Newtonian telescope of his own construction. The time at last came, when by the patronage and pecuniary assistance of the King, he was able to abandon music as a profession, and to devote his study to astronomy, and then he rivaled the fame of Tycho himself as an observer; but his history, whether under the shade of misfortune, or in the full sunshine of prosperity, gives no instance of the incompatibility of an ardent pursuit of science and the ordinary engagements of life. Both when he obtained the means of existence by his skill as a musician, and when by royal bounty he was freed from distracting labor and anxious thought, science occupied the principal place in his mind without causing a weak or inefficient performance of the common duties of life.

Of James Watt we need not speak, for his fame is founded on the eminently

practical and useful application of his scientific studies.

Thomas Young, the only other English philosopher whose biography has a place in this volume, was in his youth master of seven languages, and in after life he acquainted himself with the literatures of the nations who used them. He was a musician, and played many instruments; he possessed a critical knowledge of art; he was a mathematician, a man of science, and an interpreter of Egyptian hieroglyphics; he was the secretary of the Board of Longitude, a successful investigator of optical phenomena, and a voluminous writer. Yet this man, whose name is imperishably associated with optical science, by the discovery of Interference, was a physician, taking a place in the most courtly society, and fully enjoying the pleasures, and performing the duties of life.

Such were the men whose biographies have been written by Arago, as *Eloges* for the French Academy of Sciences, of which they were members. They were so eminent in their several departments, and were the authors of so many discoveries, that if we were to detail and explain the results of their researches, we could not fail to give an abstract of the progress, during their lives, of the sciences of astronomy and optics, in one of which all of them, except Carnot, Fourier, and Watt, were principally engaged. We are conscious how inefficiently this would be done in the narrow limits assigned to our review of Arago's "Biographies," but to form any opinion, approaching to correctness, of their services to science, such an historical outline is necessary. We select the science of astronomy as an example.

For half a century after the publication of the "Principia," nothing was done either in England or on the Continent, to extend the application of the theory of gravitation to uninvestigated astronomical phenomena. The style of the book was too unique, and its demand for educated and thoughtful readers too imperative, to admit of its circulation among the most intelligent unscholastic readers; and those English mathematicians who were able to understand it, perceived that the author had nearly exhausted his method of research. The "Principia" was published in 1687, and the philosophy it announced was at once accepted by all the most eminent men of science in England

and Scotland. The Newtonian theory of gravitation was taught by James Gregory at St. Andrew's, by Samuel Clarke at Cambridge, and by Dr. Keil at Oxford, and yet while Britain enjoyed a light which other European nations refused to receive, little or nothing was done to use it for the explanation of the celestial phenomena not investigated by Newton himself. "If Cote had lived," said Sir Isaac, "we should have known something," but we doubt whether there would have been much less reason to deplore the stagnation of mathematical science in England in the age when the French and German philosophers were distinguishing themselves in pure analytics, if the author of "*Harmonia Mensurarum*" had lived to the full term of human existence. There was no want of power among the mathematicians, as the works of Gregory, Saunderson, Brook Taylor, Emerson, M'Laurin, Simpson, and others prove, but they were ignorant of the progress of pure analytics, and in their admiration of the mighty scheme of celestial mechanics taught in the "*Principia*," weakness seemed to them preferable to temerity—they feared the fate of the adventurous god who dared to mount the chariot of Apollo. The unseemly dispute between the English and Continental mathematicians upon the rival claims of Newton and Leibnitz to the right of priority in the discovery of the principle of fluxions and the differential calculus, had so completely isolated our philosophers from their brethren, that while in France and Germany the power and applications of the calculus were daily increased, the English adhered strictly—perhaps with the national pertinacity—to Newton's method and notation, and practically assumed the impossibility of doing better or more than their great master. Thus, while our countrymen were boasting of the laurels won by a native conqueror, the bold intellect of other nations was extending the means of scientific research, and preparing for new explorations in the dominion of Almighty creative power.

On the Continent, science was in a totally different state. The minds of men were there preoccupied with the speculations of Descartes—they were like children ashamed of their infant toys, and afraid of more manly games. Another generation was necessary for the unprejudiced investigation of a theory antagonistic to their

preconceived opinions and adopted hypotheses. The Newtonian philosophy was unanimously condemned and banished by Huygens, Leibnitz, and John Bernoulli; by Cassini, Maraldi, and the other eminent mathematicians, who, by the cultivation of the infinitesimal analysis, prepared the very instrument of research, and method of investigation, which at a later period gave it an uncontestable authority, and demonstrated, not only its sufficiency for the explanation of every celestial phenomenon, but its power to discover the existence of motions which observation had not revealed. Maupertuis was the first French philosopher, who, after an examination of the claims of the contending theories of Descartes and Newton, declared himself a disciple of the latter. This he did in a communication to the Academy in 1732. But the popular acceptance of the theory of gravitation in France is to be traced to the authority of Voltaire, who explained its principles in a lively essay which found many readers among the educated unscientific classes.

In 1745, eighteen years after the death of Newton, and fifty-eight years after the publication of the "*Principia*," Euler recommenced the study of physical astronomy by an analytical investigation of the perturbations of the moon, and in the following year he published his first lunar tables. This date is especially worthy of notice, because it gives the honor of solving the problem of three bodies to the man who, above all others, was most worthy, whether we judge him by the originality of his genius, or by his peaceful devotion of spirit, to receive the mantle and be the immediate successor of Newton. The question which Leonard Euler, the pupil be it remembered of James Bernoulli, proposed to himself, was one which the discoverer of the laws of gravitation had not discussed—which his geometry could not solve. Newton had demonstrated the mutual attraction of two bodies. He had proved, by a sublime geometry of his own, that a body projected in space within the attraction of a central force, revolves in a closed curve, and that the form of the orbit is determined by the position of the body in relation to the force and the velocity of projection, and that the magnitude and form of the orbit is calculable. He who announced that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, with a force varying



inversely as the square of the distance, and directly as the mass, was not ignorant of, or indifferent to, the mutual attraction between the planetary bodies; nor did he fail to calculate the influence of subordinate attractive forces in disturbing the action of the solar force on planetary motions, or the perturbing power of the sun upon the orbits of the satellites. He clearly perceived that planetary attractions would account for the otherwise inexplicable irregularities in the motion of the moon, and some of the perturbations of that body he calculated. But he stood in need of a more searching instrument of analysis than his own geometry supplied, to calculate the amount of disturbance produced by the planets upon each other. It was Euler who commenced that profound investigation which involved the existence of three or more forces, and which will not be complete till every phenomenon is explained, and a perpetuity of mutations is revealed in every celestial phenomenon as the consequence of an invariable law.

While the intelligent classes in France adopted the Newtonian theory upon the dictum of the philosopher of Ferney, the Academy of Sciences was probably more influenced by the researches of Euler than by the opinion of Voltaire, in proposing, as the subject of a prize essay for 1748, the discussion of the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn, with a view to the discovery whether the theory of gravitation could account for the irregularities in their motions. The perturbations in these two important members of the solar system were justly considered necessarily greater than the irregularities of other planetary bodies, excepting the moon. In the motions of the smaller planets there are perturbations which observation failed to detect till their existence had been discovered by calculation; but the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn had been long known. In 1625, Kepler pointed out a want of coincidence between the observed and calculated places of these planets, the mean motion of Jupiter being by the tables too slow, and of Saturn too quick. Halley estimated the acceleration of Jupiter at  $3^{\circ} 49'$  in a period of 2000 years, and the retardation of Saturn at  $9^{\circ} 16'$  in the same period, and attributed these effects to the mutual attraction of the planets. The selection of these two bodies for examination by analytical processes was

therefore judicious, as the truth of the theory of gravitation could not by any other problem be more fairly tested than by its ability to explain the irregularities of their motions.

Clairaut and D'Alembert, the two most profound geometers of France, became competitors for the prize of the Academy, and delivered their memoirs to the secretary before the appointed time, fearing their researches might be anticipated by Euler. It happened according to their fears, in spite of their precautions, and Euler's essay was crowned. By each of the three geometers, the problem of the three bodies was solved by the infinitesimal analysis; but they all failed to explain the irregularities in the two superior planets, and Euler did not hesitate to assert that they were not caused by the mutual attraction of the planets. But, at the same time, this profound mathematician exhibited with clearness the analytical theory of planetary perturbations, and discovered periodical inequalities in the motions of both bodies.

After Clairaut had explained the motion of the moon's apogee by a correct computation of the lunar perturbations, there was a greater confidence in the applicability of the theory of gravitation to the resolution of celestial phenomena; and the Academy, undismayed by previous failure, proposed the theory of Jupiter and Saturn as the subject of a prize for the year 1752. Euler was again the successful competitor; but he could not discover the origin of the observed inequalities of motion. He found secular equations in the mean motions of both planets, but they were equal and additive. Four years later, he presented to the Academy another memoir on the same subject, distinguished by depth of thought, vivid perception, ingenuity of reasoning, and of indisputable value to science; but the author failed to connect the observed irregularities in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn with their mutual attraction. In 1763, the subject attracted the attention of Lagrange, and he presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences at Turin. Applying a new solution of the problem of three bodies to the theory of Jupiter and Saturn, he obtained a secular equation of  $14'' 221$  subtractive from the mean motion of Saturn, and one of  $2'' 740$  additive for Jupiter. This was a nearer approximation to the result of observation



than had been before obtained; and though it did not prove that the observed irregularities were caused by the mutual attraction of the bodies, it made men hesitate to adopt the conclusion of Euler, that gravitation could not, in this instance, explain the difference between calculation and measurement. Euler had obtained one result, Lagrange another, and Laplace was now induced to enter upon the investigation, but probably with no higher view than that of a man who solves a question his own way, to test the accuracy of two calculators who have given different answers to the same problem. But, unambitious as the object may have been which led him to commence this investigation, it resulted in the discovery of one of those important generic truths with which the illustrious geometer on several occasions enriched science. The fact announced was that, from the earliest historic age, there had been no sensible alteration in the mean motions of any of the planets.

When a period of five-and-twenty years from the date of the first selection of the subject by the Academy of Sciences had passed away, the great problem of the origin of the inequalities in the motion of Jupiter and Saturn was unsolved. The perturbations of the planets had been rigorously calculated, the theory of gravitation had been triumphantly established, and the stability of the solar system had been demonstrated; but it was still unknown why the calculated places of the two superior planets differed from the observed. It had hitherto been supposed that the mean motion of Jupiter had been always accelerated, and that of Saturn as constantly retarded; but, about this time, Lambert discovered astronomical records which proved that opposite effects had been observed—that the motion of Jupiter was once retarded, and of Saturn accelerated. This historic evidence of the periodicity of the irregularities in the motion of these bodies reassured the investigators, for while it banished the idea of the possible indefinite increase of the disturbance—a certain cause of ultimate disunion—it convinced them of the existence of a compensating force and restitution of conditions. Examination followed the announcement of this important fact, and Lagrange discovered “that the mutual attraction of the principal planets can not produce any sensible alteration in their

mean motions”—any inequality of a secular character. This limited the inquiry to the existence of a periodic inequality of long duration. Such was the state of the problem when Laplace again attacked it, and closed an important investigation which had indirectly added much to the progress of physical astronomy, by a solution of every difficulty. The irregularities of the two planets, which formerly appeared inexplicable by the law of universal gravitation, then became, as the astronomer himself said, one of its most striking proofs. The process by which he arrived at the conclusion we can scarcely hope to explain, and the relations which establish the periodicity can not be better stated than in the words of Arago:

“Mathematical analysis has not served to represent in finite terms the values of the derangements which each planet experiences in its movement from the action of all the other planets. In the present state of science, this value is exhibited in the form of an indefinite series of terms, diminishing rapidly in magnitude. In calculation, it is usual to neglect such of those terms as correspond, in the order of magnitude, to quantities beneath the errors of observation. But there are cases in which the order of the term in the series does not decide whether it be small or great. Certain numerical relations between the primitive elements of the disturbing and disturbed planets may impart sensible values to terms which usually admit of being neglected. This case occurs in the perturbations of Saturn produced by Jupiter, and in those of Jupiter produced by Saturn. There exists, between the mean motions of these two great planets, a simple relation of commensurability—five times the mean motion of Saturn being, in fact, very nearly equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter. It happens, in consequence, that certain terms, which would otherwise be very small, acquire from this circumstance considerable value. Hence arise, in the movements of these two planets, inequalities of long duration, which require more than nine hundred years for their complete development, and which represent, with marvellous accuracy, all the irregularities disclosed by observation.

“Is it not astonishing to find in the commensurability of the mean motions of two planets, a cause of perturbation of so influential a nature? to discover that the definitive solution of an immense difficulty—which baffled the genius of Euler, and which even led persons to doubt whether the theory of gravitation was capable of accounting for all the phenomena of the heavens—should depend upon the fortuitous circumstance of five times the mean motion of Saturn being equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter? The beauty of the conception and the ultimate result are here equally worthy of admiration.”

While a few men among the most intelligent of their species were expending their intellectual strength in the examination of an irregularity of motion in the celestial mechanics, the worlds rolled on in their courses, constant even in their irregularities, neither weakened by age nor retarded by wear. But of the ambitious mortals who had been prying into the origin and probable duration of the motions of the mighty orbs, and constructing formulæ and tables for the determination of their places in times past and present, nearly all had finished their course and slept with their fathers. Clairaut had been dead nearly twenty years when Laplace published his last paper on the inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn, and Euler and D'Alembert died the year before. Another race of thinkers had risen to occupy the place of the illustrious dead; youth in its vigor had supplanted imbecile age, and Herschel, telescope in hand, beckoned forward by science, had commenced that grand celestial survey which has made his name so famous among living men, and will transmit it with his researches to future times.

The discovery of so many perturbations from mutual attraction, necessarily suggested a suspicion whether the stability of the solar system might not be ultimately endangered by them. Newton, perceiving the numerous irregularities of motion consequent to universal gravitation—the increase of one velocity and the diminution of another, the change of distances, orbits, and inclinations—might well doubt the stability of a system under the influence of such an apparent complication of forces, and feel the necessity of an Almighty hand to reërrange or restore order. What was there to assure the mind that the moon would not at some future time fall to the earth, and that one planet would not rush in giddy whirl into some new and unconceived orbit, while its neighbor, leaving its accustomed path, dropped to the sun? These were the doubts suggested by the possibility of disorder from the existence of apparently antagonistic forces. Periodic variations complete in given cycles were known; but there were also secular inequalities, or, in other words, disturbances which continued to increase for ages, having no apparent relation to the times of revolution. Lagrange did much to remove the anticipation of the future total dismemberment

and overthrow of the system, when he proved the mean distances of the planets to be constant, and the compensation of inequalities in limited periods, so that while a multitude of changes are effected the preservation of the mean distance is sure. Though we are creatures of time, and every year more sensible of the fleeting character of our terrestrial existence—though we are surrounded by objects mutable in condition and form, and are conscious that in a few years we shall cease to have an interest in any thing that is done under the sun—our minds cling gratefully to the assurance that, in the physical condition of the solar system at least, there is strength and perpetuity. We are not the inhabitants of an abandoned world! The continuance of its conditions are guaranteed by mutual attractions which, under other arrangements, might have broken up the combination. The planetary year is fixed, and the permanence of physical conditions is sure. Nature reiterates the Divine promise, “While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.”

When Laplace read, from the symbols he used, the history of the solar system, and prophesied its future, a serious uninstructed mind might have doubted whether he was not presumptuously approaching too near the verge which separates human knowledge from the secret things of God. But of the knowledge of “things seen and temporal” it has never been said: “Thus far shalt thou go, but no further.” The glory of the Creator in the universe was partially unveiled when the human intellect discovered that the stability of the system does not depend upon those simple mechanical arrangements which a mathematician would have suggested as the most probable means of balancing forces, governing velocities, and providing an equipoise for weights. The unbroken constancy and permanence of the motions do not result from the simplest possible arrangement of the bodies, such as that suggested by Aristotle, who imagined them moving in concentric circular orbits on the same plane. The existing arrangement is one human research could not have discovered. The combinations which give stability to the solar system, establish the physical conditions of the several bodies, and, in our world,

regulate the diffusion of light, the range of temperature, climate, seasons, and the distribution of land and water.

It was a bold but not unauthorized assertion of the great geometer that whatever might be the relative masses of the planets, their eccentricities and inclinations, if small, would always remain small, supposing them to revolve round the sun in the same direction. The immense mass of the central body controls every motion, and preserves order amongst the attendant worlds, in spite of all elements of disturbance. The force of gravitation acting between the lesser bodies produces irregularities, but the sun limits and controls them. One law governs the whole system, and the apparent struggles to escape from it are the effects of its operation in other directions. We perceive no evidence of decay—no element of permanent disturbance. The elliptical orbits of the planetary bodies change in form, and their planes oscillate, but the major axes are subject to only small periodic variations. It is a philosophy as consistent with the Divine attributes as it is honorable to the intelligence of man, which teaches that the motion of the sun and planets in the same direction, the slight eccentricities and inclinations of the planetary orbits, and the breaking up, if we may so speak, of the vast combination of worlds into secondary systems, consisting of planets and satellites, exclude the possibility of new physical conditions arising from a derangement of the system. Whatever may be the future changes of the whole or of a part, they will result from external agencies, or the direct exercise of the Almighty power.

We may close these remarks in the words Fourier used in his *Memoir of Laplace*:

“Nature keeps in reserve conservative forces which are always present, and act the instant the disturbance commences, and with a force increasing with the necessity of calling in their assistance. This preservative power is found in every part of the universe. The form of the great planetary orbits and their inclinations vary in the course of ages, but these changes have their limits. The principal dimensions continue to exist, and the immense assemblage of celestial bodies oscillates round a mean condition of the system towards which it is always drawn back. Every thing is arranged for order, perpetuity, and harmony.”

We have already incidentally mentioned

the lunar theory as a subject of early research. Numerous perturbations of the moon long continued to be unexplained phenomena. After many tedious investigations and efforts to reconcile theory and observation, so as to make the one the expositor of the other, the task seemed so impossible of completion that it was by many thought more reasonable to doubt the existence of gravitation as the cause of those phenomena, than that the calculus was wanting in power, or the analyst in skill. In the investigation of this important branch of physical astronomy, Laplace was eminently successful.

By a comparison of ancient and modern observation, Halley discovered an irregularity in the mean motion of the moon, giving an increase from the first recorded observation to the last. Since the time of the Babylonian astronomers, this small increase has become a very appreciable quantity, and if an eclipse of the moon, which happened 3000 years ago, were calculated by modern tables, the event would appear to have happened considerably earlier than the recorded time. After the examination of several antecedent observations, Dunthorne calculated the acceleration from the year 1700, to be 16" of longitude in a century, but Lalande reduced the quantity to 10". For the discovery of such a minute difference, a comparison of recent with the most ancient observations is necessary, but the acceleration, small as it is, is sufficient, if unlimited, to ultimately destroy the balance between the earth and the moon, and introduce an element of disorder into the system. Euler investigated the origin of this disturbance, and upon a review of his labors said: “There is not one of the equations about which any uncertainty prevails; and now it appears to be established by indisputable evidence, that the secular inequality in the moon's mean motion can not be produced by the force of gravitation.” Lagrange was not more successful in his attempt to solve the enigma; and how hopeless he thought any future research, we may gather from his advice—“the data are doubtful: reject the inequality altogether.” Laplace made many trials, and often took the wrong path, before he was able to say, “I have found it;” but now it is found, how simple and satisfactory is the explanation! The sun by its attraction has a tendency to diminish the force of gravity between

the earth and its satellite; and, therefore, if the solar attraction be variable, it will quicken or retard the angular velocity of the moon. Now, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has, from the time of the earliest astronomical observation, been decreasing, and as the perturbing force of the sun is inversely as the cube of the distance, the moon's motion has been accelerated. This acceleration, however, has a limit, and the catastrophe once thought to be so certainly in the womb of time—the fall of the moon to the earth—will not happen; for when the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has attained its minimum, a retardation of the moon's mean motion will commence. This secular inequality is, therefore, one in which alternate effects are produced, each occupying periods of vast duration, and is as certain a measurer of time as the vibrations of a pendulum; but how august is the fact of the existence of such a chronometer!

We might proceed to explain how Laplace successfully investigated other lunar inequalities, tracing two of them to the spheroidal figure of the earth; how he detected an exact commensurability in the periods of some of Jupiter's satellites, and entered into a profound investigation of the theory of tides. These labors he completed, and after adding so much to science by original investigations, he entertained the idea of collecting together the researches of his predecessors and contemporaries, and of writing a system of philosophy founded on the theory of gravitation, employing a uniform method of analysis. He lived to realize the noble conception. The "*Traité de Mécanique Céleste*" is one of the most valued efforts of genius, a prodigy of human industry, admitting comparison with the noblest intellectual efforts of the race. In this work, the author brings before us the relations and mutual dependences of material creation, draws the picture of a system of worlds, mighty in its dimensions, but more grand in its simplicity, and adduces evidences of its unity more difficult to conceive than its extension.

But we can not speak of the progress of physical astronomy in that remarkable age in which the intellectual vigor of France was preëminently developed, without associating the name of Lagrange with that of Laplace. These two eminent mathematicians were often occupied with

the same subject, and announced the same truth obtained by different processes. We follow them, step by step, in their researches, uncertain to whom preëminence should be given. Both labor in the same field, and when they do not make the same discovery by following different paths, each so much enlarges our conception of the vast region to be explored, and supplies so many facilities for following his investigation, or for commencing an independent inquiry, that we lose sight of the possibility of a rivalry in honor. Lagrange possessed a complete command of the calculus, and was distinguished by the grandeur of his design, the abstract form in which he presented it, and the unity of means by which he attained his object. In the "*Mécanique Analytic*" he follows his subject through all its phases from a single principle, and completes his work, if we may so speak, with the same tool. The term, elegance, may be thought an unsuitable description of a mathematical calculation, but if symmetry of design and simplicity of action be deserving that name, it may be applied to the investigations of Lagrange. Laplace excelled Lagrange as much in the adaptation of the calculus to the discovery of causes, and, if we may so speak, in the limitation of his potent instrument to the subject of investigation, as Lagrange excelled him in the generalization and elegance of his analysis; but any comparison of one with the other would be impossible if each were not eminent in the quality for which the other is preëminent. They were both inferior to Newton in originality of thought, and that power of conception which seems like intuition. Lagrange was accustomed to say: "Newton was the greatest genius that ever lived, and the most fortunate: we do not find more than once a system of the world to establish." And Laplace probably felt how much less would have been left for him to discover if the great master of science had possessed his means of investigation, when he wrote the high encomium which nothing but a consciousness of its strict truthfulness could have drawn from his pen: "The imperfection of the infinitesimal calculus, when first discovered, did not allow Newton to resolve completely the difficult problems which the system of the world offers, and he was often compelled to give mere hints, which are always uncertain until they are confirmed



by a rigorous analysis. Notwithstanding these unavoidable defects, the number and generality of his discoveries relative to this system, and many of the most interesting points of the physico-mathematical sciences, the multitude of original and profound views, which have been the germ of the most brilliant theories of the geometers of the last century, all of which were presented with much elegance, will assure to the 'Principia' a preëminence above all the other productions of the human intellect."

While the Continental astronomers were laboriously prosecuting the science of celestial mechanics, the English astronomers were improving the instruments of observation, measuring the planets, speculating upon their physical structure, tracing the orbits of comets, sweeping the heaven of fixed stars, resolving nebulae, and gauging the depths of the firmament. The men who were thus occupied, had acquired preëminent skill as observers, but they also possessed extraordinary powers as interpreters of nature, and while following the leadings of science under the guidance of the inductive philosophy, obtained such a glimpse of the boundless magnitude of the universe, of the innumerable multitude of suns, literally as numberless as the sands on a sea-shore, and of the incomprehensible glory of God in his creation, as reduced man and all his works to their native littleness, but confirmed the human spirit, so bright in its intelligence, so clear in its anticipations of immortality, in its commanding elevation above all physical and material existence. As the labors of Lagrange and Laplace in France have guided us in following the progress of physical astronomy, so the observations and researches of Bradley and William Herschel in England, the former as an instrumental, the latter as a telescopic observer, represent the advance of that practical acquaintance with the heavens upon which all astronomical knowledge depends. Although the fame of Bradley was established by the discovery of Aberration and Nutation, we are scarcely less indebted to him for invaluable improvements in astronomical instruments, and that vast series of observation which the illustrious Bessel so admirably used in his research upon the motion of the solar system in space. It is not, however, of him or of his labors that we have now to speak, but of Herschel, that ad-

mirable practical astronomer, who having communicated his first scientific memoir to the Royal Society, in the fortieth year of his age, continued for thirty-nine consecutive years to enrich the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" with his labors, and while he rivaled in honor his great contemporaries Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, lived like them to an advanced age, in possession of all his faculties, and with undiminished interest in scientific pursuits.

When Herschel commenced his career as an observer, astronomers had nearly completed their survey of that vast region of the solar system lying within the orbit of Jupiter. If we except the asteroids, every planetary body within that space had been then discovered, and little comparatively remained to be done beyond the confirmation or correction of previous observations and hypotheses. There can be no better proof of the minuteness and care with which previous astronomers had investigated the forms, orbits, revolutions, and intimations of the physical conditions of these bodies, than his inability to make any large addition to the knowledge they had acquired. If we except his examination of the ellipticity and physical state of the planet Mars, of the satellites of Jupiter, and of the solar spots, there is little in his survey of this portion of the heavens to demand especial notice. But when we pass beyond it into that more distant region little known to the ancient astronomers, we begin to appreciate the value of such a guide; and the further we advance in space the more clear are the evidences of his power to use with skill the telescopes he constructed, to apply them to right purposes, and to explore intellectually, as well as visually, the crowded firmament. Cassini had discovered two bands upon the disk of the planet Saturn parallel to the plane of its ring, but in his mind the fact was barren. Herschel directed his telescope to the same object, and discovered the rotatory motion of the planet on an axis perpendicular to the plane of the ring.

Saturn and its appendage sadly perplexed Galileo, and their true connection was unknown till Huygens announced "The planet is surrounded by a slender flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic." Herschel turned his magnificent instrument to this curiously constituted body, and he

found two rings, having a rotatory motion round the planets, of immense diameter, and of such an inconsiderable thickness, that we can only represent the relative dimensions by a ring nine inches in diameter cut out of writing paper. Five satellites had been discovered—one by Huygens, four by Cassini. Herschel, with his forty-feet telescope, found two others. This, as was reasonably supposed, completed the system; but in our own day, an eighth was simultaneously discovered in that disproportionately wide space between the fourth and fifth satellites, by Mr. Lassell in England, and Mr. Bond in America. The planet Uranus and its six satellites were added to our representations of the solar system by this extraordinary man; and it is a curious fact that for more than half a century the existence of the moons was only known upon his testimony, for they had not been seen by any other astronomer. The perturbations of this planet, whose presence Herschel detected among a host of other bodies, from which it could not be distinguished by a less practiced eye, or a mind of less sagacity, have in our own day led to the discovery of a planet still more distant.

We must now watch the astronomer of Slough while he is sweeping the heavens with his gigantic telescopes, gauging the depths of space, assigning a form to the combination of innumerable stars, and describing the motion of systems. Although the stars visible to the naked eye are not many thousands, the number is greatly increased by a small telescope, and with every addition to the illuminating and magnifying powers the number revealed increases at so large a ratio as to leave the imagination far below the reality. When Galileo's little tube came into the hands of his contemporaries they found that the star sphere was no longer a canopy of gems not too numerous to deck the throne of an eastern potentate, but an unlimited space, containing, so far as man's capacity of observation is concerned, an infinite number of worlds. One of the first discoveries made by the telescope was, that some objects which appear to be single stars, consist of two stars so near to each other as to appear but one. When Herschel commenced his examination of these bodies, hoping to measure a parallax, a considerable number had been discovered, but of the

269, described in his first catalogue, little more than forty had been previously observed. It was at this time that Mitchell pointed out the strong probability of a physical connection between the two members of a double star, and of their forming a binary system, bound together by the force of gravity, one body revolving round the other in a period which might be measured. The correctness of this conjecture Herschel demonstrated twenty years after it had announced, for in that period the positions of many of the stars had changed sufficiently to permit an approximate estimate of the period of revolution, and in one instance the revolution had been completed. Thus it was demonstrated that gravitation binds together in the same chain of cause and effect the most distant globes, and acts as a universal force upon matter, whether in the body of the sun or in a fixed star.

When the great astronomer passes beyond the limit where his telescope gives a correct definition, the imagination is excited, and though he never loses his hold of the hand of science, those who follow him are apt to take a more adventurous flight, and forget the necessity of a guide in those dim realms of space where they seem to be looking from a distance into the laboratory of world. The telescope is no sooner in the hands of an intelligent observer but he discovers, apparently floating in space, many nebulous forms—cloud-like extensions—which, but for their permanence of place, might be thought travelers through the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere; but if, when the eye has been for a time fixed on one of those cloudy spots, an instrument of higher power be used, the dim mass and indefinite outline is broken into thousands of brilliant spots, as perfect in their stellar forms as those which stud the heavens every cloudless night, and he feels as one would, who, in perfect consciousness, closed his eyes upon a mist, and raised them to look into a serene hemisphere of stars. Guided by the imperfect observations of his predecessors upon a few of these nebulous forms, not exceeding 150, Herschel, with his noble instruments, commenced his observations, and in a few years catalogued 2500. But with him the investigation was not confined to the labor of collecting—of cataloguing as many as possible; but he did this to satisfy the more intellectual desire of classifica-

tion preparatory to a theoretical explanation of their several conditions. The idea of comparison between the genesis and progressive development of organic structures, and the formation of worlds, oppressed his mind, and led him to the assumption of an hypothesis which for a time was accepted by men of science, but which, like every other effort of man to construct a cosmogony, was but an imagination. He thought that he looked into the vast capacity of space where there was nothing but luminous nebulous matter—he looked again, and it was broken up, condensing round centers in all those stages of formation which must intervene between a purely nebulous extension and a perfect world rotating on its axis and revolving in a fixed orbit. But another astronomer has come with a still larger instrument, and the phantom vision has faded away. That which was in Herschel's telescope a luminous nebulous matter, has been resolved by Rosse into millions of stars, and all men now believe that if instruments still more powerful resolved the nebulae which still remain in cloudiness, they would reveal others more distant. Vast, beyond all conception, is this visible universe. The light of the nearest fixed

star is traveling three years in space before it reaches the earth. We see a star of the sixth magnitude as it was thirty-six years ago; the light of the most distant star visible in Herschel's forty-feet telescope was nearly 7000 years on its journey, and Lord Rosse's six-feet telescope exhibits rays which for more than 10,000 years have been flying through space with a velocity of 192,000 miles in a second. We may well exclaim, after the contemplation of such facts: "O Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" But it was a man who discovered them.

We might follow farther the steps of the great astronomical observer of the eighteenth century; but we have said enough to indicate the state of the science as it was left by Laplace and Herschel. To the masterly biographies in the volume before us we refer our readers for further information, and whether they examine them simply as records of the power of mind in difficult investigations, or as disquisitions upon the progress of science, they can not fail to be amply repaid for the time they expend upon them.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## P E R F U M E R Y .

How do we smell? Ask a child the question, and he stares at your stupidity, and answers at once: "With your nose." Make the same inquiry of a physiologist, and you are told that the sense of smell is imparted to the brain through the olfactory nerve, which is acted upon by particles of odoriferous substances that are floating in the atmosphere. The man of science is as satisfied with his reply as is the child; yet if we take a fragrant substance—a fragment of musk, for instance—and note its weight, and after the lapse of days weigh it again, the most delicate

balance will fail to detect the slightest alteration, though at every instant, in a thousand different directions, innumerable scented atoms have been scattered to the winds.

Far be it from us to enter upon a physiological discussion. Grateful for the valued sense, we are willing to take for granted all that we are told upon the subject, while we consider some of the curiosities of perfumery.

The origin of perfumery Pliny traces to the East, and his opinion is fully borne out by the inspired writers, whose fre-

quent allusions to perfumes and aromatics prove the very early and extensive employment of the luxury by nations in whose land flourish the aloë, cinnamon, sandal wood, camphor, nutmeg, and cloves; the incense-tree which it was the sacred privilege of the Sabæi to gather, the balsam-trees, the sorrowful nyctenthes which pours forth its rich odors in the twilight, the Nilica in whose blossoms the bees are said to hum themselves to sleep, and the sweet Elcaya; these, and a forest of others, are the property of the East, and for ages were disregarded by the rest of the world. Homer but twice alludes to any thing of the sort being in use among the Greeks; and centuries after the Jews had been commanded to make incense, the Athenians were forbidden by Solon to use perfumery. Among the Lacedæmonians, the luxury was always discountenanced, and perfumers were expelled the city as wasters of oil, upon the same principle that they dismissed all who dyed wool because they destroyed its whiteness. In Athens the case was different: in spite of Solon's prohibition, a taste for perfumery grew apace, and its indulgence was brought to a higher pitch of refinement than it has ever enjoyed before or since. Though the East supplied the Athenians with the most valued gums and ointments, they added largely to the stock of fragrant plants already in use. Pliny, and Athenæus, who quotes the work of Apollonius, have left accurate accounts of the ingredients of the different perfumes, where they were best prepared, and—what is, perhaps, consoling to us just now—how they were adulterated.

The boxes in which the unguents were carried were generally made of alabaster, highly ornamented, and must have formed an expensive item in the jeweler's bill. But if we may believe a passage in the *Settler* of Alexis, even this extravagance has been exceeded:

“For he t' anoint himself  
Dipped not his finger into alabaster,  
The vulgar practice of a former age;  
But he let fly four doves, with unguents  
drenched,  
Not of one sort, but every bird a perfume bore  
Peculiar, and differing from the rest:  
And they hov'ring around us, from their heavy  
wings  
Showered their sweets upon our robes and  
furniture.

And I—be not too envious, gentlemen—  
I was myself bedewed with violet odors!”

The room in which an entertainment was given was always perfumed, either by burning incense or sprinkling the furniture with scented waters—an unnecessary measure, when we consider the lavish manner in which the guests were anointed. Each portion of the body had its appropriate oil or essence. Mint was recommended for the arms; palm-oil for the jaws and breasts; the eyebrows and hair were anointed with an unguent extracted from marjoram; the knees and neck with the essence of ground ivy. This last was beneficial at drinking parties, as also was the perfume obtained from roses; the quince yielded an essence suitable to the lethargic and dyspeptic; the perfume extracted from vine-leaves kept the mind clear, and that from white violets was good for digestion.

The fashion of anointing the head at banquets is said to have arisen from an idea that the heating effects of wine would be better borne when the head was wet, just as a patient who labors under a burning fever is relieved by the application of a lotion. Aristotle proved that his habits of observation had led him to a different and truer conclusion when he attributed the frequent occurrence of gray hair to the drying nature of the spices employed in the unguents. Nor did he stand alone in condemning their excessive use. It was not without a meaning that Sophocles represented Venus, the goddess of pleasure, perfumed, and looking in a mirror; and Minerva, goddess of intellect and virtue, as using oil and gymnastic exercises. Chrysippus sought in the derivation of the word an objection to the luxury; but the attempt was so far-fetched as fairly to expose him to the satire of an ancient wit, that “if there were no physicians, there would be nothing in the world so stupid as grammarians.”

Socrates disapproved of all perfumes. “There is the same smell,” he said, “in a slave and a gentleman, when both are perfumed;” a remark that made little impression upon his pupil Æschines, who turned perfumer, fell into debt, and attempted to borrow money upon the strength of his business. Alexander the Great was more attentive to the rebuke of his tutor, Leonides, for his wasteful expenditure of incense in his sacrifices. “If



would be time for him," his master told him, "so to worship when he had conquered the countries that produced the frankincense." The king remembered the lesson; and when he had taken possession of Arabia, he dispatched a cargo of frankincense and myrrh to his old tutor.

From Greece perfumes quickly made their way to Rome; and although their sale was at first strictly prohibited, their employment became more and more extravagant, until even the eagles and standards were thought unfit to face the barbarian hosts of Northern Europe unless they had been duly anointed before battle; and should the engagement have proved successful, the ceremony was repeated. Such was the demand for the luxury, that the chief street of Capua was occupied solely by perfumers. The incense burnt by Nero upon the funeral pyre of his wife Poppæa, exceeded the annual production of spices in Arabia. At a rather earlier period, Plautius Plancus, when proscribed by the triumvirs, was betrayed by his perfumes. His place of concealment got wind, and discovered him to his pursuers.

It is time that we leave these classic scenes, and devote a few minutes to modern perfumery, passing over the perfumed gloves and fatal caskets prepared by René, the chemist, astrologer, and perfumer, for the use of his mistress, Catherine de Medicis.

Thanks to Stow, we are acquainted with the exact period at which perfumes were introduced into England. "Millioners or haberdashers," he says, "had not then any gloves imbroydered or trimmed with gold or silke; neither could they make any costly wash or perfume until, about the fifteenth yeere of the queen, (Elizabeth,) the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that yeere the queene had a pair of perfumed gloves, trimmed only with four tuffes, or roses of coloured silk: the queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her handes, and for many yeeres after it was called 'the Earl of Oxford's perfume.'" The old comedies of Elizabeth's time are full of allusions to oils and essences, quintessences, pomatums, perfumes, and paint, white and red. Strutt quotes a MS. re-

ceipt of this date to make the face of a beautiful color. A person desirous of improving his complexion was to be placed in a bath, that he might perspire freely, and afterwards to wash his face with wine, and "so should he be both faire and ruddy." The Earl of Shrewsbury, who had charge of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, made an application for an increased allowance, on the ground of her expensive habit of bathing in wine. Generally, elder beauties bathed in wine; the young ones were contented with milk. Milk baths were in the height of fashion in Charles II.'s reign. But the attempt thus to cheat Time of his wrinkles was vain; the would-be fair ones were driven in despair to conceal what they found it impossible to remove, and patches became the rage.

Curious as are the records of the indulgence of former ages in cosmetics and aromatics, it has certainly been reserved for our own time to perfect the science of perfumery. Within the laboratory of the perfumer, chemistry now holds a recognized place, and acres of some of the fairest spots in Europe and Asia are devoted to the cultivation of flowers whose fragrance is no longer wasted on the desert air, but preserved for the enjoyment of all who choose to purchase it. India and Europe consume annually 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits. One large Continental perfumer alone consumes every year 80,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 54,000 lbs. of rose leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jasmine, 60,000 lbs. of the flowers of the acacia farnesiana, besides a large amount of lemon, rosemary, lilac, tubereuse, and other sweet-smelling flowers. England imports nearly 200,000 lbs. of essential oils, about 20,000 bottles of eau-de-cologne, and an incalculable amount of pomatums, soaps, and all the mysterious belongings of a lady's toilet-table. Pliny lamented the enormous sums that were withdrawn from Rome in exchange for the spices and pearls of India and Arabia. The indulgence of perfumery amongst us increases the revenue £40,000 a year.

The most novel and remarkable feature of the present manufacture of perfumes is the establishment of flower farms. Flowers, indeed, have taken the place of ambergris, musk, civet, and the odoriferous gums, which are now only used to give stability to the more evanescent scents. There are flower farms in Europe and

Asia, and another is likely to be started in Australia for the cultivation of the wattle, a plant of the acacia genus, and resembling in odor very powerful violets. Practical men bear in mind the cheapness of mutton fat, (a very necessary consideration, the preparation of suet being an important branch of the perfumery business,) and anticipate success. England has her flower farm at Mitcham, in Surrey, where lavender and peppermint flourish unrivaled. Roses are also cultivated there, but only for the purpose of making rose-water. The French rose-water, however, is far superior; and for otto of roses we are dependent upon India and Turkey. The otto obtained from roses grown at Ghazepore, in India, gained the prize at the Great Exhibition in 1851. In Turkey, the cultivation is chiefly attended to by the Christians in the district of the Balkan. From that neighborhood are obtained every year, on an average, 40,000 ounces of the otto. Some idea may be gained of the extent of the rose plantations from the fact that 2000 rose-blooms yield but one drachm of otto.

Patchouli, another Eastern plant, is said to have been introduced into Europe in the following manner: It was observed by the purchasers and sellers in Paris of Indian shawls that they possessed a peculiar fragrance. It was useless to attempt to pass off home-spun goods for the genuine article: however admirable was the imitation, the fraud was immediately detected by the absence of the true smell. At last the haberdashers discovered the secret; the scent was owing to patchouli, and the plant which was then first imported to aid the deceptions of trade, soon became a fashionable perfume.

We may be said to be indebted to all parts of the globe for our perfumery; but the real garden of the perfumer is the south of Europe. Grasse and Nice, owing to their geographical position, are the principal seats of the art. The violet blooms most happily beneath the cold shelter of the Alps; while the more tender plants, as mignonette and orange-trees, are cherished by the soft breezes of the southern coast.

It would be useless to enumerate the long list of plants whose sweetness is introduced into our scent-bottles and pom-mades. It is an easier task to mention a few of those that we only enjoy in their native freshness: honeysuckle, sweet-pea,

magnolia, sweet-brier, clove pink, and wallflower, are the most familiar. The essences offered for sale under their names are imitations, prepared by the mixture of other flowers; for so closely allied are the odors of flowers that one atom of water may produce the difference; it is easy therefore to conceive how a mixture can be made from several odors that shall resemble the perfume of a particular flower. The jasmine alone can not be imitated.

Odors resemble the notes of a musical instrument, and blend together in different harmonious combinations. Heliotrope, vanilla, orange-blossom, and almond, form what has been called one octave of odors: patchouli, vitivert, and sandal-wood form another. The perfumer's skill is exercised in the judicious mixture of odors of the same octave. Upon this principle eau-de-cologne, ess bouquet, and all popular mixed perfumes, are prepared. The effect of mingling odors of different octaves is a faint and sickly smell.

The essential oil or otto, upon which the fragrance of plants depends, is in most cases easily obtained by distilling the flowers with water. But the oils of some of our most delicious flowers can not be thus obtained. The otto of violets, for instance, has never been extracted, and that of jasmine is procured with such difficulty that it possesses a fabulous price, and is consequently of no practical use. Recourse is then had to another method, termed *enfleurage*. The flowers are sprinkled upon purified lard, which absorbs the odorous principle, and this is afterwards extracted by spirit.

At this point a fresh object of attention meets the perfumer. All the citrine odors, which form an important ingredient in eau-de-cologne, the verbena, and lavender, require French or grape spirit. Jasmine and violet are best preserved by the English or corn spirit. Hence the English-made perfumes of these latter flowers are preferred on the Continent, although the plants are grown on that side the Channel.

It is in the investigation of such delicate points as this, and in the examination of the composition of the different ottos, that chemistry is of assistance to the perfumer. In these duties the late eminent chemist, M. Gerardt, whose early death the scientific world have lately had to deplore, was for some years engaged. Further aid than this chemistry does not ap-

pear to afford ; for the public, according to M. Piesse, have been misled by the assertion of Dr. Lyon Playfair, that the ethers of the organic acids procured from all sorts of abominations, and extensively used by confectioners, are turned to account by the perfumer. "The perfumer," says M. Piesse, "must for the present look on these bodies as so many lines in the poetry of science which are without practical application to his art."

The essence of pine-apple, for instance, which is an ether obtained from rancid butter, produces, when inhaled, irritation of the throat and lungs, and violent headache. The error which M. Piesse has rectified, probably arose from a confusion of the terms flavor and odor.

Having touched upon the most peculiar features of modern perfumery, we shall not enter upon the details of the trade. Every one will readily allow the skill that must be expended upon the fragrant compounds, and will have no difficulty in taking the word of a leading perfumer that the manufacture is not exempt from the tradesman's vice of adulteration.

In conclusion, we would inveigh against any attempt on the part of perfumers or authors to prove that perfumery is beneficial to health. It is a luxury, a pleasant and a harmless one ; but that disease has been warded off by aromatic vinegar, or health restored to the dying by sprinkling a few drops of the "essence of cedrat" in the sick-chamber, we no more believe than we do the advice the same writer gives to clergymen and public speak-

ers, to sniff a pocket handkerchief, soaked in eau-de-cologne, for the sake of the invigorating qualities of the rosemary it contains ! We have heard of school-girls drinking eau-de-cologne to make their eyes bright, but we attributed the stimulating effect to another ingredient than the rosemary. The encouragement of perfumes in the sick-room is positively mischievous. Professor Johnston has pointed out that the odor which we dislike is overpowered by one more agreeable, but it is neither removed nor destroyed ; the invalid continues to inhale it in spite of the warning given him by his senses of its injurious effects.

In speaking of the harmlessness of perfumery, let it be clearly understood that we allude only to the gratification that is thus afforded our sense of smell ; we can not too strongly condemn the deleterious compounds that find their way, unknown to fathers and husbands, from the shop to the boudoir. Our contemporary *Punch*, like a true knight, raised his lance against an insidious enemy in the shape of belladonna, that promised to do all sorts of fine things to ladies' eyes. We in a like spirit would warn them against liquid blanc, depilatories, and all the other nastinesses with which they may besmear their cheeks and arms, thereby blocking up the pores of the skin and hindering the healthy though insensible perspiration, which, shocking as it may seem to them, is constantly going on, and which can not be checked with impunity.

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From Titan.

## ON THE VOICES OF BIRDS.\*

THE windpipes of birds differ in some respects from those of men and quadrupeds. They are often longer, and always more firmly made ; the gristle of the rings being carried all the way round. And, again, the stretched cords which give

forth the sound of the voice in birds, are not placed at the top of the windpipe, as with man, but at the lower part, not far from where the windpipe enters the lungs. This causes the hollow of the windpipe (that part which surmounts the sounding membrane) to strengthen the sound, by serving as a speaking trumpet. The voice, in its ascent up this tube, strikes

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\* *What is a Bird? The Forms of Birds, their Instincts, and Use in Creation, Considered.* By Mrs. Wright. 18mo, 322 pp. London: Jarrold & Sons.

against the hard rings, and in rebounding from one to another, resounds with force. The wider also the spaces between the hard rings, the greater is the variety of tone produced. Thus the quality of a bird's notes depends almost entirely upon the internal formation of the windpipe, and upon the fineness of the material of which it is formed.

The windpipe of a bird may truly be said to act as a double instrument; since the lower entrance gives out tones like the reeds of a clarionet, while the upper outlet acts as a trumpet tube. The cheeks, the tongue, and the bill of a bird, excepting in parrots and a few other kinds, have scarcely any power to stop the sounds that come from the throat, so as to mould and join them into distinct words.

The great volume and strength of sound thrown out by birds arise not only from the make of the windpipe, but also from the general construction of the bird's body.

Birds, like other chest-breathing animals, draw in air, and then send it out again, somewhat after the fashion of a pair of bellows. The lungs which receive the air do not, however, fill the chest of the bird, but are fastened to the ribs; and out of the cavities in the lungs of birds proceed a vast number of fine tubes, that carry the air forward into minute cells, or delicate bags of membrane, which are thickly dispersed about the frame. It is probable that a bird's wonderful power of long-continued song arises from its ability to send air-blasts forward out of these cells into the windpipe, where they rouse up the vocal tones. Little feathered songsters, when under the excitement of musical rivalry, have been known to fall down dead, suffocated in consequence of having exhausted their over-abundant supply of vital air.

In some kinds of geese, ducks, and wading-birds, the windpipe of the male birds is so long, that before it enters the lungs it takes a folding turn under the breast-bone. Some of the males of these birds have also a sort of gristly cavity, near the end of the windpipe, which gives to their tones a loud whistling sound, not unlike the notes of a harsh bugle. The trumpet-swan is one of these whistlers. These swans live during the summer in the cold regions of North-America: towards winter, they fly in large flocks more to the

south, and as they shape their course down the valley of the Mississippi river, they may be heard a long way off, uttering their loud music, which many people have described as like a wild chorus of horns clanging in the air.

For their size, birds are able to produce a larger amount of sound than any other animal. The shrill crowing of a cock will reach to a far greater distance than the shout of a man. Storks and wild geese may be heard sounding away high up in the air, at a distance of three miles. The croak of the raven, the cry of the duck, of the peacock, and of the goose, can be heard further off than the bellowings of a bull; and the song of the blackbird reaches to as great a distance as the voice of a man. The attention of a gentleman, walking in one of the most densely-crowded and noisy parts of London, was suddenly arrested, in the midst of the rattle of carriages, and the hum of human voices, by the notes of a bird in full song; he looked up, and beheld a small skylark pouring out its tuneful voice with such fullness of strength, that it rose above the din of confused sounds that streamed up from several streets.

Perhaps you may wonder why birds have had such strong voices given to them. As no decided reason is known, we are left to infer that their Maker has conferred this gift upon them, to increase their enjoyment, and to make them aware of each other's presence. Four-footed beasts, that live upon the ground, when in quest of their companions, can discover them by sight and by smell; and from being restricted in their ability to wander far away from each other, a slight exertion of voice is enough to serve their purpose. But the birds of the air are continually far apart from each other, and even when near to one another, many of them are so small, that they are hidden by the foliage of the trees amongst which they rest. Consequently those which live habitually together, whenever they quit one tree for another, keep up a peculiar sort of twitter, as if to inform their mates of every fresh movement. "A pair of bullfinches," Mr. Swainson says, "which crossed our path in a shady lane this morning, were sometimes on the same hedge, and sometimes opposite to each other, never separating to a greater distance than fifteen or twenty yards; when nearer, no calling note was to be heard,



but as soon as one flew to a further bush in search of fresh food, it apprized its companion by a chirp, and it immediately followed." When birds are exploring with their mates the best spot for building their nests, or are gathering materials to make them, the same signal-notes are continually to be heard. In the autumn there is much less chirping, because these labors of affection are then over.

The different characters of the various families of birds may be traced in their voices. The male birds are distinguished from the hens by the strength of their notes. The piercing cries of the birds of prey show their savage tendency; the echoing screaming of the swimmers, the harmonious warbling of the small insect and grain-feeding races, the importunate clamor of the waders, and the shrill sonorous call of the poultry, all mark the peculiar disposition, constitution, and habits of these different tribes.

Many peculiar species of birds probably learn their song when in the nest, by attending to the notes of the parent bird, just as children learn from their nurses and parents the language of the country in which they live. Bird-fanciers find that the first attempt of a nestling to utter sounds is not at all like its after-song, but that, as the bird grows older and stronger, it is not difficult to perceive what kind of sound it is attempting to copy. Whilst the winged scholar is thus endeavoring to form his song, he commonly raises his tone when he has caught a passage, but lets it drop when he fails. What he is not thoroughly master of he hurries over, lowering his voice as if he did not wish to be heard, and as if he could not yet satisfy himself. A common sparrow, that was taken from the nest and placed near to a linnet and goldfinch, adopted a song that was a mixture of the notes of these two. Three nestling linnets were educated, one under a skylark, another under a woodlark, and the third under a titlark, and instead of the song peculiar to their own species, they adhered entirely to that of their instructors.

Melody of voice belongs almost entirely to the *perching*-birds. The nightingale is thought by many to be our sweetest songster. There is a fullness, flexibility, variety, and harmony in its notes, which are quite astonishing. Dwelling for a minute in an under tone on two or three melancholy notes, the nightingale gra-

dually swells into a lofty key, till, rising to its utmost pitch of strength, it sinks down to a dying cadence, and again strikes off into a rapid succession of more brilliant sounds, ending in various detached ascending notes. Twenty-four different strains, with many delicate variations, have been reckoned in the song of a fine nightingale. On examining the sounding organs of these birds' windpipes, it is found that, for their size, they possess stronger muscles than those of any other of the feathered tribes.

The song of the thrush, is said to be the finest of any of our staying woodland birds, and indeed is superior in power and clearness, though not in variety, to that of the warblers. The song of the little wren is much admired; and for the size of the bird is very loud. The wren continues with us throughout the year, and warbles its sweet song very late in the season. In the cold of winter it has been heard to sing in the midst of a fall of snow.

Large birds are generally grave in their demeanor, and live much alone, while nothing can stop the constant prattle of the little company-loving songsters of the wood. The voice of the eagle is piercing, somewhat resembling the sharp barking of a dog, and is occasionally heard when the bird is flying so high that its form is completely lost sight of to the eye.

Most of the waders and swimmers, as before remarked, have loud screaming voices. The bittern has a very hoarse voice. When it comes out of its hiding-place in the evening, and takes to its wings, its music quite startles the listener; it sounds as if the voices of a bull and a horse were mingled together, and mocking you from the skies; yet listen patiently, and you will at last find some melody in its tones.

Several birds which have a wide beak, and a thicker and more fleshy tongue than the warblers, can be taught, as already remarked, to sound words, though they do not understand them. Parrots, pies, jackdaws, crows, blackbirds, starlings, and some others, which have this kind of bill and tongue, can be made to chatter continually; but, as their words express no thoughts, they do not at last speak. Some birds, from the form of their sounding organs of voice, and from the shape of their tongues, produce strange tones. The horned owl is one of these. In South-

America there is a bird called the campanero or bell-bird, which gives out a note exactly resembling that of a tolling bell. A bird with a similar note has been heard in South-Africa. Two missionaries journeying in the wild solitude of that land, listened to one of these birds with astonishment, and exclaimed to each other: "Did you not hear a church bell?" The sound came to their ears, heavy and slow, like a distant toll. It never seemed to be nearer, but came as a deep, solemn, dream-like sound, sometimes ceasing, and then again the solemn peal was borne upon the wind.

In North-America and the West-Indian Islands there is a thrush called the mocking-bird, which can imitate the sounds of many birds and animals. One of these birds, confined in a cage, has been heard to mimic the mew of a cat, the chattering of a magpie, and the creaking of a sign-post in the wind. This kind of thrush often frequents the dwellings of the American farmers, and sitting on the roof or chimney, will sometimes pour forth its own sweetest and most varied notes: at other times, it will borrow its song from every bird around; and on this account has been termed by the Mexicans "the bird of four hundred tongues." It sings from March to August. Mrs. Meredith, who resided some time in Tasmania, amusingly describe some birds, which the people around her called "the miners." These birds had a note like a sharp, short word. They were about the size of a blackbird, were clothed in feathers of a delicate French gray, with darker shades on the wings, and had a little black cap with touches of yellow on the head. The general air and expression of these miners "was extremely piquant and saucy." "They are," this lady says, "evidently great gossips, perpetually hunting out and interfering with every bird in the neighborhood, and a whole troop may frequently be seen chasing a marauding hawk or egg-stealing crow, flying all round in the busiest manner, and uttering their quick sharp cry of 'thief! thief! thief!' Their own morals being none of the purest, we might expect them to be chary of abuse; but apparently their individual experiences in theft only render them more alert in detecting the peccadilloes of their brethren, and we have often traced out our poultry foes through their agency!

"Their depredations in orchards are really serious, and their impudence so great, that nothing short of mortally wounding will scare them from their banquet. A fine bearing cherry-tree, one of our richest prizes from the Cambrian orchard, was planted close to the end of the verandah, in the belief that there the fruit would be safe, as persons were constantly passing to and fro; but our busy friends took up their daily abode in it, as soon as the cherries began to ripen, and continued to partake of our store, in the proportion of the lion's share as long as any remained. Yet was it well worth the loss of a few cherries, to witness the impudent nonchalance of these miners; how they would hop and creep about the branches, and instead of flying off when pelted with gravel or shouted at, would pop out their bright-eyed saucy heads from amidst the clustering leaves, and cry, 'thief! thief! thief!' as loudly as ever, straightway making a fresh onslaught on the fruit with such honest-looking, confident assurance, that I almost began to doubt whether they or we were the rightful proprietors of the tree."

With the song of the lark, we shall close our history of voices. The changing, sweet, and thrilling music of this bird charms every ear that listens to its notes; and those who understand the form of its windpipe, see impressed upon it the stamp of the divine hand. The causes that produce the lark's changing tones have been interestingly described by Mr. Robert Mudie; the following are his words:

"Every one in the least conversant with the structure of birds must be aware that with them the organs of intonation and modulation are *inward*, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none, or next to none, from the mandibles of the bill. The windpipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs, because of the air-cells and breathing tubes with which all parts of their bodies are furnished. But those diffused breathing organs must act with least freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion; that is, when it is ascending or descending; and in proportion as these cease to act, the windpipe is the more required for the purposes of breathing.

"The skylark thus converts the atmo-

sphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song; a song which is, perhaps, not equal either in power or compass, in the single stave, to that of many of the warblers, but one which is more varied in the whole succession. All birds that sing, ascending or descending, have similar power; but the skylark has it in a degree superior to any other."

A bird is the child of nature; it loves its liberty. The most admired and sweet-

est song warbled from a prison-house of wire, often conveys to the instructed ear a cry of irritation and distress. Both a lark and a robin, imprisoned far away from their loved tuft of grass and green mossy tree, have a plaintive accent in their notes, that may well convey to our minds a faint representation of the mournful cry of the captive Israelites, who, on being asked to sing the songs of Zion replied, How can we sing the songs of our God in the place of our captivity?

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DELHI.

[As Delhi is now the great central battle-ground of India, to which many anxious eyes are turned, this article can hardly fail of interesting the reader.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.]

Two hundred years before the siege of Troy, a terrible war was brought to a conclusion in Upper India. The war of the Mahabharata was waged between the rival lines of Pandu and Curu for the possession of the territory of Hastinapura. The former proved victorious, but, broken-hearted by the deaths of so many friends and kinsmen, their leaders perished miserably in pilgrimages over the snows of the Himalayas. An equally wretched fate awaited the object of contention, for a sudden rise of the Ganges overwhelmed what was at that time the paramount city in Northern India. According to a somewhat doubtful tradition, the next capital was Indraprest'ha, or Indraput, founded by Yundishetira, on the right bank of the Jumna. There is no doubt, however, that this was a place of some importance, from the end of the twelfth to the middle of the fourth century before the Christian era, at which period the seat of government was removed to Oogoin. It is probable that it recovered some portion of its former greatness towards the close of the fourth century after the Christian dispen-

sation, for the Iron Lath, or pillar, near the Kutab Minar, records the warlike achievements of a certain Raja Dara, of whom nothing more known than what he himself has thus handed down to posterity. But its true revival can not be dated earlier than A.D. 782, when Anungpal, the founder of the Tuor dynasty, restored Indraprest'ha to its former preëminence, though he appears to have changed its name to Delhi. The original and real significance of this designation are veiled in obscurity. One ingenious etymologist mentions Delip, or Delipa, who lived previously to the Mahabharata. Ferishta talks of Dehlu, a prince of many virtues, who was deposed by Phoor, Rajah of Kumaon—the Porus of classical writers. A still more fanciful interpreter has discovered in the word an allusion to the fable touching the Kheel, or iron pillar of the Pandus, the pedestal of which was supposed to be placed in Hell. An infidel prince of the Tuar line, unconvinced of the truth of the ancient saying, caused its foundations to be laid bare to a great depth, when suddenly "blood gushed up from the earth's center,

and the pillar became loose, (*dhille*.)” A pertinent objection, however, has been made to this theory, that the word on which so much stress is laid happens to be of Persian rather than of Sanscrit origin, and consequently could hardly have been applied to an Indian city that was in a flourishing condition some centuries before the first invasion of the Mohammedans. But passing over these old wives’ fables, we begin to tread on surer ground when we arrive at the epoch of Mahmood of Ghazni. It is evident that the Rajah of Delhi was at that time a personage of considerable influence, for Ferishta particularly mentions him as having joined a confederacy of Hindoo princes to oppose Mahmood’s third invasion of India in 1008. In his fourth incursion that fanatical conqueror, after the capture of Tahnesur, which was under the Raja’s protection, “was desirous of proceeding to Delhi.” But his nobles told him it would be impossible to keep possession of it, till he had rendered Mooltan a province of his own government, and secured himself, from all apprehension of Arundpal, Raja of Lahore.” Again, on his seventh expedition, Mahmood having marched against Mathura, “and entered it with little opposition from the troops of the Raja of Delhi, to whom it belonged, gave it up to plunder.” Some years later, in 1043, we read that “the Raja of Dehly, in conjunction with other Rajas, re-took Hansi, Tahnesur, and their dependencies, from the governors to whom Mahmood had intrusted them.” They then proceeded against Nagrakote, when the Delhi Raja pretended that the great idol of Nagrakote, which had been destroyed by the Mussulmans, had appeared to him in a dream of the night, and promised to meet him in its temple. The rumor of this vision naturally brought a host of zealots to the Raja’s camp, and the prediction, as usual, fulfilled itself.

The last of the Hindoo princes was the Raja Pithora, or Pirthi Raj, rendered famous by the gratitude of his favorite bard. Pirthi Raja was, strictly speaking, the head of the Chohans of Ajmere, but being adopted by his grandfather, the chief of the Tomaras of Delhi, he united these two states under his single sway. The government of Delhi, however, was more particularly conducted by his brother-in-law, Raja Chund. In the year 1191, these two princes defeated Shahab-ul-deen, the Ghorian, on the plain of Tironri, between Tah-

nesur and Kurnal, the cock-pit of India; but two years afterwards fortune was less propitious to their courage. Chund fell in battle, and Perthi Raj, being made prisoner, was slaughtered in cold blood. After this decisive victory, the conqueror easily reduced Ajmere, and then returned to his native country, leaving his lieutenant Eibuk to achieve the work of conquest, which was accomplished by the capture of Delhi, Coel, and Meerut. This remarkable man was a Turkoman slave, purchased by the Ghorian ruler, and named by him Eibuk, because of his having a little finger broken. On the assassination of his sovereign, Eibuk declared himself independent by the title of Sultan Kutub-ul-deen, or the “Pole-star of the Faithful.” With him commenced in 1206, the Ghorian, or first Tartar dynasty, and it was in allusion to his origin that Hindoo writers have delighted to affirm that “the empire of Delhi was founded by a slave.” A slave, his own brother-in-law, also succeeded him in 1210, for his son Aram was too feeble to rule a nation of warriors. Though a slave, Shums-ul-deen Altumsh was descended from a noble family in Toorkistan, and, like Joseph, had been sold into captivity by his brethren out of envy. After various singular adventures, he was purchased by Kootub for 50,000 pieces of silver, and subsequently raised to the highest offices. Shums-ul-deen governed with a vigorous hand, and compelled nearly the whole of Hindostan Proper to acknowledge his supremacy. His name is further immortalized in connection with Kutub Minar, a remarkable pillar near Delhi, two hundred and forty-two feet in height. On his death in 1236, he was succeeded for a few months by his son Kookn-ul-deen, a sensual prince, and, therefore, deposed in favor of his sister, the Sultana Regia. This princess, says Ferishta, had no other fault than that of being a woman, which in her case appears to have been a fatal one. She is described as being a fluent reader of the Koran, a rare event with her sex, and a high merit even in men. She was also a just and able ruler until she became fascinated by an Abyssinian slave, her master of the horse, whom she raised to the highest dignity of the state. As a natural result, the nobles deemed themselves injured and insulted, and under the leadership of Altuma—himself a Toorkoman slave—broke out into open revolt. In the battle that ensued the favorite was slain, and the Sul-



tana made prisoner. But her conqueror soon became her captive, and warmly espoused her cause. The nobles, indignant at his teachery, put both himself and his bride to death, and placed her brother Beiram on the throne. His reign was brief, for having endeavored to rid himself of the chiefs to whom he owed his elevation, he was two years afterwards thrown into prison, and then deprived of life. The next king of Delhi was Alla-ul-deen Masand, son of Rookn-ul-deen, and an inheritor of his father's vices. After a cruel and licentious reign of five years, frequently troubled by eruptions of the Mogul hordes, he also was deposed and put to death. The throne then reverted to a grand-son of Shums-ul-deen Atumsh, by name Nasir-ul-deen Mahmood, whose disposition and habits were rather those of a literary student than a monarch. He affected to regard himself as only the steward of the public revenues, and supported himself almost exclusively by copying the Koran. He had only one wife, who performed all the labors of the household without the aid of a single female servant. Nasir-ul-deen, however, was fortunate in his Wuzeer, Gheias-ul-deen Bulbun, another Toorkoman slave, who restored the disputed supremacy of Delhi, and surrounded the court with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental pageantry. On one occasion, when a Persian ambassador was expected, the Wuzeer went out to meet him at the head of 50,000 foreign horse in the king's pay, 2000 elephants, and 3000 carriages of fireworks. At that time Delhi was the asylum of twenty-five fugitive princes, who had been dispossessed of their territories by the wild hordes of Ghenghiz Khan. The taste for magnificence displayed by Gheias-ul-deen during his wuzeerat, was still further developed on his accession to the regal power in 1266.

"His state elephants were covered with purple and gold trappings. His horse guards, consisting of 1000 Tartars, appeared in glittering armor, mounted on the finest steeds of Persia and Arabia, with silver bits and housings of rich embroidery. Five hundred chosen foot in rich liveries, with drawn swords, preceded him, proclaiming his approach and clearing the way. His nobles followed according to their rank, with their various equipages and attendants."

Like Francis I. of France, Gheias-ul-deen was fortunate in becoming the patron of poets and historians, driven by the trou-

bles of the times from their native states, and who have exhibited their gratitude in their high-flown panegyrics. It does not appear, however, that his sagacity at all merited such enthusiastic laudation. Having been immoderately addicted to wine in his youth, he subsequently prohibited its use under severe penalties. He also excluded Hindoos from holding office, and enacted game laws of great stringency. In consequence of the harshness of his administration there were frequent rebellions, which were punished with terrible severity. His reign lasted twenty years, during which Delhi enjoyed an eminent degree of prosperity and importance. He also built the small towers of Gheiaspoor and Murzaghun, the ruins of which are familiar to all who have resided at Delhi. His successor was his grandson Keikobad, a licentious voluptuary, and a mere tool in the hands of his Wuzeer Nizam-ul-deen, by whose instigation he invited the principal men of the Mogul settlers to a banquet, at which they were ruthlessly murdered. He afterwards turned his Wuzeer's counsels to such good purpose that he caused him to be poisoned, but was himself assassinated after reigning only two years.

The Khiljee, or second Tartar dynasty, now commenced in the person of Jelal-ul-deen Khiljee, who also had been a slave. This old man, for he was 70 years of age, inaugurated his accession to the kingly power by putting to death the son of his predecessor; but with that exception he showed himself just and merciful. He is best known, however, to Mohammedan writers as having changed the color of the royal umbrella from red to white. He also removed the royal residence to Kelo-kree, which he inclosed with a wall, and beautified with gardens and terraces along the banks of the river. In the seventh year of his reign he was murdered by assassins, hired by his own nephew, Ala-ul-deen Khiljee, who then ascended the throne without opposition. The commencement of this reign was as glorious as the latter part was the reverse. One of his generals, after a successful invasion of the Carnatic, is said to have brought back 312 elephants, 20,000 horses, many chests of pearls and jewels, and one hundred millions sterling in gold. However this may be, Guzerat was conquered and annexed, and the Moguls were defeated on several occasions. His prowess, it

must be admitted, was tarnished by his cruelty, for the common men among his prisoners were butchered in cold blood, while the chiefs were trampled to death by elephants. He was guilty of a yet greater atrocity than this. In a moment of jealousy he discharged all the Mogul converts from his service, and when some of them, in despair, conspired against him, he ordered the whole of them, 15,000 in number, to be massacred, and their wives and children sold into slavery. Towards the close of his reign, his arms experienced many reverses, which, coupled with his habitual intemperance, accelerated his death, after twenty-two years' enjoyment of the royal title. His son and successor, Mobaruk Khiljee, was as cruel and licentious as himself, though one of his first acts was the release of 17,000 prisoners. In war he was bold and vigorous, and recovered the revolted provinces of Guzerat and the Deccan; but in time of peace he was dissolute and effeminate, and went about to the houses of the nobility dancing and singing, and attired as a female actress. He was assassinated in the year 1321 by his favorite, Khosroo Khan, a converted Hindoo, who destroyed every member of the royal family, but was himself speedily overcome and put to death by Ghazee Khan Toghlagh, Governor of the Punjab.

In the absence of any lawful heir to the throne, Ghazee Khan was unanimously proclaimed Sultan by the title of Gheias-ul-deen Toghlagh. He thus became the founder of the third Tartar dynasty, and constructed the castle or fortified town of Toghlaghabad, the ruins of which form one of the most interesting objects in the panorama of desolation viewed from the summit of the Kutab Minar. Gheias-ul-deen was likewise a warrior; and it was after his return from Tirhoot that he was killed by a wooden pavilion—erected by his son, Juna Khan—falling in and crushing him. Though generally suspected of parricide, Juna Khan encountered no opposition in assuming the title of Sultan Mohammed Toghlagh. This prince affords a memorable example of the insufficiency of great abilities to achieve success, unless tempered and guided by judgment. He is represented as a munificent, devout, accomplished, and enterprising monarch, but unstable in purpose, and visionary in counsel. Having bought off a horde of Moguls, at a price which drained his ex-

chequer, he invaded China with an army of 100,000 men, in order to recruit his finances. He lost his army in the snows of the mountains, and then equally in vain attempted to refill his treasury by issuing copper tokens, which completed the ruin of his credit. Not content with massacring the inhabitants of Canonj, he would surround extensive tracts of country with armed men, and narrowing the circle by degrees, would put to the sword every living soul found within. In one of his expeditions he lost a tooth, which he buried with great solemnity, and erected a monument to its memory. Soon afterwards, on the impulse of a mere caprice, he removed the seat of government and the people of Dehli to Dergiri, from which he permitted them to return only that he might a second time transport them to his new capital; in the words of Ferishta, "leaving the noble metropolis of Dehly a resort for owls, and a dwelling-place for the beasts of the desert." And it was truly a noble city, if we may credit the report of John Batuta, a native of Tangiers, who traveled through Hindostan near the middle of the fourteenth century. "We proceeded," he says, "from Masud Abad till we came to Delhi, the capital of the empire. It is a most magnificent city, combining at once both beauty and strength. Its walls are such as to have no equal in the world. This is the greatest city of Hindostan, and indeed of all Islamism in the East. It now consists of four cities, which becoming contiguous have formed one. The thickness of its walls is eleven cubits." These four towns were Seree, founded by Ala-ul-deen Khiljee, Jahanpanah, Shahpoor, and Kelo-kree—situated at some little distance from the site of the modern town of Delhi. Mohammed Toghlagh died in 1351, and was succeeded by his nephew, Feeroz Toghlagh, who built Feerozabad and Jahanamah, and improved and beautified the metropolis. His name, indeed, is identified with a host of public works, thus enumerated by Ferishta, though the round numbers are at least suspicious: Fifty dams across rivers, to facilitate their navigation; forty mosques; thirty colleges, with mosques; twenty palaces; one hundred caravanserais; two hundred towns; thirty tanks or reservoirs; one hundred hospitals; five mausolia; one hundred public baths; ten monumental pillars; ten public wells; one hundred

and fifty bridges. The six years that followed upon the death of Feeroz were stained with the horrors of civil war, but in 1394 his grandson, Mohammed Toghlagh II., was placed upon the throne, though a minor. The Delhi monarchy appeared tottering to its fall, the nobles did what seemed good in their eyes, and no one took thought for the people. In the midst of this weakness and anarchy, a formidable enemy appeared in the field. On the 12th December, 1398, Timour the Tartar arrived before the walls of Delhi, but on the left bank of the Jumna. His first step was to send a division across to the other side to storm Jahannamah, the site of the palace of the late Maharajah Hindoo Rao Bahadoor, and the scene of the recent engagements when the insurgents in attempting to carry a battery of British guns were gallantly repulsed by the Ghoorkas. A few days afterwards, Timour cruelly slaughtered his prisoners to the number of 100,000, because they were reported to have expressed some exultation at the approach of Mohammed's army. He then crossed the Jumna with the whole of his forces, and encamped on the same ground as that now occupied by the army of retribution. A hard-fought battle ensued, in which the Tartars were victorious, and in the course of the following night Mohammed Toghlagh and his Vizier Mulloo Khan fled to Guzerat. A deputation of the principal inhabitants came out on the morrow to tender their submission to the conqueror, and were promised pardon and protection. At night Timour celebrated his triumph by the customary debauch, and in the flowery language of Sherif-ul-ali Yeydee: "The tree of pleasure was forthwith planted in the garden of enjoyment. The brains of delight and pleasure were perfumed with the sweet odor of musk-smelling wine. From the splendor of the royal cup the festive meeting was lighted up with joy and ease of heart. A festive meeting is the opener of the heart and the creator of joy; and Sahib Kiran (Timour) shed the light of his countenance on the heads of the princes, and amceers, and pillars of state." But while Timour and his chief officers were reveling and making merry, his barbarous soldiers had come in collision with the inhabitants of the city, and a general massacre ensued.

"A great many of the infidels set fire to their

own household property and burned themselves, together with their wives and children. Then the soldiers, notwithstanding the Hindoos opposed them with great courage and resolution, stretched forth the hand of power and violence in quest of plunder and spoil. At this crisis the nobles ordered the gates to be shut, that the army now outside might not enter, nor any great amount of harm be done. But on this night (Thursday) about 15,000 troops were in the fort, and throughout the whole night they continued to plunder, and to set on fire the houses of the people, and to feed the flames. In some places the Guchas, (Hindoos,) with great resolution stood on the defensive, and blood and slaughter ensued. Early in the morning, when from the inroad of the King of the Stars, the property of the Hindoo night was entirely plundered, (that is, when darkness was dispelled by the rising sun,) all the army entered the city, and a great noise was created thereby. On that Friday, the 17th day of the month, many Mahallas in Jahanpanah were publicly plundered. On Saturday, the 18th, the same state of riot continued; and every man of the army took captive about 150 persons, men and women, and brought them out of the city, so that to the meanest man belonging to the army not less than twenty persons became captive. And the other plunder and spoil consisted of various kinds of jewels and pearls, and particularly rubies and diamonds, various kinds of valuable cloths, various kinds of costly things, vessels of gold and silver, and money without count, on which was the impression of Ala-ul-deen Khiljee. And the amount of this money and the other property was so great as to defy narration by the two-tongued pen. And amongst the spoil there were female slaves who wore bracelets on their arms and ornaments on their legs—the very toes of whose feet were adorned with rings of great value. Respecting medicines, simples, and aromatics, no one now inquired. On Sunday, the 19th day of the month, they turned their attention to old Delhi, (Shah-poor,) whither many of the Hindoo infidels had fled. These being collected in the Jama Masjid, were prepared for battle and slaughter. Ameer Shah Malik, and Alee Sultan Torachee, having taken with him five hundred tried warriors, went towards it, and with the stroke of the infidel-slaughtering sword sent them all to hell; and the heaps of the heads of the Hindoos reached to heaven, and their bodies became a prey to beasts and birds. Thus, on the day above mentioned, all old Delhi was plundered, and the inhabitants who remained alive were made captive. Several days successively were they occupied in bringing the captives out of the city, and each ameer obtained possession of a crowd of slaves. Amongst them were some thousands of tradesmen and artisans; and concerning these the royal order was issued that some of them should be distributed amongst those princes and nobles who had attended on the royal person, and had not entered into the city; and also some amongst those princes and

nobles who had been appointed to different stations without the city. And as the pious resolve of his Highness, Sahib Kiran, according to the proverb—that the resolve of a good Musulman is better than his actions, had written on the tablets of his heart that he should erect a Jama Musjid of cut stone in his capital of Samarcand—the royal order was issued that all the stone cutters should be kept for the king's particular use. \* \* With good fortune and prosperity, Sahib Kiran remained fifteen days at Delhi, and the beams from the crescent of his victorious standard were removing the rust from the looking-glass of the sun and moon, and the excellencies of his government and his victories were such as to have created envy in the souls of Jumsheed and Alexander had they been alive.”\*

The pious savage, before he “turned his attention to the other provinces of Hindostan, for the sake of the destruction and extirpation of other infidels,” repaired to the mosque at Feerozabad, and “uttered to God the prayer of two inclinations with perfect sincerity and humility; and thanked God for his mercies which were beyond the bounds of conception.” From the departure of Timour until the advent of the Afghan Baber, the kingdom of Delhi was restricted to a very narrow territory around the walls. Two dynasties in succession occupied the powerless throne—the former known as that of the Synds, the latter as that of Lodi. It was in the year 1525 that the victory of Panneput laid Hindostan at the feet of the Canbul conqueror, who boasted of being sixth in descent from the terrible Timour. Through one of those singular misapprehensions with which history abounds, Baber and his descendants have been famous throughout the world, under the title of the Great Mogul. There was probably not a single drop of Mogul blood in his veins. The Moguls were a small but ferocious tribe of barbarians, who marched in the van of the desolating hordes of Genghiz Khan, and by their horrible cruelties spread such a terror of their name, that the trembling natives of Hindostan applied the term to all the invading hosts that arrived from the north-west; in the same manner as they now call all white nations Feringhees. It is

thus that the early European traders were taught to regard the King of Delhi as the Great Mogul, the only designation by which the last Asiatic dynasty has been known to Europeans. Baber himself died at Agra in 1530, for that city had now become the seat of government. His son Humagoon suffered a series of misfortunes which terminated in his flight into Persia. During his exile, three usurpers successively held the supreme title, and one of them, Selim Shah of Chunar, built the fort of Selimghur, at Delhi. Humagoon was eventually restored, but meeting soon afterwards with an accidental death, was succeeded by the Great Akhber in 1556. This able monarch resided principally at Agra, where he built the present fort: he also erected a tomb to his father in the neighborhood of Delhi. He is more justly celebrated for having organized a postal system throughout his vast dominions. At every ten miles there was a station-house, with an establishment of two horses, and a certain number of running footmen. The distance of one hundred miles was gone over in twenty-four hours, and the five hundred miles from Agra to Ahmadabad, were accomplished in five days. He had never fewer than 4000 runners in his pay, besides 12,000 horses, 1000 camels, and from 5000 to 6000 elephants. He was also desirous of maintaining one thousand hunting leopards; but it is said that some mysterious disease carried them off whenever they exceeded the number of nine hundred.

His son Selim, who succeeded him in 1605, changed his name to Jehangeer, or Conqueror of the World, but took no pains to merit the appellation.

In the early part of his reign he was mild and benevolent; but, after suppressing the rebellion of his son Khosroo, he impaled in a row seven hundred of his misguided partisans. It was in his time that the first English envoy appeared at the court of the Great Mogul. Sir Thomas Roe, in his narrative of what he saw and did on that memorable occasion, dwells at great length on the meanness and cupidity of the prince-royal and the chief nobles, against whom he appears to have been waging continual warfare. Of Delhi he merely remarks that “it is an ancient city, and the seat of the Mogul's ancestors, but ruined.” Sir Thomas's antiquarian lore was evidently very limited, for he quietly states that the Kutub Minar,

\* This curious account is taken from the Zuffernamah of Sherif-ul-Ali Zeydee, translated by the late Mr. Cargill, President of the Delhi College, and published in the Journal of the Archaeological Society of Delhi, January, 1853.



was erected by Alexander the Great. In the following reign, that of Shah Jehan, the condition of old Delhi does not seem to have improved, for Tavernier says of it: "Dehly is almost come to ruine, and indeed is nothing but a heap of Rubbish: there being no other Houses remaining but only for poor people. Neither are there above three or four Lords of the Court that reside at Dehly, where they set up their tents in great Enclosures." However, a new era was approaching. In 1631, Shah Jehan founded the modern city of Delhi, which he called after himself, Shahjehanabad. This was really a handsome city for those times, as may be perceived from Bernier's lengthened and, perhaps, highly colored description. Tavernier is more calm and prosaic.

"Gehanabad—says he—as well as Dehly, is a great City; and there is nothing but a single wall that makes the separation. All the houses of particular men consist of great inclosures, in the midst whereof is the place for lodgings. The greatest part of the Lords do not live in the city, but have their houses without, for the conveniency of the water. As you enter into Jehanabad from Dehly, you meet with a long and broad street, on each side whereof are vaults where the merchants keep shops, being only plat-formed at the top. This street ends in the great piazza before the king's house; and there is another very fair and large street, that runs towards another gate of the same palace, in which live the great merchants that keep no shops. The king's palace takes up above half a league circuit. The walls are of fair cut stone, with battlements. The moats are full of water, paved with free stone. The great gate of the palace has nothing in it of magnificence; no more than the first court, into which the great Lords may enter upon their elephants."

He then gives a description of the interior of the palace too long to transcribe, but which contrasts strangely with Bishop Heber's account. The Bishop had no opportunity of beholding the peacock throne, valued by Tavernier, himself a jeweler, at six and a half millions sterling. It was so called, because the canopy was surmounted by a peacock with his tail spread out, consisting all of sapphirs and other proper colored stones; the body is of beaten gold, which is enchased with several jewels; and a great ruby upon his breast, at which hangs a pearl that weighs sixty carats. On each side of the peacock stand two nosegays as high as the bird, consisting of several sorts of flowers, all of beaten gold enameled.

It is too well known to need repetition, how the unfortunate Shah Jehan was deposed by his heartless, calculating son,

Aurungzebe. That prince, who has enjoyed a meretricious fame, was first proclaimed Emperor in Delhi, which once more became the capital of the empire. After his death in 1707, the power he had so laboriously built up rapidly crumbled away. Only thirty years later, the Mah-rattas, under Bajee Rao Peishwar, appeared at the very gates of Delhi, and plundered and burnt the suburbs. In 1739, a more grievous affliction overtook the imperial city. A shepherd of Khorasan had risen, from being a reckless free-booter to the throne of Central Asia, by the title of Nadir Shah. A messenger whom he had dispatched to the court of Delhi having been murdered by some of the hill tribes above Peshawur, he peremptorily demanded redress from the Emperor. His remonstrances being treated with cool indifference, he suddenly poured down into the plains of Hindostan, and defeated Mohammed Shah in a pitched battle near Kurnal. The ill-fated monarch repaired to the camp of the victor, by whom he was kindly received; and a few days afterwards they set out together for Delhi. At first, the Persian soldiers of Nadir Shah preserved the strictest discipline, and abstained alike from injury and insult. But a report having gone forth at night that Nadir was assassinated, the treacherous inhabitants rose upon the unsuspecting soldiery and murdered seven hundred of them. The retaliation was speedy and severe, but for a time Nadir endeavored to appease the fury of his followers, until one of his chiefs was shot dead by his side. He then gave free reins to vengeance, and for several hours the Persian soldiers raged like maniacs through the city. Many houses were set on fire, still more were gutted, and thousands of dead bodies encumbered the streets. According to the lowest computation, 8000 of the citizens were killed, but there is reason to believe that 30,000 would be the truer estimate. Fraser, indeed, who lived in the times of which he was writing, speaks of as many as 120,000 having been put to death. He also affirms that at least 10,000 women threw themselves into wells to avoid a worse fate than death, and that 80,000 Hindoos perished in addition to the foregoing during this Persian invasion. Even when the work of slaughter was staid, torture was employed to extort confessions as to the concealment of treasure. Many per-

sons of eminence were severely beaten until they ransomed themselves, and outrages of all kinds were perpetrated with impunity. In short, "sleep and rest forsook the city. In every chamber and house was heard the cry of affliction. It was before a general massacre, but now the murder of individuals." For nearly two months did this dreadful misrule prevail, and when Nadir Shah took his final departure, it was because there was nothing left to plunder. He carried off with him between eight or nine millions sterling in coin, several millions worth of gold and silver plate, the peacock throne, vast quantities of jewels, precious stuffs, and costly furniture, and a long train of horses, camels, and elephants. A sort of stupor settled down upon the wretched inhabitants, from which they were hardly roused by the necessity of providing their daily food for their wives and children. Again, in 1756, the imperial city became a prey to the fierce Afghan levies of Ahmed Shah Abdallee; and four years afterwards it was plundered by the Mahrattas, under Sedasheo Rao, "the Bahao." In 1761, Shah Allum II. ascended the throne, and, in an evil hour, declared himself the enemy of the British. In 1765, he was glad to obtain peace at the cost of his territory, and to accept a pension of £260,000 a year, together with some landed estates and other advantages. But, with the usual fickleness of the Oriental character, he seized upon the first opportunity to repudiate this treaty, and to throw himself into the hands of the Mahrattas, who failed to protect him even against the Rohillas. A fierce chieftain of that warlike people, named Gholaum Kandir Khan, made himself master of the city, and after heaping all manner of insult on the hapless Emperor, thrust out his eyes with his own dagger. He himself ere long received as little mercy from Madhajee Scindiah, who caused his ears, eyes, nose, hands, and feet to be cut off while he was still alive. Mahratta or Rohilla, it made but little difference to the blind monarch, who must have hailed, with mingled shame and delight, the victorious entry of the British under General Lake, in 1803, after

the defeat of the French officers in Scindiah's service. This was on the 12th of September; but on the 8th of October, Delhi narrowly escaped being surprised by Holkar, who suddenly appeared before the walls with upwards of a hundred guns, and perhaps 70,000 men. The British garrison consisted of about 800 sepoy, with eleven guns, in addition to a small force of irregulars, horse and foot, who either deserted or fled at the approach of the enemy. Colonel Ochterlony was the Resident; but the military command was vested in Colonel Burn, and nobly did he acquit himself of his arduous duty. On the ninth day of the siege, after delivering a murderous assault, Holkar was compelled to withdraw with disgrace and loss.

At that time the walls were in such disrepair that they crumbled away under the concussion of the guns that were mounted on them. Since then, however, they have been considerably strengthened, and could scarcely be breached without heavy artillery. It is probable, indeed, that if a battery could be opened upon the palace walls from the opposite side of the river, an early success might be obtained; but this could only be done before the rains had swelled the volume of waters.

Previous to the present insurrection, the King of Delhi was in the receipt of an annual pension amounting to £150,000, and the use of the palace or fort, over the 12,000 inmates of which he played the part of a sovereign, excepting that he had no power to take life. From a mistaken delicacy, and partly, perhaps, from an overweening confidence in our own power, he was permitted to retain the title of king; but that privilege would in any case have expired with the present occupant of that unreal throne and shadowy dignity. Whether of his own accord, or reluctantly yielding to a pressure he could not resist, the mock king has now sealed the final doom of his dynasty. The last of the Mogul monarchs has taken his seat in the hall of audience; and—in the words of the Persian poet, quoted by Bishop Heber—the spider shall hang her tapestry in the palace of the Cæsars.

From Titan.

## THE RESCUE, THE RUN, AND THE RUIN;

OR, INNSBRÜCK AND ITS ECHOES.

HAVE you ever noticed what slight regard to local beauty has been shown by the founders of many of our European capitals? A glance at their situation suggests the idea, that the somewhat mythical personages (whoever they were) who planted the first stakes and mapped out the first streets of many a metropolis of the West, must have been singularly deficient in appreciation of natural beauty. Look at Paris: it is a brilliant and a beautiful capital; but it is so rather in despite, than in consequence, of its position on that featureless plain beside the winding Seine. Look at Madrid: planted *à propos* to nothing at all, in the midst of an arid flat, which in summer is parched into thirst by the hot breath from the drowsy sierras in the distance, and in winter shivers under the unbroken sweep of the winds from those same sierras, now wrapped in their glittering shroud of snow. Look at Munich, on its bare and lofty platform: there are exquisite sites hard by, amidst those green slopes, where the beautiful Tyrolean Alps are shaded off into the dull plains of Bavaria. But the monks who founded Munich, and gave a name to the city, (*München*), had only an eye to their profitable merchandise in salt; and hence, around their old warehouses were crystallized by degrees those rude elements of civilization which have now developed themselves into a splendid capital, glowing with frescoes and shining with marbles. Our remark would apply with similar force to St. Petersburg, fighting its way into supremacy against the frowns of nature in winter, and its hard, dry smile in summer, while the Neva thunders forth a vain but tremendous protest as soon as its frost-shackles are riven in the spring. We are aware that there are brilliant refutations of our theory; such as Naples, with its perfect dower of beauty, or Florence, scarcely less bountifully endowed by the hand of the Creator. But we are convinced that one of the most marked exceptions to the general rule is to be found

in Innsbrück, that little mountain metropolis of the Tyrol. It is a perfect gem, this small city of Innsbrück; and it is deeply set in such a circlet of magnificent mountains, as scarcely another capital in the world may boast. The river Inn, which has been making its willful way through one profound valley after another, is here spanned by a bridge, which gives its name to the little city (*Innsbrück*) standing on its green banks. Mountains 6000 and 8000 feet high gather around the town, as if to keep watch and ward about its walls. Indeed, so close is their vigil, that it is said the wolves can look down into the streets beneath their own craggy fastnesses, and speculate in their hungry minds upon which of the portly burghers and of the plump *frauleins* they would like to sup. In truth, one of the most impressive features in the Tyrol is the suddenness of the *spring* which is made by the mountains from the deepest depth of the valleys. You may draw your finger along the very line where the foot of some mountain, which wears its silver coronet on its royal brow 10,000 feet above you, is planted in the green vale below. And thus from the ground-floor of your hotel in Innsbrück, which was once the house of the patriot Hofer, you look up to the roofs of the six-storied houses on the opposite side of the extremely narrow street, and you see the white forehead of a mighty mountain serenely looking down upon you, where you thought to see naught but a narrow strip of blue ether, or the bright wing of some roving cloud.

But the charm of Innsbrück lies not only in its glittering peaks with their dark girdle of pine forest clasped by shining glaciers, and draped around their feet with festooned vines and golden fringes of maize. You feel that history has made an atmosphere of its own around you, other than that which is woven of the fleecy mists of the valley, or elastic with the pure ether of the mountain-top. Let

us take our stand for a moment in the whispering gallery of the past, and catch some few of the echoes which are vibrating in the air.

#### THE RESCUE.

You are standing on a narrow thread-like road, which has barely room to draw itself along between the rocky bank of the river Inn, and the base of a frowning buttress of the Solstein, which towers many hundred feet perpendicularly above you. You throw your head far back, and look up; and there you have a vision of a plumed hunter, lofty and chivalrous in his bearing, who is bounding heedlessly on after a chamois to the very verge of the precipice. Mark! he loses his footing, he rolls helplessly from rock to rock! There is a pause in his headlong course. What is it that arrests him? Ah! he puts forth his mighty strength, and clings hand and foot, with the gripe of despair, to a narrow ledge of rock, and there he hangs over the abyss! It is the Emperor Maximilian! The Abbot of Wiltan comes forth from his cell, sees an imperial destiny suspended between heaven and earth, and crossing himself with awe, bids prayers be put up for the welfare of a passing soul. Hark! there is a wild cry ringing through the upper air! Ha! Zyps of Zirl, thou hunted and hunting outlaw, art thou out upon the heights at this fearful moment? Watch the hardy mountaineer! He binds his *crampons* on his feet—he is making his perilous way towards his failing Emperor, now bounding like a hunted chamois, now creeping like an insect, now clinging like a root of ivy, now dropping like a squirrel. He reaches the fainting monarch just as he relaxes his grasp on the jutting rock. Courage, Kaiser! [Emperor] there is a hunter's hand for thee, a hunter's iron-shod foot to guide thee to safety. Look! They clamber up the face of the rock on points and ledges, where scarce the small hoof of the chamois might find a hold; and the peasant folk still maintain that an angel came down to their master's rescue. We will, however, refer the marvelous escape to the interposing hand of a pitying Providence. Zyps the outlaw becomes "Count Halloer von Hohenfelsen," "Lord of the wild cry of the lofty rock;" and in the old pension-list of the proud house of Hapsburg, may still be seen an

entry to this effect, that sixteen florins were paid annually to "one Zyps of Zirl." As you look up from the base of the Martinswand, you may with pains distinguish a cross which has been planted on the narrow ledge where the Emperor was rescued by the outlaw.

#### THE RUN.

Here is another vision, an imperial one also. The night is dark and wild. Gusty winds come howling down from the mountain passes, driving sheets of blinding rain before them, and whirling them round in hissing eddies. At intervals the clouds are rent asunder, and the moon takes a hurried look at the world below. What does she see, and what can we hear?—for there are other sounds stirring beside the ravings of the tempest in that wild cleft of the mountains which guard Innsbruck on the Carinthian side. There is a hurried tramp of feet, a crowding and crashing up through the steep and narrow gorge, a mutter of suppressed voices, a fitful glancing of torches which now flare up bravely enough, now wither in a moment before the derisive laugh of the storm. At the head of the *melee* there is a litter borne on the shoulders of a set of sure-footed hunters of the hills; and around this litter is clustered a moving constellation of lamps, which are anxiously shielded from the rude wrath of the tempest. A group of stately figures wrapped in rich military cloaks, with helms glistening in the torch-light, and plumes streaming on the wind, struggles onward beside the litter. And who is this reclining there, his teeth firmly set to imprison the stifled groan of physical anguish? He is but fifty-three years of age, but the lines of premature decay are plowed deep along brow and cheek, while his yellow locks are silvered and crisped with care. Who can mistake that full, expansive forehead, that aquiline nose, that cold, stern, blue eye, and that heavy, obstinate, Austrian under-lip, for other than those of the mighty Emperor Charles V.? And can this suffering invalid, flying from foes who are almost on the heels of his attendants, jolted over craggy passes in midnight darkness, buffeted by the tempest, and withered by the sneer of adverse fortune—can this be the Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Lord of the Nether-



lands, of Naples, of Lombardy, and proud chief of the golden Western World? Yes, Charles, thou art reading a stern lesson by that fitful torch-light; but thy strong will is yet unbent, and thy stern nature yet unsoftened. And who is the swift "avenger of blood" who is following close as a sleuth-hound on thy track? It is Maurice of Saxony, the unscrupulous but intrepid leader of the Protestant cause—a match for thee in boldness of daring and in strength of will. But Charles wins the midnight race; and yet, instead of bowing before Him whose "long-suffering would lead to repentance," he ascribes his escape to the "star of Austria," ever in the ascendant, and mutters his favorite saying: "Myself, and the lucky moment."

#### THE RUIN.

One more scene: it is the year 1809. Bonaparte has decreed in the secret council-chamber, where his own will is his sole adviser, that the Tyrol shall be cleared of its troublesome nest of warrior-hunters. 10,000 French and Bavarian soldiers have penetrated as far as the upper Junthal, and are pushing boldly on towards Prutz. But the mountain-walls of this profound valley are closing gloomily together, as if they would forbid even the indignant river to force its wild way betwixt them. *Is* there a path through the frowning gorge other than that rocky way which is fiercely held by the torrent? Yes; there is a narrow road, painfully grooved by the hand of man out of the mountain side, now running along like a gallery, now dropping down to the brink of the stream. But the glittering array winds on. There is the heavy tread of the foot soldiers, the trampling of horse, the dull rumble of the guns, the waving and flapping of the colors, and the angry remonstrance of the

Inn. But all else is still as a midnight sleep, except indeed when the eagles of the crag, startled from their eyries, raise their shrill cry as they spread their living wing above the gilded eagles of France. Suddenly a voice was heard far up amidst the mists of the heights—not the eagles' cry *this* time—not the freak of a wayward echo—but human words, which say, "*Shall we begin?*" Silence! It is a host that holds its breath and listens. Was it a spirit of the upper air parleying with its kind? If so, it has its answer countersigned across the dark gulf: "*Noch nicht!*"—not yet! The whole invading army pause; there is a wavering and writhing in the glittering serpent-length of that mighty force which is helplessly uncoiled along the base of the mountain. But, hark! the voice of the hills is heard again, and it says, "*Now!*" *Now* then descends the wild avalanche of destruction, and all its tumult, dismay, and death. The very crags of the mountain-side, loosened in preparation, come bounding, thundering down. Trunks and roots of pine trees, gathering speed on their headlong way, are launched down upon the powerless foe, mingled with the deadly hail from the Tyrolese rifles. And this fearful storm descends along the whole line at once. No marvel that two thirds of all that brilliant invading army are crushed to death along the grooved pathway, or are tumbled, horse and man, into the choked and swollen river. Enough of horrors! Who would willingly linger on the hideous details of such a scene? Sorrowful that man should come, with his evil ambitions and his fierce revenges, to stain and to spoil such wonders of beauty as the hand of the Creator has here moulded! Sorrowful that man, in league with the Serpent, should writhe into such scenes as these, and poison them with the virus of sin!

From Chambers's Journal.

## A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

### FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS.

"AND what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep?"

THIS remark, expressed too tersely and intelligibly to be considered "poetry" nowadays, must apply to the nobler sex. Few observant persons will allege against ours, that even in its lowest form our friendship is deceitful. Fickle it may be, weak, exaggerated, sentimental—the mere lath-and-plaster imitation of a palace great enough for a demigod to dwell in—but it is rarely false, parasitical, or diplomatic. The countless secondary motives which many men are mean enough to have—nay, to own—are all but impossible to us; impossible from the very faults of our nature—our frivolity, irrationality, and incapacity to seize on more than one idea at the same time. In truth, a sad proportion of us are too empty-headed to be double-minded, too shallow to be insincere. Nay, even the worst of us being more direct and simple of character than men are, our lightest friendship—the merest passing liking that we decorate with that name—is, while it lasts, more true than the generality of the so-called "friendships" of mankind.

But—and this "but" will, I am aware, raise a whole nest of hornets—from their very peculiarities of temperament, women's friendships are rarely or never so firm, so just, or so enduring, as those of men—*when* you can find them. Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Brutus and Cassius—last and loveliest, David and Jonathan, are pictures unmatched by any from our sex, including the far-famed ladies of Llangollen. When such a bond really does exist, from its exception to general masculine idiosyncrasies—especially the enormous absorption in and devotion to number one—from its total absence of sentimentalities, its undemonstrative-

ness, depth, and power, a friendship between two men is a higher thing than between any two women—nay, one of the highest and noblest sights in the whole world. Precisely as, were comparisons not as foolish as they are odious, a truly good man, from the larger capacities of male nature both for virtue and vice, is, in one sense, more good than any good woman. But this question I leave to controversialists who enjoy breaking their own heads, or one another's, over a bone of contention which is usually not worth picking, after all.

Yet, though dissenting from much of the romance talked about female friendships, believing that two thirds of them spring from mere idleness, or from that *besoin d'aimer* which, for want of natural domestic ties, makes this one a temporary substitute, Heaven forbid I should so malign my sex as to say they are incapable of an emotion which, in its right form and place, constitutes the strength, help, and sweetness of many, many lives; and the more so, because it is one of the first sweetestnesses we know.

Probably there are few women who have not had some first friendship, as delicious and almost as passionate as first love. It may not last—it seldom does; but at the time, it is one of the purest, most self-forgetful, and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience; with many, the nearest approximation to that feeling called love—I mean love in its highest form, apart from all selfishnesses and sensuousnesses—which in all their after-life they will ever know. This girlish friendship, however fleeting in its character, and romantic, even silly, in its manifestations, let us take heed how we make light of, lest we be mocking at things more sacred than we are aware.

And yet, it is not the real thing—not friendship, but rather a kind of foreshadowing of love; as jealous, as exact-

ing, as unreasoning—as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, coloring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when love appears; or if it then wishes to keep up its vitality at all, it must change its character, temper its exactions, resign its rights; in short, be buried and come to life again in a totally different form. Afterward, should Laura and Matilda, with a house to mind and a husband to fuss over, find themselves actually kissing the babies instead of one another—and managing to exist for a year without meeting, or a month without letter-writing, yet feel life no blank, and affection a reality still—then their attachment has taken its true shape, as friendship, shown itself capable of friendship's distinguishing feature—namely, tenderness without appropriation; and the women, young or old, will love one another to the end of their lives.

Perhaps this, which is the test of the sentiment, explains why we thus seldom attain to it, in its highest phase, because nature has made us in all our feelings so intensely personal. We have instincts, passions, domestic affections, but friendship is, strictly speaking, none of the three. It is—to borrow the phrase so misused by that arch *im-moralist*, that high-priest of intellectual self-worship, Goethe—an elective affinity, based upon the spiritual consanguinity which, though frequently coëxistent with, is different from any tie of instinct or of blood relationship. Therefore, neither the sanctities nor weaknesses of these rightly appertain to it; its duties, immunities, benefits, and pains belong to a distinct sphere, of which the vital atmosphere is perfect liberty. A bond, not of nature but of choice, it should exist and be maintained calm, free, and clear, having neither rights nor jealousies; at once the firmest and most independent of all human ties.

“Enough,” said Rasselas to Imlac; “you convince me that no man can ever be a poet.” And truly, reviewing friendship in its purest essence, one is prone to think that, in this imperfect world of ours, no man—certainly no woman—ever can be a *friend*. And yet we all own some dozens; from Mrs. Granville Jones, who invites “a few friends”—say two hundred

—to pass with her a “social evening”—to the poor costermonger, who shouts after the little pugilistic sweep the familiar tragico-comic saying: “Hit him hard; he’s got no friends!” And who that is not an utter misanthrope, would refuse to those of his or her acquaintance that persist in claiming it, the kindly title, and the pleasant social charities which belong thereto?

“Love is sweet  
Given or returned;”

and so is friendship; when, be it ever so infinitesimal in quantity, its quality is unadulterated; springing, as I repeat, women’s friendship almost always does spring, out of that one-idea’d impulsiveness, often wrong-headed, but rarely evil-hearted, which makes us at once so charming and so troublesome, and which, I fear, never will be got out of us till we cease to be women, and become what men sometimes call us—and they well know they give us but too much need to be—angels.

Yes, with all our folly, we are not false: not even when Lavinia Smith adores with all her innocent soul the condescending Celestina Jones, though, meeting twenty years after as fat Mrs. Brown and vulgar Mrs. Green, they may with difficulty remember one another’s Christian names: not when Bessy Thompson, blessed with three particularly nice brothers, owns likewise three times three “dearest” friends, who honestly persuade themselves and her that they come only to see dear Bessy: nevertheless, the fondness is real enough to out-last many bothers caused by said brothers, or even a cantankerous sister-in-law to end with. Nay, when Miss Hopkins, that *middle-aged* and strong-minded “*young lady*” of blighted affections, and Mrs. Jenkins, that woman of sublime aspirations, who has unluckily “mated with a clown,” coalesce against the opposite sex, fall into one another’s arms and vow eternal friendship—for a year; after which, for five more, they make all their acquaintances uncomfortable by their eternal enmity—even in this lamentable phase of the sentiment, it is certainly more respectable than the time-serving, place-hunting, dinner-seeking devotion which Messrs. Tape and Tadpole choose to denominate “friendship.”

Men may laugh at us, and we deserve it: we are often egregious fools, but we are

honest fools; and our folly, at least in this matter, usually ends when theirs begins—with middle life, or marriage.

It is the unmarried, the solitary, who are most prone to that sort of "sentimental" friendship with their own or the opposite sex, which, though often most noble, unselfish, and true, is in some form ludicrous, in others dangerous. For two women, past earliest girlhood, to be completely absorbed in one another, and make public demonstration of the fact, by caresses or quarrels, is so repugnant to common-sense, that where it ceases to be silly, it becomes actually wrong. But to see two women, whom Providence has denied nearer ties, by a wise substitution making the best of fate, loving, sustaining, and comforting one another, with a tenderness often closer than that of sisters, because it has all the novelty of election which belongs to the conjugal tie itself—this, I say, is an honorable and lovely sight.

Not less so the friendship—rare, I grant, yet quite possible—which subsists between a man and woman whom circumstances or their own idiosyncrasies, preclude from the slightest chance of ever "falling in love." That such friendships can exist, especially between persons of a certain temperament and order of mind, and remain for a lifetime, utterly pure, interfering with no rights, and transgressing no law of morals or society, most people's observation of life will testify; and he must take a very low view of human nature who dares to say that these attachments, satirically termed "Platonic," are impossible. But, at the same time, common-sense must allow that they are rare to find, and not the happiest always, when found; because in some degree they are contrary to nature. Nature's law undoubtedly is, that our nearest ties should be those of blood—father or brother, sister or mother—until comes the closer one of marriage; and it is always, if not wrong, rather pitiful, when any extraneous bond comes in between to forestall the entire affection that a young man ought to bring to his future wife, a young woman to her husband. I say *ought*—God knows if they ever do! But, however fate, or folly, or wickedness may interfere to prevent it, not the less true is the undoubted fact, that happy above all must be that marriage where neither husband nor wife ever had a friend so dear as one another.

After marriage, for either party to have or to desire a dearer or closer friend than the other, is a state of things so inconceivably deplorable—the more erring, the more deplorable—that it will not bear discussion. Such cases there are; but He who in the mystery of marriage prefigured a greater mystery still, alone can judge them, for He only knows their miseries, their temptations, and their wrongs.

While allowing that a treaty of friendship "pure and simple," can exist between a man and woman—under peculiar circumstances, even between a young man and a young woman, it must also be allowed that the experiment is difficult, often dangerous; so dangerous, that the matter-of-fact half of the world will not believe in it at all. Parents and guardians very naturally object to a gentleman's "hanging up his hat" in their houses, or taking sentimental twilight rambles with their fair young daughters. They insist, and justly, that he ought to

"Come with a good will, or come not at all;"

namely, as a mere acquaintance, a pleasant friend of the family—the *whole* family, or as a declared suitor. And though this may fall rather hard upon the young man, who has just a hundred a year, and with every disposition towards flirting, a strong horror of matrimony—still, it is wisest and best. It may save both parties from frittering away in a score of false sentimental likings the love that ought to belong but to one; or, still worse, from committing or suffering what, beginning blamelessly on either side, frequently ends in incurable pain, irremediable wrong.

Therefore, it is, generally speaking, those further on in life, with whom the love-phase is past, or for whom it never existed, who may best use the right which every pure and independent heart undoubtedly has, of saying: "I take this man or woman for my friend: only a friend—never either more or less—whom as such I mean to keep to the end of my days." And if more of these, who really know what friendship is, would have the moral courage to assert its dignity against the sneers of society, which is loth to believe in any thing higher and purer than itself—I think it would be all the better for the world.



Women's friendships with one another are of course free from all these perils, and yet they have their own. The wonderful law of sex—which exists spiritually as well as materially, and often independent of matter altogether—since we see many a man who is much more of a woman, and many a woman who would certainly be the “better-half” of any man who cared for her—this law can rarely be withstood with impunity. In most friends whose attachment is specially deep and lasting, we can usually trace a difference—of strong or weak, gay or grave, brilliant or solid—answering in some measure to the difference of sex. Otherwise, a close, all-engrossing friendship between two women would seldom last long; or if it did, by their mutual feminine weaknesses acting and reacting upon one another, would most likely narrow the sympathies and deteriorate the character of both.

Herein lies the distinction—marked and unalienable—between friendship and love. The latter, being a natural necessity, requires but *the one*, whom it absorbs and assimilates till the two diverse and often opposite characters, become a safe unity—according to divine ordinance, “one flesh.” But friendship, to be friendship at all, must have an independent self-existence, capable of gradations and varieties; for though we all can have but one dearest friend, it would argue small power of either appreciating or loving, to have only one friend.

On the other hand, the “hare with many friends” has passed into a proverb. Such a condition is manifestly impossible. The gentleman who, in answer to his servant's request to be allowed to go and “see a friend,” cries:

“Fetch me my coat, John! Though the night be raw,  
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw:”

this cynic, poor wretch, speaks wiser than he is aware of. One simple fact explains and limits the whole question—that those only can find true *friends* who have in themselves the will and capacity to be such.

A *friend*. Not perhaps until later life, until the follies, passions, and selfishnesses of youth have died out, do we—I mean especially we women—recognize the inestimable blessing, the responsibility, awful

as sweet, of possessing or of being a friend. And though, not willing to run counter to the world's kindly custom, we may give that solemn title to many who do not exactly own it; though year by year the fierce experience of life, through death, circumstance, or change, narrows the circle of those that do own it; still that man or woman must have been very unfortunate—perhaps as there can be no result without a cause, worse than unfortunate—who, looking back on thirty, forty, or fifty years of existence, can not say from the heart: “I thank God for my friends.”

People rarely long keep what they do not deserve. If you find any who, in the decline of life, have few “auld acquaintance,” and those few “never brought to mind,” but in their stead a lengthy list of friends who are such no more, who have “ill-treated” them, or with whom they had a “slight coolness;” if they are always finding fault with the friends they now have, and accusing them of ingratitude or neglect; if they tell you these friends' secrets, and expect you in return to tell them all *your* friends' secrets, and your own—beware of these people! They may have many good qualities; you may like them very much, and keep them as most pleasant society; but as for resting your heart upon them, you might as well rest it upon a burning rock or a broken reed.

But if you find people who through all life's vicissitudes and pangs have preserved a handful of real “friends”—exclusive of you, for it takes years to judge the value of friendship towards ourselves—if on the whole they complain little either of these friends or of the world, which rarely misuses a good man or woman forever; if they bestow no extravagant devotion on you, nor expect from you one whit more than you freely give; if they never, under any excuse, however personally flattering, talk to you about a third party as you would shrink from their talking to any third party about you—then, be satisfied:

“Those friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel!”

Never let them loose; suffer no changing tide of fortune to sweep them from you—no later friendships to usurp their place. Be very patient with them; bear their lit-

the faults as they must bear yours; make allowance for the countless unintentional slights, neglects, or offenses, that we all must, in the whirl of life, both endure and commit towards those who form not a part but an adjunct of our existence—remembering, as I said before, that the very element in which true friendship lives, and out of which it can not live at all, is perfect *liberty*.

Friendship once conceived should, like love, in one sense last forever. That it does not; that in the world's harsh wear and tear many a very sincere attachment is slowly obliterated, or both parties grow out of it and cast it, like a snake his last year's skin—though that implies something of the snake-nature, I fear—are facts too mournfully common to be denied. But there is a third fact as mournfully *uncommon*, which needs to be remembered likewise: we may lose the friend—the friendship we never can or ought to lose. Actively, it may exist no more; but passively, it is just as binding as the first moment when we pledged it, as we believed, forever. Its duties, like its delights, may have become a dead letter; but none of its claims or confidences have we ever afterwards the smallest right to abjure or to break.

And here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men. We can keep a secret—ay, against all satire, I protest we can—while the confider remains our friend; but if that tie ceases, pop! out it comes! and in the bitterness of invective, the pang of wounded feeling, or afterwards in mere thoughtlessness and easy forgetting of what is so easily healed, a thousand things are said and done for which nothing can ever atone. The lost friendship which, once certain that it is past all revival, ought to be buried as solemnly and silently as a lost love, is cast out into the open street for all the snarling curs of society to gnaw at and mangle, and all the contemptuous misogynists who pass by to point the finger at—"See what your grand ideals all come to!"

Good women—dear my sisters! be our friendships false or true, wise or foolish, living or dead—let us at least learn to keep them sacred! Men are far better

than we in this. Rarely will a man voluntarily or thoughtlessly betray a friend's confidence, either at the time or afterwards. He will say, even to his own wife, "I can't tell you this—I have no right to tell you;" and if she has the least spark of good feeling, she will honor and love him all the dearer for so saying. More rarely still will a man be heard, as women constantly are, speaking ill of some friend who a little while before, while the friendship lasted, was all perfection. What is necessary to be said he will say, but not a syllable more, leaving all the rest in that safe, still atmosphere where all good fructifies and evil perishes—the atmosphere of silence.

Ay, above all things, what women need to learn in their friendships is the sanctity of silence—silence in outward demonstration, silence under wrong, silence with regard to the outside world, and often a delicate silence between one another. About the greatest virtue a friend can have, is to be able to hold her tongue; and though this, like all virtues carried to extremity, may grow into a fault, and do great harm, still it never can do so much harm as that horrible laxity and profligacy of speech which is at the root of half the quarrels, cruelties, and injustices of the world.

And let every woman, old or young, in commencing a friendship, be careful that it is to the right thing she has given the right name. If so, let her enter upon it thoughtfully, earnestly, advisedly, as upon an engagement made for life, which in truth it is: since, whether its duration be brief or long, it is a tangible reality, and, as such, must have its influence on the total chronicle of existence, wherein no line can ever be quite blotted out. Let her, with the strength and comfort of it, prepare to take the burden; determined, whatever the other may do, to fulfill her own part and act up to her own duty, absolutely and conscientiously, to the end. For truly, the greatest of all external blessings is it to be able to lean your heart against another heart, faithful, tender, true, and tried, and record with a thankfulness that years deepen instead of diminish: "I have got a friend."

From Dickens's Household Words.

## A Q U E E N ' S R E V E N G E .

THE name of Gustavus Adolphus, the faithful Protestant, the great General, and the good King of Sweden, has been long since rendered familiar to readers of history. We all know how this renowned warrior and monarch was beloved by his soldiers and subjects, how successfully he fought through a long and fearful war, and how nobly he died on the field of battle. With his death, however, the interest of the English reader in Swedish affairs seems to terminate. Those who have followed the narrative of his life carefully to the end may remember that he left behind him an only child—a daughter named Christina; but of the character of this child, and of her extraordinary adventures after she grew to womanhood, the public in England is for the most part entirely ignorant. In the popular historical and romantic literature of France, Queen Christina is a prominent and a notorious character. In the literature of this country, she has hitherto been allowed but little chance of making her way to the notice of the world at large.

And yet the life of this woman is in itself a romance. At six years old, she was Queen of Sweden, with the famous Oxenstiern for guardian. This great and good man governed the kingdom in her name until she had lived through her minority. Four years after her coronation, she of her own accord abdicated her rights in favor of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. Young and beautiful, the most learned and most accomplished woman of her time, she resolutely turned her back on the throne of her inheritance, and, publicly betraying her dislike of the empty pomp and irksome restraint of royalty, set forth to wander through civilized Europe in the character of an independent traveler, who was resolved to see all varieties of men and manners, to collect all the knowledge which the widest experience could give her, and to measure her mind boldly against the greatest minds of the age wherever she went. So far, the interest excited by her character

and her adventures is of the most picturesquely attractive kind. There is something strikingly new in the spectacle of a young Queen who prefers the pursuit of knowledge to the possession of a throne, and who barter a royal birthright for the privilege of being free. Unhappily, the portrait of Christina can not be painted throughout in bright colors only. It is not pleasant to record of her, that, when her travels brought her to Rome, she abandoned the religion for which her father fought and died. It is still less agreeable to add, that she freed herself from other restraints besides the restraint of royalty, and that, if she was mentally distinguished by her capacities, she was also morally disgraced by her vices and her crimes.

The events in the strange life of Christina—especially those which are connected with her actions and adventures in the character of a queen-errant—present the freshest and the most ample materials for a biography, which might be regarded in England as a new contribution to our historical literature. Within the necessarily limited space at our command in these columns, it is impossible to follow her, with sufficient attention to details, through the adventures which attended her traveling career. One, however, among the many strange and startling passages in her life may profitably be introduced in this place. The events of which the narrative is composed throw light, in many ways, on the manners, habits, and opinions, of a past age, and they can, moreover, be presented in this place in the very words of an eye-witness, who beheld them two centuries ago.

The scene is in Paris; the time is the close of the year sixteen hundred and fifty-seven; the persons are the wandering Queen Christina, her grand equerry, the Marquis Monaldeschi, and Father Le Bel of the convent of Fontainebleau, the witness whose testimony we are shortly about to cite.

Monaldeschi, as his name implies, was

an Italian by birth. He was a handsome, accomplished man, refined in his manners, supple in his disposition, and possessed of the art of making himself eminently agreeable in the society of women. With these personal recommendations, he soon won his way to the favor of Queen Christina. Out of the long list of her lovers, not one of the many whom she encouraged caught so long and firm a hold of her capricious fancy as Monaldeschi. The intimacy between them probably took its rise, on her side at least, in as deep a sincerity of affection as it was in Christina's nature to feel. On the side of the Italian, the connection was prompted solely by ambition. As soon as he had risen to the distinction and reaped all the advantages of the position of chief favorite in the Queen's Court, he wearied of his royal mistress, and addressed his attentions secretly to a young Roman lady, whose youth and beauty powerfully attracted him, and whose fatal influence over his actions ultimately led to his ruin and his death.

After endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the Roman lady in various ways, Monaldeschi found that the surest means of winning her favor lay in satisfying her malicious curiosity on the subject of the private life and the secret frailties of Queen Christina. He was not a man who was troubled by any scrupulous feelings of honor, when the interests of his own intrigues happened to be concerned; and he shamelessly took advantage of the position that he held towards Christina to commit breaches of confidence of the most inexcusably ungrateful and the most meanly infamous kind. He gave to the Roman lady the series of the Queen's letters to himself, which contained secrets that she had revealed to him in the fullest confidence of his worthiness to be trusted; more than this, he wrote letters of his own to the new object of his addresses, in which he ridiculed the Queen's fondness for him, and sarcastically described her smallest personal defects with a heartless effrontery which the most patient and long-suffering of women would have found it impossible to forgive. While he was thus privately betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him, he was publicly affecting the most unalterable attachment and the most sincere respect for the Queen.

For some time, this disgraceful decep-

tion proceeded successfully. But the hour of the discovery was appointed, and the instrument of effecting it was a certain Cardinal who was desirous of supplanting Monaldeschi in the Queen's favor. The priest contrived to get possession of the whole correspondence which had been privately placed in the hands of the Roman lady, including, besides Christina's letters, the letters which Monaldeschi had written in ridicule of his royal mistress. The whole collection of documents was inclosed by the Cardinal in one packet, and was presented by him, at a private audience, to the Queen.

It is at this critical point of the story that the testimony of the eye-witness whom we propose to quote, begins. Father Le Bel was present at the fearful execution of the Queen's vengeance on Monaldeschi, and was furnished with copies of the whole correspondence which had been abstracted from the possession of the Roman lady. Having been trusted with the secret, he is wisely and honorably silent throughout his narrative on the subject of Monaldeschi's offense. Such particulars of the Italian's baseness and ingratitude as have been presented here, have been gathered from the somewhat contradictory reports which were current at the time, and which have been preserved by the old French collectors of historical anecdotes. Such further details of the extraordinary punishment of Monaldeschi's offense as are now to follow, may be given in the words of Father Le Bel himself. The reader will understand that his narrative begins immediately after Christina's discovery of the perfidy of her favorite.

The 6th of November, 1657, (writes Father Le Bel,) at a quarter past nine in the morning, Queen Christina of Sweden, being at that time lodged in the royal palace of Fontainebleau, sent one of her men-servants to my convent, to obtain an interview with me. The messenger, on being admitted to my presence, inquired if I was the superior of the convent; and when I replied in the affirmative, informed me that I was expected to present myself immediately before the Queen of Sweden.

Fearful of keeping her Majesty waiting, I followed the man at once to the palace, without waiting to take any of my brethren from the convent with me. After a little delay in the ante-chamber, I was shown into the Queen's room. She was



alone; and I saw, by the expression of her face, as I respectfully begged to be favored with her commands, that something was wrong. She hesitated for a moment; then told me, rather sharply, to follow her to a place where she might speak with the certainty of not being overheard. She led me into the *Galerie des Cerfs*, and, turning round on me suddenly, asked if we had ever met before. I informed her Majesty that I had once had the honor of presenting my respects to her, that she had received me graciously, and that there the interview had ended. She nodded her head, and looked about her a little, then said, very abruptly, that I wore a dress (referring to my convent costume) which encouraged her to put perfect faith in my honor; and she desired me to promise beforehand that I would keep the secret with which she was about to intrust me, as strictly as if I had heard it in the confessional. I answered, respectfully, that it was part of my sacred profession to be trusted with secrets; that I had never betrayed the private affairs of any one, and that I could answer for myself as worthy to be honored by the confidence of a Queen.

Upon this, her Majesty handed me a packet of papers, sealed in three places, but having no superscription of any sort. She ordered me to keep it under lock and key, and to be prepared to give it her back again before any person in whose presence she might see fit to ask me for it. She further charged me to remember the day, the hour, and the place, in which she had given me the packet; and with that last piece of advice, she dismissed me. I left her alone in the gallery, walking slowly away from me, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her mind, as well as I could presume to judge, perturbed by anxious thoughts.\*

On Saturday, the 10th of November, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I was sent for from Fontainebleau again. I took the packet out of my private cabinet, feeling that I might be asked for it, and then followed the messenger as before. This time he led me at once to the *Galerie des Cerfs*. The moment I entered it, he shut the door behind me with such extraordinary haste

and violence, that I felt a little startled. As soon as I recovered myself, I saw her Majesty standing in the middle of the gallery, talking to one of the gentlemen of her Court, who was generally known by the name of the Marquis, and whom I soon ascertained to be the Marquis Monaldeschi, Grand Equerry of the Queen of Sweden. I approached her Majesty and made my bow, then stood before her, waiting until she should think proper to address me.

With a stern look on her face, and with a loud, clear, steady voice, she asked me, before the Marquis, and before three other men, who were also in the gallery, for the packet which she had confided to my care. As she made that demand, two of the three men moved back a few paces, while the third, the captain of her guard, advanced rather nearer to her. I handed her back the packet. She looked at it thoughtfully for a little while; then opened it, and took out the letters and written papers which it contained, handed them to the Marquis Monaldeschi, and insisted on his reading them. When he had obeyed, she asked him, with the same stern look and the same steady voice, whether he had any knowledge of the documents which he had just been reading. The Marquis turned deadly pale, and answered, that he had now read the papers referred to for the first time.

"Do you deny all knowledge of them?" said the Queen. "Answer me plainly, sir. Yes or no."

The Marquis turned paler still. "I deny all knowledge of them," he said, in faint tones, with his eyes on the ground.

"Do you deny all knowledge of these, too?" said the Queen, suddenly producing a second packet of manuscript from under her dress, and thrusting it in the Marquis's face.

He started, drew back a little, and answered not a word. The packet which the Queen had given to me contained copies only. The original papers were those which she had just thrust in the Marquis's face.

"Do you deny your own seal and your own handwriting?" she asked.

He murmured a few words, acknowledging both the seal and the handwriting to be his own, and added some phrases of excuse, in which he endeavored to cast the blame that attached to the writing of the letters on the shoulders of other persons.

\* Although Father Le Bel discreetly abstains from mentioning the fact, it seems clear from the context that he was permitted to read, and that he did read, the papers contained in the packet.

While he was speaking, the three men in attendance on the Queen silently closed round him.

Her Majesty heard him to the end. "You are a traitor," she said, and turned her back on him.

The three men, as she spoke those words drew their swords.

The Marquis heard the clash of the blades against the scabbards, and, looking quickly round, saw the drawn swords behind him. He caught the Queen by the arm immediately, and drew her away with him, first into one corner of the gallery, then into another, entreating her in the most moving terms to listen to him, and to believe in the sincerity of his repentance. The Queen let him go on talking, without showing the least sign of anger or impatience. Her color never changed; the stern look never left her countenance. There was something awful in the clear, cold, deadly resolution which her eyes expressed while they rested on the Marquis's face.

At last she shook herself free from his grasp, still without betraying the slightest irritation. The three men with the drawn swords, who had followed the Marquis silently as he led the Queen from corner to corner of the gallery, now closed round him again, as soon as he was left standing alone. There was perfect silence for a minute or more. Then the Queen addressed herself to me:

"Father," she said, "I charge you to bear witness that I treat this man with the strictest impartiality." She pointed, while she spoke, to the Marquis Monaldeschi with a little ebony riding-whip which she carried in her hand. "I offer that worthless traitor all the time he requires—more time than he has any right to ask for—to justify himself if he can."

The Marquis, hearing these words, took some letters from a place of concealment in his dress, and gave them to the Queen, along with a small bunch of keys. He snatched these last from his pocket so quickly, that he drew out with them a few small silver coins, which fell to the floor. As he addressed himself to the Queen again, she made a sign with her ebony riding-whip to the men with the drawn swords; and they retired towards one of the windows of the gallery. I, on my side, withdrew out of hearing. The conference which ensued between the Queen and the Marquis lasted nearly an hour. When it

was over, her Majesty beckoned the men back again with the whip, and then approached the place where I was standing.

"Father," she said, in her clear, ringing, resolute tones, "there is no need for me to remain here any longer. I leave that man," she pointed to the Marquis again, "to your care. Do all that you can for the good of his soul. He has failed to justify himself, and I doom him to die."

If I had heard sentence pronounced against myself, I could hardly have been more terrified than I was when the Queen uttered these last words. The Marquis heard them where he was standing, and flung himself at her feet. I dropped on my knees by his side, and entreated her to pardon him, or at least to visit his offense with some milder punishment than the punishment of death.

"I have said the words," she answered, addressing herself only to me; "and no power under heaven shall make me unsay them. Many a man has been broken alive on the wheel for offenses which were innocence itself compared with the offense which this perjured traitor has committed against me. I have trusted him as I might have trusted a brother; he has infamously betrayed that trust; and I exercise my royal rights over the life of a traitor. Say no more to me. I tell you again he is doomed to die."

With these words the Queen quitted the gallery, and left me alone with Monaldeschi and the three executioners who were waiting to kill him.

The unhappy man dropped on his knees at my feet, and implored me to follow the Queen, and make one more effort to obtain his pardon. Before I could answer a word, the three men surrounded him, held the points of their swords to his sides, without, however, actually touching him, and angrily recommended him to make his confession to me, without wasting any more time. I entreated them, with the tears in my eyes, to wait as long as they could, so as to give the Queen time to reflect, and perhaps to falter in her deadly intentions towards the Marquis. I succeeded in producing such an impression on the chief of the three men, that he left us, to obtain an interview with the Queen, and to ascertain if there was any change in her purpose. After a short absence he came back, shaking his head.

"There is no hope for you," he said,

addressing Monaldeschi. "Make your peace with Heaven. Prepare yourself to die!"

"Go to the Queen!" cried the Marquis, kneeling before me with clasped hands. "Go to the Queen yourself; make one more effort to save me! O my father, my father! run one more risk—venture one last entreaty—before you leave me to die!"

"Will you wait till I come back?" I said to the three men.

"We will wait," they answered, and lowered their sword-points to the ground.

I found the Queen alone in her room, without the slightest appearance of agitation in her face or her manner. Nothing that I could say had the slightest effect on her. I adjured her, by all that religion holds most sacred, to remember that the noblest privilege of any sovereign is the privilege of granting mercy; that the first of Christian duties is the duty of forgiving. She heard me unmoved. Seeing that entreaties were thrown away, I ventured, at my own proper hazard, on reminding her that she was not living now in her own kingdom of Sweden, but that she was the guest of the King of France, and lodged in one of his own palaces; and I boldly asked her, if she had calculated the possible consequences of authorizing the killing of one of her attendants inside the walls of Fontainebleau, without any preliminary form of trial, or any official notification of the offense he had committed. She answered me coldly, that it was enough that she knew the unpardonable nature of the offense of which Monaldeschi had been guilty; that she stood in a perfectly independent position towards the King of France; that she was absolute mistress of her own actions, at all times and in all places; and that she was accountable to nobody under Heaven for her conduct towards her subjects and servants, over whose lives and liberties she possessed sovereign rights, which no consideration whatever should induce her to resign.

Fearful as I was of irritating her, I still ventured on reiterating my remonstrances. She cut them short by hastily signing to me to leave her. As she dismissed me, I thought I saw a slight change pass over her face, and it occurred to me that she might not have been indisposed at that moment to grant some respite, if she could have done so without appearing to falter

in her resolution, and without running the risk of letting Monaldeschi escape her. Before I passed the door, I attempted to take advantage of the disposition to relent which I fancied I had perceived in her; but she angrily reiterated the gesture of dismissal before I had spoken half a dozen words; and, with a heavy heart, I yielded to necessity, and left her.

On returning to the gallery, I found the three men standing round the Marquis, with their sword-points on the floor, exactly as I left them.

"Is he to live or to die?" they asked when I came in.

There was no need for me to answer in words; my face answered the question. The Marquis groaned heavily, but said nothing. I sat myself down on a stool, and beckoned to him to come to me, and begged him, as well as my terror and wretchedness would let me, to think of repentance, and to prepare for another world. He began his confession kneeling at my feet, with his head on my knees. After continuing it for some time, he suddenly started to his feet with a scream of terror. I contrived to quiet him, and to fix his thoughts again on heavenly things. He completed his confession, speaking sometimes in Latin, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, according as he could best explain himself in the agitation and misery which now possessed him.

Just as he had concluded, the Queen's chaplain entered the gallery. Without waiting to receive absolution, the unhappy Marquis rushed away from me to the chaplain, and, still clinging desperately to the hope of life, he besought him to intercede with the Queen. The two talked together in low tones, holding each other by the hand. When their conference was over, the chaplain left the gallery again, taking with him the chief of the three executioners who were appointed to carry out the Queen's deadly purpose. After a short absence, this man returned, without the chaplain. "Get your absolution," he said, briefly, to the Marquis, "and make up your mind to die."

Saying these words, he seized Monaldeschi pressed him back against the wall at the end of the gallery, just under the picture of Saint Germain; and before I could interfere, or even turn aside from the sight, aimed at the Marquis's right side with his sword. Monaldeschi caught the blade with his hand, cutting three

of his fingers in the act. At the same moment, the point touched his side, and glanced off. Upon this, the man who had struck at him exclaimed, "He has armor under his clothes!" and, at the same moment, stabbed Monaldeschi in the face. As he received the wound, he turned round towards me, and cried out, loudly: "My father! My father!"

I advanced towards him immediately, and, as I did so, the man who had wounded him retired a little, and signed to his two companions to withdraw also. The Marquis, with one knee on the ground, asked pardon of God, and said certain last words in my ear. I immediately gave him absolution, telling him that he must atone for his sins by suffering death, and that he must pardon those who were about to kill him. Having heard my words, he threw himself forward on the floor, and, as he fell, one of the three executioners, who had not assailed him as yet, struck at his head, and wounded him on the surface of the skull.

The Marquis sank on his face, then raised himself a little, and signed to the men to kill him outright, by striking him on the neck. The same man who had last wounded him obeyed, by cutting two or three times at his neck, without, however, doing him any great injury. For it was indeed true that he wore armor under his clothes, which armor consisted of a shirt of mail, weighing nine or ten pounds, and rising so high round his neck, inside his collar, as to defend it successfully from any chance blow with a sword.

Seeing this, I came forward to exhort the Marquis to bear his sufferings with patience, for the remission of his sins. While I was speaking, the chief of the three executioners advanced, and asked me if I did not think it was time to give Monaldeschi the finishing stroke. I pushed the man violently away from me, saying that I had no advice to offer on the matter, and telling him, that if I had any orders to give they would be for the Marquis's life, and not for the hastening of his death. Hearing me speak in those terms, the man asked my pardon, and confessed that he had done wrong in addressing me on the subject at all.

He had hardly finished making his excuses to me, when the door of the gallery opened. The unhappy Marquis, hearing the sound, raised himself from the floor, and seeing that the person who entered

was the Queen's chaplain, dragged himself along the gallery, holding on by the tapestry that hung from the walls, until he reached the feet of the holy man. There, he whispered a few words (as if he was confessing) to the chaplain, who, after first asking my permission, gave him absolution, and then returned to the Queen.

As the chaplain closed the door, the man who had struck the Marquis on the neck, stabbed him adroitly with a long, narrow sword, in the throat just above the edge of the shirt of mail. Monaldeschi sank on his right side, and spoke no more. For a quarter of an hour longer he still breathed, during which time I prayed by him, and exhorted him as I best could. When the bleeding from this last wound ceased, his life ceased with it. It was then a quarter to four o'clock. The death-agony of the miserable man had lasted, from the time of the Queen's first pronouncing sentence on him, for nearly three hours.

I said the *De Profundis* over his body. While I was praying, the three men sheathed their swords, and the chief of them rifled the Marquis's pockets. Finding nothing on him but a prayer-book and a small knife, the chief beckoned to his companions, and they all three marched to the door in silence, went out, and left me alone with the corpse.

A few minutes afterwards I followed them, to go and report what had happened to the Queen. I thought her color changed a little when I told her that Monaldeschi was dead; but those cold, clear eyes of hers never softened, and her voice was still as steady and firm as when I first heard its tones on entering the gallery that day.

She spoke very little, only saying to herself: "He is dead, and he deserved to die!"

Then, turning to me, she added: "Father, I leave the care of burying him to you; and, for my own part, I will charge myself with the expense of having masses enough said for the repose of his soul."

I ordered the body to be placed in a coffin, which I instructed the bearers to remove to the churchyard, on a tumbril, in consequence of the great weight of the corpse, of the misty rain that was falling, and of the bad state of the roads. On Monday, the twelfth of November, at a quarter to six in the evening, the Marquis



was buried in the parish church of Avon, near the font of holy water. The next day, the Queen sent one hundred livres, by two of her servants, for masses for the repose of his soul.

Thus ends the extraordinary narrative of Father Le Bel. It is satisfactory to record, as some evidence of the progress of humanity, that the barbarous murder, committed under the sanction and authority of Queen Christina, which would have passed unnoticed in the feudal times, as an ordinary and legitimate exercise of a sovereign's authority over a vassal, excited, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the utmost disgust and horror throughout Paris. The Prime Minister at that period, Cardinal Mazarin, (by no means an over-scrupulous man, as all readers of French history know,) wrote officially to Christina, informing her that "a crime so atrocious as that which had just been committed under her sanction, in the Palace of Fontainebleau, must be considered as a sufficient cause for banishing the Queen of Sweden from the court and dominions of his sovereign, who, in common with every honest man in the kingdom, felt horrified at the lawless outrage which had just been committed on the soil of France."

To this letter Queen Christina sent the following answer, which as a specimen of spiteful effrontery, has probably never been matched:

"MONSIEUR MAZARIN: Those who have communicated to you the details of the death of my equerry, Monaldeschi, knew nothing at all about it. I think it highly absurd that you should have compromised so many people for the sake of informing yourself about one simple fact. Such a proceeding on your part, ridiculous as it is, does not, however, much astonish me. What I am amazed at is, that you, and the King your master, should have dared to express disapproval of what I have done.

"Understand, all of you—servants and masters, little people and great—that it was my sovereign pleasure to act as I did. I neither owe nor render an account of my actions to any one—least of all, to a bully like you. . . .

"It may be well for you to know, and to report to any one whom you can get to listen to you, that Christina cares little for your court, and less still for you. When

I want to revenge myself, I have no need of your formidable power to help me. My honor obliged me to act as I did. My will is my law, and you ought to know how to respect it. . . . Understand, if you please, that wherever I choose to live, there I am Queen; and that the men about me, rascals as they may be, are better than you and the myrmidons whom you keep in your service. . . .

"Take my advice, Mazarin, and behave yourself for the future, so as to merit my favor; you can not, for your own sake, be too anxious to deserve it. Heaven preserve you from venturing on any more disparaging remarks about my conduct! I shall hear of them, if I am at the other end of the world, for I have friends and followers in my service who are as unscrupulous and as vigilant as any in yours, though it is probable enough that they are not quite so heavily bribed."

After replying to the Prime Minister of France in these terms, Christina was wise enough to leave the kingdom immediately.

For three years more, she pursued her travels. At the expiration of that time, her cousin, the King of Sweden, in whose favor she had abdicated, died. She returned at once to her own country, with the object of possessing herself once more of the royal power. Here the punishment of the merciless crime that she had sanctioned overtook her at last. The brave and honest people of Sweden refused to be governed by the woman who had ordered the murder of Monaldeschi, and who had forsaken the national religion for which her father had died.

Threatened with the loss of her revenues, as well as the loss of her sovereignty, if she remained in Sweden, the proud and merciless Christina yielded for the first time in her life. She resigned, once more, all right and title to the royal dignity, and left her native country for the last time. The final place of her retirement was Rome. She died there in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine. Even in the epitaph which she ordered to be placed on her tomb, the strange and daring character of the woman breaks out. The whole record of that wild, wondrous, wicked existence, was summed up with stern brevity, in this one line.

CHRISTINA LIVED SEVENTY-TWO YEARS.

From the Leisure Hour

## S T U D I E S I N H I S T O R Y .

## NAPOLEON'S CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A YEAR or two ago, when visiting the Louvre, we gazed not without emotion upon a plain mahogany desk, which was placed in one of the apartments of that grand Parisian repository of art and taste. The desk in question was a homely enough piece of furniture; so much so, indeed, that it would have been refused admittance into many a modern library; yet it was the *escritoire* of Napoleon himself—the spot from which he had dictated many of those dispatches which had announced important changes in the affairs of Europe.

We are a little reminded of this relic of a great man, by a curious contribution to history which has recently been published: "The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon with his Brother Joseph."\* Let no reader take up these two volumes as a mere book of gossip. They form, in one respect, dry reading, being full of military details. Still, as a reflection, faithful and mirror-like, of Napoleon's character, the work is most valuable. The correspondence runs over a period of some twenty years. Throughout it the Emperor writes like a man who had not a moment to spare; his dispatches, with their short abrupt sentences, reading rather like telegraphic messages than letters. Then, as a picture of a mind intensely selfish, the book is probably unparalleled; when you turn, indeed, page after page, and find in unbroken succession a sort of human steam-engine at work, giving order after order, involving the destruction of multitudes of his fellow-creatures, you are disposed to shut up the volume, loathing, more than ever, the sin of military ambition.

The correspondence opens with some letters, penned by Napoleon, in 1795,

when he wandered about Paris, a young officer without employment, and little dreaming of the high destinies that awaited him. The Reign of Terror was over, and the French capital, freed from Robespierre and the guillotine, was beginning once more to wear an air of luxury. "Equipages and dandies," writes Napoleon to Joseph, "are reappearing. Libraries are formed, and we have lectures on history, chemistry, botany, and astronomy. We have heaped together here all that can make life amusing and agreeable; reflection is banished." Yet, amidst all the glitter and fashion that were thus slowly emerging in the Parisian capital, Napoleon was ill at ease; he was without money and without prospects. Bourrienne, in his *Memoirs*, has recorded that the future Emperor of half Europe was content at this time to limit himself to a humble scheme of aggrandizement, in the shape of a speculation for hiring and letting out some empty houses. The correspondence accordingly bears marks of a jaundiced state of mind. "Life," he tells Joseph, "is a flimsy dream, soon to be over. Little attached to it, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in the state of mind in which one is on the day before a battle, every thing joins to make me defy fortune and fate." Yet at this period we notice expressions in his letters that breathe a spirit of affection which almost entirely disappears in the course of his career of elevation. "You know well, my friend," he tells his brother, "that you can not have a better or a dearer friend than myself, or one who wishes your happiness more sincerely. Send me your portrait; we have lived together so many years, so closely united, that our hearts have become one."

The tide of fortune was now, however, about to turn. The memorable time came round when, having been summoned by Barras to put down an insurrection-

\* *The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph.* 2 vols. London: Murray.

ary movement in Paris, Napoleon vaulted into eminence, and was appointed second in command of the Army of the Interior. All was then smooth sailing. The command of the army of Italy rapidly followed, with his brilliant Italian campaign. Then came the expedition to Egypt, at the close of which we find the unscrupulous conqueror penning the following very extraordinary letter :

“CAIRO, July 25th, 1798.

“You will see in the newspapers the result of our battles, and the conquest of Egypt, where we found resistance enough to add a leaf to the laurels of this army.

“Let me have, on my arrival, a villa near Paris or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there for the winter. I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me ; feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine glory has become flat. I have exhausted every thing. I have no refuge but pure selfishness.”

These feelings of *ennui*, however real or imaginary, were speedily dissipated ; for the next period of his correspondence shows him Consul of France — a step which he had gained by plucking the reins of power from the hands of that feeble Directory, which had governed, or rather misgoverned, France during his absence in Egypt. He was now Emperor all but in name. There is nothing, however, in the letters before us, at this date, particularly worthy of notice, except a passage which marks pretty distinctly the early existence of that dislike which, as is well known, Napoleon entertained for Madame de Staël—a lady of whose powerful pen, in later years, he entertained some dread. “M. de Staël,” he writes under date of 19th March, 1800, “is in the deepest poverty, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you still visit her, would it not be well to persuade her to make her husband an allowance of from 1000 to 2000 francs a month ? or have we already reached the time when not only decency, but duties even more sacred than those which unite parents and children, may be trampled under foot without the world being scandalized ?”

The history of Napoleon now takes a leap, and we find him (1805) clad in the Imperial purple, and addressing Joseph in the style of a prince-royal. The French eagles had soared over the Alps, the Aus-

trian forces had been scattered, and the conflict at Marengo had fixed the crown on his head. Ere long the great battle of Austerlitz was fought ; and we have, in the volume before us, Napoleon's own account of one of those painful incidents which give to war so horrid a feature. “The enemy,” he writes, “has left at least 12,000 to 15,000 men on the field. A whole column of the enemy threw itself into a lake, and the greater part of them were drowned. I fancy that I still hear the cries of these wretches, whom it was *impossible to save*.” The inference from this passage would appear to be, that Napoleon would have saved these men if he could ; but the translator of the letter has introduced a note from M. Thiers, which places the transaction in a more appalling light. “The flying Russians,” says this authority, “threw themselves on the frozen lakes. The ice gave way in some places, but was firm in others, and afforded an asylum to a crowd of fugitives. Napoleon, from the hill of Pralzen overlooking the lakes, saw this disaster. He ordered the battery of his guard to fire round shot on the parts of the ice which remained unbroken, and thus to complete the destruction of the wretches who had taken refuge there. Nearly 2000 persons were thus drowned among the broken ice.”

A poetical writer has represented Napoleon as reviewing, at midnight, a skeleton host composed of those who had owed the loss of their lives to his ambition. The transactions of this period were rapidly adding to that grisly band ; for one scheme of aggression seems quickly to have succeeded another. Ere long we find Joseph employed to invade the kingdom of Naples ; and having accomplished that successfully, he was seated by Napoleon on its throne. This part of the correspondence brings out the characters of the two brothers in a very marked manner. Joseph, easy, good-natured, and well-meaning, wished to govern his new subjects in a benevolent, paternal manner, and to rule as a philosopher. Napoleon, on the contrary, is continually pointing out to him that he does not sufficiently govern with the firm hand of a master, and that it is folly to attempt the philosophical style with a superstitious people like the Neapolitans. “I should very much like,” he coolly writes to Joseph, “to hear of a revolt of the Neapolitan populace. You

will never be their master till you have made an example of them. Every conquered country must have its revolt. *I should see Naples in a revolt as a father sees his children in the small-pox. The crisis is salutary, provided it does not too much weaken the constitution.*" This was Napoleon's notion of paternal government in a conquered country!

It is with something of complacency, however, that we notice from these volumes that the rights of mankind can not be trampled on without such conduct carrying with it its own punishment. When the late Emperor of Russia traveled over Italy, one of his attendants, if newspaper reports spoke correctly, had every night to go round his sleeping apartment, sounding its walls with a hammer, to see that no discontented Pole could enter through some concealed door, and avenge the wrongs of his country. Even Louis Philippe, we believe, had to employ at one time an officer to mark each log of wood that entered his palace for firewood, and watch that it contained no lurking infernal machine. Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, could also smoke no cigar until he had first unrolled it, and ascertained that no poison was mixed up with it. Here, too, is a fresh illustration of the uneasiness that surrounds a crown acquired by unjust means. "Lest," Napoleon writes to Joseph, "lest you be poisoned or assassinated, I make a point that you keep your French cooks, that you have your table attended by your own servants, and your household so arranged that you may always be guarded by Frenchmen. No one should enter your room during the night, except your aide-de-camp, who should sleep in the chamber that precedes your bed-room. Your door should be fastened inside, and you ought not to open it, even to your aide-de-camp, till you have recognized his voice; he himself should not knock at your door till he has locked that of the room in which he is, to make sure of being followed by no one." Truly a comfortable state of things.\*

\*The reader will remember Napoleon's expressions of friendship for Joseph in the early part of his correspondence. A curious illustration is presented in the following letter, of the manner in which selfish ambition was gradually chilling the more generous sentiments of his nature. In 1806, on his brother's birthday, Joseph had written: "I wish you joy. I hope you may receive with some

Joseph's tenure of the Neapolitan throne was not a very protracted one. He was judged a suitable tool for the execution of Napoleon's designs upon Spain, and was transferred to that country to occupy the throne which in an evil hour for himself, Napoleon had wrested from the reigning family. We need not go into the history of this period. The Spanish invasion was, as is well known, the blow that ate into Napoleon's power and prepared for its downfall. A sad, weary, turbulent, and heart-sickening life Joseph had of it; revolts and insurrections were perpetually springing up under his feet, like so many secret mines, keeping him in continual apprehension.

The following letter, which he wrote to Napoleon, shows the dreary state of affairs at Madrid:

"MADRID, February 19th, 1809.

"I devote to business all my faculties from seven in the morning till eleven at night. I have not a farthing to give to any body. I am in the fourth year of my reign, and my guards are still wearing the coats I gave them four years ago.

"Officers are in possession of every habitable house: two thousand servants, belonging to the sequestered families, have been turned into the streets. All beg; the boldest try to rob and assassinate the officers. Without any capital, without any revenue, without any money, what can I do?

"I am King of Spain only through the force of your arms. I might be so through the love of the Spanish people, but for that purpose I must govern them in my own way. Only a fool remains long in a false position. In forty years of life I have learned only what I knew almost at the beginning, that all is vanity except a good conscience and self-approbation."

Let our young readers mark well these latter words. They will find them true as they go on in life.

little pleasure this expression of my affection. The glorious Emperor will never replace to me the Napoleon whom I so much loved, and whom I hope to find again as I knew him twenty years ago, if we are to meet in the Elysian fields." In reply, Napoleon gives Joseph the snub in the following cool answer: "I am sorry that you think you will find your brother again only in the Elysian fields. It is natural that at forty he should look towards you as he did at twelve; but his feelings towards you have greater truth and strength; his friendship has the features of his mind."



Poor Joseph's position was, indeed, any thing but enviable. The French marshals, who conducted the military affairs of his kingdom, quarreled violently with each other, and set at naught his authority. His own benevolent instincts inclined him to deal kindly with his subjects; but the firm hand of his brother compelled him continually to act contrary to his natural disposition, and he was exposed in consequence afresh to the tumultuous violence of a people stung to madness by the oppression of their conquerors. It is no wonder, therefore, that a little later than the date of the preceding letter, we find Joseph writing to Napoleon that his position was deplorable, and requesting permission to join his family from which he had been separated for six years. It was his wish, he says, "to find in obscurity, and in domestic affections, a peace of which the throne had robbed him, without giving any thing in exchange. I find a throne a seat of punishment from which I look passively on the devastation of a country I had hoped to make happy."

Deaf, however, to all remonstrances, Napoleon still pursued his severe course of action in Spain, and, without waiting till its difficulties were adjusted, he entered upon that rash campaign to Russia which sealed his fate. In the volumes before us, there is a curious communication from an officer whom Joseph had sent to Moscow with dispatches, and who in consequence had an opportunity of seeing, with his own eyes, the horrors of the French army's retreat. "The army when I quitted it," he writes, "was in the most horrible misery; the artillery and cavalry had ceased to exist. The different regiments were all mixed together; the soldiers marched pell-mell, and only sought how to prolong mechanically their existence. It is impossible to describe the famine; the truth is best expressed by saying that the army is dead."

"The young guard, which formed part of the corps to which I was attached, was eight thousand strong when we left Moscow; at Wilna it scarcely mustered four hundred. All the other corps are reduced in the same proportion."

The end was now fast approaching. Availing themselves of Napoleon's disaster, the oppressed nationalities of Europe pressed him hard at all points. Wellington, too, was driving the French

forces before him out of the Spanish peninsula, and poor Joseph found himself one morning shot off his uneasy throne, like a stone discharged from some ancient *cata-pulta*.

The remaining details of these letters are soon gathered. Napoleon, driven to desperation by the failure of every scheme of aggression, had at last to fight the enemy on the soil of France. Almost superhuman were the prodigies of valor which he displayed. In nine days he gained seven victories, made nine marches in the depth of winter, and drove away or frightened two armies, each larger than his own. But happily for the repose of Europe, all this preternatural ability was exerted in vain. The Allies entered Paris and a wave of disaster swept Napoleon to Elba. Once more, another wave carried him back on its breast to Paris; but it left him only for a moment there, to return and sweep him back with more violence, submerging his fortunes forever.

Towards the end of the second volume we meet with a short letter, announcing a victory over Blücher and Wellington at Ligny. This dispatch is dated the 14th of June, 1815. After it, follows an ominous blank, which is explained by remembering that two days afterwards the battle of Waterloo was fought, and that Napoleon, routed beyond recovery, fled from the field of battle, glad to shelter himself in the arms of the British.

We have, in this short summary of the contents of these interesting volumes, picked out chiefly those incidents which are of a well-known historical nature. They throw light, however, upon many minor points in Napoleon's character. Clearly and emphatically do they reveal his splendid though sadly misdirected talents as a man of business. We can well understand how every official, whether a marshal or a government clerk, performed his work with the sense that a master's eye was upon him, and that some day his duties might undergo the direct supervision of the Emperor himself. Is it a great general who has been defrauding? Napoleon writes thus: "Let Massena be advised to return the 6,000,000 francs. To do so quickly is his only safety. If he does not, I shall send a military commission of inquiry to Padua; for such robbery is intolerable." In the midst of a stupendous war with other countries, he has time to tell Joseph to be sure that his

artillery does not fire full charges of powder when half-charges would answer the purpose. "Take care to inform me," he writes on another occasion, "of the arrival of each consignment of biscuits and shoes, that I may make sure of not being cheated in my accounts. Count the biscuits one by one. Their quality should be good. The shoes ought to be made of stout leather, not pasteboard. They cost me five and a half francs a pair." No merchant, indeed, looked sharper after his books than did Napoleon after his military returns. "When the monthly returns of my armies and my fleets," he says, "which form twenty thick volumes, are sent to me, I give up every other occupation in order to read them. No young girl enjoys her novel so much as I do these returns."

Then, what a light these volumes throw on Napoleon's decisive character and military energy! "No half-measures," he writes to Joseph, "no weakness. I intend my blood to reign in Naples as long as it does in France. The kingdom of Naples is necessary to me."

But in vain do we look for gleams of tenderness throughout these letters. The expressions of affection and kindness which are found at the beginning of his career, disappear as he rises in power—

like flowers growing at some mountain's base, but vanishing as the traveler ascends, till nothing but the cold granite meets the gaze. When about to plan an expedition, Bourrienne tells us that Napoleon stuck a large map full of pins, covered with black and red sealing-wax. These pins represented soldiers. Throughout his career he seems to have looked upon his armies as so many masses of inanimate matter. Battalion in these letters succeeds battalion. Levy after levy is swept away; but never does it appear to have crossed the conqueror's mind that to each man among these masses life was sweet, and that each had an immortal soul. A selfish ambition had consumed Napoleon. He loved himself supremely. The great law of loving God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, was ignored; and, as a consequence, every relative obligation was imperfectly fulfilled. Truly may we say that—

"Since him that bore the morning star,  
Nor man, nor angel, fell so far."

Let us, too, take care that, though moving in a more contracted circle, selfishness is not the mainspring of our conduct. No man liveth aright who liveth unto himself.

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From Sharpe's London Magazine.

## THE LEGENDARY LAKE OF MUMMELSEE.

DURING my residence in Baden-Baden, I had often heard and read of this mysterious lake, which lies at the base of a barren mountain, several thousand feet above the level of the sea. The curious name of Mummelsee must already excite attention, and I do not know, whether it was the desire I had to look down upon a lake from the summit of a mountain, or the interesting and wonderful legend which is related in the country surrounding the spot, which irresistibly drew me towards it. But it appeared as if a spell hung over my traveling in that direction, for as often as

I had fixed a day to make a trip there, every time something unforeseen prevented me. At last one bright morning at the beginning of spring, I bent my wanderings that way. The sun had risen in unclouded splendor, giving promise of a magnificent day, and all around the grass and foliage glittered like brilliant jewels with the dew. I walked briskly and merrily in the fresh morning air through the shady avenue of oaks, whilst the stately tower on the Merkur was half enveloped in mist: I saw the quiet, solitary Convent of Lichtenthal, out of whose church was now resounding

the first morning chant of the pious sisterhood, welcoming the dawning day; I walked along the street of the village, and did not stop, until I had reached the heights of the hamlet of Geroldsau, where a lovely landscape attracted my attention. A range of mighty mountains, with smaller hills rising in front, surround a charming meadow-ground, through which the Waldbach, now bright and clear, then foaming and raging in its rocky bed, rolls its waves, whilst on its borders the humble dwellings of the hamlet are built in a row. How quiet and peaceful the little chapel stands at the extremity of the wood, overspread with the extensive shadow of the dark fir trees!

I enjoyed for some moments this fairy-like landscape, then I continued my wanderings, and very soon left the last house of Geroldsau far behind me. I now entered the shady fir wood; the road was on the ascent, always running by the side of the mountain torrent, which made its way foaming and dashing between rocks and stones through the narrow valley. I had not long entered the dark shades of the wood when my ear was struck by a murmuring sound, and after a few minutes I had reached the spot, where the wild mountain stream, broken by projecting rocks, dashes and falls into a granite basin; and this has been going on for thousands of years. Is this not a more wonderful cataract than that of the Fallbach at Triberg, or the Reichenbach or the Staubbach? this waterfall offers too, from its wild scenery, a peculiar and charming effect, and the large cross on the left side of the Felsberg overlooks the valley below. A short distance from the cascade the valley grows wider again; green and luxuriant plains, covered with cattle and goats browsing, spread themselves out in the foreground; and on the right at the entrance of a ravine, stands a miserable mountain hut, made of rough timber. The path led still deeper and deeper into the heart of the mountain, always ascending higher; and the further I penetrated into this wonderful mountain region, full of mystery, the more it gained upon me, and I began to feel myself quite at home under the shade of the wood. The overhanging mountain heights were covered with the slender trunks of the dark fir trees, and shadowed by the light green foliage of the beech; thousands of bushes, herbs, mosses, and

lichens with their flowers, berries, and fruit grew luxuriously upon the rocks, often forming an impenetrable thicket; the mighty blocks of granite, and broken pieces of stone which had rolled from the mountain's side, the deep valleys rent in clefts, through which flowed crystal springs, all these wonders of nature welcomed me as if I were an old acquaintance, and spoke to me in their curious hieroglyphics telling of events and circumstances far more ancient than any history. It was now for the first time quite clear to my mind, how that longing after Homa, for which the German language alone has an appropriate word, takes possession of those who inhabit mountainous countries, until the fond remembrance breaks the heart.

Having climbed more than two hours along the ridge of the mountain side, the solitary little village of Herrenwiese burst upon me suddenly, situated on the sunken declivity of a hill, and surrounded by thick woods. The village is miserable, and the inhabitants gain their livelihood chiefly by cutting timber in the neighboring forests, whilst they are obliged to procure with great trouble and labor the necessaries of life from distant places. In the only but not very inviting public house of the village, I took a substantial breakfast, and procured a guide as I had been advised.

From hence the path continues for some time straight on, always between woods, on the borders of which blooms the beautiful blue gentian, and red bilberries shine everywhere through the green bushes. Near the Hundseck is a lonely wooden hut; we again ascended the mountain by a steep path, and reached, not without great exertion, the height of the Hochkopfes, which in a long endless ridge extends southward. The summit is almost entirely barren, only the Haiden plant with its red flower covering the upper part of the ground; here and there great blocks of sand-stone lay scattered about, which have been rolled down from these heights by torrents and former convulsions of the earth. How still and lonely every thing was around, but an unrivaled and enchanting view was quite a sufficient attraction. The pearl of the German provinces, the beautiful valley of the Rhine, spreads out here in all its glory and magnificence, with its rich plains, its luxurious vine-covered hills,

its industrious towns and clean little villages, with its numberless torrents and rivulets, hastening with rapid course towards the mighty Rhine, which boasts of a name more rich in glory than any other river of the earth. Who can enumerate all the battles which have been fought on its shores, or relate all the deeds on its banks, which have been celebrated in song? Yonder from out of vapory distance rises Erwin's gigantic castle, soaring up to heaven, like a sullen night-specter with a threatening aspect. I could not withdraw my glance from this wonderful picture, and even when continuing my walk, my eye involuntarily wandered back again to this beautiful landscape.

I had at last reached the end of this long-extended ridge of hills, but I was not very agreeably surprised when I saw myself separated from the mountain of Hornisgründen by a broad, deep chasm, on the south-east declivity of which the limit of my wanderings lay. Quite disheartened, I began the descent, being afterwards obliged to mount still higher on the other side of the ravine. It was most agreeable when I again entered the wood, as the sun was already very high in the heavens, and his rays struck down scorchingly upon my head as I traversed the shadeless plain. My pleasure was not of long duration, the shadows soon became more transparent, the wood thinner, and the trees had a more stunted appearance. At last the beautiful carpet of moss and plants began to change color under my feet, and when I had reached the lofty, flat surface of the mountain, which bears the name of Hornisgründen, I saw only some boggy earth, colored mosses, and unprofitable, withered turf, which grew here and there round stunted Scotch firs, giving but scanty pasturage. There is hardly any sign of vegetation to be seen upon the melancholy waste, except this small oasis, on which even the green tint of vegetation had almost disappeared. We passed a heap of stones to which the form of a tower had been given, and which served as a point for measuring the land; we passed by a group of short Scotch firs, a few steps further we stopped short, for we standing upon the edge of a precipice. The ravine was steep and abrupt, at least a hundred feet deep; fallen blocks of rock confusedly thrown one over the other, towered between the mighty pine

trees, and covered the interminable declivity, the entire base of the cleft being filled up by the Mummelsee. With difficulty I climbed down between the stones, and soon found myself on the rocky shore. The expanse of water lay before me as still and motionless as the Asphalt waters of the Dead Sea. No glance can fathom its impenetrable depths to descry the secrets which repose within its bed. It shelters no living being in its bosom, no sound breaks upon the undisturbed stillness of the surrounding country, and the hoarse cry of a bird of prey is rarely heard.

There is something peculiarly attractive in this wild waste, and whoever has once been there, will very soon easily understand how favorable the situation and solitude of this lake was for traditional legends, that antiquity has already given it the name of "Wundersee" or "lake of enchantment." I sought a resting-place along the shore, and found one near a fresh mountain spring, which flowed clearly and refreshingly between the stones; here I laid myself down on the sloping moss bank. Immediately opposite to me the lofty barrier of mountains separated, and at this opening the cascade of the Seebach forces its way through the rocks, and joining the Acher, a small mountain stream, rushes with overpowering fury into the Mummelsee. But my glance only rested on the dark waters whose bright surface began gradually to be agitated, and all the wonderful tales which I had already heard of this lake returned to my mind, and I fell irresistibly into a dreamy reverie. Thus I lay for some time, how long I do not know; but when I awoke, the sun was sunk in the west, the light dew of twilight had overspread the earth, and the shades of the mountains extended over the water. The heaven, with its bright eternal stars, and the moon's faint rays were reflected on its dark surface, whilst the pealing of the evening bells echoed harmoniously from the valley below. It now appeared to me as if a veil were suddenly withdrawn from the deep waters, which till now had been enveloped in mystery, and the immeasurable depths disclosed their secrets to my eyes.

Enchanting Hesperian gardens, decked in all the splendor of spring, bloomed on the bed of the slumbering lake, where the bridal myrtle, the perfumed orange blossom



soms, gay, bright flowers and coral berries, with a thousand other plants of magnificent colors, were entwined with beautiful groups of rare creepers. In the midst of this fragrant bower, on a winding path covered over with pure crystal sand, wandered the lovely inhabitant of this watery region, a slender ethereal form, so delicate and beautiful, so graceful and fascinating, of such unearthly charms, that she appeared to have arisen from the vapory foam of the cascade. Light as a Zephyr she glided through the bushes, casting now and then towards me amorous glances, but notwithstanding the seduction of her dark, bright eyes, I remained cold and unmoved. At the bottom of the lake, I saw your gentle, noble countenance, my adored Seraphine; I saw your sweet angel's face encircled by your dark, silken tresses. This beautiful sylph-like figure lay under an arbor of odoriferous white roses, soft slumber closing the long lashes of her magnificent eyes, those raven-black eyes which had shot forth such glances and filled me with painful feelings, and fired me with that rapturous delight which till then I had never felt—such glances as were not to be defined, and which no language on earth could describe—her lovely image being preserved in the deepest recesses of my heart, till I embodied it in the purest form of celestial beauty. The last time I visited the sweet maiden was in her coffin, for death had claimed the lovely flower: she was too tender for this world. Then, as now, she appeared to be sunk in soft slumber, the only difference being, that a rosy tinge had returned to those cheeks which were so pale when I last saw her. At this sweet sight a feeling of enchantment thrilled through me; my eyes were fixed upon her mild, angelic countenance, and with trembling expectation I watched the moment of her awakening. A gentle smile now played over her rosy face, her bright coral lips moved softly, disclosing the beautiful enamel of her pearly teeth, and a low, dreamy word appeared to tremble upon them; then suddenly the clear crystal water became troubled, the wonderful apparition grew colorless, indistinct, and confused to my eyes; the waters were convulsed from their bottomless depths, wave rising over wave, till all appeared a chaotic mass, out of whose dark surface the most extraordinary deformed beings began to extricate themselves.

Hideous salamanders, sea-dragons, water-serpents, scorpions, Medusa's heads, (a plant,) and all sorts of loathsome reptiles crawled one over the other in countless numbers; in the midst of all this confusion deformed goblins rose up, grinning mockingly at me with their hideous features, or shaking threateningly their dwarfish fists. A gigantic sea-spider approached me with its hideous claws, and spat out its corroding poison; a horrible polypus stretched out its endless arms at me, which it extended longer and longer; now it could almost catch hold of me. I wished to fly, but I could not stir from the spot; I wished to call for help, but even my voice was paralyzed; it touched my shoulder, an icy coldness ran through me and—"Shall we not soon think of descending? it is already late and the road to our night-quarters long and difficult!" said a voice near me, which I immediately recognized as being that of my guide.

I quickly recollected myself, and silently prepared to continue my wanderings, making myself ready in a very short time. Night had come on, the stars glittered in the clear, blue sky in unclouded brilliancy, shedding their silvery light on the somber earth. I cast one more glance on the wonderful lake, then followed my impatient guide who had walked on, and was now at the entrance of the gloomy wood, where the branches of the fir trees are so outspread as to allow the rays of moonlight to penetrate as through a distant vista, enabling us to wander freely and unhindered through the tall slender trees. We had not walked long before we found ourselves again in an open country.

Dark, gigantic mountains bounded the horizon all around, their lofty crests soaring upwards towards the moon's pale light; between the somber clumps of trees on the mountain's brow, massive blocks of rock projected, or solitary immense stones rose from the ground, and over the whole landscape a clear, light vapor was spread, which by degrees dissolved itself into a misty vail, giving to every thing around that fairy-like coloring, which fills the breast with incomprehensible forebodings and inexpressible desires. I quitted this spot most unwillingly, but my guide pressed me to do so, and I yielded to his wishes; we followed the path which led downwards, winding through blocks of rock and thick bushes.

At last we reached the bottom of the valley, the road farther on leading by the side of the roaring Acher.

"Yonder lies the Rosenstein," said my guide, as he pointed to a dark hill, whose extraordinary shape must certainly have been caused by the mass of ruined walls which are scattered about, but are so overgrown with trees and shrubs as to make them hardly distinguishable by the light of the moon. The lineage of the Lords of Rosenstein was very ancient, and their possessions large and productive. The last male of this race died in 1793, leaving behind him seven daughters, after having regained his ancestral castle, which had been in strangers' hands for more than two hundred and fifty years. My guide told me a great deal about the extent of the castle, and the lands which once belonged to it; he also related the well-known story of the Lady of Rosenstein, who was walled up in the castle of Gottschlag. The good man was now in a communicative humor, and one tale followed another; most of them were well known, some were newly discovered, and others quite incomprehensible. I have selected the Legend of the Mummelsee, from its being the most interesting.

At the entrance of the valley of Rappeler, there still exists on a projecting rock a few remains of walls; their circumference makes one suppose that just here an important building must have formerly stood; they are the only remnants of the castle of Hagenbrugg, the residence of one of the mightiest families of the country, which had been long extinct, and very little is known of its history. The last of the race was Junker Folker von Hagenbrugg, a strong fine youth, who had lost his parents when he was very young, and at the age of twenty found himself uncontrolled possessor of the castle and sole Lord of Hagenbrugg.

Folker was of a quiet, gentle disposition, and possessed a sensitive heart and deep feelings; the noisy companionship of his equals in rank and age little suited his tastes, and he gave himself up more than ever to fits of reverie and fantastical dreams; the whole day long he wandered without any companion over pathless mountains, tracking the wild beasts through the forest. But it was not only the love of hunting which made him ramble about in this beautiful, romantic country; it was the charms of nature

which attracted him, and filled him with astonishment; he could stand for hours gazing and ruminating upon a lovely landscape.

He wandered with greater pleasure than anywhere else by the shores of the mysterious Mummelsee. The whole country with its wild appearance, its mournful stillness, and the wonderful lake with its fathomless depth, had an indescribable charm for him; he could remain on its rocky banks for hours, giving vent alone to his meditations. His thoughts would at times descend into the depths of the lake, the power of his imagination peopled it with the most extraordinary forms, and he perceived wonderful and magnificent things in its dark abysses.

Folker was reclining one day on the steep, rocky declivity of the mountain which bounded the lake, and gazing undisturbedly upon the calm surface of the water; near him ran a spring which flowed smoothly over stones and rocks, uniting its fresh mountain waters with the crystalline lake; their gentle splashing being the only sound that broke upon him in this awful solitude. This broad expanse of water lay below, perfectly unruffled and undisturbed; its fathomless depth appeared to conceal no living being, but from time to time a bubble arose from the inmost recesses of this piece of water to the surface, where it burst asunder, like a sigh which escapes from a deeply afflicted heart, and the calm waters in small but always increasing circles began to be agitated. The circle became longer and wider, beating against the shore on all sides, until at last the whole surface of the water, as if moved by the gentle breath of spirits, became violently agitated and boisterous. Very soon, however, the glistening waves were again calm, dying away on the shore, and the water lay so transparent that the clear heavens were reflected in it, but after a time the same phenomenon was repeated.

The lake now began to swell and murmur more visibly and distinctly, and as Folker was listening breathlessly and looking at the water, he perceived the upper part of a maiden's form of almost unearthly beauty, arise out of the dark deep. Her countenance was so soft and sweet, so rosy and white, like Alpine snows kissed by the evening glow of a setting sun; her swelling lips were fresh as coral from the bottom of the sea, and

around her alabaster neck and shoulder flowed an abundance of light-colored ringlets, over which hung a long veil, so clear and airy, as if it had been woven out of froth and celestial vapor. Her clear, blue eyes glanced so brightly and joyfully on the world as if they had never known what sorrows or cares were. Lightly and gracefully with the most fascinating movements, she swam to the spot where Folker was reclining on the rock, and as she stepped out of the waves upon land, notwithstanding the veil and floating draperies, he could perceive the freshness and elegance of her form, which made his heart beat with longing rapture. She sat down on the soft, mossy bank, took off her veil, and began to arrange her silken ringlets. As the young man thus from a height looked down upon her heavenly beauties, pleasure and sadness swelled his breast at the same time; the longings of love and its accompanying pains took possession of his heart, till at last the flame kindled into a consuming passion. He uttered a long-drawn sigh; the lovely apparition then looked upwards, and their eyes met; at first, fear and anxiety were depicted on her countenance, but the longer she gazed into the clear eyes of Folker, the more she became convinced that she had nothing to fear. But, all at once, a painful remembrance passed like a cloud over her brow, she sprang quickly up, and rushed precipitately into the lake, the water closing over her in high and agitated bubbles, and the fathomless deep received the enchanting form into its dark bosom.

For a long time the young Lord of Hagenbrugg lay in the same place, looking fixedly into the depths of the lake; he imagined that the lovely apparition must present itself once more to his view. And as evening drew on, and the golden stars glittered in the somber sky, he was still at the same spot; after a time he arose and wandered in a very dejected mood back to his castle.

Every evening found him on the shores of the lake, waiting and hoping to see the sweet maiden; for several days it was all in vain. At last, as he once again climbed over the rocks to the lake he espied her as she was sitting below on the shore. She had also perceived him, and prepared to fly immediately, but he summoned all his courage, and in the most imploring tone, he thus addressed her:

"Oh! do not fly from me, sweet, enchanting being—from me, whom you can make the happiest of mortals by remaining a few moments longer. Listen, by all that is holy in heaven and on earth, I swear to you, that you could not be safer under the protection of a holy angel, than with me. Hear my prayer and do not be cruel. Your presence makes me feel the joys of heaven, and this joy costs you so little!"

These words appeared to tranquilize her, and she remained seated in the same place. As the young man looked down, upon her quite enraptured, she looked up at him kindly, and spoke in a clear silvery voice:

"I will trust to your word, young man; from the moment I first saw you, mistrust could not enter my mind, though I have been often warned of men's deceitfulness here above. In your open, frank features no dissimulation can dwell, and your clear bright eyes know no malice. Is it not so, Lord of Hagenbrugg?"

"You know, then, my name?" asked Folker quite astonished.

"Yes!" answered the sweet maiden, "do you think that we in the depths of the waters do not know the names of our neighbors? Although we do not often come above to your brilliant sun, yet we see you, and often too when you least suspect it."

"And you dwell there below in the deep lake?" continued the young man not without a slight shudder.

"Yes, certainly! and why do you wonder at it? It is very beautiful and pleasant to live there below. Although we have not shining over us a warm enlivening sun, as you inhabitants of the upper world have, there are many things to be found with us which you would certainly envy, if you had once seen them."

And with astonishing quickness she began to enumerate the magnificence and splendor of the subterranean water kingdom. She told him about the glittering buildings and palaces, which are built of agate and jasper, of crystals and amethysts, where every object is resplendent with precious stones, and all the utensils are made of gold and silver. She spoke of the beautiful gardens, where coral grows near odoriferous roses, and costly pearls glisten in the place of dew on the flowers. "If you would only once pay me a visit in my own country," said she

playfully, "it would certainly please you ; I would show you all our splendors with the greatest pleasure."

At the thoughts of a visit into the fathomless mountain lake, the young man was quite delighted, and was just going to accept the offer, when the Water-Nymph suddenly sprang up and ran towards the lake, saying:

"Listen ! they call me. I must hasten, that they may not miss me for a long time. Farewell !"

"And when shall I see you again, charming maiden ?" asked Folker.

"Soon, very soon, perhaps to-morrow ; but I can not promise any thing. In the mean time may God and his holy angels protect you !"

Having said this, she gradually disappeared in the water, but not precipitately and in agitation as she had done the first time, but slowly and thoughtfully diving below, whilst her pure glance rested with a kind expression upon Folker.

Two or three times in the week, the Lord of Hagenbrugg found the water-nymph on the shores of the mountain lake ; and they laughed and talked like innocent children, but she would never mention the period of her return. "If you take such pleasure in my company, as you say you do," said she, every time when he entreated her to do so, "it will not be hard for you to wait sometimes in vain, as you ought to be still more certain of my quick return."

One evening as he was pressing her rather more urgently on this subject, she said with an agitated voice : "You must know, young man, that since my great aunt was so unhappy in her union with one of your race, our parents will positively no more allow us to ascend to the children of men ; and we can only meet in a secret and clandestine way. For several days my father and mother have been on a visit at the Nonnensee, and I can more easily elude the vigilance of my grandfather."

"And do you ascend with pleasure out of your mysterious lake ?" asked Folker not without timid anxiety.

"Yes ! that is what I mean !" was the answer. "I delight in the beautiful, tender green of your woods and fields, and in the clear, soft spring-sky which smiles over you. In your mild, refreshing atmosphere I breathe a thousand times more comfortably, and—and—" she was

going to add something, but she thought better of it, for she suddenly stopped short, cast down her eyes, and blushing violently, remained silent.

However inexperienced Folker might be in worldly knowledge, he could very well interpret these silent words of love ; and inexpressible rapture thrilled through him. His powerful arm encircled her, and he impressed an ardent kiss upon her fresh, rosy lips. She only opposed a slight resistance to this passionate burst of love ; yes, it almost appeared to the young man, as if she had slightly returned his kiss. Overflowing with happiness, he said in the tenderest way : "Oh ! never return again to your dark kingdom : remain here above on the joyous earth, accompany me to my castle, and this very day the blessing of the Church shall seal our union for life !"

Smiling playfully, the beautiful water-nymph again shook her head, and said in an agitated voice : "Ah ! you children of men do not know how to love truly and faithfully ; your inclinations are as changeable as your moon. With us daughters of the waters, love only once in our life, takes possession of our heart, and is only extinguished with our breath. But when he, to whom we consecrate the most sacred feelings of our nature, fails in his constancy, when he becomes false to his oaths, then woe to him and us ! A speedy death is his fate, and cruel, endless sorrow is our lot."

"Oh ! believe me, I am not inconstant and faithless in my passions ; my love for you has taken possession of my soul, and can only be extinguished with my life. By every thing that is holy, I swear to you, my love is pure and true ; it will never, never turn from you, but will last beyond this life."

"The knight of Staufenburg spoke also in the same strain, and yet he forgot his oaths, and was faithless to his love. Vengeance quickly overtook him, and my aunt sits even now in yonder Wildsee and mourns with bitter tears her ruined happiness, and the inconstant beloved of her heart. We will certainly both spare ourselves such a fate ; and were I even weak enough to follow the impulse of my feelings, I dare not. Since that unfortunate event, our whole race has sworn enmity against yours, and that poor maiden would be irretrievably lost, who following simply her own loving heart, ventured to form an union with a mortal. You know



not to what severe punishment I already expose myself by talking in this way to you. Then once for all," continued she blushing, "I can not and dare not become your wife, however much I might wish it."

Folker had listened to this extraordinary speech of the young maiden with increasing anxiety; it had at once opened to him the gates of Paradise and the fathomless abyss of hopeless love. He sat quite silent for some time near her, deep sighs only betraying the violent struggle which was taking place within him. At last he said:

"No, no, I could not ask you to make me happy at the sacrifice of your own peace of mind. But without you, without your tender love, life is a burden to me. It were better for me to fly far away, far from this place, and seek in the distractions of war a mitigation of this consuming grief, till death mercifully puts an end to it. But you must grant me one request before we part. I do not even know your name, adored maiden; you have persisted in concealing it from me till now; tell it me then, it will be my battle-ory in war, it will be the last sound my lips shall utter."

He had spoken these words in a tone of the deepest grief, and his eyes looked at her with an expression which she could not resist. She had withstood all his entreaties, but the grief of desperation overcame her: "Kristalline is my name," she faintly said, whilst painful thoughts began to agitate her.

"Then farewell forever! Light of my life! Farewell!" cried Folker in despair, impressing a burning kiss upon her rosy mouth, and hastening away.

She recalled him with sweet, caressing words, and spoke again in a low, trembling voice. "I dare not allow you to leave me in such deep despair. The knowledge of your certain misery would also break my

heart; your death would be the consequence, and mine too. Then I know of a means which may insure our happiness; I will try it, you must not know yet what it is; but do not hope too much from it, it may deceive us. For to-day farewell! But once more, I have just incautiously told you my name; should I not appear to you sometimes when you expect me; take care not to call me—it would be certain ruin to us both."

With these words she breathed a soft kiss upon the young man's forehead, and disappeared between the trees of the wood.

Folker waited in anxious expectation for several days; every evening he visited the lake, but Kristalline did not appear. Gloomy, corroding sorrow took possession of him; as a week had passed away, and he had been waiting for his lovely nymph the whole evening, a thousand nameless fears crowded upon his mind. He thought himself deceived and imposed upon; forgetting every injunction and overpowered by his distracted feelings, he broke forth in these words:

"O Kristalline, my Kristalline! shall I then never see you again!"

The words were scarcely echoed by the surrounding rocks, when a piercing shriek broke upon his ear, so heart-rending and penetrating, such as he had never before heard from a human being; the fearful depths of the lake began again to be agitated, and a horrible bubble of blood arose on the surface.

An icy horror seized upon Folker, the shudder of death ran through his veins, his senses became confused, a demoniacal spirit took possession of his mind, and urging him forward, he rushed over rocks, through valleys, and on mountains, and no more was ever heard or seen of him: it was never known at his castle or in his own country, by what death the poor lunatic perished.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

IN connection with the fine portrait of this distinguished lady which embellishes our present number, we subjoin the following biographical sketch :

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND was born in the early part of the nineteenth century at Reydon Hall, near Southwold, in Suffolk. Her father was Thomas Strickland, Esq., a descendant of the Stricklands of Sizeigh Hall, in Westmoreland. He had a family of eight—two sons and six daughters—of whom Agnes Strickland is the third daughter. She became a writer at an early age, and has continued her literary labors with great assiduity.

Agnes Strickland, whose graceful pen has made the dead queens of England objects of deep interest to the living world, may justly be classed among the most eminent English female writers of the day. She resides at Reydon Hall, Suffolk county, about twenty miles from London. Miss Strickland is descended from an eminent and honorable family, the Nevilles, of Raby, who were connections, in a remote degree, of the good queen, Catherine Parr. We name this circumstance because of the influence such a reminiscence has undoubtedly exerted over the mind and pursuits of Miss Strickland. The love and reverence she was taught from childhood to cherish for the queen of her own ancestral line, made the lives of these royal ladies the most interesting theme she could study or illustrate.

The reading public of America as well as of Great Britain, are too familiar with the result of these studies to require any description thereof; yet few, probably, have considered the labor as well as talent involved in the great work of these ladies. There are two Miss Stricklands united in this literary enterprise, though one sister withholds her name. "Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes," is the title. The work is in twelve volumes. The first three were published in 1840; the others appeared at intervals of a year or more till 1848; the volume containing the history of Queen Anne completed the series.

We know nothing among the aims of literature more difficult than to write history well: learning, conscientiousness, the patient spirit of research, unflagging industry, penetration into character, a philosophic power of observation and reflection, are some of the requisites for an historian. Besides, one should be a universal reader, and versed in science; for how shall the historian describe an epoch if unacquainted with its intellectual advancement? Then the writer must have the poet's sensibility to discover depths of feeling and passion, and a real enthusiasm for heroic and generous deeds; also the picturesque faculty of seeing the groups evolved from the dust of antiquity and the shelves of the library, in order to paint them living beings—not departed forms—with vigor, spirit, taste. If we go on augmenting, some reader may say, as Rasselas did to the philosopher: "I perceive it is impossible to become an historian."

Miss Strickland has not, certainly, attained all the requisites; yet she has proved herself a very useful writer. Her "Queens of England" have induced many, to whom stronger diet would have been unpalatable, to gain a respectable knowledge of the leading facts of English history. For her own sex, her work is not only of deep interest, but must prove, in many ways, highly beneficial. Her own unwearied industry is an example of much importance; the devotion of her talents to a great subject is another commendable trait in her character; and the success attending her labors has a wide influence for good. Miss Strickland has incurred considerable censure from some of the British critics on account of her High Church and Tory principles, which she never attempts to conceal; but she seems so thoroughly convinced of the truth of her own opinions, that we must believe she is honestly sure her statements are correct. In short, she is a sincere queen-worshiper; and certainly, if there be a "divinity" to hedge kings who have usually been very poor specimens of humanity, queens may well be

exalted. Since she commenced her work, other biographies of some of these ladies have appeared, but none have equaled Miss Strickland's in the interest of the narrative or in the originality of materials.

We have passed over the earlier writings of Miss Strickland; yet these deserve mention. "The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages; an Historical Romance," containing some

well-told stories, has gone through numerous editions, and obtained much popular favor in England, and been republished in the United States several times. Miss Strickland has also written poetry worthy of notice, if her prose had not excelled it. She is now engaged in writing the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," the first volume of which has appeared.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**BACON'S ESSAYS:** with Annotations, by RICHARD WHATELY, D D., Abp. of Dublin. From the Second London Edition, Revised. 1 vol., 8vo, 556 pp. Published by G. S. Francis & Company, 554 Broadway, New-York.

THERE are few books of more sterling value than this. Its essays are like twenty dollar gold pieces among copper coins, in comparison with many other books. It is a remarkable book. In the strong language of competent judges: "We have before us, in this volume, the most generally popular work of the greatest man of his time, with a Commentary or Annotations by the man, who, of all living authors, approaches nearest in many of his intellectual characteristics to Bacon himself. We can not but regard it as a boon conferred upon all educated men, that this volume has been given to the world. Nor must we omit to remark, in this age of readers for mere entertainment, that although the volume be a large one, written by an Archbishop, and consisting of comments upon the thoughts of a great philosopher, the book is invested with such an attractive interest that it can not fail to prove a readable and entertaining one, even to minds unaccustomed to high-class thought, and incapable of severe thinking. We have given but an imperfect idea of Archbishop Whately's Annotations—of their range, their cogency, their wisdom, their experience, their practical instruction, their wit, their eloquence. The extracts we have quoted are like a sheaf of wheat brought from a field of a hundred acres; but we trust our readers may be induced to study the book for themselves."

"Of all the productions in the English language," says the *London Quarterly*, "Bacon's Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be as 'grains of salt, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety,' and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally 'current' in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favor with posterity, and 'last as long as books and letters endured.'"

**SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, OF LONDON.** Third Series. New-York. Sheldon, Blake-man & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co. 1857. Pp. 448.

In this volume are twenty-nine sermons in the usual style of this remarkable man and "modern Whitefield." Those of our readers who have noticed the review of this author in the *Eclectic* will be prepared to form their opinion of this new volume.

"Week by week," says the author in his preface, "the sermons are issued in haste, almost as soon as they are delivered, with hardly time to glance at the proof-sheets." Plain, pungent, practical, colloquial in their style and sentiment, the demand for them is highly encouraging. They are well suited to rouse the sluggish mind to the great realities and interest of man's immortality.

**BOAT LIFE IN EGYPT AND NUBIA.** By WILLIAM C. PRIME, Author of *Tent Life in the Holy Land*, *The Old House by the River*, *Later Years*, etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square. 1857. Pp. 498.

AN indispensable talent or element in a writer of a book of travels is so to present every scene and object described that every reader shall seem to be present and go along with the traveler and see every thing he sees and through the same eyes. The author of this book has this very desirable element of an agreeable traveler. He has enthusiasm. He has two eyes. They are both wide awake. He sees every thing seeable. His descriptions are graphic, graceful, and mirror-like, into which the reader looks and sees first the traveler himself in the foreground of the picture. Then he sees the Nile, the boat, the shores, the cities, the numerous and varied objects, moving and stationary, living and dead, passing like a panorama before the mind's eye, all the way up the Nile from Alexandria to Nubia, and back again. You seem to hear his voice describing the objects as they pass. Some may think there are a goodly number of I-diosyncrasies. But we like to see and keep an eye on the man we are traveling with, even if we are five thousand miles apart. We advise those

who would enjoy a pleasant sail up the Nile to Nubia, without its fatigues and exposures, to buy Mr. Prime's book, and borrow his eyes with which to see the scenes and objects so graphically described.

**THE CHRISTIAN'S GIFT BOOK.** Edited by Rev. RUFUS CLARK. Boston: Published by John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio: H. P. B. Jewett. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. 1857. Pp. 308.

THIS very neatly executed volume comprises about thirty pieces in rich, mellow, sacred prose and poetry, full of genial sentiment and gems of thought, from the graceful pens of Wordsworth, Prentice, Hemans, Sigourney, Longfellow, Milman, Mary Howitt, and Montgomery.

Dr. Clark has manifested good taste and judgment in combining so many excellencies in one volume so well suited to its kindly and generous object of giving good gifts to friends as tokens of esteem or affection. The book is worthy the title it bears, and of the publishing house which issued it.

**THE FAMILY CIRCLE GLEE BOOK,** containing about two hundred Songs, Glee, Choruses, etc., many of the most popular pieces of the day. Arranged and harmonized for Four Voices, with full accompaniments for the Piano, Seraphine, and Melodeon, for the use of Glee-Clubs, Singing-Classes, and the Home Circle. Compiled by ELIAS HOWE. Price, \$1.25. Published and for sale by Buel & Richardson, Boston; Mason Brothers, New-York; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MUSICAL culture has an important bearing on the education, character, happiness, and welfare of society in general, and of the young in particular. It is rich in its sources of social enjoyment, and exerts a permanent influence for good on health and morals. Sing all that can, and let the rest learn as soon as possible.

**GOD'S MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG; OR, THE OBLIGATION AND THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY PIETY,** seriously urged upon young persons, in connection with Eccles. 12: 1. By the Rev. GEORGE W. LEBURN, late Missionary in Greece. New-York: M. W. Dodd. Richmond: P. B. Price. 1857. Pp. 180.

THE subjects of this earnest, kind, and faithful message, are presented in some fifteen or twenty chapters. The style of the book is plain, familiar, colloquial. It is enriched with important practical truths of current and permanent value to the young, and to all classes in life's journey. Its sentiments are thoroughly evangelical. The author seems to sit down by the side of his young readers and address them kindly and familiarly on the great themes of life and immortality. Both the author and the publisher have done a good service. We hope that a copy of this book will be placed by parents and friends in the hands of hundreds of young persons, for its salutary influence.

PROFESSOR ROGERS, of the United States, who has been for some time in this country engaged in preparing for publication his work on the geology and physical geography of North-America, is a candidate for the Chair of Natural History in the University of Glasgow, vacant by the death of Professor Couper.

The Chair is in the gift of the Crown, and if no candidate of greater eminence should come forward, it will be the general feeling of naturalists that the government would do a graceful act, as well as serve the best interests of the Glasgow College, by appointing the distinguished American geologist to the Professorship. In the United States great liberality is shown in such appointments, of which we need only mention the name of Professor Agassiz as an instance.—*Literary Gazette.*

**ALBINI LIBRARY.**—The sale of the celebrated Albini Library is to take place this year in Rome. The auction is now fixed to take place in November, but a paternal government has decided that the MSS. should not be sold in Rome, lest they should peradventure fall into the hands of those who might misuse them. They are, therefore, to be sealed up and forwarded to Count Castlesbarco, of Milan, and the Marquis del Bagno, of Mantua, who are the heirs of the property. The Albini sale will be followed in the January of 1858, by that of the hardly less renowned collection of the Alfieri family. This library was founded by Cardinal Giovanni Battista Alfieri, who lived from 1589 to 1654, and was afterwards greatly added to by Cardinal Paluzzo Alfieri, a nephew of Pope Clement the Tenth, who expended one hundred thousand scudi in codices alone. There will be brought to the hammer, two thousand MSS., containing many valuable documents from the private correspondence of nuncios, ambassadors, and cardinals, members of this illustrious house. The printed works are contained in eleven thousand four hundred lots, and are many of them full of rare and valuable matter connected with the history of the republic and smaller states of Italy in the early period of the middle ages. The catalogue is nearly completed, and will be in itself a most interesting work.—*Literary Gazette.*

**THE HANDEL FESTIVAL MEDAL.**—The distribution of this medal took place on Friday evening in Exeter-hall. Between 500 and 600 of the band and chorus attended to receive their souvenirs of the Great Handel Festival. The medal itself is of bronze, and about the size of a five-shilling piece. On the obverse is a finely executed bust of Handel, taken from the portrait by Roubillac in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and on the reverse is an ancient lyre, with the words: "Crystal Palace Handel Festival, June, 1857." The name of each performer is indented in the outer rim.

THE city of Berlin has voted a sum of 150,000*l.* for a work of art in silver, to be offered to Prince Frederic William on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Royal of England.

THERE appear, at present, 510 journals at Paris; of which 40 are dedicated to politics, and the remaining 470 to Literature, Art, Science, and the Finances. From the 1st of January to the 7th of August of this year, 108 new journals have appeared in the French metropolis.

**THE INDIAN PEOPLE.**—The tribes and peoples of India have never enjoyed a peace and plenty in the remotest degree approaching to that which they have enjoyed under our Government. They were formerly a prey to every wild Mahratta chief and every avaricious Mohammedan Viceroy. They never knew in any year how much of their rice would be



sold and how much would be robbed. They never knew what would be extorted from them in the form of taxes, and what in the form of bribes. Now they certainly know that a plentiful harvest implies plentiful payment—that they will find a ready sale for their produce, and a ready payment for every sale. They can count on the Englishman's silver as readily as they could formerly count on the Malratta sword. Year after year they find increasing market for all the produce that they have hitherto produced, and a new market for produce they never sold before. And year after year their silver bracelets and armlets accumulate, and their buried treasures increase, and houses spring up for those who never possessed a house before—and all this they well know they owe to British rule, without which no roads would render their produce accessible, and no authority protect them from the rapacity of robbers and the terrible rapacity of the Amil or the Chukildar. We do not mean that this attachment to British rule is so strong in the feeble character of the Hindoo as to be proof against all temporary excitement, if unfortunately the fall of Delhi should be delayed. But we do mean that it is of that nature that we have only to reestablish our authority over the mutinous army of Bengal, to find in the whole Indian Peninsula a ready and hearty acquiescence in the fact of our supremacy, and in the justice as well as strength of our cause.—*Economist*.

**THE STRENGTH OF DELHI.**—The *Pays* gives the following account of the strength of Delhi, as coming from a certain source: Delhi, at the moment of the breaking out of the insurrection, contained in dépôt the products of the cannon-foundries of Kassifoure, and the gun-carriages and artillery *matériel* manufactured at Fattichgar and those of the celebrated powder-mills at Ichopoura. Independent of the heavy ordnance on the ramparts, it had in store 640 heavy guns, of the caliber of from 18 to 24, intended to supply the different forts of the north-east provinces of the Calcutta presidency, besides 480 pieces of field-artillery, of the caliber of from 7 to 9, and 95 obuses and 70 mortars. The store of projectiles and munitions was also very considerable. The Indian artillery has a well-merited reputation, and all these guns were in excellent condition. At the time of the insurrection there was not a single English regiment in Delhi. The native regiments of artillery and engineers did garrison duty; and this explains how it happens that the defense of the place is organized in such a regular manner. General Barnard wrote, a few days before his death: "I can not disguise from myself that I am before a new Sebastopol."

M. VILLENETVE has published, in two stout volumes, his "*Histoire d'Allemagne*"—a work, it is asserted, distinguishing itself by a great impartiality. The author divides the history of Germany into ten epochs; and in those periods, which have been treated, before him, in Prof. Luden's classical work on German history, follows that predecessor with great judgment. Every epoch is preceded by a chapter on the development of Art and Science.

**OFFICERS PROCEEDING TO INDIA.**—Two generals, nine colonels, seven majors, twenty-nine captains, and thirty-nine lieutenants proceeded by the overland route on the 4th inst. to India; and one general, eight colonels, two majors, thirty-one captains,

and nineteen lieutenants left by the same route on the 20th inst.; making a total of 147 officers.

**MISS CUMMIN'S NEW BOOK.**—The new tale by the authoress of "*The Lamplighter*" will possess the additional interest of a preface to be contributed by Mrs. Gaskell, authoress of "*Mary Barton*," and the *Life of Miss Brontë*. The union in one volume of two such writers—one so well versed in the life of England and the other of America, will stimulate greatly the curiosity of the public as to a book which promises to prove worthy of its popular predecessor. Miss Cummin's new work will be published at once in a cheap form, thus appealing for immediate success to the general public.

**THACKERAY.**—It is understood that Mr. Thackeray's new serial will be commenced in November, that its earlier scenes will be laid in America, and that English life of the middle of the last century will be laid under the knife of this accomplished dissector of manners and society.

**DR. LIVINGSTONE'S** long-expected work is postponed to November 10th.

**ECONOMIC ADVANTAGE OF THE SABBATH.**—After Mr. Bianconi had read his paper before the British Association, on his extensive system of conveyance in Ireland, Mr. W. Pare asked Mr. Bianconi, whether, according to his experience, the working of a horse more than ten miles a day, for each day in the week, would be injurious to it. Mr. Bianconi said he found by experience that he could work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week much better than six miles a day for seven days in the week, so that by not working on Sundays he effected a saving of seven per cent.

**A PAINFUL BUT HEROIC INCIDENT.**—The following is the record of an act which an old Roman would applaud, and which a Christian, under the circumstances, may lament but dare not condemn: "It is all true about poor Frank Gordon. He, Allick Skene, his wife, and a few Peons managed to get into a small round tower when the disturbance began; the children and all the rest were in other parts of the fort—altogether sixty. Gordon had a regular battery of guns, also revolvers, and he and Skene picked off the rebels as fast as they could fire, Mrs. Skene loading for them. The Peons say they never missed once, and before it was all over they killed thirty-seven, besides many wounded. The rebels, after butchering all in the fort, brought ladders against the tower, and commenced swarming up. Frank Gordon was shot through the forehead and killed at once. Skene then saw it was of no use going on any more, so he kissed his wife, shot her, and then himself."

**ACCORDING** to a parliamentary paper published on Wednesday, the totals of gold shipped from Australia during the year 1856 were 138,007*l.* from New South Wales, and 12,016,224*l.* from Victoria. Of the latter, 10,809,852*l.* were sent to England, 774,498*l.* to India and China, 429,716*l.* to Sydney, Adelaide, and Tasmania, and 1360*l.* to America.

**MALCOLM AND THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.**—It was on one of the land excursions to which allusion has been made, (most probably on his journey through

Wales,) that being in the inside of a stage-coach, he fell, *more suo*, into conversation with a fellow-passenger. His companion was evidently a dignitary of the Church of England—a man of extensive acquirements, power and sublety of argument, and force of expression. The conversation ranged over a considerable variety of subjects, sometimes eliciting concordance, sometimes antagonism of sentiment between the speakers. After some time, the conversation turned upon a subject of Indian interest, upon which there was a serious difference of opinion; Malcolm, as may be supposed, maintained his position with much confidence, and supported his argument by the assertion that he had spent the best part of his life in India. "It may be so," said his companion; "but still I can not yield to you; I have conceded many points in the course of our conversation, but I stand firm upon this—for the very highest authority on Indian subjects, Sir John Malcolm, is on my side." "But I am Sir John Malcolm," was the reply. "It is true that I did say so, but I have since had reason to change my opinion." Upon this they exchanged cards, and Malcolm was little less pleased than his companion when he found that he had been arguing with the scholarly Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff—*Kaye's "Life of Sir John Malcolm."*

**TITLES OF ENGLISH KINGS.**—The first "King's Speech" ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal "We:" it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. "Grace" and "my Liege" were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was "Most High and Mighty Prince." Henry VII. was the first English "Highness." Henry VII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty;" and James I. prefixed to the last title, "Sacred and Most Excellent."

**CALICO PATTERNS IN ROCKS.**—The old corals abound in ornamental patterns, which man, unaware of their existence at the time, devised long after for himself. In an article on calico printing, which forms part of a recent history of Lancashire, there are a few of the patterns introduced, backed by the recommendation that they were the most successful ever tried. Of one of these, known as "Lane's Net," there sold a greater number of pieces than of any other pattern ever brought into the market. It led to many imitations, and one of the most popular of these answers line for line, save that it is more stiff and rectilinear, to the pattern in a recently discovered Old Red Sandstone coral, the *Smithia Pengellyi*. The beautifully arranged lines which so smite the dames of England that each had to provide herself with a gown of the fabric which they adorned, had been stamped amid the rocks many ages before.—*Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks."*

**THE SUBMARINE CABLE, CONNECTING EUROPE AND AFRICA,** has been successfully laid between Bona and Cape Teulada. The communication between Teulada and Spartivento—a distance of seventeen miles—has to be made before regular telegraphic communication can be opened with Algeria. The cable is a heavy one, with four con-

ducting wires, and has been laid successfully, in above 100 fathoms of 1600 to 1700 fathoms water. The whole distance covered is 124 nauts—or 145 miles.

**THE POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA.**—The results of the Census taken on the 29th of March last are now made public, and the Census Commission has issued a table, from which we gather that the population at that date consisted of 258,116 males, 145,303 females; total, 403,419. According to Mr. Archer, the Deputy Registrar-General, the entire population of the Australian colonies, on the 1st of July, 1857, may be fairly estimated in round numbers at one million at least, thus: Victoria, 414,000; New South - Wales, 300,000; South - Australia, 105,000; Tasmania, 80,000; Western Australia, 14,000; New-Zealand, 130,000; total, 1,043,000.

**THE MANAGEMENT OF COLORS.**—I never saw a piece of porcelain, however trifling, nor the most paltry fan, nor little painted paper thing of any kind from China, which failed in harmony and effect, and did not furnish admirable suggestions and lessons. The beauty of the ornamental productions of India seems not to depend upon the quality of their component materials, nor to be regulated by the value of the ornament. I have an Indian rug made of wool such as the wool of this country, costing three or four rupees, in which the choice and management of colors are as refined as in the most expensive shawls of the Deccan or Thibet. So, too, with a fan from Madras; every artist to whom I have shown it has wondered at the fine effect achieved with the most paltry means; a glass bead, some Birmingham tinsel, a bit of blue and a bit of red cloth, some chip-pings of peacocks' feathers, a bunch of pink floss silk—these of themselves poor materials, arranged by fine taste, become the principal ornament of a fan made of the feathers of the Argus pheasant, supported by an exquisitely-carved ivory handle, and decorated with a handsome tassel of gold thread and silk.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

**THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.**—A semi-official Berlin journal, the *Preussische Correspondenz* has been instructed to inform its readers that—"It is with anxiety and indignation that the King has heard of the restless endeavors being made by certain clergymen and theologians to deter people from attending the meeting about to be held in Berlin by the Evangelical Alliance, with his permission and approbation. His Majesty had, therefore, commanded the Ober-Kirchenrath to make known to all general superintendents his determination not to allow silence on his part to be misrepresented as consent, (to this oppositional movement,) but was resolved to leave no opening for doubt on this point. The King attaches the most lively interest to this assembly, in which he hails and welcomes a manifestation of Christian fraternal spirit as yet unexampled, and of the Providence that presides over the destinies of the evangelical faith. While far from desirous to impose on any one an attendance at these meetings, the King will as little conceal from every one how much importance he attaches to them, and what auspicious results for the future of the Church he expects from them.

**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA** has ordered that in the course of next month a census of all the population of the empire shall be taken.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1857.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## SCHÆLCHER'S LIFE OF HANDEL.\*

It may be regarded as a peculiar misfortune to the art of Music that the biographies of its most eminent professors and performers have been less agreeably written, and are therefore less widely remembered, than the records of men who have risen to celebrity by the cultivation of the sister arts. St. Cecilia's disciples have had no Vasari. The lives of great musicians which are attractive to the general reader might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The stock of musical anecdotes which has been collected for universal use—not technical guidance—might be printed in nearly as small a compass as Porpora's vocal manual of two pages, the study of which made Caffarelli the greatest singer of his time. Persons moderately conversant with literary gossip may have read how Lulli cheated the priests when he was lying on his death-bed; how Handel held a refractory songstress out of the window till she consented to sing what he had set down for her; and how the same solitary giant eat, with his "capacious mouth," the dinner

which he had ordered for three. They may know Mozart's pertinent answer to the Emperor Joseph's complaint against "Figaro," as having too many notes; and the touching fable of his "Requiem." They may have heard how Signor Rossini saved the last act of his "Mose," and astonished Signor Tottola, his poet, by scribbling, at a moment's warning, that "Prayer of the Israelites," which has served as the prototype for so many subsequent stage effects. They may have some idea that Beethoven was a rugged genius, deaf, and occasionally brutal, who delivered himself of high-flown rhapsodies to Bettina; that the composer of "Der Freischütz," when dying of his long illness in London, wrote affectionate letters to his wife; that Mendelssohn, when a boy, was mentioned with hopeful expectation by Goethe in his correspondence, and grew up to be one of the most accomplished men of his time: but a dozen more traits and generalities like these would sum up the amount of knowledge of the great musicians in circulation among those who do not profess some musical proficiency. Considering the remarkable combination of gifts required to

\* *The Life of Handel.* By VICTOR SCHÆLCHER. 8vo. London: 1857.

produce a great musician, and the exalted pleasure it is the good fortune of a great musician to diffuse among mankind, justice has hardly been done to this illustrious class of artists. Perhaps the engrossing nature of their pursuit tends to concentrate their fancy and their science on a single object; perhaps the incessant publicity and personal exhibition which attend their professional life has somewhat lowered their true dignity. That something of the old contemptuous notion of the musician as mime or buffoon—something of Johnson's paradoxical and insulting speech, "Punch has no feelings"—is involved in the matter can not be doubted. But the philosophy of this subject, with its necessity or its inconsistency, is not to be discussed in a few paragraphs. The fact, for the moment, is all we have to deal with, when turning to one more record of the life, the triumphs, and the works of a man who, according to his order, was undoubtedly one among "the great ones of the earth."

Another peculiarity in musical biographies is, that they have been more largely and often more successfully undertaken by strangers than by personal friends. The most readable works on Mozart—no offense to those by Nissen, Jahn, and others—are by M. Oulibicheff, a Russian enthusiast, and by Mr. E. Holmes, our own countryman. The Italian musicians have, possibly, been more handsomely treated by French writers than by their own. Though the Germans have again and again attempted pieces of lumbering profundity, calling themselves "Lives of Beethoven," (that most German among all German artists,) their failure has been uniform, and M. Berlioz has been happier in the style of his French criticisms, without being less transcendental. In the present instance it is curious that the work before us should be the production of a writer who is not a musician—who is not a German—who is not an Englishman—but a native of France, where the works of Handel are least understood and least admired; yet we have had nothing so full in compilation concerning Handel, if not so immaculate in point of taste, as this biography of that greatest of musicians. M. Schœlcher is mainly known as a member of the extreme French Republican party, who sat with the "Mountain" in the Legislative Assembly, until the catastrophe of the 2d December.

Since that time he has passed in England the period of inactivity and proscription, rendered inevitable by his political opinions. Here it chanced that some notes of the world's grandest music broke on his ear during the pause after that ferocious storm. The impression made by these strains seems to have strengthened into another passion, more peaceful, but hardly less intense, than those which had already driven a fervid but mistaken man into acts of great political violence. Out of that passion, which has attested its sincerity by collection, by patient labor, by sacrifice of time and of money, has grown the book before us.

But passion, we must continue, never made a great artistic biography; since in this department of literature, beyond almost every other, are required patience, calmness, judgment, and candor—deep, close, and minute special knowledge, in short. What is more, the man who would write the life of an exhibiting artist—which a musician's life must be, whether he be composer or interpreter—should possess knowledge of the social world in which the musician lived, and of the precise art which he adorned. These requisites are not possessed by M. Schœlcher; and, therefore, his book, however well meant it be—and to a certain extent meritorious—can not satisfy the full demands of literature or of music in relation to so great a subject. He has not sufficiently apprehended the nobility of that subject and the dignity of the branch of literature to which his task belongs, to avoid impertinent allusions to passing things and living persons. He is inaccurate in his arithmetic; since the skeleton catalogue of Handel's works, printed in the appendix as a foretaste of the *catalogue raisonné*, which M. Schœlcher announces to be in preparation, does not agree with the list which an exact index-maker would compile from the biography; German compositions being there spoken of, on hearsay, which do not figure in the record. The style of a polemical journalist pervades too many of M. Schœlcher pages. He is in one breath provoked because Handel did not receive that patronage from our London nobility which his stupendous merits claimed; in another, he is extremely bitter on the tastes and tendencies of the royal personages who did adopt Handel's interests, and appreciate his compositions. In one page he falls into the old



cry against the airs and impertinences of the opera-singers; in another, he rejoices (as in the case of Mistress Anastasia Robinson—Lady Peterborough—when, on her being offended by Senesino, Lord Peterborough caned the impudent coxcomb) “that the time is past when singers allowed themselves to be caned by lords.” There is, in short, no order or consistency in this book. Its orthography, moreover, is impure, as regards foreign words and names, to a degree which is strange in any well-educated foreigner. Yet in spite of these defects we have read it with considerable pleasure. M. Schœlcher's love of his subject is sincere and unaffected, and he has collected a large quantity of materials which, if not absolutely new, were not easily to be met with.

The life of Handel, however, was worthy the best hand of the best writer of biographies. The period of English history which it embraces is full of interest and rich in anecdote. If the Elizabethan era gave us our poems, the first fifty years of the eighteenth century yielded us our memoirs. It was a time of wit, a time of imperfect settlement, a time of political intrigue, a time of conspiracy. The Kilmansegges and Schulembergs who came over “*for our goods*” from Hanover, in the train of the new German sovereign, trembled over their chocolate-cups, or their tankards, at the thought of a Stuart hidden in disguise at Kensington, or holding his illicit levees in Grosvenor Square. The new opera-manager, or the foreigner who arrived to sing, stood a chance of being mobbed as a secret emissary, besides being cordially hated as an interloper who arrived to fatten on the food which England should have distributed among its children. The French dancing-master was possibly one French spy; the French hair-dresser might be another. The Court was torn with family dissensions, in which the name and the fame of the music-master of the Princess Royal were mixed up. The Queen was compelled to swallow gross epithets from the over-familiar minister who taught her how to manage the King. The King sat under the sarcasms of a neighbor no less redoubtable than Duchess Sarah of Marlborough, who dared to sneer at the temporary gallery built at St. James', on the occasion of a royal marriage—as at “neighbor George's orange chest.” It

was in one respect an age poor in imagination, but rich in those marked characters and vehement contrasts which are so precious to a biographer—an age, moreover, which did not lack its chroniclers, its diarists, its correspondents—the age during which Pope was writing his letters, and Hervey keeping his memoirs, and Hogarth painting his satires, and Lady Mary Wortley breaking out into the eccentricities of foreign adventure, for subsequent Walpoles to lampoon—when Dryden, as a tragic author, had not been altogether superseded by Addison and Aaron Hill—when the comedies of Congreve still prolonged upon the stage the wit and the license of the Restoration—when an English duke kept up the state of a chapel and an orchestra with a resident *capell meister*, as the Esterhazys and Palffys of Austria, or the small princes of Italy, have done—an age, in short, prepared for the uses of any painter of life, manners, and character who desired to find a sumptuous framework and a rich background for a great artist—his principal figure.

As regards music, too, the epoch in which Handel appeared, his training, his choice of residence, and that august fame of his which “bestrid the world,” offer a wide field for any one capable of dealing with them. In the absence of mighty painters, or architects, or romancers, or dramatists, posterity may point to him as the greatest poet of the first half of the seventeenth century. The shade of Swift might rise to protest against such honor being awarded to one who was “a fiddler,” fit companion to “a drab”—so ran the Dean of St. Patrick's choicely coarse phraseology. Yet the title would not be unjustly bestowed. What Michael Angelo was in painting, what Shakspeare was in drama, Handel was within the limits of his own art; as gigantic in conception, as daring in execution, as the great Florentine—as carelessly fertile, as boundlessly rich, as unconsciously simple, as our universal dramatist. Handel was born, too, into a world of art ripe for discovery. Music was never more scientific than at the commencement of the last century; but by that time it had been lately proved that music meant something more than science alone. The seductions of rhythmical melody—the charms of beautiful tone and delicate expression which lie in the human voice, had broken through the

walls of ancient custom and pedantry. It was still demanded of the musician that he should be severely ingenious and strictly accurate in counterpoint—the orthography and syntax of expression; but grace, grandeur, variety, fascination in his ideas, and in their garniture, had begun also to take their place in the vocabulary of his art. Palestrina had shown the world how much sonorous beauty was to be produced out of a string of mere chords. Corelli and Scarlatti—the one with his stately band of violins, the other with his more fiery and freakish hapsichord—had begun to methodize known dancing measures, and to apply them to the more august forms of instrumental composition. Marcello had already found among the singers of Venice such graceful and not ignoble melodies, to accompany the Psalms of David, as remind us of the saints of Giorgione and Palma, and the patrician ladies of Bonifazio. The high finish as an instrument to which the organ had been brought, had called out in Germany that executive ingenuity which in its turn engenders and quickens thought. The school of great players numbered Zackau, Kuhnau, and that greatest of living or dead masters of the organ, Sebastian Bach. Opera was no longer that sort of cumbersome masque, absurdly amateur, childishly theatrical, or irreverently ecclesiastical in its pomps, which it had been in its earliest years. The great singers then in being, though spoilt as a class by ignorance and affectation, and a vulgar vanity, which reduced their notions of art to a mere fancy for personal display, already included some who had brains as well as throats, and who cherished that desire to help art forward by the production of new effects, which fired the ambition of the composer. There was already some attempt at dramatic interest on the musical stage, which, crippled and timid as it now seems, bespoke progress and increase, and invited experiment. The world of music, in short, was all before a genius where to choose; and the man who appeared to conquer it, to leave a notable name on the pages of the book of poetry, and a trace in his own art of unequalled breadth and grandeur, seems by nature and circumstances to have been alike endowed with a temperament which gave the fullest scope to every gift, and with opportunities which with diligence, address, and daring insured him immortality.

George Frederic Handel was born at Halle in Saxony, in the year 1685—the son of a substantial surgeon, sixty-three years of age at his birth. The idea of the child becoming a musician seems to have been as insupportable to Dr. Handel as if he had been the father of a prodigy living in some English country-town. The boy was to be made into a respectable lawyer; and the usual means (as old as Time and as cruel as Ignorance) were taken to prevent his finding any access to the only teaching he chose to receive. Persecution, however, was not thrown away: the boy was persevering as well as imaginative. Old Dr. Handel's training may have strengthened in him that resolution to work out his career which distinguished his life—that arrogance which, by overruling accident and despising difficulty, led him to take his highest flights when his fortunes were the lowest. Out of England, "The Messiah," and "Judas," and "Israel," and "Samson," could hardly have been written. In England, they would hardly have been written, had Handel not been the bankrupt opera-manager, whose credit was gone, and whose silly foes were determined to crush him. The child who would get at the keys of the spinet somehow—who would not be left behind when Dr. Handel chose to go to visit his brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels' *valet*, and who enlisted in his behalf the interference of the *valet's* ducal master, was the father of the man whose revenge on the town for its caprices and fashionable neglect, was the production of those sublime oratorios to which the Christian and the civilized world will never be tired of listening.

Not many years, however—and it may be hoped no vital amount of happiness—were lost by little Handel in the hardening process. The old surgeon, overborne by the Duke, put the boy regularly to school with organist Zackau—during his son's course of three years' study, steadily throwing in such a dose of Latin as he conceived might in time neutralize the studies of finger and of fugue, and rescue the youth from the discredit of becoming an artist. The Latin was swallowed, but the love of law never came therewith; and when the boy was eleven years of age—by that time a prodigious player on keyed instruments—he fell under the influence which has never failed to fascinate any one born with the sense of beauty.

strong within him as Handel—the spell of Italy. The Dominican father, Attilio Ariosti, (affectedly named by M. Schœlcher as *Attilio*,) happened to be at Berlin, as the chapel-master of the Elector of Brandenburg, during the visit of the boy to the Prussian capital. Ariosti was by no means eminent as a musician, but he is described as a man of sweet and affable temper, who discovered the genius of the young Saxon—made him play by hours together, and, it is fair to imagine, cherished that love of suavity, grace, and roundness of period, which from its earliest period distinguished the Italian school of music; and which Handel never lost sight of in his works, however grand might be the theme, however rude the character, however awful the situation. There is no German composer, of any epoch, (Mozart, perhaps, excepted,) who was so little German as he.\* He is to be ranged with the Claris, Corellis, Colonnas, Scarlattis of Rome and Florence, and not with the Buxtehudes and Bachs of his own country. Sense must needs be satisfied with him, as well as spiritual contemplation, or scientific research; and sense could not be satisfied until Italy had become a reality, not a dream; a place of experience, not of anticipation. Even in these days, there is no training that will altogether replace the training of the South: Italy's "fatal gift of beauty" is undying. In the time of Handel, that beauty still wore all her purple and gold, her jewels and her fine linen. The musicians were still not so much the buffoons, as the companions of nobles. Some of them were churchmen, eligible for more intellectual occupations than the wielding of a baton, or the resolving of a discord: one, Marcello, was a patrician of Venice; another, Corelli, was the household guest of a Roman Cardinal. All, it is fair to assume, in position, in culture, in manners, were more refined than the homely German organist, half schoolmaster, half theorist. All were surrounded with memories, and traditions, and evidences of such universal artists as Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Salvator Rosa,

which let them fall on an ear ever so dull, on a nature ever so gross, do not wholly fall in vain, nor without leaving some print or film, however slight, which has its beauty, its grace, its refinement. By no analyst or biographer with whom we are acquainted, have Handel's sympathies with, or obligations to, the South, been generously or gratefully admitted. He himself, more just, more conscientious, recorded them in his masterpiece, where with his own handwriting he owned to the origin of the "Pastoral Symphony," as derived from the droning pipes of the rustic players who come into Rome before Christmas-time to play before the images of the Blessed Virgin.

M. Schœlcher's narrative of Handel's early days, though less completely wrought out than it might have been, had he ransacked the old libraries and music shops of Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover, may be followed with interest. It is well known that the young Saxon was for a time closely connected with the Hamburg theater, on the stage of which he made his "maiden speech" in opera; that while there he was comrade, colleague, and friend with Mattheson, which, as has happened in the comradeship of other young men, did not preclude a fierce quarrel and a duel betwixt them. It has been told before, how Prince Gaston de' Medici, brother to the Duke of Tuscany, who chanced to be in the Hanse Town about that time, chanced also, with the true Medici spirit of divination, to discern the merit of the young composer and orchestral player, whom he invited to bear him company to Italy. Adam Hiller (true to the spirit of antagonism) relates in his "Lebensschreibungen," that the young German, on being shown by the Prince a large collection of Italian music, remarked that "he did not find in them any thing very superior." But the reported saying and its sequel are at variance. After a few years of rough residence at Hamburg, not, however, of time wholly lost by Handel—in place of his taking the organ at Lubeck, and marrying the organist's daughter there, (a condition of the appointment akin to the old succession of headsmen to headsmen,) in place of settling down to such a life of cheerful citizenship, temperate contemplation, and indefatigable industry, as that led by Sebastian Bach, at Leipzig, the young opera-composer yielded to the fascination,

\* To avoid digression, let it be here pointed out, that in that exercise of his art, which was in his day most specially German, namely, composition for the organ, Handel was comparatively so slight, so popular, and so pleasing, that his writings for the instrument are set comparatively small store by, owing to their want of depth and contrapuntal severity.

crossed the Alps, profited (though in no servile or ignoble fashion) by the protection of the Tuscan Court, and in Italy, by an opera and *cantata* or two, laid the first stone of his splendid reputation. Handel's early German studies have entirely disappeared, but his first oratorio, "Il Resurrezione"—in which the form no less than the title and text are Italian—has still a certain musical existence.

It seems, however, evident that no strong artist, who is not Italian-born, can remain in Italy, howsoever gladly he may resort to that land during his apprenticeship—however gratefully he must recur to it throughout his after-career. Handel, at all events, was no more fit to lull himself to sleep among the *dilettanti* of Tuscan courts or Roman palaces, than he could have been content to fall into the homely and dry daily life of a small German town. It was in all probability, mere chance which directed his flight to England—the chance of his having entered into the service of the Elector of Brunswick, and having attached himself to the Elector's step-daughter, his pupil—added to an engagement to write operas for our great capital, which has never been so coolly scorned by the foreign artist as certain foreign critics have assumed. But if chance decided the young Saxon to come hither, choice retained him in England; and, in truth, his life was ours, his labors were for us, his fortune came from us, and his love was with us. This kingdom offered a *mezzo termine* betwixt German coarseness and Italian sickliness; the artist could be free enough in it, without being wholly unbefriended; the Court was kindly, not engrossing; the nobility was not cold; the public was untutored, not deaf. There was plenty to do, plenty to enjoy, plenty to win, plenty to overcome—a field, in short, so congenial to the young German, trained in Italy, for whom neither German nor Italian life appears to have sufficed, that once having planted his foot, and turned the spade therein, he never left it more, and never seems either to have repented, nor to have speculated on change or wandering as possible. It may have been, and probably it was, that Handel's genius had too much sensual beauty for Germany and too much science for Italy; but it may also have been, and it probably was, because there existed a direct, wholesome strength in the man's nature—a sort of rough

truth and every-day common-sense, which made him feel that London, with its many sins and its many fools, its stupid public and its bad climate, was nevertheless a more congenial home for a plain and honest man than the stateliest German court, or the sunniest *cortile*, where Ottononis, and Panfilis, and Dorias, listened to music, and let life fleet by, without much plan or purpose beyond those of present competence and luxurious enjoyment.

But for a due understanding of Handel's character and position, it is essential to admit the truth that, like Shakspeare and Scott, he chose to combine the trader, speculator, and man of business with the poet—that he thirsted for gains as well as position—that, unsatisfied by liberal pensions and patronage, he aspired to convert his art into a means of making a fortune. That this does not throw the most delicate or picturesque light on the character of a great artist must be readily conceded; unless we consider the means embraced to gain the end—the series of musical works, of their kind as remarkable as the Shakspeare plays or the Waverley novels—by which the German composer first allured his willing public and afterwards bent himself to propitiate the world, which had grown weary of him. There was no necessity, save such as was furnished by his active and sanguine disposition, for Handel to wear himself out in managing a theater. From his outset in England he was in receipt of more than £500 a year as a court servitor. His "Amadigi," the first of some forty Italian operas, produced in the Haymarket, was written under the roof of the Earl of Burlington, who had received the young composer as a guest. The magnificent Duke of Chandos, to whose palace of "Cannon" Handel was subsequently attached, in the foreign fashion, as chapel-master, (an appointment to which we owe the superb series of anthems,) recompensed the composer of "Esther," with the present of £1000—a considerably larger sum, we believe, than was paid to Mendelssohn for the copyright of "Elijah," some hundred and twenty-five years later. But the intricacies of theatrical administration, which to those untouched by them appear so utterly inexplicable, were not to be assisted by Handel. He preferred the rule of autocracy on the stage to the chances of a candidate for success. Aware of his prodigious fertility in



duction, he may have felt that only by keeping the scepter in his own hand, could he satisfy the necessity of pouring out the thoughts and fancies which he possessed. This was all natural enough; but no less natural was the sequel—one which M. Schœlcher laments, in the lachrymose style which befits a devotee describing the sufferings of a martyr. For a time, such an enterprise as Handel's opera-speculation could not fail to thrive; but after a time, it is inevitable to such enterprises that the interest taken in them by their promoters and patrons must subside, even if the speculator possess double Handel's genius. Inferior novelty becomes more welcome than a repetition of higher beauties and more exquisite graces. There arrives a moment when all the petty miseries and intrigues of the world behind the scenes are brought to bear on the unpopularity of the manager of whom the town is beginning to tire; and in Handel's case, the quarrels of the royal household, so spiritedly recounted in the "Hervey Memoirs," enlisted a large and influential section of the younger nobility against him. It is the nature of opera to be ephemeral. Scarcely a dozen musical dramas from among the hundred thousand written during the last century and a half may be said to keep the stage, or in permanence of charm bear any proportion to the poetical and comic masterpieces of the theater in which singers and orchestra have no part. To hit the taste of the moment, to make ends and means bear due proportion, and still to infuse imperishable life and beauty into the creation, is a feat which has been achieved by few indeed, and by those few only in some exceptional moment of inspiration. It is probable, that as an opera-writer, in spite of the fashion set by the brown silk gown of his *Queen Rodelinda*—in spite of the rapture which greeted the minuet from his "Ariadne" whenever it was heard—Handel was both before and behind his age; as we have already said, too Italian for the Germans, too German for the Italians—too grave to suit the frivolous tastes of the time, or utterly to satisfy them. Whether, however, it arose from inevitable necessity or special defect, certain it is that the German *maestro* came to be considered as an *incubus*, whose exactions and productions alike weighed heavily on the pleasures of the genteel and sprightly—as one of the

pompous pieces of dead weight imposed on a fashionable public by an unfashionable Court.

The good sense no less than the power of this great man of genius is attested by the manner in which he met the discouragements of such a position. Ere one public began to fail him, he had commenced intercourse with another. Unlike those feeble creatures who die when their summer of fashion is over, Handel's real life only fairly began after he became unfashionable. He had from his first arrival in this country shown the true spirit of a rich and bounteous genius, which is condescension. He had written for popular festivities, as well as for royal water-parties; he had played the organ in our public gardens as well as sat at the harpsichord with England's Princess Royal in her private chamber, at the moment when the arrival of her betrothed Prince was announced. The music which had not pleased in one place was brought out by him in another. If the aristocracy of England could not be retained, there was a great public of the middle class to be reached. It will be found by all who follow M. Schœlcher through the facts which he has collected, in regard to the first thirty years of Handel's English residence, that his versatility in composition of music of every kind and for every purpose, was as remarkable as his energy. It will be discerned, too, that both were steadily tending in one and the same direction; that in proportion as means of execution began to fail the master, his designs grew ampler, and his inventions more dignified—that, in short, the wear and tear of publicity, the battering of perpetual strife, the determination not to quit the wreck till the raft was secure which was to bring him into port—were a discipline, a stimulus, a balance necessary to the full development and free use of all the gigantic power which he possessed in reserve. His health, however, suffered under the mortifications to which the last years of his opera disasters had exposed him; and when he quitted England in the autumn of 1737, after the failure of his "Giustino," for the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, it is hardly conjectural to fancy the Lord Fannys, who then gave the law to the "town," talking of the weary man as one finally broken down—written out—to be swept away into the lumber-room,

in order that some fresher mountebank of the minute might have a clear stage for the exhibition of those newest Italian airs and graces which, with them, stood for the perfection of art.

The death of George II.'s Queen, which occurred at the close of this year, called forth the sublime "Funeral Anthem," (alone among Protestant "requiems," and more solemnly spiritual than most Catholic ones,) and this event may in some sort be said to mark the turning-point in Handel's career. It is true that after that period he still produced two or three operas, which entirely failed to restore his fortunes or his popularity. It is true that by the composition of the Chandos anthems, "Esther," "Athalia," "Acis," "Alexander's Feast," Handel had previously shown how much nobler music he could write than any which could be endured, or even then produced, on the boards of any existing opera-house; but these had been only tasks, experiments, episodes in the main business of his life, which had been to draw the public, and to exhibit, and to satisfy the Caffarellis, Faustinas, Strades of the stage. They had excited sufficient attention, however, to be now fallen back on as a resource and a deliverance. True to his life's vocation, which was to entertain the town, by the exercise of his art, Handel accepted his disgrace. From opera he sank to oratorio—from ephemeral popularity among foolish persons of quality to such immortality as only belongs to poets of the highest order.

There are few cases of acquiescence, transformation, and triumph, wrested out of protracted failure, parallel to the story of Handel's subsequent career in the history of art. He seems, with one reservation, to have attached but slight value to his own works, save inasmuch as he could make then gratify his public; yet these included "Saul," "Israel," "The Messiah," "Samson," "Judas Maccabeus," "Joshua," "Susanna," "Solomon," and almost as many more grand compositions, sacred and profane, in the least successful of which there is still some air or chorus which is as fresh to-day as it was on the day of its composition; and in the mass of which almost every variety of form, employed by the musical composers of modern time, may be found indicated or perfected. The production was in all instinctive rather

than elaborate. That the poet could hardly commit his inspirations to paper fast enough, the stormy, rude state of the manuscript ("coarse scores," as Mendelssohn called them in his graphic German English) attests to every one who has examined them. Tradition says that Handel wept and trembled, when the subject was moving or awful which he improvised; but he seems to have held the work once done in slight reverence—"The Messiah" making a solitary exception. That amazing fruit of a few weeks' inspiration was dashed on paper, as its companions and predecessors had been; but its author seems from the first to have held it as something apart and superior, to which the sanctity of the theme gave a certain elevation in his eyes. As was the habit of Handel, he reconsidered and amended certain portions of it; but with a view to perfecting, rather than of popularizing the gift which he laid on the altar; like one who knows that an immortal utterance has gone forth from him, with which he is not free to tamper or intermeddle. The respect which Handel showed to "The Messiah," his solicitude in devoting it from the first to the cause of charity, amounted to a prophetic conviction, unconscious it may be, but if so, to be regarded with reverence for its very unconsciousness. The greatest musical work in existence, the highest in argument, the most pompous in structure, the most equally sustained from the first note to the final "Amen," was appreciated by its maker as his own best creation; as a thing not to be trifled with or torn up to suit the humors of the hour, but as a bequest to all who love the highest religious art, forever and ever. Not at first, however, did "The Messiah" take this rank in the minds of men, or in the regard of lovers of music. During many years Handel's war oratorio, "Judas," produced after the Rebellion of 1745, seems to have been more frequently performed and to have been a greater favorite. By degrees, however, the power and the glory of the "Sacred Oratorio," began to shine more and more brightly abroad—to touch more and more hearts, to attract more and more sympathies. It is not exaggeration, so much as history, to point to "The Messiah" as almost the only work of art in being, which for one hundred years has steadily gone on rising higher and higher in fame, drawing my-

riad after myriad to wonder and to tears—untouched by time, unrivaled by progress—to characterize it as a heritage derived from our fathers, which will go down, by its own intrinsic and increasing value, to our children's children—a creation of mortal imagining, which has almost won the reality of an article of belief and the solemnity of an object of worship, by its power to adapt itself to all intelligences, to touch the lowliest, to raise the loftiest, to content the most fastidious.

The munificence with which Handel exerted his great power and devoted his finest work in the cause of charity is really unparalleled except by one contemporary example in musical history:

"Seeing that 'The Messiah' was, as they say in theatrical parlance, 'a sure draw,' Handel in a manner divided his property in it with the Foundling Hospital; he gave that institution a copy of the score, and promised to come and conduct it every year for the benefit of the good work. This gift was the occasion of an episode in which may be perceived the choleric humor of the worthy donor. The administrators of the hospital, being desirous of investing his intention with a legal form, prepared a petition to Parliament, which terminated in the following manner: 'That, in order to raise a further sum for the benefit of the said charity, George Frederic Handel, Esq., hath been charitably pleased to give to this corporation a composition of music called "The Oratorio of the Messiah," composed by him; the said George Frederic Handel reserving to himself only the liberty of performing the same for his own benefit during his life: And whereas the said benefaction can not be secured to the sole use of your petitioners, except by the authority of Parliament, your petitioners therefore humbly pray that leave may be given to bring in a bill for the purposes aforesaid.' When one of the governors waited upon the musician with this form of petition, he soon discovered that the committee of the hospital had built on a wrong foundation; for Handel, bursting into a rage, exclaimed: 'Te Devil! for vat sal de Foundling put mein oratorio in de Parlement? Te Devil! mein music sal not go to de Parlement.'

"The petition went no further, but Handel did not the less fulfill the pious engagement which he had contracted. In 1752, on the Thursday the 9th of April, the number of tickets taken was 1200, each ten and sixpence. In 1753, the *Public Advertiser* of the 2d May announced: 'Yesterday, the sacred oratorio called "Messiah," was performed in the chapel at the Foundling Hospital, under the direction of the inimitable composer thereof, George Frederic Handel, Esq., who in the organ con-

certo played himself a voluntary on the fine organ he gave to that chapel.' The *London Magazine* of the month says that there were above 800 coaches and chairs, and the tickets amounted to 925 guineas.

"Eleven performances of the same kind, between 1750 and 1759, brought £6255 to the hospital. Handel conducted them all in person, although (it must not be forgotten) he became blind in 1758. This benefaction of the generous and charitable artist survived him for many years. Eight performances, conducted by J. C. Smith, between 1760 and 1768, realized £1892; and nine performances, conducted by John Stanley, from 1769 to 1777, realized £2032; so that altogether, 'The Messiah' alone brought into the funds of the Foundling Hospital no less a sum than £10,299."

Indeed, if the sums collected by the performance of this mighty work in the last hundred years be reckoned together, we question whether any single monument of human genius has been so productive of mere wealth as this oratorio of the bankrupt Handel.

Of the anecdotal history of "The Messiah," there is no need further to speak in this place; though the precise facts concerning its appearance seem, till lately, to have been involved in the doubt which has shrouded the origin of more than one master-work. M. Schœlcher has entered on them at some length, and we are reminded that Handel was permitted seventeen years of satisfaction in his own sublime work betwixt the period of his first performance in Dublin on Good Friday, 1742, and his decease on Good Friday, 1759. The last act of his life was to attend a performance of "The Messiah" at Covent Garden on the 6th April of that year. After returning home from the oratorio, says his biographer, he went to bed never to rise again. Seized with a mortal exhaustion, and feeling that his last hour was come, in the full plenitude of his reason, he added one more codicil to his will, and gently rendered up his soul on the anniversary of the first performance of "The Messiah," Good Friday, 13th April, 1759, aged seventy-four years, one month, and twenty-one days. The artist's fortunes to the day of his death were more or less checkered by public caprice and private antagonism. The last seven years of his life were smitten with the "total eclipse" of which he had himself sung so touchingly; and by this, and not from any failure of power or fancy or

energy, was he compelled to cease from his labors: but he lived to know that he had founded in Music a kingdom which would not pass away so long as the art endures—that he had raised his own monument, and drawn his own people to him. He died an object of affection and pride and reverence, which, as we have seen and heard, (and shall yet see and hear more,) were no evanescent or sentimental emotions, doomed to be dispersed by a touch of Fashion's harlequin wand, but the beginnings of a fame such as none beside him has ever gained in his art, and the limits of which are as yet reached on no side.

In the foregoing remarks, a few of the outlines of the personal character of Handel have been attempted. We have pointed out his distinctive greatness as one of the great men of his century, without any very close reference to his particular art. But as a musician Handel claims more accurate criticism, even when general readers are addressed; since certain of his characteristics are so unique in their cast, and so clear in their manifestation, as to be intelligible, when simply stated, even to those to whom the mechanism of music is a mystery they can not or care not to fathom. It belongs to Handel's art alone, that the greatest man who has adorned it should have been predominant, and original, and immortal, by reason of his eclecticism. A German by birth, an Italian by sympathy and training, an Englishman by conformity, Handel belonged to no country, to no school—as the Mozarts, Beethovens, Webers, Rossinis have done. Yet in no musician has style been more strongly marked than in him. This has always seemed to us one among the many seeming paradoxes, which defy the ingenuity of those who will reason from one art to another, in place of permitting to each its own laws, its own inconsistencies; but it is a truth, without a due appreciation of which the grandeur, the variety and the beauty—the peculiar, yet universal genius of Handel, are not to be appreciated.

We must be permitted, after this general remark, to enter into a few details, not to be overlooked in attempting to define the true position of so great a composer. Laying aside all Handel's stage-music, as by nature ephemeral—nor troubling ourselves for the moment with that which he wrote for instruments alone, as slight and

experimental—belonging to the dawn of instrumental music—let us confine ourselves to the works on which his claims to immortality rest, and to merely a few considerations concerning these. A series of studies of Handel's Oratorios is still a *desideratum*: not, however, undertaken in the mystical spirit of German criticism, which has so often proved its own shallowness, by affecting to plumb depths past mortal fathoming. For how much smaller is the one meaning painfully assumed as animating some neglected detail, than the many meanings which every work of divine poetry and grand design presents to the apprehensions of many listeners, who may still admit the possibility of many other features or forms having been hurried over as unimportant! Honestly reverent as was its intention, the analysis of "The Messiah," in the correspondence of Goethe and Zelter, if tried by this standard, becomes poor and insufficient; because it proves too much. Like Shakspeare, Handel may be over-criticised; for the self-same reason—that neither the dramatic nor the musical poet was always complete." So to, if we pursue this illustration into another branch of art, when the defects, irregularities, or accidents of the great cathedrals are proved to be so many choice beauties—to be the very parts most worthy of study and imitation, because of the intention they are assumed to convey, such judgments tend rather to display the pedantry of criticism than the majesty of art. Studies of Handel's Oratorios might, however, be written to bring them somewhat closer to the intelligent admiration of those who hear them—not in wholesale defense, or over-elaborate explanation, but in illustration of certain characteristics, the right appreciation of which is of general and lasting value to every one concerned in music, whatever be his share, whatever be its quality.

That the effect, we repeat, of the most superb of Handel's superb works is independent of completeness, is hardly to be disputed, though the remark will sound strange to the wholesale idolaters of his genius—nay, and to many more rational worshipers of the greatest works of imagination. We know enough of their historical origin to be sure that they were not designed with any extraordinary care. What is now the first part of "Israel in Egypt" was patched on to a *cantata* already completed, and which had been



completed, in one respect, with a formality not habitual to Handel; since "Exodus," the *cantata* referred to, might have been considered as circularly closed against amplification, by its opening and ending with the same strain of praise—employed *da capo*, as the musicians have it, or burdenwise, to use the ballad-monger's phrase. Nevertheless, it suited Handel's convenience to lengthen the work; and accordingly he prefixed to this *cantata* another oratorio, equaling it in length, outdoing it in variety, exhibiting the plagues of Egypt with an amount of force, brilliancy, and elaboration sufficient, it might have been supposed, to crush and efface any portion which could possibly follow. Pestilence—water turned into blood—fire from heaven—the insect-cloud darkening out life with its noisome activity—the death of the first-born—the "darkness which might be felt"—the rebuke of the great sea—the march of God's chosen people through the cloven deep—the recoil of the waters over their pursuers—were displayed in close succession. To speak of any other pictures in music by the side of these, is to talk of Ludovico Caracci after Michael Angelo, of Van der Werff after Rubens, or of Raphael Mengs after Raphael. And yet, despite the inspiration of this afterthought, the second part, or original "Exodus," which is in fact merely Miriam's hymn of triumph over the destruction of Pharaoh and his host prolonged and wrought out, holds its ground, nay, leads to a climax of jubilant devotional rapture, as preëminent in its brilliancy as if the poet had from the first entertained no other design than to conduct his hearers through group after group, through trial after trial, through wonder after wonder, with the pillar of cloud to hide, and the pillar of fire to beckon the chosen people—onward and upward to the Prophetess, "with her timbrel in her hand," as the last and the most remarkable apparition following "the wonders in the land of Ham," and recording the dealings of the Most High with his chosen people.

Nor is this the sole wonder. If the design of "Israel," when examined, prove disproportionate—if the form was determined by the touch of inspiration, not the long preliminary care of pious meditation—the execution of that wondrous oratorio will be found no less remarkable, when anatomized by the thoughtful musician.

On the one hand, it is clear that in some of the choruses and ideas, to satisfy the impatience of his hand, Handel tore out leaves from his old school-books, and interpolated ancient exercises, nay, possibly, other men's thoughts. On the other, it is evident that he wrote in a day when one of the greatest elements in the production of picturesque music—the orchestra of the moderns, with its contrasted sonorities and improved executive resources—had scarcely been called into existence. In the awful scenes of the "hail-stones for rain," "the locusts, that came without number," "the thick darkness that fell on all the land," the ocean waters rising like a wall on this side and on that—the limits to the colors on Handel's palette will be at once seen if the orchestral portion of these choruses be compared with the orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn. Those great men not merely employed the tints of the rainbow: they also commanded the *chiar' oscuro* of twilight glooms and ærial radiances. Handel wrought with the primary colors; yet the best specimens of descriptive music by the best subsequent masters are pale in treatment and poor in variety when compared with his stupendous series of creations. Are we, then, to say, that modern discovery has added nothing to the means of musical effect? Not so: but that there is a genius independent of all discovery, more flexible and ample by the vigor of its conceptions, than any talent which avails itself of the most unbounded range of the vocabulary of expression devised by modern ingenuity. This superior force and brightness of Handel (due allowance being made for the antiquated cast of certain forms) establishes a point too much lost sight of during late years—that in narrative, or dramatic, or devout music, where the voice is to be heard, the voice ought to be the principal object of care and feature of interest—that the accompaniment, however rich, or complex, or pertinent, is not to supersede it: and, moreover, not the voice employed in pure declamation, (to which the modern Germans, from Beethoven downwards, have attempted to confine it,) but in musical expression of sense and sentiment. In Handel's songs, as in all the highest productions of Art, simplicity is the first condition of pure and lofty expression. From the moment when the Germans began to

set themselves in antagonism to the Italians, the balance of power has been destroyed; since in place of studying (as a Mozart knew how to study) by what means all the elements of music might be combined, the narrower thinkers of the newer school, unable to wield so many resources at once, have endeavored to rest their effects on some one point at the expense of another. We have lately been invited to believe that the only true occupation for the singer is that in which the singer's art is wholly annihilated; that the nearer the executant can arrive at gasp, or sob, or sigh, or scream, the more successfully is the voice treated.

Another characteristic of Handel has been his instantaneous power of rising to the height, or of expressing the beauty of his subjects, whatever these might demand. The "great scene" in his work is always its greatest portion. In "Joshua," the downfall of the walls of Jericho; in "Solomon," the opening of the temple—the court music given to the Queen of Sheba—and (more eminent still because of its excessive difficulty) the contest of the mothers for the dead child; in "Jephtha," the storm of the father's soliloquy; in "Acis," the entire impersonation of Polyphemus, whether the Cyclops himself sings, or is watched coming, or breaks in, with hideous love and brute revenge, on the love scene, which it maddens him to see; in "Semele," the moment of sleep; in "Judas," the warlike pomps; in "Saul," the song of David exorcising the brain-stricken King, and the lament over Jonathan—are all severally touched with a force and truth which exclude every future treatment of the same moments and situations. As wisely might some new dramatist, following the fashion of Lenau, who wished to outdo Goethe's "Faust," attempt to create a new *Lady Macbeth*, or *Shylock*, or *Cleopatra*, or *Lear*, or *Cordeia*, as a new musician try to deal anew with these persons and conjunctures. And where is there—where can there be—another "Hallelujah" chorus after that of "The Messiah"? The feat has been tried and tried again, by later musicians, some because they could not escape from it, by way of close; some because being pigmies, they were convinced that they were as good giants as any that were on the earth in the olden time; but failure has constantly attended the trial of so daring a feat.

The student of Handel, again, may observe how his freshness of inspiration and experiment held out to the very last. Regarded in this point of view, "Jephtha," the latest grand oratorio by the master, becomes one of his most interesting works. The character of youth and original purity belonging to all the music given to Jephtha's daughter might, in accordance with all common rule, have been thought to denote a young melodist; even as Juliet's passion has been again and again pointed out as belonging to the impassioned boyhood of Juliet's creator. Indeed no composer, in the freshest spring-time of his powers, has been stronger in unforced sweetness and simplicity than Handel shows himself throughout the part: trusting less to contrivance, less to experience, less to grouping, (to use the painter's word,) than to the delicious flow of lively, natural, musical thought. The whole commencement breathes innocence, joy, the charm which life has for one who can herself charm, the free grace befitting the daughter of a great chief, the artless tenderness of one who loves and is beloved. Her song, "The smiling dawn," is in a dancing measure, (*a tempo di Bourree*), and through a large part of it the voice is left to carol alone. The air, "Tune the soft melodious lute," with which the conqueror's daughter prepares to greet her father on his return from victory over the Ammonites, is of a more measured stateliness; but it is still the stateliness of a young princess, fresh in rhythm, fresh in cast of phrase, to be distinguished in choice of accompaniment and by its youthful tone among the many songs for a similar voice written to a similar situation. As we proceed with the story of Jephtha's daughter, the same color is maintained, even after the storm has broken above her head—even in that moment of mortal trial which presents itself as so frightful to those who have known little sorrow—even when the sublime resignation of the maiden draws from benignant Heaven interposition and deliverance. The air, "Happy they," (a consummate example of expression,) the better-known scene, "Farewell, ye limpid springs," which M. Schœlcher, in true Parisian style, mentions in company with *Agatha's* scena from "Der Freischütz," are both eminently remarkable for simple grace, maintained in the moments of sorrow, as well as in those of hope and exultation. We do not conceive that this was

matter of premeditation on Handel's part; his exertions have the spontaneous character of the highest productions of genius, hardly conscious of its own perfection. Yet nothing can be named in the whole catalogue of musical impersonations more exquisite, more self-consistent, or more various without monotony, than this child of Handel's old age.

Illustrations such as these could be multiplied almost without limit, and still we fancy, without entering that debatable land in which the eye of Superstition transfigures what it sees. One more point, however, must be dwelt on here, as a last testimony to the surpassing greatness of Handel's oratorio music. Whatever be the amount of modern discovery, it affords scope for the application and introduction of the most enlarged resources; it is capable of being performed by countless myriads, without becoming disproportionate and unwieldy. Yet it has not in our experience—indeed we may boldly assert, ever—been adequately rendered. This statement may seem paradoxical to those who have been conversant with the choral and orchestral performances which have been the rule, not the exception, in England for the last fifty years, who reflect that these have been of a splendor and on a scale of which the hardworked, feverish, ambitious artist little dreamed—compelled, if not contented, to hear his music in his own imagination—and so to conceive how vast and capable of countless extension were his "Hallelujahs" and his hymns of Israel's triumph over Egypt, overwhelmed in the Red Sea. Many may well ask whether poet's dream ever rose to a fulfillment of poet's creations so high, as the stupendous celebrations at Sydenham, the sound of which, "like the voice of many waters," is in our ears as we write. No such gathering of musicians and audience is recorded in the annals of musical state and solemnity—no occasion so rich in poetical sensations and new scientific experiences. The Festival at the Crystal Palace will be memorable to many as having proved that vast extension of means, where the locality is vast, by no means implies the production of harsh and overpowering force. The splendors of the myriad chorus were felt in the richer, softer, gentler passages—more remarkably evident in such a serene chorus as "But as for his people," (in "Israel,") than in the pompous phrase "King of kings," and

"Lord of lords," which forms the culminating passage of the "Hallelujah." The gigantic scale of the chorus, however, was brought home to every one in all the antiphonic passages, where the distance of the bodies that took up question and answer with an admirable precision, gave an effect of amplitude and multitude alike new and impressive. Those three performances at Sydenham, again, were instructive as proving Handel's sublimity and science by his simplicity. Magnificently as his work was planned, it was still so colossal in its outlines, so largely contrived, as to bear in its interpretation any amount of modern enrichment, when the scale of performance is vast, and the garnitures are applied by the hands of sympathy and reverence. The orchestral additions of Mozart to "The Messiah," of Mendelssohn to "Israel in Egypt," and of Sig. Costa to "Judas," though they amount now to the most intricate embroideries of flute, clarinet, and bassoon, new to the introduction of squadrons of trumpets and clarions, were in no place felt as a disturbance or an excess, still less as an impertinence. It may be that the limit of manageable numbers and practical enrichments was reached at the June Festival just over; but it is no less true that there was no such feeling of cumbrousness, oppression, of confusion, of the extinction of one portion by another, as must have attended a performance on such a scale of any other music of the kind in being. The vast army of players and singers, who held audiences of twelve thousand and more enthralled, was still, it must have been felt by every one, predominated over by the vastness of Handel.

His admirable justice of proportion, too, was indicated at Sydenham to a degree for which we were unprepared. Even in that wide and lofty space, except in a very few unfavorable positions, the interest and effect of the *solo* or single portions of the oratorios, kept the place that they hold under more limited conditions, by the intrinsic nobility of their forms, and the exquisite judiciousness of their contrasts. The great songs of Handel's oratorios, and in particular of "The Messiah," not only demand the greatest voices from the four artists to whom they are intrusted—the finest vocal skill, consummate musical science, the most solemn and refined declamation; they demand, also, that devotional temper of mind

which not merely implies an act of worship, but indicates the mood of a worshiper. That which the greatest artists of the musical stage have been from time to time—utterly possessed of the characters which they were to represent and the music they had to complete by interpretation, the performers of Handel's songs should be, in order to sustain the impression which is now frequently produced by the choral portions of his oratorios. Needs it be pointed out that, to count upon these high qualities as habitual in the most ingenious and carefully trained and serious of the vocalists to whom such occupation must be confided, is to strain expectation beyond the limits of possibility?—that to insure such qualities, there should be, not merely a happy combination of natural endowment and technical accomplishments, but also a general loftiness of tone in life, manners, and conversation, such as shall make it altogether impossible for the speaker to conceive aught meanly, or to deliver it meagerly—a breath of that noble simplicity which, totally distinct from arrogance or theatrical solemnity, has given so much charm of persuasion, such an authority of teaching, such a power of retaining love, to some of our divines and poets, least intent on the vulgar arts of producing effect? It is because we have a few times heard single portions of these great oratorios thus rendered by some great artist, when in his happiest and holiest mood; it is because of the impressions graven deep which such moments have left, when sense and sound and delivery have combined to produce a perfect charm, that we speak of Handel's music, as for the most part of necessity *under-sung*—not because of its difficulty as vocal music, still less from perverseness or frivolity on the part of the singers—but because of its inspired sublimity. Let it be honorably commemorated, however, that English artists have seldom, if ever, been heard to sing with so much of the loftiness and inspiration that "The Messiah," and "Israel," and "Judas," demand, as at Sydenham. They were, with small exceptions, so wrought on by the magnificence of the scene, as to rise far nearer to the point indicated than they ever rose before; and one in particular (Mr. Sims Reeves) has written his name beneath that of Handel in the golden book of musical renown, to be read a hundred

years hence, when new singers arise and new celebrations are projected.

Thus far have we endeavored to sketch Handel as a poet of "all time," as one of the few musicians who, let the world be ever so poor, ever so rich, are strong enough to abide the time of famine, are boundless enough to add new treasure to any imaginable period of prosperity. In his art we know of no other such example. All that has transpired in regard to Handel the man completes the picture, as we interpret it, harmoniously, and, on the whole, pleasantly.

He was one of the strong men of the earth, who *do* what weaker men dream. With him the delight in this exercise of creative power was bright, fertile, ceaseless, and unhesitating enough to supersede that morbid solicitude as to results which belongs to genius of a less robust order. In his day there was not so much talk about art, as art. The sifters, the analysts, the arrangers of periods, the adjusters of ecstasies, the interpreters of what was never meant, had not, as yet, sprung into life, or at least blossomed into pen and ink. Enthusiasm was a little ignorant, and very well-bred. Even Horace Walpole—man of wit as he was, prescient in taste, in his associations courageous, in his friendships real, however affected he might be in his *dilettantism* and finicalities of language—has scarcely left a word of judgment concerning painting or music worth reading. Dominichino was his divinity—Buononcini his prophet. Italian music was one of the curiosities to be looked for on "the grand tour" by the Englishman, supposing that he was not afraid of being lashed for his effeminacy in caring for opera singers and "their fine stuff." In the eighteenth century the ancient, practical, and sympathetic interest in music, which had distinguished an earlier period of England's history, was almost extinct. *Dilettantism* had superseded honest love and participating knowledge: but it was a lisping, not a lecturing, *dilettantism*—a folly which ministered no real help to the creative artist, yet which was not strong enough to impede any one bent on creation, by suggested misgivings or specious counsels. The age of Handel was a bad time for a composer who stood in need of sympathy, but it was not a bad time for a monarch who felt within him the vigor of independence.



in despotism. There was no one for him to be compared with—there was no one capable of calling him to account. The necessities of his position and of his nature impelled him to work ceaselessly, and if he failed in one direction, to try in another; if he had not time to perfect his own wares, he would lay hands on those of other men, and thrust them into his mosaic, as the first Christian church-builders were glad to use fragments of Greek ornaments stripped from Pagan temples—as Shakspeare permitted not patches, but passages, from Plutarch and Hollinshed to figure, almost in their literal baldness, in the midst of the diction of his own imagination. With such an artist as this, the day's work becomes the uppermost object; the means, a secondary one; and the future fades into a distance too remote to excite immediate curiosity or trouble. Handel knew that he had an immortality within him; though deferred success sometimes made him peevish, or imperfect execution sometimes fretted his ear for a passing moment. He had rages, but they were healthy, not morbid, fits of wrath. Betwixt such a grand, coarse, jovial, and stout nature as his, and the more sickly and sensitive organizations, the productions of which we are now perpetually invited to contemplate, compelled to pity, and forbidden by compassion to analyze, there is all the gulf that lies betwixt truth and seeming, betwixt life and disease, betwixt achievement and aspiration. He was a strong, angry, inspired man, with more of the freebooter than of the martyr in his composition. He rated the court gentlemen and ladies if they talked while his music was going on, less enamored of "the full pieces" than his royal patrons. He scolded professors who wished to hear "The Messiah," and had been indifferent to "Theodora." He swore at his singers, and yet would allow a *prima donna* to interpolate "*Angelico splendor*" and "*Cor fedele*" in the most sublime parts of his "Israel," for the exhibition of her voice and the entertainment of fools of quality. On the whole, his life was too busy a one to leave time for much unhappiness, till Time cast over his eyes the cloud of blindness; and even then his memory and his mechanical dexterity stood him in stead. When he was led to the organ, his abundant fertility in improvisation enabled him still, as Milton says, "to bring all heaven before his eyes;" so that his privation,

which was darkness, can not be counted as so cruel a one as that calamity of silence which, like the iron shroud in the tale, approached slowly, and surely, to another great musician, and closed up the ear of Beethoven till at last it told him nothing more; and all that was left for him were memories, and longings, and convulsive strivings to imagine that which had no longer an existence to his senses.

Handel's life in England was upon the whole as fortunate as a life without domestic love can be. He had not only munificent patrons, and steady friends, but faithful attendants, who ministered to him in old age and infirmity. His biographer, M. Schœlcher, who is lavish of lamentation on the neglect of Handel by his contemporaries, is obliged to admit that the composer of "The Messiah" was one of the few artists who was ever indulged with a statue while living. Far more fortunate was he than a Gluck, and a Mozart, in having respect shown to his grave. Where they lie, is hardly certainly known. He rests among us in the transept of the great Abbey which is hallowed by the remains of the poets of England; and for a hundred years the sacred voice of the choir of Westminster has floated daily over his tomb. His gains throughout his life were ample; his losses were referable to his own ambition. Such persecution as he may be thought to have endured probably arose from the self-assertion and arrogance which, however inseparable they may be from genius so boundless, so fertile, so confident as his, can not expect favor, or fair construction, from persons of less genius. Such minds are fretted by the bubbles on the top of the water, in proportion as they are unable to fathom the depth of the spring which flings them to the surface. Had Handel suffered in the contest of life so much as to claim the pity of bystanders, it would have been easy for him, at any juncture, to have changed his field, to have sought a home elsewhere than in our cold, unsympathetic, capricious England, so imperfectly comprehended by M. Schœlcher. But there is no trace of his having ever dreamed of migration, even when his losses and crosses were the sorest. On the contrary, the older he grew, the closer does he seem to have cloven to the country of his adoption. When he ceased to be able to entertain "the town" by his operas—when

the Walpoles and Lady Mary Cokès, or Lady Browns, became too strong in their sneers, too eager in running after some flimsier creature of the moment, for him to gain success on the stage—Handel, with a wise intuition, grasped the fact that there was another, higher, more enlightened public in England, at once to be created and to be gratified by him; that here, and not in Germany, his native country—and not in Italy, though Italy was still the high place of melody—still less in France, where there has never been any public for Handel or any knowledge of his works—but that *here*, in this land of wtlings and half-instructed people, was to be found a habitation and a home for Music raised to its most august height, and wrought out in its widest development. This one fact is an answer in full for all the contempts which have been heaped on England, as cold to music, by ignorant or undiscerning foreigners; and a refutation of the idea of discouragement and unhappiness having been Handel's portion in life. In our poets, too, he found associates of a vigor, a nobility, a fancy stimulative of musical inspiration, such as, during the eighteenth century, he would have found it hard to discover elsewhere. It is perfectly true, that many of his best oratorios had to raise the dead weight of trashy and absurd rhymes by Newburgh Hamilton, and Morell. It is to be regretted that, during Handel's residence in England, Shakspeare's credit among poets and lovers of poetry was at its lowest ebb, and that thus we have not been indulged with the chance of meeting the two greatest men in their respective arts, and in many points so similiar, in union. But Handel had not always to till barren ground; he found such collaborators as Milton, Dryden, Gay, Congreve, even Aaron Hill, counting as one among many men more musically valuable than the generality of contemporary versifiers. Last and best of all, it was in England, and only in England, that Handel could have found a great public cradled in reverence for the words or the personages of Holy Writ—yet believing in the Bible as something not to be approached with the indecorum of familiarity. In the English version of the Scriptures both Handel and Mendelssohn found the sublime language of their sacred compositions. While so great and so good a man as Sebastian Bach (and those for

whom he labored) scrupled not to make the principal personage of "the Passion" the protagonist of that mystery when arranged for music, Handel looked on with the angels from the foot of the cross, and without the gate of the sepulcher—not so far, not so shut out, however, but that the gloom of the divine agony could overshadow him, that the glory of the Resurrection could irradiate his spirit, that the voices of the heavenly host seemed and still seem to respond to his amazing burst of praise. Our English mind in these things was congenial to Handel; and it was owing to England, that the whole world has a "Messiah" instead of a "*Passions-Musik*."

As a member of society, Handel is described as having possessed an ample share of that humor which is so largely characteristic of the great creative musicians. Their art allows no outlet, affords no expression, for wit, sarcasm, quaintness, irony, save in distant forms, and feeble articulations. Yet they have, as a race, been more largely social humorists, than the painters, by whose pencils every imaginable eccentricity could be expressed. The chapter of inconsistencies, or compensations in the history of imaginative expression, contains no more curious fact than this. One might have fancied that a Van Dyck, or a Sir Joshua, could not have passed his life in sitting face to face with wisdom and folly, sincerity and grimace, genius and lack of common-sense, and in perpetuating the inward life of these countenances, as well as their outward features, without having gathered for themselves a rich store of that which is genial, mirthful, and impulsive, for social uses. Yet we conceive their gayety of spirit to have been far more limited and conventional than such as we find recorded in Mozart's letters—than the flashes of dry or tender humor which from time to time broke out amid the lurid gloom of Beethoven's habitual meditations—than the blithe, and child-like, and appreciating mirth which gave such a charm to the society of Mendelssohn, to whom no good story ever came amiss, and from whom no good story ever went without some "more last words," which made it better. Handel, too, the ponderous and the pompous, as he has been too exclusively painted, (or rather say, been accepted by those who are unable to admit the existence of many natures in one man,) was full of ready cheer-

fulness and natural pleasantries—uncouth, no doubt, at times, and at any moment liable to burst into spontaneous combustion, but not unkindly or cynical, still less at the beck and call of the royal and noble personages whom his art enriched with a pleasure far out-valuing any wealth poured by them into his lap. He was fond of the company of a few old friends; he took pleasure in picture auctions; he read our authors wisely and well; he remembered those who had served him, gratefully, when the hand of death was on him. All the traits that have been gathered concerning him represent one of a genial humor, a proud nature, a hot temper, and a kind heart. The painters have shown us

that he was a man of a comely presence, (as, indeed, many of the great musicians have been,) that he had bright, piercing eyes in a grand forehead, and a mouth, with great firmness in its lines—not, however, shutting out the power to smile. We can not think of Handel as one to be pitied, or of his career as one to be lamented: while we look up to him with the reverence which belongs to greatness, with the awe which strength commands, and with the love which, in public art as well as in private life is only to be won by greatness and strength when they are tempered and harmonized by the presence of beauty.

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From the North British Review.

## T H E C R I S I S I N I N D I A . \*

THE prophets of evil are always unpopular. The howlings of Cassandra are answered with a howl. If this does not silence the ill-omened cry, it is bellowed down by a chorus of the nation. Neither states nor individuals can bear to be aroused from sleep, and to be reminded of danger. The intrusion upon our tranquility is sure to be resented. We call the alarmist a fool, and betake ourselves again to our slumbers. The next time we wake up, we find our house in a blaze.

This has, unhappily, been the case with respect to our Indian possessions. For many years there have been prophets of evil, announcing, with more or less dis-

tinctness, that mighty dangers were casting their shadows before. Considering the nature of our tenure of India, it was really not a hazardous prophecy. We have been accustomed to contemplate, with quiet and level eyes, the most wonderful political phenomenon that the world has ever seen. The spectacle of a handful of white-faced men, from a remote island in the western seas, holding in thrall an immense oriental continent numbering a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, has long been so familiar to our sight, that it has ceased to lift our eyebrows or to raise our hands with a look or gesture of astonishment. And yet it was altogether so strange and exceptional a case, that if any one declared that it was not in the nature of things that such an anomaly should last forever, he uttered a mere truism to which every one might have been expected to yield assent. But if any one assented to it, it was in a limited and qualified sense. To hint at the existence of any impending danger, that might at any time descend upon us, was to raise a suspicion of the weakness of the alarmist's intellect; or,

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\* 1. *Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, etc., etc.* Edited by J. W. KAYE, Author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," etc. London: 1855.

2. *Allen's Indian Mail; or, Register of Intelligence from British and Foreign India, etc., etc.* July, 1857.

3. *The Homeward Mail, from India, China, and the East.* July, 1857.

4. *The Mutinies in the East Indies.* Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. July, 1857.

if the "howl" proceeded from a man of generally high reputation, this doubt of the stability of our rule was regarded as a whim—a crotchet—a spot upon his intellectual escutcheon. Thus, when, a few years ago, the life of Lord Metcalfe was published, and people gladly recognized the soundness and clearness of his intellect, as well as the marvelous sweetness of his temper under all provocation, and his almost unexampled patience and fortitude under suffering, they could not forbear from asking one another how it happened that a man of such strong sense and large experience could be perpetually doubtful of the stability of our Indian empire, and continually declaring that we should wake some day and find it crumbling beneath our feet. His biographer speaks of these as the "peculiar views of Sir Charles Metcalfe," and evidently seems to think—indeed, he more than hints—that such opinions were not in accordance with the general wisdom of the man.\*

In this respect, the *Life of Charles Metcalfe*, and the *Selections from his papers* now before us, were published some two or three years too soon. If the materials of these works were now placed, for the first time, in Mr. Kaye's hands, he would, doubtless, take some pains to illustrate the extraordinary foresight of this great Indian statesman, and instead of speaking apologetically of the occasional prognostications of evil which, in the performance of his editorial functions, he seems to have inserted somewhat reluctantly in the published volumes, would have dwelt with laudatory zeal upon such evidences of prescient sagacity as now lie intelligibly before us. "Time's old daughter, Truth," has come to the rescue. The "barrel of gunpowder," upon which Metcalfe used to say that we were sitting, has now exploded; and we read such passages as the following, by the light of present history, with a right appreciation of their wisdom. The first which we have marked for quotation illustrates the feelings with which Metcalfe regarded what we now look upon as the

paltry mutiny at Barrackpore in 1824. It is taken from a letter to a private friend:

"News has come from Calcutta—you have already seen it in the papers—of the blackest hue and the most awful omen, such as for a time must absorb all the faculties of a man anxiously alive to the dangers which beset our empire in India. I allude to the mutiny at Barrackpore. A regiment of Bengal Sepoys, ordered to Chittagong to form part of an army to be opposed to the Burmans, refuses to march, separates itself from its officers, turns the major-general of the station off the parade, quits its lines, marches to the race-course with forty rounds in pouch, and there threatens to resist any attempt to bring them to order! All expostulation failing, two King's regiments, which happen by chance to be within call, the body-guard and the artillery, are brought against them. The mutineers refuse to lay down their arms, are attacked, make no resistance, and flee. About 70—at first said to be 450—are killed on the spot. Six more, (*vide Gazette*,) I have heard, have since been hanged; others brought in prisoners and in chains in the fort. About 100 taken prisoners in the first instance. Now, what does this mutiny proceed from? Either from fear of our enemy, or from disaffection to our Government. The Sepoys have always disliked any part of Bengal, and formerly no corps marched thither from the Upper Provinces without losing many men by desertion. They detest the eastern part of Bengal more than the western; and the country beyond our frontier they believe to be inhabited by devils and cannibals; the Burmans they abhor and dread as enchanterers, against whom the works of mere men can not prevail. What does all this amount to in brief but this—that we can not rely on our Native Army? Whether it be fear of the enemy, or dissatisfaction towards us, they fail us in the hour of need. What are we to think of this, and what are our prospects under such circumstances? It is an awful thing to have to mow down our own troops with our own artillery, especially those troops on whose fidelity the existence of our empire depends. I will hope the best. We may get over this calamity. It may pass as the act of the individual mutineers. The rest of the army may not take up their cause. A

\* As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Kaye is quite right when he says: "There is no parallel of this in the antecedents of Indian history. It is commonly the home-bred statesman who is most alive to the dangers of our position. Lord Wellesley and Lord Minto were much more sensible of danger than Sir John Shore and Sir George Barlow."



feeling may be aroused to redeem the character thus lost. But we shall be lucky if all this turn out exactly so; for there is no doubt that the feelings which led to the mutiny were general. Open mutiny, indeed, was not confined to the 47th: 200 of the 62d seized the colors of their corps and joined; 20 men of the 26th seized one color of their corps and joined the mutiny. What were the rest of the regiment about, if 20 men could commit this audacious outrage? The whole business is very bad; and we shall be very fortunate if it lead to nothing more. But we are often fortunate; and the mind of man is an inexplicable mystery.

"Sometimes these violent ebullitions of bad feeling are succeeded by good conduct; let us hope that it may be so in this instance; and let us take warning not to rely so entirely on one particular class of troops. More officers, more European regiments, and a greater variety in the composition of our force, seem to be the only remedies in our power to counteract the possible disaffection of our Native Infantry; and whether our resources will enable us to carry these remedies to a sufficient extent is doubtful. Enough of this for the present. It is the most serious subject that could have roused the anxiety of those who, like myself, are always anxiously alive to the instability of our Indian empire."

Four years before, Metcalfe had written with reference to his favorite Colonization Scheme, that he would give it up, if he were "sure that our army would always be faithful." "But," he added, "drawn, as it must be, from a disaffected population, it is wonderful that its feeling is so good; and it is too much to expect that it will last to eternity." At a somewhat later period, when the revision of the Company's Charter was under consideration he wrote:

"Our hold (of India) is so precarious, that a very little mismanagement might accomplish our expulsion; and the course of events may be of itself sufficient, without any mismanagement.

"We are, to appearance, more powerful in India now than we ever were. Nevertheless, our downfall may be short work. When it commences it will probably be rapid, and the world will wonder more at the suddenness with which our immense Indian empire may vanish, than

it has done at the surprising conquest that we have achieved.

"The cause of this precariousness is, that our power does not rest on actual strength, but on impression. Our whole real strength consists in the few European regiments, speaking comparatively, that are scattered singly over the vast space of subjugated India. That is the only portion of our soldiery whose hearts are with us, and whose constancy can be relied on in the hour of trial. All our native establishments, military or civil, are the followers of fortune; they serve us for their livelihood, and generally serve us well. From a sense of what is due to the hand that feeds them, which is one of the virtues that they most extol, they may often display fidelity under trying circumstances; but in their inward feelings they partake more or less of the universal disaffection which prevails against us, not from bad government, but from natural and irresistible antipathy; and were the wind to change—to use a native expression—and to set in steadily against us, we could not expect that their sense of honor, although there might be splendid instances of devotion, would keep the mass on our side in opposition to the common feeling which, with one view, might for a time unite all India from one end to the other.

"Empires grow old, decay, and perish. Ours in India can hardly be called old, but seems destined to be short-lived. We appear to have passed the brilliancy and vigor of our youth, and it may be that we have reached a premature old age. We have ceased to be the wonder that we were to the natives; the charm which once encompassed us has been dissolved, and our subjects have had time to inquire why they have been subdued. The consequences of the inquiry may appear hereafter.

"If these speculations are not devoid of foundation, they are useful in diverting our minds to the contemplation of the real nature of our power, and in preventing a delusive belief of its impregnability. Our greatest danger is not from a Russian invasion, but from the fading of the impression of our invincibility from the minds of the native inhabitants of India. The disaffection which would willingly root us out exists abundantly; the concurrence of circumstances sufficient to call it into general action may at any time happen."

In the same paper, Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote: "We can retain our dominion only by a large military establishment; and, without a considerable force of British troops, the fidelity of our native army could not be relied on." One more passage will suffice. It is doubly important, inasmuch as it contains a remarkable dictum of Sir John Malcolm, which Metcalfe emphatically indorses:

"The prevalent disaffection of our subjects, the uncertainty under which we hold any part of our Indian possessions, without the presence or immediate vicinity of a military force; the utter inability of our civil establishments to stem the torrent of insurrection, their consternation and helplessness when it begins to roar, constitute in reality the greatest of our dangers in India; without which a Russian invasion, or any other invasion, might, I doubt not, be successfully met and repulsed. . . .

"Persons unacquainted with our position in India might throw in our teeth that this disaffection is the consequence of bad government, and many among us, connecting the two ideas together, are reluctant to credit the existence of general disaffection. But this feeling is quite natural without any misgovernment. Instead of being excited by our misrule, it is, I believe, in a great degree, mollified by our good government. It exists because the domination of strangers—in every respects strangers—in country, in color, in dress, in manners, in habits, in religion, must be odious. It is less active than it might be, because it is evident to all that we endeavor to govern well, and that whatever harm our government does proceeds from ignorance or mistake, and not from any willful injustice or oppression.

"Although Lord William Bentinck appears to despise the dangers of either foreign foes or internal insurrection in India, his Lordship admits some things which are quite sufficient to show that danger exists. He admits that we have no hold on the affections of our subjects; that our native army is taken from a disaffected population; that our European soldiery are too few to be of much avail against any extensive plan of insurrection. This is quite enough, and more than I have hitherto alluded to; for it is impossible to contemplate the possibility of disaffection in our army, without seeing at once

the full force of our danger. As long as our native army is faithful, and we can pay enough of it, we can keep India in order by its instrumentality; but if the instrument should turn against us, where would be the British power? Echo answers, Where? It is impossible to support a sufficient army of Europeans to take the place of our native army.

"The late Governor-General appears also to adopt, in some measure, the just remark of Sir John Malcolm, that 'in an empire like that of India we are always in danger, and it is impossible to conjecture the form in which it may approach.' This sentiment expresses the reality of the case in perhaps the truest manner, and I will not longer dwell on this part of the subject."

We wonder now that such utterances as these should have been rare and exceptional, and not at all consonant with the general belief. For, looking at this whole question of Indian government, or endeavoring to look at it, as though we were regarding the great political phenomenon for the first time, the feeling uppermost in the mind is one of wonder, not that a great disaster should befall us at the end of a century, but that the structure we have reared should have lasted half that time, with even a semblance of stability about it. But this marvelous edifice of our Indian empire had become a mere matter of course. Content with its wonderful present, people troubled themselves little about either its past or its future. Practically they seemed to doubt whether it had ever had a beginning; and they felt assured that it could never have an end. It was enough for the multitude, that the Anglo-Indian empire, like Topsy in Mrs. Stowe's fiction, had "grewed." The fact is, that we have been too successful. From generation to generation, through one reign after another, we have floated down the stream of prosperity, basking in the summer sunshine, and falling asleep with the rudder in our hand. From this pleasant drowse we have now been awakened by a terrible collision; and have therefore begun to condemn ourselves, or more properly, to condemn one another, for the want of ordinary prudence and caution, which has led us to disregard the rocks and whirlpools lying in our way. And yet nothing is more true than that disaffection may be prevalent without any actual mismanage-

ment on the part of the Indian Government at home or abroad.

That cartridges greased with bullock's fat should be served out to Hindoo Sepoys, appears *prima facie* to constitute a case of mismanagement. But we know so little about the history of these cartridges, that we are not prepared either to fix the extent to which this alleged grievance may have contributed to the great military outburst, or how it happened that any thing so inflammable was placed in the Sepoys' hands. All, indeed, that we know with any certainty is, that there has been a terrible disaster. Whole regiments of Sepoys, in different parts of the Bengal presidency, have broken out into revolt. They have not only raised the standard of rebellion, but have turned against their European officers, and murdered them without a pang of remorse. In many places, the mutineers have struck indiscriminately at white life; massacring, often with a refinement of cruelty impossible to describe, man, woman, and child; burning and pillaging in every direction; sweeping away the civil government like chaff; and openly declaring the rule of the Feringhee usurper at an end. And this storm, it may be said, has burst suddenly on the land. It is true that we heard some months ago distant murmurings, indicating a troubled state of the political atmosphere. We knew that one or two regiments near the capital had exhibited symptoms of disaffection; but it was believed that the feeling was local, that it had been suppressed, and that it would not break out in other places. In this country it had excited no alarm, and scarcely any attention, until, on the morning of the 27th of June—four days after the centenary of the great battle of Plassey, which, in the stereotyped historical phrase, "laid the foundation of our Indian empire"—the pregnant sentences of the telegraph announced as tragic a story as has ever yet been embodied in a few terrible words.

We need not enter into details, which will be found fully and accurately narrated in the excellent summaries of Indian intelligence, the names of which we have placed at the head of this article.\* Every

reader in the United Kingdom has made himself more or less familiar with these details; and, as we write, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of further intelligence, upon the nature of which greatly depends whether order will speedily be restored to the disturbed districts, or whether, at the commencement of the cold weather, England will have to commence the reconquest of Northern India. In the meanwhile, people knowing something about the matter, are loudly and angrily accusing and condemning, and people knowing nothing about it are, in accordance with the usual scale of inverse proportion, louder and angrier still.

It is natural that there should be an outcry against some one. Some one ought to have known better; some one ought to have foreseen all this; some one ought to have prevented it. But, after all, it is the great Outis, or No one, who has done all the mischief. Outis has put out the giant's eye, and left him to grope in the darkness. We say it not ironically, but seriously, truthfully, that no one is to blame for the false security in which the nation has long been lapped. It was the necessary result of progressive success. Indeed, we are by no means sure that it has not been also the *cause* of our progressive success. A more cautious and suspicious policy might not have been so successful. We have raised, step by step, during the last century, an army consisting of two hundred thousand natives of India—men of different nations and different castes, all differing from ourselves in color, creed, institutions, language, habits, every thing that can separate one people from another. Over this immense mass of Indian humanity, a handful of English gentlemen has held undisputed sway. The thousands and tens of thousands have obeyed the word of the dominant tens. And not only have these thousands and tens of thousands obeyed the dominant tens, but millions and tens of millions have followed the same straight line of obedience. Hireling troops—foreign mercenaries are to be found everywhere, ready to fight and to kill any one for pay. In India, the English pay has been paid with a regularity wholly unknown under any oriental government. The Sepoys, therefore, have had their reward. And for

\* It is difficult to over-estimate the value and the interest of these publications at the present time, when even the copious details in the morning journals fail to satisfy the painful curiosity of the public;

and especially of that large portion of it which is personally connected with India.



this reward, obedience was expected in return. But we have had no such claim, no such hold upon the affections of the people. The legitimate inference, therefore, was, that the soldiery were more likely to be true to us than the people; and that we should always be able to keep the latter in check through the agency of the former. The general proposition has been, that our tenure of India is safe, so long as we can rely upon the fidelity of the native army. Let the bayonets of the Sepoys bristle on our side, and we are safe.

But, was it likely that the bayonets of the Sepoys would always bristle on our side? We confess that it appeared to us very likely that they would. The belief was not at all a preposterous one. There was no discredit in credulity. No mightier lever than self-interest moves the hearts and shapes the actions of men. It is true that Indian armies always mutiny. The Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, the Arab soldier, lives in a chronic state of mutiny. But the Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, is always in arrears of pay: when the arrears are paid, the mutiny ceases. In these days, on the other hand, the pay of the British Sepoy is never in arrears. It is liberal in amount; regular in disbursement. The soldier has never had, and is never likely to have, so good a master as "John Company." The son follows the example of the father, and enlists into the service of the British Government, well knowing that in youth, in maturity, in old age, he insures a provision for himself; that a certain number of years will see him in regular receipt of pay, and an uncertain number of years in regular receipt of pension. It is manifestly to his interest to uphold a state of things which secures him advantages never to be expected under any other government. There has always been good reason to believe that the natural tendency of the Indian soldier to revolt would be suppressed, in the person of the British Sepoy, by the conviction of the folly of the movement.

From this belief we may except those small local and accidental mutinies, on account of some order, real or supposed, connected with the pay of the Sepoy. These mutinies are little more than strikes for wages, not peculiar to military society. They are limited to the locality of the special grievance—are epidemic, but not contagious. The cause is of an exception-

al character, and the result only "proves the rule." So long as the Sepoy has nothing to complain of on the score of his pay, it has been assumed that we may rely upon his fidelity. And so long as we may rely upon the fidelity of the Sepoy, it has been held that we may feel assured of the security of our Indian empire.

So long, it has been said, "and no longer." But now it appears that this latter proposition is as likely to be falsified as the former. The Sepoy receives his pay and pension with the old regularity—but he is mutinous; and we are now about to demonstrate to the world that we can hold India in spite of him. Sir Charles Napier, seven years ago, wrote of "losing India"—"after a destructive collision between the European regiments and a mutinous native army." The collision we have now actually seen; but we have not lost India, nor are we about to lose it: we are simply about to inaugurate a new system.

Read by the light of recent events, the old system of holding India by the agency of a native army, now appears to be a failure; and, of course, it is declared that the Government of the East India Company are responsible for this failure. The native soldier, who would, it is said, under good management, have stood by us to the last, has risen against his European officers, and turned our cantonments into shambles. Therefore, it is argued, there must have been mismanagement. Only by some culpable folly could such an element of strength be converted into weakness and danger.

And this is, of course, supported by the assertion that the present crisis has been steadily approaching, and that many have seen and have announced its approach. In such a conjuncture, hasty verdicts and rash judgments were to be expected. The time has, perhaps, not yet come, for a calm, dispassionate, judicial consideration of the whole case. Already, in the absence of information, has much been written very vehemently on one side of the question. Little time does it take to acquire the materials of a virulent condemnation. It is quite sufficient that something has gone wrong, for people, with the least possible knowledge of that something, to denounce the Government under whose hands the disaster has arisen, and to cry frantically, "Down with it—*de la da est Carthago*." This shout, as we have said, has gone up already: condemnation.



has preceded inquiry. It is probable, however, that ere long there will be a reaction; at all events, there will be an inquiry—a grave, solemn, and deliberate inquiry. In prospect of this we now write. Many difficult political problems will press for solution. We do not, at this early period, declare ourselves competent to solve them. On the contrary, it is with much humility that we offer to our readers some considerations which may, perhaps, enable them, when the time comes, to approach the discussion in a proper judicial spirit.

We have already observed, that the wonder is not that, once in a hundred years, there should be such an outbreak as we now are deploring; but that such a disaster should have occurred only once in a hundred years. "All government," it has been truly said, "is more or less an experiment. In India it is especially an experiment, and it is one on a gigantic scale. We have been compelled to experimentalize on a foreign people not easy to understand—upon a people whose character and institutions are not only extremely dissimilar to our own, but so fenced in with exclusiveness, so bristling with all kinds of discouragements and denials, that it is difficult above all things to acquire that comprehensive knowledge of their feelings and opinions, which can alone enable us to adapt our legislation to their moral and physical requirements." In a word, we desire that it should be always remembered, that it is not easy to govern such a country as India; and that the wonder truly is, that the experiment has been attended by so *few* serious mistakes, not that it has been characterized by so *many*.

Having anticipated this consideration, in the earlier part of our article, we need say nothing more to bespeak general toleration towards the errors of our Indian government. We pass on, therefore, to another and a very important point of inquiry. It is extremely desirable that it should be well considered in this conjuncture, whether the present crisis is not the result of an over-anxiety to govern well, rather than of any culpable negligence and indifference—whether, indeed, we have not done too much rather than too little. Sir John Malcolm, who knew India and her people as well as any man who ever lived, was continually insisting upon the evils of precipitate reform. It

was his opinion that great evil would result from over-governing the country—from attempting to do too much for the amelioration of the people. The government of the East India Company has been perpetually reproached for being so slow in the work of improvement. But we suspect that it will appear, on inquiry, that it has been not too slow, but too rapid. And as the people of England at the present time—men of all classes and all interests—are crying out against the misgovernment out of which our disasters have arisen, it may be not undesirable to consider whether many of the circumstances which have contributed to evolve the present crisis, are not the results of their own incaution and impatience—the growth, indeed, directly or indirectly, of some clamor at home, some urgency for particular reforms. The progress may have been all in the right direction. The Parliament, the Platform, and the Press of Great Britain may all have urged what is right; and the government of the East India Company may have been right in yielding to the pressure; but it does not follow that, because it was right, it was not dangerous.

Indeed, we do not see how this inquiry can be entered into, in a proper spirit, unless we entirely divest our minds of the assumption that whatever may weaken our hold of India, is necessarily culpable. We hold it to be, on the other hand, the first principle of Indian government, that we are to do our best for the country and the people, without a thought of the effect that our measures will have on the duration of our empire in the East. If what we do be right in itself, it can not be made wrong by the fact or the conjecture that it may be injurious to our own interests. Keeping this ever steadily in view, the reader will not misunderstand us. There are things which, if it were clearly shown that they had been the immediate and the sole cause of our recent disasters, we should never wish undone.

It is our duty to enlighten and civilize the people. No fear of consequences should ever deter us from the steadfast prosecution of measures tending to wean the people from the cruel and degrading superstitions to which they have so long been given up, bound hand and foot by a priesthood, whose interest it is to perpetuate ignorance and barbarism. We do

believe that what we have done for the people at large, has given dire offense to the Brahmins. At present, affairs are in a transition state. The Brahmins feel that their influence is declining, and will decline still more, as the effects of European education diffuse themselves more and more over the face of the country. But they have still power to lead the people astray, and especially that class—the soldiery—which is least exposed to counteracting influences. That they have been busily employed in disseminating a belief of the intention of the British Government to interfere, in a far more peremptory and decided manner, with the religion of the people, is a fact which is rarely questioned. They have, doubtless, pointed to repeated measures of interference, of no great import, perhaps when viewed singly, but alarming in their aggregation. The abolition of Suttee—the suppression of female infanticide—the prohibition of the cruel ceremonies attending the Churruck Poojah—the modification of the Hindoo law of inheritance—the promotion of female education—the legalization of the marriage of Hindoo widows—the diminished endowment of religious institutions—and the relaxation of the once stringent rules interdictory of all, even indirect or constructive, encouragement of educational or missionary efforts for the evangelization of the people, are, doubtless, all referred to as indications of the insidious endeavors of the Feringhees to break down the walls of caste. A little thing will fill the cup of suspicion and alarm to the brim. Nothing could answer the purpose better than the greased cartridges, of which we have heard so much. Alone, the cartridges would not have stirred a single company to revolt. But, added to all these foregone manifestations of our disregard of Hindoo superstitions, and coupled, moreover, with vague and mysterious rumors of some more open and undisguised assault to be committed upon Hindooism, under the protection of an overwhelming European force, even a less outrage than this might have made the seething cauldron bubble over in rebellion.

We should be far better pleased if we could bring ourselves to believe that religious alarm were not the main cause of this outbreak among the soldiery of Bengal. But we can not resist the conviction

that the Brahmins have wrought upon the fears and the prejudices of the military classes, by assailing them with stories in which a vast superstructure of falsehood is reared upon a basis of truth. If this "leprous distillment" had not been poured into their ears by the dominant class, they would never have admitted a belief of the intention of the Government to use any other instrument than that of persuasion. We have heard it said that the delusion has been fostered by the indiscreet zeal of some Christian ministers, who have preached God's word in military hospitals and military lines; and that some not connected with the Christian ministry, servants of the Government, in some cases regimental officers, have endeavored, in like manner, to win over the Sepoys to the truth. But the quiet, unobtrusive efforts of individual men were not calculated to alarm the general body of the soldiery. It was the apprehension only of the interference of the State that could have raised such a wide-spread feeling of dismay and resentment. And it demanded the agency of some active emissaries of evil to make the poison do its fatal work. The Brahmins have good reason to hate us. The tendency to all our ameliorative measures in India, is essentially anti-Brahminical. The education of the people is alone sufficient to make them gnash their teeth in despair? The white man has come with his new truths; and the old errors of Hindooism must fall prostrate before them. What wonder, then, that the priestly and privileged class should chafe at our presence, and desire to sweep us from the face of the land?

We do not mean to affirm that the disaffection is limited to the Hindoos. But it appears that the open manifestation of discontent originated with them. The Mohammedans appear to have been easily persuaded that some of the objectionable cartridges were greased with hog's lard. This was probably a mere invention of the enemy. At all events, it appears that none of the cartridges from England had in them any of the grease of the unclean animal. Intelligible as was the objection raised by the Hindoos to tallow made of bullock's fat, it was for some time hoped and believed that the movement was confined to the Hindoos. Later events, however, have shown the fallacy of this hope. The Mussulmans have

their own special grievances. "The resumption measures," says a recent well-informed writer,\* "the discontinuance of the use of Persian in the courts—the attempted conversion of the Calcutta Madrisa, an institution founded by Warren Hastings to educate Moolavees, that is, doctors of Mohammedan law, into a common English school—the striking off from that establishment of all officers whose service was religious, and the introduction of such tests and conditions of admission to public employment as have had the effect of excluding Mohammedans entirely from the courts and other public establishments—these and many similar observed results of the new principles adopted by the ruling authorities, are quite enough to account for the alienation of this part of the population. There needed very little perversion of representation to induce the Mohammedan Sepoy to believe, equally with the Hindoo, that the subversion of his religion also was the object and aim of the government he was serving." He had his own faith to defend, and in defense of it, who so violent and outrageous as a Mohammedan?

Assuming this to be the correct view of the case—that the revolt in Bengal has been fostered by our interference with the religious customs and privileges of the people, or with laws and customs supposed to be sanctioned by religion, does it, therefore, follow, that the Government of the East India Company is culpable? If such is the inference, it is only right that it should be remembered that the blame is shared by a large body of the people of England. It was long a reproach to the East India Company, that they were too keenly alive to the dangers of such interference—that they sanctioned and sustained the cruel and idolatrous rites of Hindooism—and were altogether too tolerant of error. It was long declared to be a shame and a disgrace to a Christian government thus to shelve the religion of the Redeemer, and to appear openly as the friends and abettors of an abominable superstition. If, then, there be any blame in this matter, it is clear that there are thousands and tens of thousands of culprits out of Leadenhall street. But we hold that there is really no culpability anywhere. As regards the gov-

ernment, it can not be said that it has not respected the religious faiths of the people of India, because it has suppressed or endeavored to suppress, certain abominations, which were clearly breaches of the law of the land, and which were really not sanctioned by the national religion, although the priesthood, for their own purposes, made it to appear that they were divinely ordained.

We concur entirely in the view of the duty of government towards its native subjects in India, enunciated, some forty years by Sir John Malcolm, in a letter to Dr. Marshman, the eminent missionary of Serampore. "Though most deeply impressed," he wrote, "with the truth of the Christian religion, and satisfied that were that only to be considered in a moral view, it would be found to have diffused more knowledge and happiness than any other faith man ever entertained; yet I do think, that from the construction of our empire in India, referring both to the manner in which it has been attained, and that in which it must (according to my humble judgement) be preserved, that the English government in India should never, directly or indirectly, interfere in propagating the Christian religion. The pious missionary must be left unsupported by government or any of its officers, to pursue his labors; and I will add, that I should not only deem a contrary conduct a breach of faith to those nations whom we have conquered, more by our solemn pledges, given in words and acts, to respect their prejudices and maintain their religion, than by arms, but likely to fail in the object it sought to accomplish, and to expose us eventually to more serious dangers than we have ever yet known."

With such information as we have before us, it does not appear that the government of India has transgressed the principles enunciated in the above passage. If there be one act more than another which may be construed into an indirect support of proselytizing efforts, it is in the admission of missionary schools and colleges to the privilege of receiving, in common with other scholastic institutions, the benefits of grants in aid from the public purse. This measure was greatly approved at the time, as was the whole scheme of education, launched while Sir Charles Wood was President of the Indian Board, doubtless in obedience to popular outcry.

\* "The Mutiny in Bengal: Its Causes and Correctives."—*Allen's Indian Mail*.



But the propagation of the Christian religion is one thing, the extension of secular education is another. The latter, however, which is unquestionably the duty of government, is as fatal to Brahminism as the former. In this, and in another more enlarged sense, the education of the people is dangerous. The "danger" is the loss of India. But we have never closed our eyes to the possibility of this result—and we believe that we have never been deterred from doing what is right by any fear of hastening the downfall of our empire.

Still, it may be said, that the proximate cause of the outbreak in Bengal, is to be found in certain lies disseminated, with a malicious object, among the native soldiery; and that if the authorities in India and England had been duly acquainted with the state of feeling in the army, they might have anticipated and counteracted the evil influences of those who have exerted themselves, with too much success, to fan the latent fires of disaffection into a blaze. There are, indeed, two distinct branches of inquiry—the one, why the disaffection arose; the other, why, having arisen, it was not allayed by the European officers before it broke out into acts of violence. If proper relations had been maintained between the Sepoy and his English officer, there would never have existed this dangerous delusion, "that they should believe a lie." The Sepoy is very credulous. There is, indeed, a child-like simplicity in the readiness with which he believes and ponders over the most absurd story. But he has far greater faith in the word of the white man than in that of his own people. A few words of explanation from an officer esteemed by the men under his command, will speedily remove a dangerous error rankling in the Sepoy's mind, and send him back to his lines a contented man and a good soldier. Fortified by the assurances of his captain, he will be proof against the designing falsehood of the emissary of evil. No one, knowing how easily the Sepoy is alarmed, will doubt for a moment the effect which the greased cartridges may have had upon his mind, especially when interpreted to him by one bent upon mischief. But no one knowing how docile and tractable he is, when properly managed by his European commander, will have any more doubt that this alarm might have been easily dissipated by a few words of timely explanation.

Then, why were these words of timely explanation not spoken? We desire not to be understood as making any sweeping assertions. We do not say that in *no* case has a statement been made on the subject of the cartridges, tending to allay the alarm and irritation in the Sepoy's mind. It may have been made in time; it may have been made too late; or it may not have been made at all. We will assume the worst, although we have no information to lead us to a belief in any thing better. But it is impossible to resist the conviction that, in the greater number of cases, the explanation was *not* offered; and that regiments have broken out into rebellion, because there have not been intimate relations between the Bengal Sepoy and the British officer.

And why? Simply for this reason: that it has been the inevitable tendency of the social, the administrative, and the material progress of the nineteenth century, to weaken the bonds between the Hindostanee soldier and the European officer. Little by little, the English in India have been more and more un-Hindooized by the growing civilization of the West. In the old time, he conformed himself, more or less, to the habits of the people. If he did nothing else, he conformed himself, with wonderful alacrity, to their vices. He might not adopt their religion, but he very soon forsook his own. There were few Christian churches; there were few Christian ministers; there were few Christian women. He, therefore, soon ceased to worship, and he found his female companions among the women of the country. He lived in the *Zenana*. He participated in the ceremonial festivities of the people. He was all things to all men—now a Hindoo, and now a Musulman. He was a Sepoy officer; and content to be a Sepoy officer. His regiment was his home. The native officers were his brethren; the soldiers were his children. He spoke their language—though, in all probability, he could not read a single word. Reading, indeed, was not part of his vocation. He, therefore, talked all the more. He was glad to converse with his native officers. The *soobahdar* or *jemadar* of his company was ever welcome to his bungalow. He had always a kind word to say to them; he seldom failed to ask what was going on in the lines: and what was the *bazaar* *gup*, or gossip. It is the pleasure of the native



officer to be communicative. He is never slow to talk if he is encouraged. He will not hoard up his grievances if he can find a sympathizing listener; he will not hatch sedition in secret if he is encouraged to make a confidant of one who has any power to redress them. So, when he visited his officer in the olden time, when Englishmen were content to be mere soldiers in India, he freely disclosed to him all that was done and was talked of in the lines. If sinister rumors were afloat, they were communicated to the officer, who investigated their origin, and explained the circumstances in which they originated. The native soldier then carried back to his comrades words of comfort and assurance. The lie was strangled; the delusion vanished; the panic subsided; and men went to parade with cheerful faces as before.

That this is not the case now, or, if ever the case, is the exception, and not the rule, is generally admitted. The Englishman in India has become more English—the officer has become less a soldier. We no longer leave our country, with its religion, its manners, its literature, its domesticities behind us, when we set our faces towards Calcutta or Bombay. We carry with us to the East our civilization, our propriety, our old ideas and associations, and, as far as possible, our old way of life. We do not cast off the mother country, but still turn fondly towards it; and as increased facilities for communication multiply around us, we hanker more and more after home. The English drawing-room has supplanted the native Zenana. Instead of the dusky paramour, the pale-faced English wife has become the companion of the officer's solitude, and the mother of his children. A wide severance between the conquered and the conquering races is the result of this social change. Some may lament it—some may say that we have become too English, and that a greater assimilation to the manners and customs of the people, and a more thorough appreciation of their tone of thought, and a more enlarged sympathy with their feelings, are absolutely necessary to insure our permanent occupation of the country. But this is simply impossible. The change of which we speak is the inevitable result of the civilization of the nineteenth century. We can not Hindooize ourselves again, any more than the butterfly can return to the

*status ante* of the grub. We can not demolish our Christian churches, or burn our English books, or place a five months' voyage between India and Great Britain. When we consider the atrocities which have been inflicted during the last few months upon delicate women and innocent children, it is not unreasonable to surmise that there may be less willingness than heretofore to transplant English ladies to so perilous a land; but even if this, as we greatly doubt, were to be the permanent result of our recent disasters, there are other influences (not the least of these being the progress of public opinion with respect to religion and morality) which would prevent our again assuming the old loose garments which once we wore in true Hindostanee fashion. We have divested ourselves of them forever.

But is it only by ceasing to be Englishmen—by ceasing to be Christians, that we can win the confidence and affection of the natives? We believe that there are other and better ways,\* but scarcely as the present military system of the country is maintained. The men whose names are borne on the lists, as officers of our Sepoy regiments, are far better specimens of English gentlemen than their fathers and grandfathers in the days of Wellesley and Cornwallis. But modern improvement has here again been fatal to the native army. It is now of administrative progress that we are speaking. There has been long an outcry against the old exclusive civil service and the regulation system. All our more recent acquisitions of territory, as the Punjab, Pegu, Nagpore, and Oude, have been administered since their annexation, under the "non-regulation system," by a mixed commission, composed of civil and military offi-

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\* It is very possible not to be too English, and yet at the same time, not to be too Oriental. The biographer of Sir John Malcolm says of him: "The great secret of Malcolm's success was, that he was neither too native nor too European. He understood the native character, and he could sympathize with the feelings of the natives, but he never fell into native habits. . . . It was by preserving the high tone and the pure life of the English gentleman, and yet carrying to his work no European prejudices, no cut-and-dried maxims of European policy, to be applied, however inapplicable, to all cases of native government, that Malcolm achieved an amount of success, and acquired a reputation among the people of Central India, such as no man, before or since, ever earned for himself in any part of the world."

cers—the latter generally predominating in respect of numbers. These military administrators are commonly the picked men of the service. They are not the sons and nephews of directors, or young men of good connections at home, strongly recommended to the Governor-General, but men of proved capacity and undoubted vigor, acquainted with the native languages, with the country, and with the people, and full of activity of the best kind. These are the men who are most wanted with their regiments, but they are not suffered to remain soldiers. The temptation to accept any extra-regimental employment is great. There is better pay, more credit, a better prospect of gaining future distinction, and rising to eminence in the service. The allurements, therefore, is not resisted; and regiments, already denuded of their best officers to supply the ordinary requirement of the staff, are still further stripped, and all the remaining men of any mark and likelihood carried off to administer new provinces, or to take the place in other detached situations of those who have been selected for the government of our new acquisitions. Thus the civil administration is strengthened, but the strength of the army is sacrificed to it. Every body admits that the experiment has been in itself amply successful—so successful, that, whatever new provinces may be added to our Indian empire, the old system of pure civilianism will never be resorted to again. It was the growth, too, of the very best intentions—of a laudable desire to govern in the most effectual and least expensive manner. They who had accused the East India Company of a desire to maintain their privileged civil service at the highest possible numerical strength, and of being jealous in the extreme of all interference with the exclusive rights of the dominant few, now saw this aristocracy of caste broken down; and were compelled to admit the sacrifice and to laud the disinterestedness of the reform.

Almost contemporaneously with the extension of the “non-regulation system,” was the extension of public works in India. This, also, was a laudable movement. It is not to be doubted that it was promoted, in no small degree, by a pressure from this country. The East India Company had never been unmindful of the importance of great material works, remunerative and reproductive; but the pace at

which they had proceeded had been too slow for home-bred politicians, and there was a clamor for greater speed. Large sums of money were devoted to roads, to canals, and other great works of public utility. The department of public works became an important department of the State. Great numbers of officers were required to give effect to our measures. Young military men took to the study of engineering, and came to England to work upon the railways. Any one with a little knowledge of practical science felt himself secure of obtaining an appointment in the public works’ department; so here was another mode of escape from that penal settlement—the military cantonment. It was, doubtless, a movement in the right direction; but, excellent as it was in itself, it struck another blow at the efficiency of our native army. More active enterprising young soldiers were carried away for detached employment, and the residue became scantier, more dissatisfied, and more inefficient, until the attachment and confidence of the Sepoy towards his British officers became little more than things of the past; and this, perhaps, less because the number of officers left with a regiment was so small, than because the quality was so indifferent. We have no doubt that a few good officers are better than many bad ones. We have some tangible proof of this in the Company’s Irregular regiments, which have mostly only three European officers, a commandant, a second in command, and an adjutant, and yet are always in an admirable state of efficiency. These officers are picked officers; their appointments are staff appointments, hungered after like all others. A man in command of an Irregular corps is satisfied with it; the officers beneath him aspire to nothing better than the command, in due course, of the regiment to which they have long been attached. The regiment is their home, the soldiers are their comrades. They are proud of their connection with the corps, and are eager to exalt it; whilst the officer with the Regular regiment sits loosely to his duty, and is continually longing to escape. It is of less importance that we should secure the services of good than of many officers with the Sepoy regiments. But it is impossible that any man should be a good regimental officer who looks upon himself merely as a bird of passage with his regiment—dislikes, and

perhaps, despises his duties, and is expending all his energies in efforts to get himself transferred to the staff.

The "Staff," indeed, has, for some years past, been gradually swallowing up the commissioned ranks of the Indian army. The intention of employing military officers in civil offices was, we repeat, an excellent one, and, so far as regards the administration of the country, it has been eminently successful. But it has destroyed the military feeling and the military capacity of hundreds, who might have become first-rate soldiers. We suspect that the number of officers who, if suddenly recalled to their regiments, would be quite incapable of putting a company through their ordinary marching drill, or through the manual and platoon exercise, is something really astounding. Even commanding officers, after a long series of years on the staff, have been known to enter again upon regimental duty, as ignorant of military details as a cadet fresh from Harrow or Winchester. And we are afraid that there are not many who, after having discharged large civil and administrative functions, and been invested with weighty responsibilities, do not look upon regimental duty with something like contempt, especially under a system, the unhappy tendency of which is to transfer all real power from the regimental authorities to army head-quarters, and to make the colonel of a regiment, who ought to be a very king over his own people, a mere degraded cipher—the shadow of a name. The tendency, indeed, of our entire system has been to degrade regimental duty, in all its degrees, to the utmost possible extent, until the zeal and the pride of the soldier are almost wholly extinct.

Much more might be said upon this subject, but for the exigencies of time and space, which forbid us to enlarge, as we desire, upon the evils of excessive centralization in all the branches of the State. But enough, we think, has been advanced to indicate—firstly, what have been the predisposing causes of the disaffection of the native army of India; and, secondly, what has prevented that disaffection from being allayed before it had become dangerous—in a word, the active and the passive causes of the recent disastrous outbreak. In both cases, an undue zeal for precipitate reform has been at the bottom of the mischief. The wheels of

progress would have rolled on surely and safely, without creating alarm or rousing national prejudices into violent action, and great moral and material improvements would have struck root in the soil, when the country was ready for them. But the pressure from without has given to these wheels of progress a forced and unnatural rapidity of rotation, and we have been roused to a sense of our danger by seeing the State machine rushing down the hill to destruction, beyond the power of human agency to control its headlong course. The Government of the East India Company has often been called a "drag." It was a drag that was much needed. But Parliament, the platform, and the press, scouted the dicta that India was not yet ripe for this or that measure, and that to reform effectually we must reform slowly, as the antiquated conservatism of the effete oligarchy of Leadenhall street. The wisdom of the *festina lente* doctrine was ignored. The prudence, which shook its head and whispered caution, was derided. There was not wanting, perhaps, some just ground of complaint, that the Government of the Company moved slowly—that it carried the *quieta non movere* principle a little too far—and that it needed some external stimulus to keep it from falling in the rear of the general progress of the age. But it was very possible to fall into an opposite extreme; and, by attempting to sow broadcast reform and improvement over the land, before the soil was ready to receive them, to do more to retard the desired progress than by advancing, with painful effort, as though the *tarda podagra* were in every limb.

We have said, and we can not too emphatically repeat, that we are not to cease from doing good, because there may be temporal danger in the enlightenment of the people. But the highest wisdom has taught us prudence, and counseled us against pouring new wine into old bottles. They who have the most genuine—the most heart-felt desire to root out error from the land, ought to be the most eager to inculcate caution, lest all their efforts be defeated by bringing on a collision, and precipitating a crisis, which must prove fatal to the accomplishment of all their most cherished hopes. This is no mere speculation. The events which have recently occurred—which are now occurring—must necessarily check the course

of progress of every kind. The saddest thing of all in connection with the great outbreak of 1857, is the heavy blow and great discouragement given to the cause of national enlightenment. It will be long now before we cease to be timid and suspicious. The good work of half a century, indeed, has been undone in a few weeks.

We believe that our hold of India is as firm as it has ever been. There may be outbreaks not yet reported; there may be more bloodshed, more terror; and there will be horrible retribution. But the English will be masters of the field, and remain rulers of India. The immediate remedy for the great disease is an over-awing European force. Upon this point there are not two opinions. Brute force, however, is but a sorry cure for such an evil, and can hardly be a permanent one. India may be conquered again and again by European troops. But to conquer the country is one thing; to hold it is another. There are able men—powerful writers—who recommend that we should break up the Bengal army, and disarm the whole of India. It might be done, but it is not worth doing. Such an empire as we should then have, would not be a credit to us, and could not possibly be a profit. It could not last long, and would be a sorry spectacle whilst it lasted. Even if it did not come to a sudden and violent end, such an experiment must necessarily break down for want of money to maintain it. We must look for the remedy in some other quarter than a continued exhibition of brute force.

We can not carry on a war of extermination against a hundred and fifty millions of people—many of them brave and warlike, skilled in the use of arms—and if we could, what use to us would be a country which we can not colonize? If we can not re-establish our moral influence in India, and again place our confidence in a Sepoy army, we had better abandon altogether the experiment of Indian government. When we speak of confidence, we do not mean blind confidence. We can no longer regard the fidelity of the native army as a matter of course—we can no longer go to sleep with our doors and windows open, whilst two hundred thou-

sand of foreign bayonets are bristling around us. Doubtless there is much to be done; there is need of consummate wisdom and sagacity to turn what may at any time become a source of immediate danger into an element of continued safety. It is not so much that the Sepoy is not to be trusted, as that we have proved ourselves not worthy to be trusted with the use of so perilous an instrument. If a gun goes off unexpectedly in our hands, it is not the fault of the gun, but our own fault for improperly handling it. We believe that the Sepoy army may yet be all that it has once been to us, and much more. But we must look upon the management of these immense bodies of foreign troops as a science, and not leave things to take their course, as though the very name of a British officer were sufficient to keep these gigantic legions in control.

Every body agrees that the first thing to be done is to put down the rebellion. This can only be done by force. Having done this, we have to punish the guilty, and we have to reward the faithful. Reward must go side by side with punishment, or we shall only do half our work. Then we have to re-model our system, and to reorganize our establishments. To accomplish this successfully, we must have full information—we must look the matter boldly and honestly in the face; we must cast aside all prejudices, all foregone conclusions, cling to no ancient errors, and care for no vested rights. We shall find in our system and practice of government, when we come calmly to examine it, much that is good, much that is evil—but much more which, good in itself, has become evil by its excess, and has hurt where we meant to heal. So terrible a lesson can not be thrown away upon the nation. In spite of the present darkness, it is yet permitted to us to hope that we shall yet derive strength from our present weakness; and that, when at last we lay down the reins of empire in the East, we shall do so of our own free will, not as the beaten enemies, but as the triumphant friends of the people, leaving them to the self-government for which we have fitted them by the precept and the example of a second century of beneficent rule.



## BARON MACAULAY, THE HISTORIAN.

THE outlawry of genius, it is said, is for once about to be waived, and Mr. Macaulay is to be made a Peer. We give Lord Palmerston the full credit he is entitled to for this politic and just violation of the odious rule that has heretofore excluded every man of intellectual rank from the Upper House of Parliament, unless he happened to be a successful lawyer, priest, or soldier. All the arguments that were made use of by us and by all other sincere friends of popular right in support of Life-Peerages apply to cases like that of the brilliant essayist whom we have just named. As a lawyer, Mr. Macaulay never affected to practice. As a legislator he has never attempted any thing. As an administrator at home or in India, his warmest admirers do not pretend that he ever manifested any peculiar fitness or faculty. Not upon his success in any of the routine walks of eminence will his future reputation rest; not upon any of these grounds, therefore, can his title to nobility be based. Thomas Babington Macaulay is a man of letters—perhaps the most distinguished man of letters of his country and his time—and a celebrity. Nothing else. Ornamental he has always been to his party when in Parliament; but it has never been his good fortune to render them any particular service that we are aware of in debate. His exertions on Reform in 1831 and 1832 were loudly cheered and generally admired; but in power of grappling with formidable opponents by ready reference to facts or nervous strength of argument, he was never for a moment comparable to Grey or Brougham, Stanley or O'Connell. His speeches were the gilded pinnacles of the edifice, not the massive columns which upheld it; without these it must have quickly perished; without the glittering adjuncts it had been to all practical intents and purposes the same. When in the following year the illustrious pamphlet-speaker undertook to instruct Parliament what it ought to do with India, the House of Commons sense quietly went to dinner, and left him to pour forth his gorgeous unoriginalities to empty benches.

It was always ready to applaud him when it had leisure to listen; but it instinctively thought that there were many things on which it was more important for Mr. Macaulay to make a speech than for it to listen. Of the five years spent by him as a member of the Legislative Council in India, the less that is said the better. The Macaulay Code remains, and will ever now remain, an unattractive fragment in the museum of British blunders in Hindostan. On his return to England Mr. Macaulay was invited to reënter Parliament by one of our great constituencies. It ought not to be forgotten that he thought fit to signalize the occasion by a manly and uncompromising declaration in favor of the Ballot. It was the one act of his political life in which he preferred the sympathy of the class from which he was sprung to that of the sycophants who habitually crowd the ante-rooms of Whig Ministers.

As Secretary at War his name was seldom mentioned, and the fact of his having been for a time in the Cabinet is almost wholly forgotten. Were he nothing more than a second-rate Whig politician, few would deny that he has been adequately rewarded, and that others have as great or greater claims than he to titular distinction. But Macaulay's claim to rank with the highest and the noblest in the land rests upon wholly different grounds. For more than thirty years he has contributed conspicuously to sustain the glory of English literature in some of its best and most important departments. His style as a speaker has never been equal to that by which he is familiarly known as a writer. It is with his pen rather than with his tongue that he is truly eloquent. We do not speak of his History now in progress; for we think, with all its merits, and they are great and manifold, that it is less perfect in its way than his contributions, biographical and critical, to periodical literature. From many of his opinions expressed in his essays we entirely dissent, but of their general tenor and tendency every enlightened thinker must approve; and

though to our taste less of mannerism and verbal magnificence were desirable, it is impossible for any man who has himself ever written successfully, or who has ever devoted thought or study to original composition in the English tongue, to question the splendid ability, versatile power, and marvelous range of illustration, which Mr. Macaulay has shown himself to possess. As a man of the pen, and for the services he has rendered to his party, his country, and mankind, by his industrious use of his rare power of writing, he has long been known and valued. Letters-patent of ennoblement are but the tardy recognition in official form of that which the community at large had long since decreed. It was a stupid and senseless injustice that such a man should of late years have been excluded from Parliament. From the time that he found the performance of representative duties incompatible with the labor required for the completion of his great historical work, he acted, we think, wisely and well in relinquishing his place in the Commons. His proper place was thenceforth in the Lords; where, with less fatigue and less sacrifice of health and time, a man of learning, eloquence, and spirit may frequently render good service to the state.—*Daily News, August 31.*

In some respects, although the new creation of Peerages does not now look so comprehensive as it did in the first announcement, it does show that Lord Palmerston is not bound in the iron bands of precedent. It is true that the creation of Baron Macaulay has been prepared by many antecedents, which prevent its coming upon the public by surprise, and which smooth its way as a measure of change. Mr. Macaulay has been in office; he has made his way to distinction by gradual advances; he has identified himself, if not intellectually, at least socially and by the habits of life, with the upper classes—with those classes that people the House of Lords and the leading benches of the House of Commons—that hang about Piccadilly and Belgravia, and attend divine service in fashionable churches. He has for some time worn one of the highest stamps of social rank in the “right honorable” augmentative of a Privy Councillor. But heretofore the only modes of entering the House of Lords

have been—by acquiring such wealth and social “position” as to make a man almost a Lord before his admission to the House; by rising to the wool-sack, or some other great dignity, in the ladder of the Law; by performing the same tedious feat in the ladder of the Church, and ascending to a bishopric; by defeating the enemies of the country in combat as a soldier; or, lastly, by assisting the enemies of the country in corrupt party conflicts. Hitherto there have been built but these five portals to the House of Lords; but now Lord Palmerston, with a grand superiority to precedent, has applied the force of his will to the wall of the House, and has cut out a sixth portal, through which Baron Macaulay is the first to enter as an ennobled writer.—*London Spectator, September 5.*

WE are justified in regarding it as bestowed upon Mr. Macaulay as a writer, by the manifest opinion of the public and the press. Macaulay has been a Minister and Member of Parliament as well as a littérateur; he has been from early years as a student, and from a part of his official life, familiarized with Indian affairs; and in India he at one time made some figure as a legist, by force of “the Macaulay Code.” But, as in the case of Disraeli, who is by nature a littérateur, by manufacture a statesman, Macaulay has left no accomplished facts to attest his skill in any official or legislative capacity; and, unlike Disraeli, he has never acquired any power as a master of debate. He rests, therefore, on his literary fame alone. And even within the province of literature, it is less any original creation, which he can display in the form of poetry, any originality of view as an historical philosopher, or even any force of elucidation as a plain historian of events, than an extraordinary power in giving to known events the interest of a connected and brilliant narrative. His earliest contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* stamped the genius of the man, and indicated future power. His historical monographs, his political biographies, brought groups of events before the reader with the clearness and force of pictures, made the working of political action intelligible, and by the way “insinuated the plot into the boxes” favorably for the interests of his party. His lucid and graphic illustration imparts

to received opinions a force which looks like novelty, and most especially charms those who share the same opinions already, and rejoice in the opportunity of borrowing new language to propagate them withal. It is by these achievements as a literary man that Macaulay has won the distinction which constitutes his recognized title to the Peerage.

Perhaps, however, the effect of this consideration has been somewhat exaggerated in the critical remarks on his promotion to a seat in the House of Lords. The views to which he has given effect when he has had administrative opportunity, as in the case of the Indian Code, have not been ultimately accepted as possessing practical value; and he has not in his spoken compositions, any more than in his history or critical essays, thrown original light upon political questions: but he has thrown great eloquence into what we may call grand memoranda of our national duties, our historical purpose, our political creed, and long-sustained moral principles of public life. No man has more directly and vigorously maintained in the political arena the influence of high principle; and if Macaulay will not in the Indian discussions, or other grand debates, be likely to propose any definite course, or to strike out any unanticipated view—if at times he may develop views which are not applicable to the circumstances—we may remember that it is on such great occasions most useful to be reminded of loftier considerations—ay, even at a time when, for special purposes, we may be disposed temporarily to set them aside.—*Ibid.*

It is the cruel intention of Lord Palmerston's Government to heap coals of fire on the heads of Sirs Edward Lytton and Archibald Alison—fain to put up with baronetcies—by the elevation of our greatest modern historian and essayist to the peerage by the title of Baron Macaulay. The announcement has been received variously by members of the literary profession. Many writers accept the admission of a brother scribe to the rank of an hereditary legislator as the highest conceivable compliment to their order. Others, on the contrary, take the matter in high dudgeon, and maintain that Mr. Macaulay is to be made a baron, not in consequence,

but in spite, of his literary attainments—that it is the statesman simply, and not the author that has been rewarded, and that the literary world need not consider it in the slightest degree honored in the transaction. There is great truth in the latter view of the case, which, nevertheless, should not be subject for the slightest regret. Mr. Macaulay's promotion to the peerage—one of the most creditable acts of Lord Palmerston's ministerial career—has nothing whatever to do with the right honorable gentleman's literary merit. It is a question apart. It is not because he has written history that Mr. Macaulay desires a peerage so much, as because he knows it.

He is a Liberal statesman, of high and long standing—better versed in the history of our Constitution than most men of his age; he is an eloquent speaker and skillful debater; moreover, at the present juncture, he possesses the special qualification of being one of the highest living authorities on subjects connected with our Indian empire. The presence of such a man in the House of Lords, where the average of such knowledge does not happen just now to be of the highest, (*teste* Lord Granville on Cawnpore,) will be most valuable.

The fact that Mr. Macaulay has written brilliant essays and stirring ballads, will not militate against him in the House of Lords. Peers are as proud to claim brotherhood with a clever man as any other body. But if these had been Mr. Macaulay's only achievements, he would not have been entitled to a seat in the peerage. We wish authors would leave off their peevish cry for participation in the titles and dignities of the land. It seems as though they were not so proud of their order as they profess to be, since they are so discontented with its intrinsic honors.—*London Atlas, Sept. 5.*

OF his unblemished honor, his practical self-respect, his manliness and his patriotism, there are not two opinions possible. The congratulations his elevation provokes from all parties, show how much he gains by the increasing kindness which his conduct and his productions have exhibited of late years. It may be profitable to contrast him with a man very greatly his inferior, but still of very considerable power,

and one who happened to be several times matched against Mr. Macaulay in political and literary strife. John Wilson Croker died the other day, having cultivated his asperities to the last. The only newspaper of his party which shows the least talent, instantly felt it its duty to follow where Mr. Disraeli's hinder leg had been, and heaped insult after insult on the dead politician's memory. The pithiest remark we have heard about him is one somewhat tinged with profanity—"How he *will* dispute with the recording angel about the dates of his sins?" We quote it for the sake of comparing it with the universal exclamation called forth by Mr. Macaulay's new dignity: "At last there is some body in public life who can speak worthily about India!"—*Saturday Review*, Sept. 5.

MR. MACAULAY had already been admitted into "the best society," and people have become so accustomed to regard him as belonging to that upper hemisphere, that they will almost have forgot-

ten any thing peculiar in his being made a Peer, excepting that he is known not to be rich. Mr. Macaulay is an independent man, but exceedingly *safe*; a Whig and something more—in the *official* direction. Although he has not been famous among the rulers of his fellow-countrymen, the fame of his writings has made the man famous. Without any thing to show for it, he has acquired a considerable name in connection with India; much more on account of what he has said than what he has done. He will be considered, on account of that repute, to bring some additional wisdom to the House of Lords in reference to the debates on India. As a constitutional historian he will confer dignity on the discussions of the Reform Bill. As he is a thorough gentleman, in bearing, in principle, and in feeling, as deeply respected and esteemed by the immense circle with which he has personal acquaintance, the Minister who has advised his selection for the honors of the Crown gains unbounded and not unjust credit for this graceful *coup d'état*.—*London Leader*, Sept. 5.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

## AGES OF CHRISTENDOM BEFORE THE REFORMATION.\*

SOME of us who are old enough to remember the authorities on church history most accessible forty years since, may well look with something like envy on the privileged students of this later time. *Mosheim* and *Milner* were then the standard books among us. The bulk of those who read church history read it there. *Mosheim* had learning enough, and breadth enough, but there was no heart; it was light without heat. The long march of his six volumes was like passing through so many provinces of Siberia. In *Milner* there was warmth, but the objects which

it seemed to vivify resembled the monotonous, ever-recurrent images which come upon you in a feverish dream. It was not so much traveling through ages, as going round in an everlasting circle. The work consisted of brief biographies and select meditations for the pious; very good in their way, but taking in so little variety of topic, and so small a compass of thought, that we wonder nowadays how any man could have presumed to call the work a history. Nevertheless, this so-called history passed through we know not how many editions. *Mosheim* still lives, and has his uses; but we know not what has become of *Milner*. We have not crossed his path for many a day. But since the time of which we speak, another

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\* *Ages of Christendom before the Reformation*. By JOHN STOUGHTON. 8vo. London: Jackson and Walford. 1857.



Milner—who is indeed another—has entered on this field. Much light has been thrown upon it by such men as Burton, and Hallam, and Guizot, and Stephen; while Germany has given us her Neanders and Gieslers, her Schaffs and Baumgartens, her Hases and Guerickes, her Rankes, and a host beside. The difficulty now is more from the plenty than from the paucity of material.

But there is a large class of persons for whom the authors above named do not provide the thing that is needed. Many such writers seem to forget that the history of the Church ought to embrace something more than a history of ecclesiasticism, or a history of theology—that it should, in fact, be a history of religion. While it is needful in many quarters that church history should be treated thus comprehensively, it is no less necessary that its authors should know how to compress their material, and how to present such an analysis of events as may seem to bring out the great ideas which have become developed, each in its turn, in the course of ages. Neander, Guizot, Stephen, all have done something in this way. But no one has attempted to depict the successive acts in the great ecclesiastical drama as the author before us has done. Of course, to achieve such an object, giving us, as the case requires, effects in relation to their causes, the Church in her relation to the world, in the compass of a moderate volume, has been a work of much difficulty—many will pronounce it an impossibility. But we must congratulate the author on the measure of success which has attended the prosecution of his purpose. The volume before us combines the compendiousness of a hand-book, with the elaboration of a philosophical treatise, and with such an appeal to authorities as we expect in a first-class history. So much have we been gratified in reading this production, that we shall place before our readers such portions of it as may, we think, dispose them to procure the volume, and to read and study it for themselves.

The first two lectures, embracing the interval A.D. 30–100, have a twofold purpose—to show what Christianity was as a system when first published; and what it became as a realization, in the form of the first churches, and in the character of the first Christians. The first lecture describes the gradual manner in which the first

preachers of the Gospel became alive to the greatness of the sphere for which it was destined, embracing the world, alike the Jew and the Gentile. It is then shown that in a manner equally gradual, the Mosaic observances were made to give place to the simplicity and novelty of the Christian ritual. In this there was much evidence of the Divine condescension and wisdom. Mr. Stoughton next glances at the apostolic epistles in their chronological order, and endeavors so to look at their contents, as to trace the progressive light which is supposed to have been vouchsafed to the apostles themselves concerning the great religious doctrines which they were to teach. Our author moves cautiously here, and well he may, for the ground is tender, and there is room, we think, for some exception to what he has written, though sound in the main. The following passage shows very clearly and justly how the formative process went on in the early Church:

“The word used to describe the early Christian believers in their religiously social capacity is *Ecclesia*: and as it will be found of advantage to use that term rather than any translation of it, and as it has become so far Anglicized as to form the word *ecclesiastical*, we shall not be regarded as pedantic in here retaining an original Greek term until we have arrived at its full technical meaning. The first Christian *Ecclesia* was gathered on the day of Pentecost. The word literally signifies ‘called from,’ or ‘out of.’ The persons who on that day gladly received the word, and were baptized, came out of their former state, and from amidst the ungodly and unbelieving, to serve Christ as their Lord and Master. It was not meant by Him who called them that they should cast off their human sympathies—that they should cease to be men; but only that they should cultivate in addition a new order of sympathies, and so become more than common men. In the *Ecclesia* they found a spiritual family bound by ties not of nature’s weaving. They were of one heart and one mind, filled with a love to God and to one another, such as they had never been conscious of before. Their simplicity was great, their intelligence limited; but strong was their faith in Jesus Christ as the true Messiah. They met together daily in the Temple, they broke bread (at home) ‘from house to house.’ They were sometimes all together—they were sometimes broken up into smaller companies. ‘They continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship in breaking of bread and in prayers.’ All this was done by apostolic sanction; but here—to say the least—it would be premature for any man, be he Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent, to bring out his peculiar notion of a

Church, and to affix it to the word *Ecclesia* in the second chapter of Acts. Whatever the *Ecclesia* afterwards became, it was certainly in a very unformed condition at first. The word indicated simply a gathering of earnest souls under the power of a new faith. Such a gathering would have in it more of the spirit of a family than the arrangements of a society. This is the first stage of its history. Some weeks or months afterwards, when Ananias and Sapphira deceived their brethren, Divine Providence, through a solemn act of Peter, made an example of them. Then, when murmurings arose about the distribution of relief to needy disciples, the apostles directed the *Ecclesia* to look out seven honest men to superintend such business. Both discipline and a division of labor now appear in the *Ecclesia*. Distinct officers are appointed to administer the temporalities. This is the second stage of the history. Other *Ecclesiæ* besides that at Jerusalem are mentioned in the 9th of Acts in reference to a later period, (about A.D. 36.) In the eleventh chapter, not till nine years afterwards, we read of *elders* for the first time. They belonged to Jerusalem. Next we are told that Paul and Barnabas visited Derbe, Lystra, and Iconium, ordaining *elders* in every *Ecclesia*. This is the third stage of the history. Allusion is made to an *Ecclesia* in the house of Aquila, when at Ephesus, and again at Rome, (his premises as a tent-maker being probably spacious and convenient for worship.) There is notice also of an *Ecclesia* in the house of Philemon, at Colossæ, and afterwards of an *Ecclesia* in the house of Nymphas, in the same city; but whether the word in these passages is to be taken in a generic or specific, in a common or technical sense, admits of a question. This is the fourth stage of the history."—Pp. 29–31.

The following passage on this subject is also instructive :

"The divine idea of a Christian Church can be obtained only from a study of the whole history of what may be called the genesis of its organization. As in doctrine so in polity, the unfolding of the plan was gradual in connection with circumstances. No picture of the object appears to have been presented to the minds of believers, or even of the apostles, but rather what was developed kept growing up under their hands just as from time to time they were guided in its culture by heavenly wisdom. And all the information afforded amounts to no more than the general outline that a church, in the technical sense of the term, signifies a select community, whose bond of union is faith in Christ, and mutual love—whose limits are confined within narrow local boundaries—whose officers are of two kinds, pastoral and diaconal—whose discipline is in harmony with its spiritual character—and whose constitution is complete in itself. A great deal which some would desire is wholly withheld. No rubric, no lit-

urgy, no canon law is supplied. Much is left to sanctified experience, observation, and reason to determine, in accordance with the grand guiding points set down, so as to adapt ecclesiastical arrangements to existing states of human society and civilization. He has not seen in the Bible all the wisdom which it shows, who has not pondered well what God leaves out, as well as what God puts in.

"Scholars learned in Jewish antiquities, especially Vitranga, have noticed several striking coincidences between the constitution and order of primitive churches and the usages of the synagogue, a circumstance which further illustrates the close connection between primitive Christianity and Judaism, and one which shows how gently, and by what a wisely-arranged course of previous education, the first believers were led into the use of a framework of social religion well adapted to its simplicity of spirit. In proof of some of the institutes of Christianity being grafted on a Jewish stock, it may be observed that in the Jewish synagogues there were elders who presided over their affairs, and Chazans who took care of the building and the books of the law, and collected alms for the relief of the necessitous. One of the elders acted as president, but still remained of the same order with the rest. Excommunication from the synagogue in cases of delinquency was a prevalent practice, as every one is aware; and it may be further observed, that alms for the poor were put into a chest before the prayers, and on Sabbath evenings what had been collected was distributed. But while we recognize certain coincidences between the church and the synagogue, we are quite unable to follow some archaeologists through all the resemblances they endeavor to detect, many of which seem entirely fanciful and groundless. A Christian Church, in some of its most essential points, was, after all, a perfectly new institute, in immeasurable advance of any thing which the Jews before had witnessed or been taught to conceive. It was not a new device of man, or simply the improvement of an old one, but an original and beautiful thing which God, by special teaching, showed his servants how to fashion."—Pp. 35–37.

This second lecture contains some well-written passages on the imperfections which evidently marked some of the earlier of the apostolic churches. Modern Christians are disposed to look back on that age as full of privilege to believers, and to regard the people so privileged as eminently wise, consistent, and holy. This misconception is not unnatural, but, like all untruth, it is not wholesome in its influence. There are facts, says Mr. Stoughton, which "dissipate the illusion of a golden age while apostles lived—a play of fancy indulged in stange forgetfulness of express statements in the New

Testament, and striking analogies in the Old. Paul, Peter, and Jude bewail the immoralities of their professed converts, and old Hebrew history proves how men can stand face to face with God's messengers fresh from heaven, and signs and wonders blazing round them, and live in sin." But it would be unjust to look only on this side of the picture.

"The experience of 1800 years has shown that in the spiritual no less than in the physical world, there may be imperfect development and much disease, where there is life. With partial paralysis there may be partial sensibility. The heart may play while here and there the blood may stagnate. There may be action in the cerebrum, though a limb be palsied. To some truths, duties, and privileges, a man may be dead, to others he may be tremblingly alive. Imperfect spiritual life has been the too common experience of Christendom. Many Christians of the first century were neither worse nor better than those of the nineteenth. They caught and embodied but a portion of the Divine ideal. Yet, so far as they did so, they were witnesses of a power in humanity, the working of which we should in vain search for throughout the history of pagan law, philosophy, or religion. Even some narrow Jews, warped by nationality, the pride of which we might almost pardon; and others whose ascetism rested on different grounds, and whose narrow scruples disturbed harmony and created division—we should wrong if we wrote them down as aliens from Christ's kingdom. Some such persons the apostle Paul only judged 'weak,' yet brethren still, not living to themselves, but in the thing they allowed not, living to the Lord. And his lesson to the strong was to show their strength, not by censuring others, but by being cautious themselves; not by asserting their liberty so much as by loving care not to make it a stumbling-block in another's way. And some, who even fell into sin, were recovered by grace; nor was cleansing fire wanting in many a Corinthian heart to separate and consume the dross of carnality, and to leave for the last day much fine gold of righteousness."—Pp. 59, 60.

"We have no space to dwell on the love of the Corinthian Christians—on the works, labor, and patience of Ephesus—on those at Sardis, who defiled not their garments, nor on the many virtues of the elect at Rome, including those of more than valorous constancy, who in Nero's gardens, on the slopes of the Vatican, were hung up as blazing torches for the monster's shows. Nor can we tell, for want of material, as well as of space, of missionary efforts, which, notwithstanding, we know were made. Documents recording some may have perished; but we can not help thinking that the workers of that day were not careful to write down their own doings—they sought a better immortality. Did the Gospel reach Britain during the first century? If so,

then, while we know all about the military Cæsar's coming, and can point to the shingly beach where he landed, and to the downs and river-banks whither he marched, (for the conqueror has reported his own achievements;) where the missionary Cæsar arrived, whence he came, whither he wended his way, how he fared, what he did, we do not know. I think the hero did not care that we should know. In other cases, we have indications of the result without marks of the process. Lights are seen at midnight stealing up the hill sides of Paganism. We discern the torches, but not the bearers."—P. 63.

The third, fourth, and fifth lectures embrace the period from 100 to 325, and this is designated the period of "Innovation." The first division in this section treats of the doctrinal opinions of that time, and of the mode and measure in which they were affected by the forms of philosophical thought then prevalent. The second division relates "to the ecclesiastical principles, and the influence produced by certain innovations in this respect, also in part, but by no means wholly, arising out of mistaken philosophies." Then we have a description of the Religious Life of the Christians during the second and third century in the history of the church. Under each of these heads we have many beautiful and instructive passages, a single paragraph being often made to suffice for giving the results of much reading and thought. Here is an account of Justin Martyr, which may be taken as a sample of what is done in this way:

"Turning to look at the divines of the second age, we have the Greek Justin Martyr, who had gone the round of Greek speculation, 'seeking goodly pearls,' before he met the old man by the sea-shore, who told him of Hebrew prophecies and of Christ's Gospel, and exhorted him to seek by prayer 'the opening of the gates of light.' 'This great and wonderful man,' as the Byzantines call him, whose noble words were, 'There is truth, and nothing is stronger than truth;' who had been seeking it all his life long, and strengthening his natural habits of thought, felt, after he became a Christian, a desire to attain to deeper views of Christianity than such as might content Ignatius or Polycarp. It was perfectly natural for him to make theology his study. Deep and comprehensive views of it to such a man would be a pressing want. That he should adopt philosophical forms of expression—that he should connect with what he had long known, the fresh and wonderful tidings of heavenly truth—that, in the light of Christianity, he should look at

the moral and religious problems which had for ages puzzled the most earnest thinkers—can surprise no one. But it is plain, at least after the experience of centuries, that it behoves men of the Justin class to keep a tight reign on their thoughts when investigating the metaphysical mysteries of religion; to mark with carefulness the boundary between the *terra firma* of the Divine word and the cloud land of human speculation; to distinguish between the authority of Scripture and the inferences of reason—between objective facts and subjective deductions from them, and ever to make the former the ground of their whole Christianity. Now Justin Martyr, not apprehending this sufficiently, was fond of speculating on abstruse points, unilluminated by Scripture; and further, in his regard for the studies of his earlier days, did not always draw a line of sufficient breadth between the Greek philosopher on the one hand, and the Hebrew prophet and Christian apostle on the other. The generation of the Divine *λογος* was with him a favorite inquiry; and, at the same time, he spoke of that *Logos* as the reason of which the whole human race participates—as the source of wisdom to Socrates, of inspiration to Elias. A very important sense there is in which reason is a Divine gift, and conscience a heavenly voice—in which the same Divine Being is the fountain of intellect to the sage and of holiness to the saint—in which He who speaks in the Bible is the Author of all true and beautiful thoughts in the soul, of genius and inspiration—of ideas in the Bible and of ideas in some other books. Nor are we warranted to deny something above mere genius in the case of the most eminent of the heathen—a Divine influence more spiritual than that which works on the intellect alone. Yet, though the *origin* of an inward light and of an outward revelation be the same, the *gifts* in themselves are widely different, not only in *degree*, but in *nature*—a distinction which, if Justin saw, he did not express, but by his language gave countenance to a confusion on the subject, which has often since been mischievously revived, especially of late. To his philosophical habits and predilections, no doubt, is to be ascribed Justin's inquiry into the generation of the *Logos*, but it is utterly unjust to attribute to the same cause the substance of his theology respecting the Divine personality of the *Logos*, and his incarnation in the humanity of Jesus. To pretend that the doctrine of the Trinity was borrowed by this first uninspired Christian philosopher from the pages of Plato, is utterly without foundation, as Bishop Kaye has very ably proved in his work on Justin's writings.—Pp. 73-75.

This is followed by a similar sketch, touching the genius and speculations of Clement of Alexandria, and of Origen, and it is in the following terms that our author makes his transition from the idealistic refinements of the East to the work

which was left to be done by the more practical genius of the West:

"What Origen was among the Greeks, says Vincentius Lirinensis, Tertullian was among the Latins, '*nostrorum omnium facile princeps*.' Tertullian, however, enjoyed preëminence over Origen and all the other Fathers of his age, in this respect, that he was founder of theology in a new language. Latin Christian literature owes its birth to him. Pagan Rome had blotted out Carthage: Christian Carthage now took precedence of Rome. We hear Patriistic Latinity in rich Punic tones before we catch the sound of it in any other. Theology was all Greek till Tertullian made it Roman. Neander calls him Antignostikon. The title is just in its largest meaning. He was not a Gnostic in the Clementine, any more than the heretical sense of the term. He had no sympathy with the Alexandrians. Plato was any thing but a favorite, and the African father insinuates that the demon of Socrates was of a very questionable character. Tertullian's theology, like himself, was realistic, practical, earnest. But though he eschewed philosophy, he could, like other men of his class, while condemning it in one form, use it in another; be very un-Platonic, and at the same time very Aristotelian; abuse transcendentalism and embrace metaphysics. In the treatise '*de Animâ*,' Tertullian grapples with Plato with dialectic skill, and employs to boot speculations as wild as the Academy ever heard, and all in behalf of the corporeity of the soul. Tertullian's case also shows, that if theology has suffered from Greek philosophy, it has also suffered from prejudices traceable to unphilosophical Jewish ceremonialism—that the narrowness and bondage of the one may do harm, as well as the stimulus to exuberance supplied by the other. And whereas the habits of the Greek sage are seen in Origen, the habits of the Latin lawyer are manifest in Tertullian, for he was wont as a Christian advocate to speak like a special pleader, with rare ingenuity, copiousness, and eloquence; but at times with arguments which, though earnestly adopted, will raise in many minds a suspicion of the orator's not being over-scrupulous. He ably vindicated the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, though here he indulged in material analogies, which really degrade the ineffable truth they are intended to illustrate. His representations of human depravity are much stronger than those of the Alexandrian school, and he earnestly pleads for the literal resurrection of the body, a doctrine afterwards impugned by Origen. Though occasionally allegorizing what we should take literally, Tertullian was quite opposed to such a method of interpretation as prevailed in Alexandria, and some remarks of his on the interpretation of parables would be deemed in the present day very sober and judicious. He also took views of Divine grace and the human will harmonizing with those so fully developed by Augustine, but he did not exhibit what we



justly deemed some grand peculiarities of Christianity more clearly and prominently than his philosophical brethren; thus showing that there was something beside philosophy at the bottom of that reserve. His adoption of the fanatical views of Montanus—so similar to those of modern Irvingism, the fervid African of the third century finding his parallel in the gifted and erratic Scotchman of the nineteenth—did not materially modify his doctrinal opinions, though they strengthen, as we shall hereafter see, certain principles in his character and teaching.”—Pp. 85–88.

Concerning the theologians of this period, as a whole, our author says:

“They dealt in questions of immediate interest, and defended the citadel of Christianity against Jews, infidels, and heretics. They wrote on the controversies of their age, and hence they did not attain to the calm contemplation of Divine truth in its breadth and variety. Even the most philosophical were driven into what was partial and one-sided. Doctrines which have occupied much thought in subsequent ages were not distinctly present to their minds. They saw generally the essential facts of the Gospel, but they did not make them all objects of scientific study. Their theology, regarded in the light of later research and thoughtfulness, appears defective and inaccurate.

“Their idea of Christ’s satisfaction did not amount to the idea of modern evangelical divines. They were generally content with a simple religious view of the death of Christ as the price of our redemption, without aiming at any philosophy of the atonement. The tendency was to look at it not so much in relation to Divine law as in relation to Satanic power. Redemption was a deliverance from the devil, yet not by simple force, but in a manner which would prove to him the righteousness of God, so says Irenæus—a view which, though foreign to our habits of thought, perhaps involves some principle of satisfaction to Divine law. Neither was the forensic view (as it has been called) of the believer’s acceptance, clearly brought out by the ante-Nicene theologians. They distinguished, of course, between the enjoyment of forgiveness and the possession of Christian sanctity; they also spoke of justification by faith, but not so as to indicate a distinct apprehension of the doctrine of Paul on that momentous subject. They were too apt to confound justification with holiness, and to insist upon the efficacy of baptism and martyrdom so as to undermine the Pauline principle of Christian righteousness. Nor were the doctrines of human corruption and Divine grace precisely defined. They remained simply as facts for the excitement of religious feeling; they were not yet transferred to the region of the understanding to undergo there a logical process and assume a strictly dogmatic shape. The ante-Nicene Fathers did theologize upon the Trinity

—it was the grand problem with which they grappled; but after all which has been written by Bishop Bull and others on the subject, it is impossible to reduce their opinions into any harmonious and consistent form. The preëxistence and Divine glory of Christ in some sense, however, were almost universally believed by those calling themselves Christians. It can not be proved that, among the heretics of the first two centuries, there were many who believed in the simple humanity of Jesus Christ.”—Pp. 90–92.

The fourth lecture shows how the church system of the second and third centuries was affected by the rise of the priestly spirit, and not less by the infusion of secular influence on the one hand, and by the rise of the ascetic spirit, which grew up as a reaction, on the other. We do not regard all the changes that took place in the polity and usage of the church during this period as being only so much deterioration. Many of them were only the natural development of principles which had come down from the apostolic times, or which were much older than those times, having their resting-place in common-sense. In so far as these changes consisted in a wise expansion and application of such principles, they were good; but they, no doubt, often went beyond that limit. As the distinction came to be so marked between the bishop and the ordinary priest, and between the monks and the clergy generally; as the ritual of the church came to be more showy and pagan in its complexion; and as the sacraments came to be mixed up with many unscriptural and superstitious notions, all tending to raise the function of the priest, and to give false confidence to the worshiper, it of course followed that the religious life of the time was not without its grave blemishes. But it had its brighter side—a side matched nowhere else.

“As one gives a broad glance at the history of the period, the eye is ever and anon arrested by indubitable signs of a great moral power, new in its character, vigorously at work in many forms of blessing on society. Yonder we catch the indistinct appearance of men unknown, engaged in extending the outposts of Christendom, toiling with earnestness and in silence, to subjugate heathen souls to the government of Him, whose spirit and purpose might well strike the Greek as a strange contrast to Alexander’s ambition, and the Roman to Cæsar’s. And, at home, in the heart of the churches, we find ourselves surrounded by instances innumerable of fraternal love, of pledg-

ed attachment, of self-sacrifice for a brother's or the common good—all through union with the Elder Brother in heaven, and faith in his own sacrifice. Through the exhibition of disinterested beneficence to those without—beneficence even at the hazard of life, while some tremendous plague was raging—as, for example in Alexandria in the time of the Bishop Dionysius, when Christians nursed the sick and buried the dead, the heathen leaving them to their fate—through such charity, which spake to the hearts of men, and through the testimony borne to Him who himself died to save, souls savage and selfish, or frivolous and vain, were turned to a life of love and wisdom. The heavenly music of the Gospel changed them, outrivalling in reality, as the classic catechist of Alexandria used to say, the poetic fable of Amphion and his lyre. The heroism of the martyrs is known to all who have the slightest acquaintance with Church history. Ignatius thrown to wild beasts in the Coliseum—Polycarp at the stake in Smyrna—Blandina tortured and slain at Lyons—Cyprian beheaded by the gates of Carthage—these martyrs afford proofs of Christlike patience which all ages have conspired to venerate and extol. Nor was the number of these heroes small. The extent of persecution must not be measured by imperial decrees. Magistrates overstepped legal bounds—popular fury raged—and a man's foes were those of his own household. The number of martyrs must not be estimated by the names preserved. The pages of Eusebius testify to the noble army in the east; the catacombs to that in the west. We forget not that the temper of some Christians in reference to martyrdom was fanatical, and that their notion of it as a second baptism—a purification from sin—involved an alarming error; but on the other hand, we have proof sufficient of the calmest, gentlest, and most thoughtful constancy, in many instances; and that their hope rested on no merit of their own, but on Him who loved them. At the worst, their sacrifice of this world to the next involved a strength of faith in the unseen, of triumph over the visible and earthly, which no one who can appreciate the sublimity of such faith but must be constrained to admire. And the spiritual devotions of the early Christians, their worship of the invisible God, through Jesus Christ our Lord—the meeting of the faithful for this purpose in some large house, at Rome, or in the crypts and vaults of the dark catacombs, when persecution raged above ground—what a contrast, full of instruction, teeming with proofs of the divinity of the Christian religion, and of its elevating spiritual power, do these scenes present when placed beside a picture of the temples around the forum, or the grand Pantheon crowded with worshipers, paying homage to their gods of marble!”—Pp. 140–142.

The age from the beginning of the fourth century to the close of the eighth,

Mr. Stoughton designates as the age of “development.” In 325, the Emperor Constantine invited the Bishops to a banquet. “None of them,” says Eusebius, “were absent. Guards and soldiers, drawn up in order, with naked swords, kept the vestibule of the palace, and through their midst the men of God passed without fear, and entered into the inner hall. There some sat with the Emperor himself, others occupied couches on either side. Any one might have thought it a picture of the kingdom of Christ, and a dream rather a reality.”\* The good men of those times, it seems, saw in this marriage between the spiritual power of the church and the secular power of the state, every thing on which to congratulate each other. In their view it was the precursor to the millennium, foreshadowing the splendor and happiness of that age. The time was to come when even good Catholics—such as Dante—would learn to attribute the great corruption of the church to this supposed auspicious union between things ecclesiastical and things civil.

Mr. Stoughton is careful to observe that all post-apostolic “developments are of man, not of God—of human thought, not of Divine Revelation.” To develop is to bring out of a thing what is in it. It is not to add to a thing that which it does not itself include. In this sense, no doubt, much that has come to us as given from God, may be usefully developed by man. But, unhappily, men do not always sufficiently distinguish between developing a truth, and giving it a supplement—between drawing out what a truth contains, and connecting with it, by way of inference or otherwise, what does not belong to it. How the hierarchical system grew from the fourth century to the ninth, how the monastic system spread and rooted itself over Christendom during that period; and how the function of the churchman—especially as represented by the Bishop of Rome—became a function mixed up with nearly all secular affairs; these are all notorious facts in history. All were little else the developments of what had gone before. The fourth century gave the germs, the later centuries brought out what was in them.

The only feature of this period we care to glance at is that which relates to its

\* *De Vita Constanti*, lib. iii., c. 15.

theology. This embraces controversies concerning the Trinity and the Person of Christ in the East, and concerning the doctrines of grace in the West. There are just and important observations in the following paragraphs :

"The doctrine of Athanasius was a development of Christ's Divinity as believed by *many* of the Fathers. According to our convictions with regard to Scripture teaching, that teaching was followed in the main by most of the Antenicene Fathers on the subject of the Divinity of Christ, though we by no means approve of their speculations and their fondness for defining—a fondness, however, indulged in by their opponents more than by themselves.

"Further, on this subject, there is a great difference in the form of the three principal creeds of the Church, illustrative of the progress of theology and the new spirit which had entered it. The Apostles' creed is a simple affirmation of faith *in* the personal nature and work of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. The Nicene creed is also personal, but it is also most elaborately definitional, being a laborious effort to fix the difference between the Father and the Son. The Athanasian creed—certainly not the composition of Athanasius, yet reflecting the mind of Athanasius, in the fifth century—drops the expression of faith *in* the Divine persons, and becomes a series of cold logical propositions. The creed is taken out of the sphere of simple Christian religion, and placed in the sphere of scientific theology. The exercise of childlike faith in facts is succeeded by the busy activity of the understanding among the deepest mysteries. Both Nicene and Athanasian symbols have damnatory clauses—a most significant addition, showing how religion was now confounded with theology, how Christian faith had come to be regarded as the acceptance of certain propositions, and how Church teachers had lost the mildness of the earlier Antenicene theologians, and had arrived at the terrible conviction of having a right to launch the sentence of damnation against those who differed from their opinions."—Pp. 180–182.

With regard to the controversy in relation to which Augustine and Pelagius are the representative men, Mr. Stoughton says :

"Between the two conflicting systems just noticed the minds of thoughtful men, since the days of Augustine, have been much engaged ; and if only few have adopted his views entirely, fewer still have embraced those of his adversary ; most have traversed something of a *via media*, and the majority of these have inclined very much nearer to the Augustinian than the Pelagian theology. Through the middle ages Augustine was the great authority with di-

vines : since the Reformation, his influence, transmitted to Protestants through the writings of Luther and Calvin, has been immense ; and it is to be remembered that his views of grace, in substance, have been welcomed and cherished by many who have recoiled at his predestinarian opinions. As to Semipelagian schemes, a noted one was broached by Cassian. He considered man as not morally dead, but only diseased, as having in him naturally a debilitated spiritual life, which only needs health-giving grace and revival ; and he further ascribed to free-will the commencement of man's spiritual ascent to God and heaven. His views prevailed for a little while, and then died, as all such views ever must for want of inward vitality, as well as for want of those strong resting-places for the soul, to which men earnestly devout, and accustomed to spiritual conflict, will—in spite of all attempts of the argumentative faculty to dispossess them of their hold—most resolutely cling, from a spiritual instinct which tells them clearly that safety and strength are to be found *there* alone."—Pp. 193–194.

Mr. Stoughton accounts all things to have been more or less progressive, though by no means in a happy direction, until the meeting of the second council of Nicæa in 787. By that time the developed opinions and settled customs of the Church had become themselves an authority. What had been matured thus slowly, and by such an agency, could not, it was presumed, be erroneous. The power which had been so long employed in interpreting the Scriptures, now came into the place of the Scriptures. To this authority, more than to the authority of the Scriptures themselves, all men, and all churches, were prepared to do homage. What had been the voice of the "Fathers," became the voice of the "Church," and beyond lay no appeal. This stage of affairs characterizes the period marked off by our author as that of "Traditionalism." We prefer now passing to the period of "Agitation and Reaction" — which ended in the Reformation — without forgetting, however, to say, that the acquaintance with the writings of the schoolmen which our author evinces would have been accepted in our younger days as proof of an unusual spirit of research. Even Mr. Hallam would so have thought it ; and as to our friend John Foster, as he knew not how to believe the boasting of Coleridge on this subject, in the present instance he would hardly have believed his eyes.

Welcome, then, say we, the era of "Agitation and Reaction." Mr. Stoughton has done well in dating this era far back beyond the time with which we are wont to connect the Reformation. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing in history as great effects from little causes. Great changes, whatever may have been the last influence in bringing them about, are always the result of predisposing causes equally great. The Reformation was the result of a seething of principles and passions which had been working towards that issue for ages. This is manifest in our own British history, and Britain in this respect may be taken as a sample of Europe.

Ambition, ordinarily, must be wise to succeed—wiser still to perpetuate its power. Where success has been great, it is easy to believe it may be greater. Hence the excess which often brings reaction. Innocent III. was one of the most powerful and sagacious of the pontiffs; but his course towards England brought the papal authority to its culminating point in our history. The vassalage which he laid on King John, and the manner in which he opposed himself to the feeling of the nation in condemning the Great Charter, and excommunicating its authors, supplied lessons which were not forgotten. In his person, the see of Rome, falling back on her traditions, real or invented, had affected to be the arbiter of all rights, whether as set forth by sovereign or subject. But sovereign and subject came to feel that this monstrous priest-rule must be an error, and that the mischiefs of it ought to be sternly resisted. Resistance, however, becoming familiar on that ground, prepared the way for it on other grounds. It came to be a point beyond doubt that the infallibility of the Pope must have its limits, and so the question, the very dangerous question, came up—

*What are those limits?* In the struggles of party, those who had the thunders of the Vatican on their side affected to hold them in great reverence, while those against whom they were wielded were as much inclined to treat them lightly. By degrees, all parties learnt to regard such fulminations as a fiction, and as depending for nearly the whole of their influence on the ignorance and superstition of the age.

The successors of Innocent III. often appealed to his maxims; but the time to

act upon them for the purposes of ambition had passed. Still they had their uses. They served to give an appearance of moderation and plausibility to the interferences of the papacy in the matters deemed properly ecclesiastical; and it became an understood maxim with the Court of Rome, to be content with less *power* than formerly, if the power retained might only be made to be as productive as before in regard to *revenue*. So the habit of a low rapacity came by degrees into the place of the higher passion. The ecclesiastical history of England from this time to the commencement of the Reformation consists, in so far as the relation of this country to Rome is concerned, in a constant struggle on the part of the popes to enrich themselves as far as possible from the revenues of the English church, and on the part of the crown, the lay patrons, and the clergy generally, to protect themselves against this war of spoliation.

This great change in the temper and aspect of the papal system prepared the way for the humiliation which awaited it. Our national clergy had an obvious interest in endeavoring to sustain the European system. Hence it was not to be expected that the change which seemed inevitable would come speedily. Reform would long be resisted, even at the hazard of ruin. When do the crafty learn to be ingenuous? When do the avaricious cease to be avaricious? Such changes there may be—but how rare, how very rare! What will not an individual do, still more, what will not corporate bodies do, rather than submit to such self-crucifixion? It is no marvel that men like Wycliffe, and Huss, and Jerome should give signs of the coming change—but as little marvelous is it, to those who look beneath the surface, that the course of this change should have been so unequal and so slow, and that even at last it should have had such limitations. What a great tendency in humanity has been long in construction, it will be long in taking to pieces and casting utterly away. Such changes, like creation, have their stable laws, which determine their time, and mode, and result. Good men would fain be fast workers, but Providence is ever schooling them into two great lessons—to *work* and to *wait*. It is always to be remembered, that were the quicker production of good possible, then, from the



same laws, the quicker production of evil must be possible. It is not possible to have facility in the one direction, without paying the cost of having it in the other. The conservative power which belongs to human nature in such things, though disastrous when on the side of evil, is good when on the side of good. Could nations and continents be made to change their religion easily, we might expect them to change it very often, and that would be something of an inconvenience.

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From the North British Review.

## EARLY CHRISTIAN SONGS IN THE EAST AND WEST.\*

PSALMS and hymns and spiritual songs have thrilled for ages through the Church on earth, as they shall thrill for endless ages through the Church in glory. From the time that the hymn arose which ended the first Lord's Supper, they have gone up to God, almost without cessation, from palaces and cathedrals, from cottages and churches, from the caves and the solitudes of the wilderness: the flood of melody has been swelled by rivulets of song from the lips of dying saints, and by mighty gushings from the hearts of congregated thousands. Wherever the trumpet of Christianity has been sounded, the echoing anthem has replied; wherever the voice of God's messengers has been heard, the song of praise has followed, like the carol of the lark which heralds the dawn.

The range of Christian song is a wide one: their authors were neither of a single country nor a single era. Since Christ left the earth for heaven, they have

been found in every age among the followers of every Christian creed. Kings and monks, apostles and martyrs, saints and bishops, have united in their composition: Charlemagne and Alfred, Bernard and Abelard, Watts, Doddridge and Heber, here meet on common ground: controversialists have laid aside their polemics, and philosophers their dialectics, to produce that grand aggregate of Christian psalmody which is the joy of all true believers. And hence we shall do well to regard hymns, no so much as the compositions of this or that writer, but as the utterance of the Christian life of a Christian man. They are part of our heritage as members of the Catholic Church, which is gathered from all ages and climes, and not as members of the particular body to which we may nominally belong.

It is probable that, while the miraculous influences of the Spirit continued upon earth, no uninspired songs were admitted into the public or private devotions of Christians. The Psalms, which had daily thrilled through the temple courts from the vast chorus of singers, responding to each other in alternate song from each side of the brazen altar, found an echo in the assemblies of the infant Church, and formed the staple then, as they have done ever since, of the sacred songs of Christians. But besides these, in the early dawn of Gospel light, there probably arose the songs which the Spirit himself breathed—the *ὁδὰν πνευματικὰν* of Coloss. 3: 16—which went up to heaven in all the fresh-

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\* 1. *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus*. Translated, with Notes, etc., by the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, Ph.D. 1853.

2. *Sacred Latin Poetry, chiefly Lyrical; with Notes and Introduction*. By the Rev. R. C. TRENCH, M.A. 1849.

3. *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*. Translated by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 1851.

4. *Hymnal Noted*. 1851.

5. *A Short Commentary on the Hymnal Noted, from Ancient Sources, intended chiefly for the use of the Poor*.

6. *The Ecclesiastical Poetry of the Middle Ages*. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., (forming part of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.) 1852.

ness and fullness, as some think, of ecstatic inspiration. The traces of the first written hymns are very indistinct: one landmark only is left to us in a fragment of the second century, preserved by Eusebius,\* which states that, "whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren from the beginning, celebrate Christ, the Word of God, by asserting his divinity." And this statement is born out by the earliest hymn which has come down to us—the angelical doxology, as it is termed—a wonderful assemblage of triumphant praises, which burst forth from the heart in all the grandeur of their unadorned pathos: "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father."† And if we bear in mind what historians tell us of it, this hymn will be invested with a charm which few others can claim, for it was the song which martyr after martyr sang so cheerfully as they marched from their prisons to their death-place.

The Eastern Churches were extremely cautious with regard to the hymns which they admitted into their worship; but those which received their sanction are very sublime. They have the peculiarity of not being arranged in regular meter, but this only adds to their grandeur.

With regard to the mode of singing, we may observe that ecclesiastical writers are nearly unanimous as to the early practice of antiphonal singing—a practice probably transferred from the Jewish ritual, and especially employed in the case of the Psalms, many of which are indisputably composed to suit such an arrangement. Socrates, the Church historian, however,

claims a higher authority for its adoption in Christian worship, relating that Ignatius of Antioch was once caught up in ecstasy to hear the anthems of the angels, and beheld their "trinal triplicities" answering each other with voices of celestial sweetness, throughout the plains of heaven.\* The Church on earth wished to echo, as far as possible, the hymns of the Church above, and thus, according to this historian at least, antiphons were universally adopted. But the case does not require such a *deus ex machina*: we know that the Christians of those days continued frequently for whole nights in the devotional exercises of prayer and praise, so that we can well understand how human weakness would prompt them to take some such measure as this for preventing too speedy exhaustion and weariness. For they could not have consented to let their solace become itself a burden; they could not have allowed earthly frailty to stay the current of their songs, without an effort to prolong its strength.

The remark we made just now, that hymns were the Church's strength in the time of trouble—her comfort in the weariness of her pilgrimage, is especially true of the periods when she had to combat, not her enemies without, but her recreant children within. Her troubles ceased not with the cessation of persecution from the world; a still bitterer cup was stored up for her in the conflicts of her inward foes. And we must note this fact well.

The Church in Syria affords us an apt illustration of the consoling power of Christian psalmody: when, for example, the faithful were rejected, by the preponderance of Arian influence, from the Church at Antioch, their pastors, Flavian and Diodorus, led them from place to place, like a literal flock in the desert, resting beneath the open sky, near the foot of a mountain, everywhere making their songs their solace. "At length" (to use the simple words of Theodoret) "they led the flock beside the banks of a neighboring stream. They did not, like the captives of Babylon, hang up their harps on the willows; for they sang praises

\* Eusebius, Eccles. Hist., v. 28.

† We quote the translation which is found in the English Book of Common Prayer, at the close of the Communion Service.

\* The language of the Alexandrian liturgy also speaks of the angels singing antiphonally: there is a magnificent anthem to Him around whom "stand the cherubim and seraphim, crying one to another with voices which never cease, and doxologies which are never silent."

to their Creator in every part of his empire."\*

But although we might feel tempted to linger over a scene like this, our space reminds us that we have to do rather with the subject-matter of hymns, than with their history. We therefore pass—and the transition is but from one part of the Syrian Church to another—to the more immediate consideration of the first of those volumes which lie before us—the Hymns of Ephraem Syrus. What we have just said has brought us to this point; and we need only add, by way of further preface, that the first hymnographers of the Syrian Church had clothed Gnosticism in a vail of splendid imagery, and captivated the hearts of many by their beautiful Oriental mysticism. It was then that Ephraem of Edessa applied himself to the work of purging Syrian sacred literature from its corruptions, by the infusion of better and holier poetry. His songs are said to have been twelve times as numerous as those of Solomon, but they are quite free from the tenuity which usually accompanies poetic exuberance. They consist partly of hymns, partly of metrical homilies—both, so far as we can understand, rhythmical and not metrical. We have merely to do at present with that small portion of them which is contained in Dr. Burgess' volume.

The first point which strikes us is their remarkable union of the highest poetry with the simplest piety: we seem to tread new ground—we seem to stand on the spot where philosophy and poetry and religion have met together, each in its own beauty, each discharging its proper function. We are carried back to the palm-groves of ancient Syria, and breathe their fresh, free atmosphere, away from the turmoil and conflict of later days. Turmoil and conflict there were indeed then; but there were oases in the desert, where apostolic Christianity grew in strength—where the pure faith lived in all its first purity. Alas! there are few such oases now; and the truth presses on us, that there were few such oases even then. This makes us the gladder when the voices of Christ's real soldiers in the fourth century are borne above the battle din of ages, to comfort and instruct us as we fight the same fight in these modern

times. All that, without a knowledge of the corruptions which have sullied the Church of Christ since her Lord ascended, we might have *à priori* expected from early Christian poetry, is found in the hymns under our notice. For instance, we should have expected simplicity—we have it here; we should have expected charity—we have it here. The spirit of charity, indeed, which runs throughout them, is shown to be genuine by its multififormity: in one place it assumes the shape of deep and earnest longing for another's salvation; in another place it displays itself in warm and tender affection, comforting the mourner with sweet thoughts of heaven, healing the broken-hearted with the balm of Christian love. To take one short example, how much precious consolation is wrapt up in simple words like these:

"The Just One saw that iniquity increased on earth,  
And that sin had dominion over all men;  
And sent His messenger and removed  
A multitude of fair little ones,  
And called them to the pavilion of happiness.

"Like lilies taken from the wilderness  
Children are planted in paradise;  
And like pearls in diadems  
Children are inserted in the kingdom;  
And without ceasing shall hymn forth praise."

The second great feature which we especially admire, is the manner in which early Christian ideas are treated in these hymns. Christian poets are often fonder of their poetry than of their piety; they give us elaborate thoughts and exquisite metaphors, which are both usually rather adapted to Christianity than taken from it. We hold that a Christian hymnographer will find scope enough for any powers which he may possess, if he makes his faith in some one of its infinite phases the groundwork on which to build his thoughts or his fancies. We expect from him not so much new matter, as old matter in a new dress, under new aspects: we want poetry brought into the service of religion, and we do not want to see Christianity standing as a mere liegeman of poetry. Ephraem Syrus has almost invariably kept the golden mean: a pure spirit seems to have accompanied his imagination on its every flight; he writes as if borne aloft on angels' wings, as if he heard the inner harmonies of nature, and

\* Theodoret, Eccl. Hist., iv., 25, (ed. Gaisf.) Oxon: 1839.

listened to that jubilant voice which is ever rising up from all creation to its God. The notions of Neo-Platonism found much of their success in the way in which the most comforting aspects of Christianity were clothed by Oriental imaginations, and suited to the religious sentiments of the Oriental mind. Ephraem availed himself largely of this. To illustrate what we are saying, let us take the thought which gladdened so many in the midst of their affliction or persecution; which inspired so many to fight manfully for Christ—the thought of the happiness of departed spirits. The Christians of those days were often brought by their faith into a battle field of carnal warfare, where they were daily liable to death; their pilgrimage was often so wearisome, that the pilgrims dropped down on the road, and passed at a moment's notice to their rest. And thus with death around them on every side, mowing down the most loved ones like grass, they began to look upon themselves as, in a sense, already dead, as already sharers in the communion of the saints in light. Their interpreter, Ephraem, in these hymns, proceeds upon the basis of a Platonic, or rather Neo-Platonic, psychology, imagining the soul to be furnished with wings, with which, when purified, it is able to rise above the world of sense; and that the object of a holy life is to give these wings their pristine strength, so that when the soul is finally released from its prison-house it may literally rise to the life immortal. On leaving the body, it is conceived as finding itself suddenly naked in the wild wastes of infinite space, tossed hither and thither in the unutterable anguish of terrible distraction. And then angels' wings were crossed to bear it, and the arm of the Omnipotent was held forth to shield it, and the spirit rode thus royally to the city of God. And here came in another Oriental notion—that the adamantine hills which encircled Paradise, were fringed at their base by a sea of fire, which,

“Swelling with tumultuous roar,  
Beat the rocks with golden surges, fathomless  
forevermore.”

Nor have we to look far to discover the most beautiful resemblances between these hymns and those of later kinds. We are reminded on almost every page of some precious treasure in the stores of

later hymnology; not that the modes of expression are exactly coincident, but that the thoughts and ideas which underlie the outward form of words, are manifestly the same. In some cases, the similarity is to be accounted for by the fact of their both springing from the same fountain of God's Word; but in by far the majority of instances, they are both drawn from that living fountain which dwells in each believer. We select an instance, almost at random. The morning hymn runs:

“Thou hast given the daytime  
For business and labor,  
And that we may provide  
All useful things.

. . . . .

“Thou hast appointed a returning  
To the children of men,  
And all living creatures  
In the time of evening.”

Compare this with the Bishop Heber's morning hymn—

“God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day *for toil* hast given,  
*For rest* the night.”

Or, again, with (we think) Keble's hymn—

“Father! by thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour;  
Light hath vanished, labors cease,  
Weary mortals rest in peace.”

The feelings which are expressed in various places with regard to the judgment-day, are very similar to those embodied in the grand mediæval hymn, the *Dies Iræ*—feelings not so much of joy at the advent of the Saviour, as of shuddering bewilderment at the thought of mercy needed. One of Ephraem's hymns begins:

“How saddened is the sinner  
In his heart at that hour,  
When the King—Messiah shall sit  
Upon his dreadful judgment-seat!”

These words, if put into meter, would be exactly like the second verse of the *Dies Iræ*:

“Oh! what fear man's bosom rendeth  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth!”



But our space warns us, that it is time to leave the songs of Syria for those of Western Europe.

In many cases, hymns like these were the sole conservatives of Gospel truth when heterodoxy grew and flourished beneath the Papal influence. They were themselves too pure to be defiled by Romish contaminations; and although hymn after hymn was added to swell the aggregate by those whose faith succumbed to their superstition, yet these have come down to us in all the splendor of their first purity. So far from rejecting them, we ought rather to love them the more, because they flowed with clear and living stream through the barren wastes of Popery, until at length Popery gathered up her strength in a useless effort to taint them. As the Romish Church added dogma after dogma to her creed, her luster gradually faded from her hymnal, until at last all that her votaries could produce were fulsome laudations of the saints, and idolatrous invocations of Mary; but the two classes of hymns must ever be kept distinct; it is easy to recognize at a glance the difference between the voices of a Christian soul, and the panegyrics of false dogmas and imagined demigods.

We have now to deal with an objection to Latin hymns—the supposed faultiness of their language.

Latin poetry is accused of having perverted the language in a manner alien to its spirit; of having trampled beneath its feet existing grammatical forms; of having, in short, converted into a mere patois what once was polished and elegant, and “Augustan.” Hence, there are many learned men who are content to look upon the languages of these hymns much in the same light as the ghost of Demosthenes would look upon the briefs of modern Athenian barristers. We aver, on the contrary, that so far from corrupting Latin, Christianity gave it a new strength, for, by increasing its flexibility, it increased its power of expressing thought, and therefore its power as a language. The glorious truths of Christianity, so utterly foreign to the religious ideas of pagan Rome, could not be moulded in the phrases which had their one original meaning firmly embedded in the Roman mind. The incarnation, the resurrection of the dead, justification, regeneration, may be quoted as examples of doctrines

which, so far from fitting in with any words in actual use, could not have been at all adequately expressed by the most lengthy periphrases. Therefore, new words were invented, or, where possible, old ones had an entirely new signification applied to them. Mr. Trench’s eloquent words state the case very forcibly:

“But it is otherwise in regard of the Latin language. That, when the Church arose, requiring of it to be the organ of her divine words, to tell out all the new, and as yet undreamt of, which was stirring in her bosom; demanding of it that it should reach her needs—needs which had hardly or not at all existed—while the language was in process of formation, that was already full formed, had reached its climacteric, and was indeed verging, though as yet imperceptibly, toward decay, with all the stiffness of commencing age already upon it. Such the Church found it—something to which a new life might be imparted, but the first life of which was already overlived. She found it a garment narrower than she could wrap herself withal, and yet the only one within reach. But she did not forego the expectation of one day obtaining all which she wanted, nor yet even, for the present, did she sit down contented with the inadequate and insufficient. Herself young, and having the spirit of life, she knew that the future was her own—that she was set in the world for this very purpose of making all things new—that what she needed and did not find, there must lie in her the power of educing from herself—that, however, not all at once, yet little by little, she could weave whatever vestments were required by her for her comeliness and beauty. And we do observe the language, under the new influence, as at the breath of a second spring, putting itself forth anew, the meaning of words enlarging and dilating, old words coming to be used in new significations, obsolete words reviving, new words being coined—with much in all this to offend the classical taste, which yet, being inevitable, ought not to offend, and of which the gains far more than compensated the losses. There was a new thing, and that being so, it needed that there should be a new utterance, as well. To be offended with this is, in truth, to be offended with Christianity, which made this to be inevitable.”—*Sacred Latin Poetry*. Introd., pp. 6, 6.

Christianity, we know well, was at first not the religion of the Court; it grew up in the lanes and alleys of the metropolis, not in its palaces. Hence, with the exception of those new-coined phrases which formed part of the Christian catechesis, the language of ordinary life was the currency of Christian intercourse—we may assume, also, of Christian teaching. For,

to have their due effect on the minds of ordinary men, Christian truths, whether in hymns or homilies—had to be framed in ordinary language, and to employ the grammar of common life, which, as is abundantly proved by the Pompeian and other inscriptions, was different in many respects from the grammar of the educated classes, the prepositions, for instance, being used almost *ad libitum*. These hymns, therefore, are often very different in their phraseology from the compositions of the Court poets, just as the actual “lays of the cavaliers” were different from the polished rhymes of Aytoun.

But we are told by many Latin scholars, that they could overlook the syntax of these hymns, if they could forgive their prosody. The objection rests on two grounds—firstly, because most Latin hymns do not happen to be in the same meters as the heathen poems; secondly, because most Latin hymns substitute accent for quantity. To this twofold objection we have a twofold answer. In the first place, we contend that the hymnographers had a perfect right to choose what meters they pleased for their compositions, and that the standard which they themselves set up, is the standard whereby they ought to be judged. We have no right to find fault with Tennyson because he did not write his “In Memoriam” in decasyllabic couplets, or with Coleridge, because, in his “Christabel,” he gave up syllabic scansion altogether. We grant that it is lawful for us to form our own judgment with regard to the meter which is adopted, or the method of scansion on which it is based; but if these two points are satisfactorily settled, we must claim the right of every poet to mould his thoughts in whatever form of words he may consider most suitable to them.

And we must urge, in the second place, not merely that the Latin hymnographers had full liberty to throw off the shackles of the old prosody, but that it was absolutely necessary for them to do so. With regard to the meters, there were few, if any, which had not been profaned by the licentiousness of the heathen poets—there was scarcely one which had not formed the garb of some unholy song in praise of Venus or Apollo—which was not well known in the streets of Rome, by the nightly revelings of the dissolute and profligate. It was impossible that the

early Christians should be content to use, in the service of God, the meters or “tunes” which could not but remind them of the worst features of the heathenism which they had utterly forsaken. They who shrank so scrupulously from the slightest participation in the wickedness around them, could least of all give way in such a point as this—a point which involved the partial sacrifice of what was most dear to them—the purity of their worship. Who among us would not shrink from singing the psalms to some profane ditty taken from the theater or the gin-palace? And yet this was the light in which the early Christians could not help regarding the meters in which modern critics find so much exquisite beauty. Indeed, we may marvel that, instead of renouncing these old meters by degrees, the hymnographers did not throw them off at once. They doubtless would have done so, if they had been fully conscious of the power which each succeeding age was to unvail more and more, until at length the arm was laid bare which could raise an entirely new edifice of Christian poetry on the ruins of the temple of heathen song.

And there is a still more important consideration which we have not hitherto touched upon, but which, in our opinion, fully settles the question before us. The Christian poets could not be content to shackle themselves in a cold, lifeless form, which was utterly powerless to stir up the heart from its inmost depths, or to elevate the soul. They needed some melody which would ring through the mind’s most secluded chambers—which would amalgamate with thought in indissoluble union, and force its way into the soul of the hearer, without the possibility of resistance. They found no such power in the old lyric meters; they found no possibility of ever adopting the sacred truths of their faith to those series of nicely-moderated syllables, and exquisite felicities of expression, which constitute the body of Latin poetry.

As Mr. Trench observes:

“The Christian poets were in holy earnest; a versification, therefore, could no longer be endured attached with no living bonds to the thoughts, in which sense and sound had no real correspondence with one another.”—*INTRODUCTION*, p. 8.

They found what they needed in the

substitution of accent for quantity, and in the use of rhyme in the middle or at the end of the verse; and so, by slow degrees, these changes were effected, until at length the voice of jubilant melody could break forth in a meter like the following, which Mr. Neale has succeeded in transferring, with great accuracy and beauty, from Latin into English:

"Sing my tongue the glorious battle, with  
completed victory rife:  
And above the Cross' trophy, tell the triumph  
of the strife;  
How the world's Redeemer's conquered, by  
surrendering of his life."

And if at times these Christian hymnographers seized upon the decaying corpse of the old prosody, they reanimated it; they robed it in a marvelous strength. We think that the most wonderful poem ever written, as regards the mere mechanism of its composition, is one by Bernard of Clugni, "*De Contemptu mundi*," which consists of *three thousand hexameter lines, each having a triple rhyme*: its beauty is not confined, as we shall afterwards show, to its meter, but we feel constrained to quote a few lines now for the benefit of those among our learned readers who may not as yet have seen it:

"Stant Syon atria, conjubilantia, martyre  
plena,  
Cive micantia, principe stantia, luce serena;  
Est ibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,  
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.  
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus  
albis,  
Sunt sine flatibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus  
almis,  
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt  
sine lite,  
In Syon ædibus editoribus Israelitæ."

We pass now to the consideration of the hymns themselves in their general character.

The first great feature is their extreme *subjectivity*. It has been said that simple adoration, unalloyed by any thought of self, is the most fitting homage to the Deity—that we should praise God absolutely, not relatively, to us. Such thanksgiving may become angels, but surely it can not become men; as fallen beings we can only offer up acceptable praises through the Redeemer, and therefore every act of

praise must mediate or immediately bear some reference to the redemption. And in a state of transition, where temptations assail us at every step, where Divine support is needed every moment, our praise must more or less be mingled with prayer; if we ascribe him strength, it must be that he may make us strong; if we give him the glory, it must be that he may glorify his name in us; if we thank him for grace, it must be that he may continue to fill us with the spirit of grace. This is the character which is so strongly stamped on Latin hymns; the personal feeling of the writer clings to every idea, the doxology is made to tell at once upon the heart. We are speaking more especially of the purer Latin hymns; the case was sometimes altered; for an entirely opposite tendency gradually insinuated itself into Western psalmody—a tendency to make hymns the expression, not of Christian feeling, but of dogmatic theology—a tendency which crippled their power and stunted their growth. And yet it is to be marked how spiritual Christianity continually rose up in rebellion against this—how sometimes a solitary hymn shines bright like a solitary star amid the night-gloom which was creeping up the sky. Take, for example, these stanzas as a specimen of a hymn which was written by Bernard of Clairvaux—the restless monk who could convulse all Christendom with the thunders of his oratory, and then sit down in the calmness of his seclusion, to pen words like these:

"Jesu! the hope of souls forlorn,  
How good to them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek thee, oh! how kind!  
*But what art thou to them that find?*  
No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write its blessedness:  
*Alone who hath thee in his heart*  
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art,  
O Jesu! King of wondrous might!  
O victor glorious from the fight!  
Sweetness that may not be expressed,  
And altogether loveliest!"

—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 45.

Verses such as these are very different, even in a mere æsthetical point of view, from the compositions which gathered so much strength in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and which were fostered by the Romish Church like so many noxious weeds, in the garden where these flowers had grown. There was little or

no subjectivity in them, and what there was, consisted of a mere "ora pro nobis" at the end of a long catalogue of the virtues of a St. Veronica or St. Landeline. To show that we do not exaggerate, when we thus contrast the offshoots of Popery with the purer effusions of Christian spirit, we give one stanza, which we have selected at random from a hundred similar ones:

"Salve sancta facies  
Nostri redemptoris,  
In que nitet species  
Divini splendoris,  
*Impressa panniculo*  
Nivei candoris,  
*Dataque veronica*  
*Ob signum amoris."*

There was another phase of the subjectivity of Latin hymns which we must not neglect to notice. The writers were not content simply to express, in sacred verse, the feelings which they shared in common with all true Christians, under the influence of ordinary circumstances. They went further than this: they frequently so stamped their own peculiar emotions on their compositions, that, as in the Psalms of David, internal evidence furnishes a clue to their history. It is delightful to be able here and there, among the shades of that gathering gloom, to recognize a Christian brother, whose soul has been impressed upon some words which can make music in our hearts even now—which gleam forth with the fullest glory of true Christianity, and yet have their own individual tale of conflict, or of comfort. There is an exquisite hymn, for example, which was written by King Robert of France—a man who seems to have found his crown a burden, who had been tossed about from year to year in a restless tempest of persecution and calamity, and who cries to the Comforter to give him strength to stand, in a hymn which we should have quoted, if it could have been at all adequately rendered in English. Our learned readers will find it given in Mr. Trench's volume; we can only say of it, that it shows very beautifully how the writer had been made patient through suffering, how his gentle spirit had been rendered more gentle still by its conquest of the selfish unlovingness around it.

We must now speak of the *symbolism* which forms the second great characteris-

tic of Latin hymns; and in approaching the subject, we feel that it requires much caution. We do not think that symbolism is dangerous in itself, for it is the gratification of that mysterious craving of our souls which prompts us to look for the infinite in the finite—for some sign of the finger of the Eternal on the corruptible things around us. Hence arises the love of symbols, and so far as they merely serve thus to *remind* the soul of something higher, so far, in other words, as the connection between the symbol and the thing symbolized is regarded as *conceptual* and not *real*, they may perhaps be useful. But the transition is not difficult, and to unthinking minds would be almost imperceptible. The attributes of the thing symbolized seem to attach themselves, in process of time, to its earthly representative, and soon become inseparable from it. This is what we have to notice in mediæval symbolism—there is the gradual substitution of the type for the antitype—the gradual forgetting of the nature of the symbol, until at last the lesser and the greater are fused together, and the whole truth involved in hopeless error. In fact, the errors of later mediæval symbolism, partly because they were more palpable to a superficial investigation, and partly because they have been retained by the Romish Church, have been regarded as stamping mediæval symbolism universally with an indelible brand of superstition, and even idolatry. There is gloom in mediæval symbolism, but there is also light. The hymns on which this feature of the age is stamped are of different shades—they vary from the intense brightness of pure Christianity to the intense darkness of unmingled Popery. We must not, however, judge the one class by the other—we must not suppose that all are equally infected—for we shall find that the true symbolism of some of these hymns has a great effect upon the heart; that, like the symbolism of the Bible, it strikes the feelings at once, and therefore does its work completely. To take the case of the Cross, which will probably serve as an example of one of the points of mediæval symbolism which are most generally misunderstood. In the early days of Christianity, it was adopted almost universally among Christians as a symbol of the redemption—not because there was any necessary connection between the two—any other



conventional symbol would have served the purpose equally well. We meet with it a little beyond this use, when, as the oriflamme in the vanguard of the Church's host, it was celebrated thus :

"The Royal banners forward go,  
The cross shines forth in mystic glow ;  
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid."  
—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 51.

But this was the Rubicon. Beyond this, where the dark wilds of superstition, but no fears, on that account, deterred the later hymnographers from rushing forward. They boldly apostrophized the Cross in words which Mr. Neale has rendered thus :

"Faithful Cross! above all other, one and only  
noble tree!  
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit  
thy peers may be!  
*Succetest wood, and sweetest iron,\* sweetest*  
*weight is hung on thee!*  
Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory! thy re-  
laxing *sinews* bend!  
And awhile the ancient rigor that thy birth  
bestowed suspend;  
And the King of heavenly beauty *on thy*  
*bosom gently bend.*"  
—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 54.

We feel compelled to pause a moment, and marvel at the unblushing audacity which has led an English clergyman to intrude nonsense like this into a hymnal, which, but for this and similar blots (such as the "*roseate*" blood of Christ, p. 65) would be unequalled for beauty. We pause, for it is a sad and pitiable case—the case of one who can so completely enslave his great abilities as a translator to the production of versions such as these. Sweet wood and sweet iron: does Mr. Neale mean literal "sweet" wood and iron, or metaphorical "sweet" wood and iron, for really we scarcely know which is least absurd? And who ever heard of a tree's sinews, and still less of the Cross's sinews—and why should our Lord's body be called a "sweet" body? We beg to assure Mr. Neale that if he has any desire to revive Latin hymns in this country, he will not do so by dragging forth from

\* Mr. Neale is, in this instance, "*Romanis speis paulo Romanior*," for Father Caswall is content with—

"Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,  
Laden with so sweet a load."

the sepulcher of Popish darkness words which are utterly revolting, not merely to our feelings as Protestants, but to our common-sense as Britons.

We must notice, though our space compels us to be brief, a very important branch of the symbolism of Latin hymns. We refer to their interpretation of the Old Testament. Of symbolistic interpreters, Adam of St. Victor is undoubtedly the prince. He seems to consider each minutest incident in the Old Testament history as a mirror in which was reflected some Christian truth; but his analogies, although often beautiful and always ingenious, are for the most part very much overstrained. The following specimen will show his average style better than any lengthened remarks :

"Christ the prey hath here unbound  
From the foe that girt us round,—[1 SAM.  
28: 24-26,]  
Which in Samson's deed is found  
When the lion he had slain.—[JUDGES  
14: 5, 6.]  
David in his Father's cause,  
From the lion's hungry jaws  
And the bear's devouring paws,  
Hath set free his flock again.—[1 SAM. 17: 34  
-36.]  
He that thousands slew by dying,—[JUDGES  
16: 30,]  
Sampson, Christ is typifying,  
Who by death overcame his foes.  
Sampson by interpretation,  
Is "*their* SUNLIGHT:" our Salvation  
Thus hath brought illumination  
To the elect on whom he rose.  
From the Cross's pole of glory—[*The Spice*,  
NUMB. 13: 23]  
Flows the must of ancient story  
In the church's wine-vat stored:  
From the press now trodden duly  
Gentile first-fruits, gathered newly,  
Drink the precious liquor poured."

Another prominent characteristic of Latin ecclesiastical poetry, is the power with which it compresses grand ideas into single phrases, wrapping up into condensed expressions thoughts which theologians would expand into volumes. It is this which has given modern poetry its power over the heart. And we think that it is in this way only that many great truths can reach our hearts with any real force. Our intellects may be convinced by logic or by intuition, but neither of them can reach the heart. That requires something more forcible, more impressive, and in this kind of poetry, it needs have their fulfillment,

for one of these condensed expressions comes upon it, not like a congeries of faint tintinnabulations, but like the knell of some mighty tocsin which it "can not choose but hear," sounding up as it does from the depths of time in tones of warning or encouragement, bidding us array ourselves for conflict, or chant to God for victory.

We have before alluded to the symbolism which characterizes the hymns of Adam of St. Victor, we must now quote him as the hymnographer in whom this expressiveness of which we are speaking found probably its fullest development. What Bengel is in exegesis, Adam of St. Victor is in hymnology. We are sure of finding a terseness in almost every phrase vailing an exceeding beauty of sentiment. Take, for instance, this stanza on John the Baptist :

"Ardens fide, verbo lucens,  
Ed ad veram lucem ducens  
Multa docet millia.  
Non *lux* iste, sed *lucerna*,  
Christus vero lux æterna,  
Lux illustrans omnia."

It can hardly be denied, however, that this love of concentrating force into single expressions, is sometimes carried too far; we mean when phrases of this kind are piled one upon another, until they form a poem rather than a hymn. This is undoubtedly a fault, because it, to a great extent, unfits the hymn for Christian worship—the worship where the learned and the unlearned meet together, and where no distinction of class can properly be maintained. Even granting that intellectual Christians may have for private devotion hymns suited to their capacities, still we are inclined to think that it is possible so to strain the intellect as to exclude the heart from exercising its rightful function. For heart-worship is ever the truest. Abelard's aphorism, "*Fides præcedit intellectum*," can not be disputed by any one who has known the ceaselessness of conflict which commences when once the intellect usurps the supremacy. We have advocated the subjectivity of Latin hymns; we have defended, to some extent, their symbolism; we have commended their expressiveness, simply because of the power which each of these characteristics, especially in combination, wields over the heart; and, therefore when we find that some of these Victorine hymns fail in pro-

ducing this effect, because of their overwrought elaborateness, we must hesitate before we include them in our eulogy as *hymns*, whatever may be the admiration which is due from us on account of their exquisite beauty as *poems*. The simple melody of the Ambrosian hymns frequently gathers up its strength, and strikes upon our hearts with a wonderful force. This leads us to think that, as hymns, they are far preferable to those which are moulded in the Victorine school, for their beauty is such as all can appreciate, from the highest to the lowest, and their power is such as all must feel who have not resolutely barred the gates of their heart's citadel against the entrance of any Christian sentiment whatever. For example, in a hymn written by Ambrose of Milan himself, after a description of the Incarnation, the chorus suddenly strikes up :

"O equal to the Father, Thou!  
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now:  
The weakness of our mortal state  
With deathless might invigorate."

Or, similarly, in another hymn—

"Be Thou our joy, and thou our guard,  
Who art to be our great reward;  
Our glory and our boast in thee  
Forever and forever be."

These three characteristics are the only ones which seem prominently to attach themselves to the great body of Latin hymns, and we must contend that the presence even of these three—their subjectivity their symbolism, and their expressiveness—furnishes one of the strongest arguments in their favor, for these are the great essentials to real heart-stirring hymns, whether they be doxological or didactic.

There are, however, a few Latin hymns which stand eminently above the rest, and therefore claim special attention: on some of these we shall now briefly touch. In chronological order, the first which strikes us is a hymn attributed by a preponderance of authorities to Augustine, and in every respect worthy of the prince of Latin theologians. Our readers shall judge of it, at least a portion of it, for themselves: its subject, as they will perceive, is the joys of Paradise:

"Winter braming—summer flaming,  
There relax their blustering,

And sweet roses ever blooming  
Make an everlasting spring.  
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,  
And the balsam perfuming.

"There nor waxing moon, nor waning  
Sun, nor stars in courses bright,  
For the Lamb to that glad city  
Shines an everlasting light:  
There the daylight beams forever,  
All unknown are time and night.

"For the saints in beauty beaming,  
Shine in light and glory pure,  
Crowned in triumph's flushing honors,  
Joy in unison secure,  
And in safety tell their battles,  
And their foe's discomfiture.

"Here they live in endless being,  
Passingness has passed away;  
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,  
For decayed is all decay:  
Lasting energy hath swallowed  
Darkling death's malignant away."  
—*Mediæval Hymns*, etc., p 59.

With these stanzas we can not but compare a hymn, to which we have before alluded, to point out the marvelousness of its meter. The following is a faint and feeble echo of a few lines of Bernard's long poem:

"To thee, O dear, dear country!  
Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep;  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love and life and rest.  
O one! O only mansion!  
O Paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And joys have no alloy;  
Beside thy living waters  
All plants are great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall.  
Thy ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced,  
The saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is Christ.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy power;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.  
They stand those Halls of Syon  
Conjubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,  
And many a martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The light is aye serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen:  
There is the throne of David,  
And there from toil released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;  
And they beneath their Leader,  
Who conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white."  
—*Mediæval Hymns*, etc., pp. 55–57.

A considerable number of Latin hymns is classed under the general title of "Sequences," a term primarily applied, as Mr. Neale informs us, to words composed to fit in with the Gregorian prolongation of the "Alleluia." They were first written in the tenth century. We are anxious rather to introduce Latin hymns to our readers than to theorize about them, and therefore we shall make no apology for quoting rather than describing them. The first example which we shall give of a sequence, exhibits their more primitive form. It is full of an admirable simplicity, which has ten times the power of an elaborate complexity, doing effectually the work which we maintain that Latin hymns are especially calculated to do—the work of stirring up the soul, and preaching to the heart. We may notice in this instance, too, how great a remove there is from the Mariolatry of later times, and even of later hymns, the "Stabat Mater," for example. The ruggedness of the English meter is a close imitation of the original:

"Death and life,  
In wondrous strife,  
Came to conflict sharp and sore:  
Life's Monarch, He that died, now dies no more.  
What thou sawest, Mary, say,  
As thou wentest on thy way?  
'I saw the slain One's earthly prison;  
I saw the glory of the Risen;  
The witness-angels by the cave,  
And the garments of the grave.  
The Lord, my hope, hath risen: and he shall  
go before to Galilee.'  
We know that Christ is risen from death  
indeed,  
Thou victor Monarch, for thy suppliants  
plead."  
—*Hymnal Noted*, p. 63.

We have reserved until now, as the copestone of our quotations, a sequence which stands unequalled among sacred me-

trical compositions—we refer to the "*Dies Iræ*" of Thomas de Celano. Unearthly in its pathos—magnificent in its diction—thrilling in its versification—it comes upon our souls with the sweep of a rushing wind, lifting them up on its breast of swelling might until they seem to be already hearing the first note of the archangel's trump as it echoes up from the realms of infinity, and momentarily expecting it to ring fully through the abodes of quick and dead. If we seek for an instance of the force of subjectivity, we find it in its fullness here; if we seek to know the power of words, we have here the very limit of expressiveness, and these two are welded together firmly and indissolubly by a meter which will serve at once as the best apology for the renunciation of classicalism, and the best example of the heart-felt significance of Christian Latinity. Until Dr. Irons' version appeared in the *Hymnal Noted*, English readers had been entirely without a translation which gave even a tenth-rate lithograph (if we may use the expression) of this gorgeous picture, and we regret that it is only popularly known through such corrupted media. The version of which we speak has, however, left little to be desired, since it faithfully represents not merely the language, but also the meter, and what is more, the rhyming triplet of the original. We feel compelled to quote its more striking verses, referring our readers to Daniel's *Thesaurus*,\* or Mr. Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry:"

"Day of wrath! O day of mourning!  
See! once more the Cross returning,  
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

"O what fear man's bosom rendeth!  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth!

\* We think that Daniel's will continue to be the best work of reference for ordinary purposes, embracing, as it does, not merely Western, but also Eastern hymnology, although in some respects the new German "*Hymni Latini Medii Ævi*, Edid. F. J. Mone," will be more complete.

"Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,  
All before the throne it bringeth!

"Death is struck and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making!

"What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding?  
When the just are mercy needing.

"King of Majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

"Think! kind Jesu, my salvation,  
Caused thy wondrous incarnation;  
Leave me not to reprobation!

"Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suff'ring brought me;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

"Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion!

"Guilty now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God! thy suppliant groaning!

"Low I kneel with heart-submission;  
See, like ashes, my contrition;  
Help me in my last condition.

"Ah! that day of tears and mourning!  
From the dust of earth returning:  
Man for judgment must prepare him;  
Spare, O God! in mercy spare him!  
Lord who didst our souls redeem,  
Grant a blessed requiem—Amen."

But now we must close our brief sketch of Latin hymnology. We had intended to have pursued the subject further, by tracing the coincidences between the voices of the Christian life in those ages, and the voices of the Christian life in later times, but our limits compel us to forbear.



From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

## DELHI AND THE MOHAMMEDAN REBELLION IN INDIA.

"Not only the interests of England, but also those of Europe, are at stake before the walls of Delhi," said a French writer in the *Constitutionnel*. This is true to an extent that may not be at once perceived. It is not only that Islamism has raised the standard of revolt in the old capital of India—the seat of the Patan and Mogul dynasties, and the center of Mohammedan rule in Asia—against Great Britain, that it has, by misrepresentations and falsehoods, seduced the pliant and superstitious Hindoos, and by a mongrel hybrid proclamation, after the style of those of Hannuk, the founder of the Seiks, attempted to identify the paganism of the Hindoo with the iconoclasm of the Mohammedan: it is that by reviving the sway of the Mussulman in India and Central Asia, the long-dormant ambition and fanaticism of Islamism is aroused throughout the world. The hopes of better days, the promises of successes and triumphs, have been once more brought home to the impulsive imaginations of the followers of the Prophet, and have caused the pulse of Islamism to vibrate from Delhi to Teheran and Bokhara, and from Constantinople to Cairo, to Algiers, and to Morocco.

It can not be otherwise than interesting to glance for a moment retrospectively at what these great Mohammedan dynasties really were, that they should be called upon in the nineteenth century to supersede British rule in the East; that "Down with the British, up with the Mohammedan rulers; down with the *Raj* of the 'Company Bahadur,' up with the throne of the Emperor of Delhi; away with the restraints of meek, gentle, tolerant Christianity; hail the reëscendancy of stern, intolerant, all-conquering Islam," should be the battle-cry throughout the plains of Hindostan.

The Moslems first entered India, as they did all other portions of the globe that have been favored by their presence, as conquerors and subjugators of the

human race. Historians record twelve freebooting expeditions made by Mahmud of Ghizni, from all of which he returned triumphant and laden with booty. Delhi was at that epoch ruled by its own native sovereigns, the rajahs of Delhi or Indrapresta being mentioned as early as A.D. 1008, and its reigning prince entered, with other native princes, into alliance with Annindpal, King of Lahore, to oppose the devastations of the Moslems. The Hindoos being, however, defeated in a pitched battle, the Mohammedans, after sacking and destroying the sacred idols at Tanassar, took possession of Delhi, and would even then have occupied it permanently, had it not been that the well-defended kingdom of Lahore intervening, a regular communication could not be kept up between Delhi and Ghizni.

A Hindoo king of Delhi combated at Ajmeer with a Moslem prince of Ghizni—Mohammed Ghorî—hand to hand. Overthrowing the Ghorian, he wounded him in his arm, and entailed the rout of the whole Moslem army. The Mohammedans had their revenge, however, the ensuing year. The King of Delhi was slain in battle, his army dispersed, and the city handed over to the keeping of a Turkish slave, Kuttub, who, on the death of Mohammed Ghorî, assumed the character of an independent sovereign. Thus it was that Moslem dominion was for the first time established in the heart of India. The founder of this first Mohammedan, or, as it was called, Patan race of emperors, was of the humblest birth. Brought as a captive from Turkestan, he had been purchased by a citizen of Nishapour, who, finding his talents good, instructed him in various arts and sciences. Upon the death of his master, he was sold with the rest of the property, and came into the possession of Mohammed. His abilities and address soon raised him to the rank of principal page, whence he was promoted to a military command, and rose to the first station in the army.

As King of Delhi, Kuttub, who had added Al Deen, "the faithful," to his name, employed himself in making war, in honor of "the faith," with his neighbors, till he sank into the usual luxurious indolence of Oriental potentates. At his death, Altmush, who, like Kuttub, had been sold as a slave and purchased by that prince, usurped the throne from Aram, the rightful heir. This prince extended the empire on every side, subjecting Bengal, and Bahar, Malwa, and reducing Gwalior, always considered the principal bulwark of Mohammedan power. After his death, which took place in 1236, there followed a succession of princes, most of whom occupied, during a very short period, a disputed throne. Among the most remarkable were Rizia Begum, one of the rare instances of a queen reigning among Mohammedans, and who, becoming attached to an Abyssinian slave named Jamal, and heaping the highest honors and dignities on her paramour, caused an insurrection, was imprisoned, and put to death. Mahmud II. was taken from a prison to a throne, which he, in consequence, knew not how to enjoy. Balin, his successor, was another of the *slave emperors*. This monarch's palace, reigning as he did in the time of the ravages of Zinghiz Khan, became the place of refuge of a host of Mohammedan princes, including even two sons of the Calif.

Kei Kobad, who succeeded to Balin, gave himself up to license and voluptuousness, abandoning the reins of government to Nizam, an unworthy favorite, who oppressed the people, and put to death all who endeavored to oppose his tyranny. At length his health being ruined, he became an object of contempt to his people, and was murdered, together with his infant son, by Feroze, an Affghan chief, who, as usual, stepped through blood to power. Allah, who succeeded his uncle Feroze in 1295 by murdering him, not only began his reign in cruelty, but waded through blood to the end. He abandoned himself at the same time to the most unbridled profligacy. This Indian Heliogabalus, ignorant as he was sensual and cruel, cherished the idea of uniting the Moslems and Brahmins in one common worship, and of being himself a second Mohammed. He was got rid of by poison administered by one Kafoor, a profligate favorite, who also indulged his propensity to cruelty by putting out the

eyes of the Princes Chizer and Shadi. He was, however, himself assassinated by another prince, who succeeded to the throne under the title of Mubarik I.

Mubarik, like his predecessors, disgraced his brief reign by plunging into all those excesses of cruelty and debauchery which have consigned the rulers of the Patan and Mogul dynasty to infamy. There is really little variety in the history of these vicious princes—it is a constant repetition of nearly the same scenes. Chusew, an abandoned courtier, had Mubarik's head cut off with a saber. He in his turn was put to death, and was succeeded by Tuglik, a slave from the warlike border-tribe of the Jits. His crimes, and those of his son and successor, Mohammed III., surpassed those of their most guilty predecessors, and made the latter, during a reign of twenty-seven years, the execration of the East. Mubarik was a monster of debauchery—Mohammed, of cruelty. His actions exceeded in atrocity the greatest enormities of the worst of the Cæsars. On conceiving umbrage at any class of the inhabitants, he assembled his warriors as for a hunt, then told them that men, not animals, were to be the objects of chase. The devoted district was subjected to military execution: the people were massacred, their eyes were put out, or their heads were carried to Delhi and suspended in rows along the walls. These were "the good old times," which it is now deemed by certain fanatics so desirable to revive! It is the descendants of these men who are called the Latimers and Ridleys of India!

These dreadful scourges of humanity were succeeded by Feroze III., who happily found gratification in building mosques, colleges, and bridges. The short reigns of Tuglik II., of Abu Beker, and of Mohammed IV., only served further to exemplify the precarious nature of Oriental power. Mahmud III. was a minor, and the crown was being disputed by Nuserit, grandson to Feroze III., when, in the year 1397, India was assailed by an enemy whom her utmost strength, guided by far abler monarchs, would scarcely have been able to resist. Timur, after the siege and massacre of Batneir, had approached Delhi. Mahmud was induced to give battle to the Tartar without the walls; he was defeated, and fled to Guzerat. Historians vary as to the ex-

tent of the guilt of Timur in the fatal scene that ensued. The Mohammedan historians assert, that while that Prince was celebrating a great festival in his camp, he was surprised by the view of the flames ascending from the capital. Ferishta, however, gives more credit, and seemingly with reason, to the report that some of his troops having acted with violence towards the citizens, the latter rose and killed several of their number; upon which Timur gave up this immense metropolis to an unrestrained pillage. The unhappy Hindoos, in a state of distraction, slew their wives, then rushed out upon their enemies; but the efforts of this undisciplined crowd availed nothing against the warlike array of the Moguls; the streets of Delhi streamed with blood, and after a short contest the unresisting natives were led captive by hundreds out of the city.

The Tartars, after the departure of Timur, exercised scarcely any sway over India. Money was indeed coined in the devastator's name, and its princes owned themselves nominally his vassals. In other respects, his inroad served only to aggravate the anarchy under which that hapless country was doomed to groan. Delhi, for some time almost abandoned, began to be re-peopled, and passed from one hand to another. Chizev, viceroy of Moulton, seized the throne for a time, and held it as the representative of Timur. Another Mubarik was assassinated by his vizier. The weak reigns of Mohammed V. and of Allah II. had nearly dissolved the empire, when it was seized and held for thirty-eight years by the firm hand of Bheloli. His son, Secunder I., supported his reputation; but Ibrahim II., who succeeded, was cruel and unpopular, and was therefore ill-prepared for the great crisis which impended over the country. The Mongul Tartars, or the Moguls, as the Indians call them, were once more approaching Delhi under Baber. Like his predecessor Mahmud, Ibrahim went forth from the city to give them battle; like his predecessor he was defeated; and Baber, in the year 1526, seated himself on the throne of Delhi. Such was the end of the dynasty, or rather the successive dynasties of the Patan emperors, with a very few exceptions a disgrace, not only to princely rule, but to the very title of manhood. No country could have been in a more hum-

bled state than India was during that long period of misrule and tyranny: the slave of slaves, trampled upon by a foreign soldiery bigotedly hostile to all her creeds and institutions, she was in a position in which life itself was scarcely worth the holding.

It might have been hoped that a change of masters would have brought with it some amelioration in the condition of the prostrate Hindoo, but it was not so. Baber's reign, which only lasted five years, was disturbed by insurrections both in India and in Caubul. This first of the Great Moguls is vaunted as the most accomplished prince that ever ruled over Hindostan; yet, as has been justly remarked, we nowhere see him in the edifying picture of a monarch devoting himself in peace to the improvement of his country and the happiness of his people. He bequeathed his troubled empire to his son Humaioon, (Hum-ayyun,) who was conspired against by his two brothers, Camiran and Hindal, at the same time that he was attacked by Shere, Khan of Bengal. Driven out of his dominions, this unfortunate prince experienced a succession of calamities such as scarcely ever befell even the most unfortunate princes of the East. Having taken refuge in Persia, he was induced to adopt the Shiah form of Mohammedism in return for succor to regain his throne. In the mean time the Patan Shere ruled over all India, and was succeeded by his son Selim, after whom, during the short reigns of a Mohammed and an Ibrahim, the empire was distracted by dissensions among the royal family, and by the revolt of the numerous Omrahs and viceroys. Humaioon, the Mogul, took advantage of these dissensions to regain the throne of Delhi, which he left a year afterwards to his son Akbar, who is extolled as the greatest monarch who ever swayed the scepter of India. This prince, like most of the early Mogul emperors, was, as De Huc describes the Tartars to have been generally, very latitudinarian in his religious convictions. This may account a great deal for the hold which they, the Moguls, obtained and held over Hindoos and Mussulmans alike. Some Portuguese missionaries having visited his court and challenged public controversy, Akbar proposed to decide the question by each party leaping into a furnace, the one with the Bible, the other with the Koran

in his hand. Needless to say that the controversialists declined to appeal to such a questionable criterion of religious faith.

Akbar's son Selim assumed the vain-glorious title of Jehanjir, "Conqueror of the World." He began his reign with a crime, committed to obtain possession of one of the so-called "Lights of the World"—also called the *Mher ul Nissa*, or "Sun of Women." His reign was also embittered by the revolt of his own son Chusew, and by the conspiracies of the fair, but frail, "Nur Jehan." His successor, Shah Jehan, adopted the most dreadful expedients to secure himself against a rival. He caused not only his brother, but all his nephews who were alive, to be put to death; and there remained not a drop of the blood of Timur in Delhi, except what flowed in his own and his children's veins. This sanguinary proceeding did not, however, save him from trouble. A Patan chieftain Lodi, led a first revolt, and the insurrection of his own sons crowned a reign that had been cradled in crime and violence. It was to this monarch that new Delhi, whither he had removed his residence, calling it after himself, Shah Jehanpoor, was indebted for his famed palace of red granite, which has been compared with the Kremlin, and the Jumma Musjeed, a magnificent mosque, not excelled by any other in India. Agra is also indebted to the architectural taste of the same king for the mausoleum called the Taj Mahal, raised in honor of another "Light of the World," Nur Jehan—his favorite queen.

The Mogul Empire is said by its adherents to have attained its highest glory under Aurengzebe, who "exalted the imperial umbrella over his head," after having dethroned and imprisoned his father. Yet what were the characteristics of this so-called glorious reign? The very tenure of the throne was disputed by two brothers, both at the head of powerful armies. The empire was threatened on one hand by the Persians, under the formidable Shah Abbas, on the other by the Mahrattas, now first rising into power. Aurengzebe also paved the way to the fall of his dynasty by violent hostility to the religion of the Hindoos—a new feature in the character of the Mogul emperors; and an insurrection under an old female devotee, Bistamia, showed how

readily the superstitious feelings of that strange people are worked upon.

On the death of Aurengzebe, the usual struggle for empire had to be gone through; and after many obstinate and bloody contests it fell to the lot of Shah Allum. The Seiks were at this epoch rising in power in the one direction as the Mahrattas were in another, and in consequence of religious differences were always at feud with the Mogul rulers. At Shah Allum's death, his sons, as usual, contended with one another for the empire. Jehandir Shah, who first succeeded, so abandoned himself to dissoluteness, that he was soon superseded by Ferokshere—the creature of two Sayyids, or descendants of the Prophet—for the Mogul court kept on increasing in fanaticism with its decline. These Sayyids murdered and raised several princes to the throne in succession. At length Mohammed Shah, who was indebted to them for his elevation, emancipated himself from their thralldom; but he had more powerful enemies to contend with without—the Mahrattas and the Persians. The latter were for the first time led victorious to the gates of Delhi by Nadir Shah. They entered the city of the Moguls as magnanimous conquerors, and for two days observed great moderation, but a collision happening, orders were issued for a general massacre in every street or avenue where the body of a murdered Persian could be found. The imperial treasury was ransacked, and found to contain specie, rich robes, and, above all, jewels to an almost incredible value. The Mogul emperors, since the first accession of their dynasty, had been indefatigable in the collection of these objects from every quarter, by purchase, forfeiture, or robbery; and every store had been continually augmented without suffering any alienation, or being exposed to foreign plunder. Nadir, however, made no attempt to retain India, though it lay prostrate at his feet, but after giving him some salutary advice, he replaced Mohammed on the tottering throne. He was succeeded by his son, Ahmed Shah, during whose short reign, as if foreign enemies had not been enough, the court was perpetually distracted by intestine dissensions. The empire was, indeed, now in a most precarious condition; there was scarcely a power so insignificant as not to think it



self sufficiently strong to trample upon it. The king of Affghanistan assailed the capital, and gave it up to a sack almost as dreadful as it had suffered from Nadir.

After this decisive event, the Mogul throne ceased to retain its wonted weight and importance. The empire of India was virtually contested by the Affghans and the Mahrattas. Delhi fell alternately into the hands of the one and the other power. Ali Gohur still retained possession of the empty but venerated title of "Great Mogul," but he was in reality the vassal of each daring chief who chose to seize upon the capital.

An Englishman, by the name of Hawkins, had visited the court of the great Mogul in the time of Jehanjir, and he was followed by Sir Thomas Roe, who first succeeded in obtaining some commercial privileges from these jealous monarchs. The English had gone on ever since improving their position, till, in 1689, the state of anarchy in which the empire was thrown, and the consequent insecurity entailed to their lives and property, led them to think of strengthening that position by territorial acquisitions. Such was the origin of the power of the East India Company. Calcutta was purchased during the reign of Aurengzebe, in 1698, and already in 1707 it was the seat of a civil and military presidency.

It is not our object here to follow up the rise of British power, but rather to trace the history of the decline of that of the Moguls. When the French and English came in contact in India, the Subahdars of the Deccan and the Nabob of the Carnatic, originally subordinate appointments under the Emperor of Delhi, were contesting the sovereignty of Southern India. The war with Surajah Dowlah, of Black-Hole notoriety, was succeeded by an attempt on the part of the Mogul dynasty to reassert its claims to the sovereignty of India in the person of its Shah Zadeh, or hereditary prince. He was supported in this by two other Mussulman chiefs, the Nabob of Oudh and the Subahdar of Allahabad, who, on the decline of the empire, had established themselves as independent rulers—the religious bond alone remaining. The British, under Clive, supported Meer Jaffier, the native ruler of Bengal, a line of conduct branded by Mill in his history of India as "undisguised rebellion;" but when we consider that the power of the Mogul

over distant provinces had for a long been less than nominal, the support before given to the princes in the South, who were opposed to the supremacy of the French, might have received the same designation with just as much truth and justice. The Mussulman chiefs, however, quarreled among themselves. The Shah Zadeh, "the descendant of so many illustrious sovereigns, and the undoubted heir of a throne once among the loftiest on the globe, (!) was so bereft of friends and resources, that he was induced to write a letter to Clive, requesting a sum of money for his subsistence, and offering a requital to withdraw from the province."

The defeated Prince soon, however, recognized another attack upon the British abetted by the Nabob of Oudh, and he made harassing excursions into the territory of their ally, Meer Cossim; but so greatly were his difficulties increased by the irregularities of his own allies, that he was ultimately induced to march over in person to the British, and unite himself to their cause. Allahabad was captured, and, on the return of Lord Clive, Sujah Dowlah was restored to his dominions, but the Mogul was compelled to leave in the hands of the Company the dewanee, or collection of the revenue of his entire sovereignty.

This establishment of the British sovereignty in Bengal was followed by the long war with Mysore, and no sooner was this over than the English became engaged in the greatest war that they ever waged in India—the war with the Mahrattas. The battle of Assaye and the fall of Alighur were followed up by General Lake marching directly upon Delhi, still the imperial capital, and the residence of him who enjoyed the rank and title of "Great Mogul," although, in reality, the prisoner of the renowned Rajpoot chieftain Sindia. General Lake had advanced within view of the walls of the imperial city, when he discovered the army organized under French command, drawn up in a strong position to defend its approaches. Though he had only 4500 men against 19,000, yet he determined to give battle without delay; but as the enemy could not without difficulty and severe loss have been dislodged from their present ground, he used a feigned retreat as a strategem to draw them from it. This delicate maneuver was executed

British troops with perfect order and skill. The enemy imagining the flight real, quitted their entrenchments and eagerly pursued; but as soon as they had been drawn forth on the plain, the English faced about, and a single charge drove the enemy from the field, with the loss of 3000 in killed and wounded, and their whole train of artillery.

The British General now entered Delhi without resistance. He immediately requested and obtained an audience of the sovereign, with whom a secret communication had previously been opened. He beheld the unfortunate descendant of a long line of princes, rendered illustrious by their crimes, seated under a small tattered canopy, the remnant of his former state; his person was emaciated by indignence and infirmities, and his countenance disfigured with the loss of his eyes, and marked with extreme old age and a settled melancholy. He is described as deeply sensible to the kindness of Lake, on whom he bestowed titles, such as "the Sword of the State," "the Hero of the Land," "the Lord of the Age," and "the Victorious in War." All his adherents, and the people of Delhi in general, expressed delight on this occasion, and the journalists, in the language of Oriental hyperbole, proclaimed that the Emperor, through excess of joy, had recovered his sight. Mill, who, as we have before seen, writes from a Mohammedan point of view, and adopts the versions given by Mohammedan historians, derides these rather pompous descriptions of the "delivering of Shah Allum," as he was, in fact, merely transferred as a state prisoner from one custody to another; but the more impartial Murray justly remarks, that besides having suffered the most barbarous treatment from some of the native chiefs, he had endured from all of them very great neglect. The French officers seem to have treated him with respect; but the funds obtained from Sindia for his support were exceedingly scanty. The English did not, indeed, restore even the shadow of his former power; but they maintained him in comfort, and with some semblance of the pomp by which the Mogul throne had been anciently surrounded. In return, they obtained for all their measures the sanction of a name still venerated throughout the empire, and as long as they held Delhi and subsidized its sove-

reign, they were virtually seated on the throne of India.

The vast scheme of conquest and subsidiary alliances by which the Company had studied to place the whole of the Eastern empire under British control, excited a deep sensation in the mother country. The public were, to a certain degree, dazzled with its splendid success; yet a numerous body of politicians exclaimed that this course was contrary to all true principles of policy; that it formed an interminable system of war; that the Company, in seating themselves upon the throne of the Mogul, and endeavoring to effect the conquest of all Hindostan, had entirely relinquished the basis on which they had uniformly professed to act. This state of feeling has ever since remained. The anomalous position of the Company and of the Queen's government, superadded to this perpetual fluctuation between the opinions of a peace and a war party, have led to a negative and inconsequent line of conduct. War governors have been superseded, as a reward for their defending the Company's territories against aggression, by governors who would accede to any thing, and submit to any amount of degradation, to insure a temporary cessation of hostilities, or, as it was called at home, the blessings of peace; in reality only a treacherous lull. Adrians succeeded to Trajans, and Trajans to Adrians; the threatening attitude of some neighboring potentate, actual acts of aggression, or ever-recurring insurrections, invariably leading to the reappointment of a governor supposed to be equal to the emergency. No wonder that such a vacillating system ultimately ended in one great act of rebellion! All that can be said is, that it would be probably worse under a parliamentary rule as at present constituted, where there are men to advocate the cause of the Mohammedans and Hindoos as that of the oppressed and the wronged; to vindicate the murder of children, and the public violation of British mothers as a just retribution; to exalt the native victims as martyrs in the cause of religion, (such is their respect for Christianity;) and to proclaim every act of retaliation as a diabolical feat of vengeance!

The pliant and superstitious Hindoo had, undoubtedly, as well as the haughty fanatic Mohammedan, a host of grievances, by which each was moved to in-

subordination; but the progress of events has shown that the present rebellion had its origin really in a cunningly contrived political conspiracy on the part of the Mohammedans — whether inspired from without we are not in the present moment in a condition to say—but a conspiracy having for its immediate object the extermination of the British power, in order to pave the way for the reestablishment of their own dynasty; and that the Hindoos have, for the most part, been duped and seduced into the false position of allies of a race who have always tyrannized over them, and treated them in a manner to which the yoke of the Christian must have been such a relief as to have constituted the greatest boon ever conferred upon suffering humanity. The spirit of insurrection, more especially among the Mohammedan and Brahminical Sepoys, first showed itself of late years during the rule of Lord Ellenborough, but the prompt and vigorous measures of that nobleman repressed it for the time being. A second attempt to coerce the iron will of Sir Charles Napier made the feeling still more manifest. That gallant veteran extinguished it ere yet the spark had smouldered into a flame, and was rebuked by Lord Dalhousie for so doing. In 1852, the 38th regiment was ordered to proceed to Burmah: upon their refusing, Lord Dalhousie allowed them to have their own way. From that moment a revolt became a mere question of time and opportunity.

The conspiracy, indeed, became general upon the annexation of Oudh. Not that the annexation was not and had not been for a long time a matter of state necessity; but when a government is obliged to have recourse to measures of such great import, adequate precautions should also be taken. Oudh was the right hand of the Mohammedan Empire; and it is impossible to describe the feelings of indignation and hatred with which the whole Mussulman population of India heard of the deed—the extinction of its political power. The deposed monarch, or those who acted for him, aware that the Bengal army was disaffected, resolved in return to overthrow the British rule in India. An alliance was entered into with the puppet King of Delhi, and it was determined that from Calcutta to Peshawur there should be a simultaneous rising in one day, in which the life of no Christian should be spared.

On what a frail tenure does our occupancy of India hang so long as we foster and pet, with their hundreds of thousands a year, so many vassal and tributary native princes!

The introduction of the Enfield rifle and greased cartridges worked the tampered feelings of the Sepoys up to the highest point of exasperation. That they afterwards used the same cartridges against the British only proves how deep the resentment which could overcome prejudice. On the 24th of January, 1857, the telegraph-office at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, was burnt down. The object was to prevent communication with the interior. So manifest was the progress of insubordination, that General Hearsay, commanding the presidency division, found it necessary to assemble the troops and to harangue them. The 19th N.I. mutinied at Berhampore on the 24th of February, and the government of Lord Canning, which had succeeded that of Lord Dalhousie, became at length sensible of impending mischief. Reports reached Calcutta about the same time of ill-feeling and disaffection having been evinced at the important stations of Meerut and Lucknow. On the 29th of March the 34th mutinied at Barrackpore, but were put down by General Hearsay's promptitude. On the 31st of March, the 19th having been marched down from Berhampore to Barrackpore, the regiment was disbanded. It has since transpired that they at one time entertained the notion of killing their officers on the way, marching into Barrackpore, where the 2nd and 34th were prepared to join them, fire the bungalows, surprise and overwhelm the European force, secure the guns, and then march on to sack Calcutta!

Delhi and Lucknow were, however, the real centers of rebellion. Luckily, at the latter place, Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the ablest men in India, was enabled to suppress the first mutiny that broke out on the 3d of May. At Meerut, near Delhi, mutiny was also rife; and on the 6th, General Hewitt having served out the old cartridges, such as had always been in use, to try the men, eighty-five refusing to take them, he ordered them to be put in irons. The native troops then sent off messengers to Delhi to warn the troops there to be ready to receive them on the 11th or 12th.

The evening of Sunday, the 7th of May,



will be ever memorable in the annals of India. On that evening the 3d Light Cavalry and the 20th N.I. broke out into open rebellion, and their example was followed, after the destruction of Colonel Finnis and other officers, by other regiments. Fifteen hundreded jail-birds were at the same time set free, to betake themselves with the revolted troops to the center of the rebellious Delhi.

The city of the "Great Mogul" was garrisoned at the time by the 38th, 54th, and 74th Regiments Native Infantry, and a battery of Native Artillery, under the command of Brigadier Graves, who had not a single European under his command. The 38th was the corps which had so successfully defied Lord Dalhousie in 1852, and the men of it had ever since been impressed with the idea that the government was afraid of them. The fact of leaving so important a city as Delhi, with its vast military resources, at the mercy of a native and disaffected soldiery, has caused much animadversion in this country, where the whole character, origin, and progress of the rebellion were at first generally misunderstood and misrepresented. Nay, General Hewitt's attempt to put down a revolt by bringing insubordination to a crisis, has been over and over again vilified as an attempt to force obnoxious cartridges on prejudices that were to be respected, and his putting the mutineers in irons as the first origin of the rebellion! Error could scarcely go further, unless strained by willful misrepresentation.

But the character of Delhi was such as to make it a very unfit place of residence for young English officers, whether in the civil or the military service.

"Whoever," says a writer who has visited the place, "has seen Grand Cairo, may gain some idea of Delhi, if he will but add to the picture gardens full of shading trees, brilliant flowers, lovely fountains of white marble, which cast up their bright waters among shining palaces, with sculptured mosques and minarets, like obelisks of pearl, shooting into a sky whose color would shame the brightest turquoise that ever graced a sultan's finger. Again, instead of camels, and horses, and mules, alone blocking up the narrow, shaded ways of the native city, as at El Misr, the reader must imagine strings of elephants, their large ears painted, their trunks decorated with gold rings, anklets of sil-

ver round their legs, and bearing large, square, curtained howdahs, in which recline possibly the favorites of the harem.

"Luxury, even now, can go no further in the East than it is to be found at Delhi. Even now all the best dancing-women, the bird-tamers, the snake-charmers, the Persian musicians, the jugglers, congregate from every part, not only of India, but of Asia, at Delhi. Hundreds of romances might be written of the lives of men and women who, from this degraded class, became court favorites, and by ready wit, personal beauty, and dark intrigue, ruled where they were wont to serve; and, even now, under absolute English rule, dissipation ever holds wildest revelry at Delhi. Young men, both in the civil and military services, were too soon influenced by the contagious and enervating influences of Delhi and its Oriental pleasures. Many a noble fortune, a fine intellect, and the material for high moral character, have yielded before the Circe-like temptations of this great Moslem capital; and the song and the dance have followed too quickly the decisions of courts and the cries of those demanding justice at our hands."\*

If Delhi was objectionable as a place of residence, it is difficult, however, to find a reason for which it should have been made a repository for arms and ammunition—the arsenal, indeed, of Upper India. This has manifestly been felt for some time past in India. Mrs. Colin Mackenzie says, in her excellent account of India:

"We got to Delhi about five A.M., on the 28th, C. having walked about twenty miles, and assisted in carrying me part of the way.

"*Monday, Dec. 31st.*—I imagine that the magazine and arsenal are in the middle of the city, and, of course, exposed to any

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\* On taking the census of Delhi, in 1846, it was ascertained that 'the imperial city contained 25,618 houses, 9945 shops, mostly one-storied, 261 mosques, 181 temples, and 1 church, (St. James's.) The total population consisted of 137,977 souls. Of these, 327 were Christians, 66,120 Mohammedans, and 71,530 were Hindoos. The census of the thirteen villages forming the suburbs of Delhi, comes down to 1847. They then contained 22,302 inhabitants: namely, of Hindoos, 709 cultivators, 14,906 non-cultivators; and of Mohammedans, 495 cultivators, and 6193 non-cultivators. Throughout Bengal, the proportion of Hindoos to Mussulmans is generally as three to one; the exception in regard to Delhi is owing to its having always been regarded as the head-quarters and capital of the Mohammedan population of India.



sudden attack from the inhabitants. This magazine contains the military stores for all the upper provinces, and C. thinks it most dangerous to leave them within reach of such a disaffected and fanatical population as the Mussulmans of Delhi."

Mr. Bentley has just published a new edition of Mrs. C. Mackenzie's book, originally known under the title of "The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana," as "Six Years in India, Delhi, the City of the Great Mogul, etc.," and at a price which will most opportunely place so valuable a repertory on Indian affairs within the reach of all.

Delhi is said, indeed, at the moment of the breaking out of the insurrection, to have contained in the depôt the products of the cannon-foundries of Kassifoure, and the gun-carriages and artillery *matériel* manufactured at Fattichgar, and those of the celebrated powder-mills at Ichopoure. Independent of the heavy ordnance on the ramparts, it had in store 640 heavy guns, of the caliber of from 18 to 24, intended to supply the different forts of the north-east provinces of the Calcutta Presidency, besides 480 pieces of field-artillery, of the caliber of from 7 to 9, and 95 obuses and 70 mortars. The store of projectiles and munitions was also very considerable.

The approach to Delhi from Meerut is defended by the little river Hindun, which is traversed by a small bridge. On receiving intimation of the movement of the rebels, Brigadier Graves's first idea was to cut away the bridge and defend the river. But there were two objections to this plan. The first, was, that at the season of the year the river was easily fordable, and his position on the other bank might be turned. The second, that in case of their attempting that maneuver, he would be compelled to fight (even if his men continued staunch) with the rebels on his front and flank, and the most fanatic and disaffected city in India in his rear. This plan was therefore abandoned, and the Brigadier determined to defend the city and cantonments as best he could. As this might endanger the lives of the non-military residents, intimation was conveyed to them to repair to the Flagstaff Tower, a round building of solid brickwork, at some distance from the city. Unfortunately all of them were not enabled to effect their retreat in time.

When the approach of the mutineers was announced, the 54th demanded to be

led against them. The brigadier acceded to their wish, but they fired their muskets into the air, and fraternizing with the rebels, they left their officers to their fate, and they were remorselessly cut down! All was now over with Delhi. The rebels dashed into the city, shooting in their progress all the Europeans they met with. Not a Christian whom they could lay hold of was spared; and on the women, death was the smallest of the barbarities inflicted. The Governor-General's agent, Mr. Simon Frazer, and Captain Douglas, commanding the palace guards of the traitor king, were cut down in the very precincts of the palace. Mr. Jennings, the chaplain, and his daughter, were seized when making their way to the King for his protection. They were brought before the monarch, born our pensioner, and ever treated by the English government with the most unbounded liberality. "What shall we do with them?" inquired the brutal troopers. "What you like. I give them to you!" was the chivalrous reply of the descendant of the Great Mogul. It is to be hoped that the system of upholding mock monarchies in India will be done away with after this, and that the kings of Delhi and of Oudh—the last representatives of the sensuality, the vice, and the crimes of India—will no more be heard of.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Willoughby had, with a handful of Europeans, put the arsenal into a state of defense. The rebels, however, soon got over the walls and poured into the building. Four rounds were fired on them from two 6-pounder guns, doubly loaded with grape; but nothing could keep off the overpowering host. A train had been laid by Lieutenant Willoughby to the magazine, and resistance being vain, the signal was given to fire it, which, according to Lieutenant Forrest, who survives the glorious incident, was done coolly by conductor Scully. The explosion killed upwards of a thousand of the mutineers, and enabled Lieutenant Willoughby, who has since died of his wounds, Lieutenant Forrest, and more than half the European defenders of the place, to fly together from the city blackened and singed, and almost all either wounded or more or less hurt.

Brigadier Graves had in the mean time retreated, with the few men who remained faithful, to the Flagstaff Tower. Here he found a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Here also were stationed a com-

pany of the 38th, and two guns. The rascals soon prepared to turn these guns against the tower. Brigadier Graves perceiving this, had no alternative left but to advise every one to escape as best he could! We would willingly draw a veil here over the treatment that our countrywomen have met with at the hands of the rebels; but the subject has a far too important bearing to be passed over in silence. One "Caubulee" has so ably exposed this bearing of the question, that we can not do better than quote his words:

"It is well to spare the feelings of surviving friends in England, but I for one think that it would be wholesome for the nation to know, so far as unutterable horrors may be expressed, the manner in which our dear countrywomen and their children were publicly tortured to death in the streets of Delhi, partly by the mutineers and partly by the Mohammedan citizens. Nothing but these stern and appalling realities will stir up the English people to insist on the adoption of those energetic measures by which alone, under the blessing of the Most High, our most important national interests can be secured and our national honor be redeemed.

"Already the Continental nations view our apathy, as to the one, and our feeble efforts to secure the other, with mingled emotions of astonishment and contempt; and you may be sure that among Oriental tribes and peoples, from Constantinople to Canton, the remains of the prestige of the 'Ungreez' (English) are fast disappearing under the impression that God has judged us, and that our time has come. You may point to our so-called Persian successes and exclaim, Have not these reestablished our influence and reputation? My answer is, No, no, no! The abrupt termination of the Persian war, in the midst of signal success, has not made that impression on the Oriental mind which was fondly hoped by several Quakers, philanthropic old gentlemen, and really Christian mothers of families. An Englishman or woman may be highly intellectual and well-educated, their hearts may be in the right place, and their religious principles genuine, and still they may be quite unable to apprehend or comprehend the perverse modes of reasoning and the unchristian conclusions of our tawny Eastern brethren.

"For many years the sayings and doings and the comparative importance, as regards Asia, of European powers have formed a fertile and interesting topic for the nations of that quarter of the globe. Intelligence of our proceedings and status in India circulates far and wide with inconceivable rapidity, and it is perhaps needless for me to call your attention to the extreme sensitiveness of Asiatics on the point of honor as connected with their females. The monstrous outrages on and murder of our ladies are re-

garded by all Asiatics—Indians, Turcomans, Persians, etc.—as a damning national insult; and so they are. The magnitude of the conspiracy against us in India, and the gigantic hopes of the conspirators, may be measured in a great degree by their having dared to offer this particular insult, not accidentally, but systematically, wherever the outbreaks have taken place.

"This is an indication of determined and devilish animosity, on a scale unprecedented in the annals of Indian insurrections and mutinies. For although three years ago an English officer and his wife and daughter were robbed, stripped, and wounded in the Hyderabad territory, (an ominous outrage, which was unresented and unatoned for,) still, in general, a European woman, lady or otherwise, was held sacred from one end of India to the other, from the impression of the natives, that the conquering and governing race would avenge any insult to their wives and daughters with inflicting and exemplary severity. My knowledge of the moral, social, and political tenets and notions of Orientals in this respect, has made me dwell on this painful subject more emphatically than I should otherwise have done, for truly as I write my blood courses like boiling lava through my veins. Why, a tribe of Rajpoots would perish to a man, rather than not avenge an insult offered to the meanest woman of their race; and we are solemnly called upon to lay down our lives for our brethren, *a fortiori* for our sisters."—"The Crisis in India: its Causes and Proposed Remedies." Bentley.

The *Times* has also spoken out upon the same subject, if possible still more to the point:

"England, religion, and civilization have received the most intolerable insult that Mohammedan fanaticism could devise in a systematic series of deliberate brutalities on European women and children. Throughout all the East this is the particular mode of expressing the utmost national scorn and defiance. A people, it is there felt, that can not, or does not choose, to protect and avenge its women is no people at all, and unfit to be served or obeyed. The Mohammedans of every class do not allow their women to be seen by the eye of man, and nowhere is this scruple so strong as in Hindostan, where even Turks and Persians are thought less refined. However dissolute an old Begum may be—and some of them are something extraordinary in this way—wherever she goes curtains and draperies must protect her from the profanation of male eyes. In various less settled districts of Hindostan—Rajpootana, for instance—where the state of society makes it difficult to protect women from insult, it is customary to destroy most female infants, in order to prevent what would be a disgrace to the tribe, but which a foe would always, for that reason, be ready to perpetrate. Now, we in India stand in this respect on tender ground. We can not under-

stand, though to a certain extent they envy, the freedom of our female society. But this is the particular point on which they hold us most accessible to insult, and accordingly the native journals have always been full of the most scandalous libels upon English ladies. Balls, pic-nics, morning calls, and every occasion on which English gentlemen and ladies see one another, are continually recorded with malicious additions. There can be no doubt of a design in the horrors committed on our women and girls; and, if there were any doubt, it would be removed by the manner and method which has been deliberately adopted. It ought to be known, reluctant as we are to tell it, that the women and unmarried girls who fell into the hands of the mutineers and populace of Delhi were carried in procession for hours through the chief thoroughfare of the city, with every horror that could degrade them in the eyes of the people, previous to the last brutalities and cruelties that then, in the sight of thousands, were perpetrated upon them. It was done of settled purpose, to degrade England, to degrade Europe, to degrade a Christian Empire, and a Christian Queen.

Now, we say it after full deliberation, and with a due regard to the objections always forthcoming against any real and effectual policy, that not one stone of that city should be left upon another. Delhi should for the future be only known in history as Sodom and Gomorrah, so that its place shall not be known. We are well aware that this will try the fidelity of some friends, but they can not really be our friends if they wish to preserve the memorial of our disgrace. It must be fully explained to them that no disrespect is intended to the Mohammedan dynasties or the Mohammedan religion, but we desire also that no disrespect shall be intended or permitted to us. An execution of this solemn character is not to be performed without a proper force; but, if thirty thousand British soldiers are required to keep order on the occasion, we trust that no Englishman would be found to grudge a year's more income-tax that the work may be done. It will be the eighth time that Delhi has been destroyed, and never before was its destruction so merited. All Asia will be wiser and better for the example.—*Times*, Aug. 29.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SLEDGE DRIVE TO CHURCH.

### A THRILLING TALE OF NORWAY.

WHAT a strange, wild country is old Norway! The brow of the earth, the forehead of the world, as the Scalds of old loved to call it in their songs. Even in the map, how singular is that jagged, furrowed, long coast-line, stretching above a thousand miles, from the North Cape, with its eternal ice, down to a genial latitude of wheat-lands and flowers! On this vast seaboard, water and land seem to have been struggling for the mastery, till at last all was amicably settled by a division of the territory, and the deep fjords run miles inland, and the steep promontories project far out into the ocean. Truly it is a beautiful country, with its great bosses of snow-fjelds, the long windings of the lake-like fjords, the roaring Foss, and the end-

less pine forest. Then, too, what strange sights meet the traveler: the midsummer night's sun never setting, the months of darkness, the shepherd's life in the Sæters, the wandering nomad Laps and their encampments, the bear-hunts, and the Old World superstitions and customs which linger in the secluded valleys.

Norway has still other and more important claims to notice; it is one of those few and favored countries where freedom is enjoyed, and the hardy prosperous peasantry are living witnesses of the worth of its immemorial institutions. Norway, also, was among the first to shake off the errors of Rome, and to embrace the doctrines of the Reformation. It is true that rationalism and in-

difference have long chilled the Christian heart of the country, but now it is throbbing with increased vigor, and sending warm streams of life-blood to the extremities of the land.

A pleasant-looking farm that of Ravensdal, nestling beneath some sheltering rocks in an inland valley not far from the Arctic circle. The commodious dwelling was of blackened timber, adorned with curious carving, and pious sayings cut in the beams; while clustering round stood the cottages of the peasants who cultivated the soil. In all the province of Norland there was not a farmer more respected and esteemed, or a more upright, honorable man, than Andreas Jansen, the owner of Ravensdal.

It was early one Sunday morning in mid-winter, and the Jansens were preparing to start for church, a drive of many miles. One of the sledges had been recently disabled, so none of the farm-servants were able to go with them. Rather a large party got into the remaining sleigh, which, though a roomy one, was more than full; but when the farmer proposed to leave the two boys at home, there was so much lamentation that he relented. Andreas handed his comely-looking wife Ingeborg to her seat; she was followed by her sons, Raoul the younger, a walking bundle of fur, taking his place on his mother's knees. Ella, the pretty only daughter, next stepped in; and lastly, carrying some wrap for his lady-love, came Hugo, Ella's betrothed, who the day before had arrived on snowshoes from the southward, to spend a few days at Ravensdal. Andreas mounted to his seat, gently touched with the whip the three horses, harnessed unicorn fashion, and they started at a smart pace. It was quite early, for service began at twelve, and as the distance was great it was necessary to start betimes. As yet there was no glimmer of daylight, but moon and stars shone with a radiance unknown in our latitudes, and there was abundance of light for the journey. Buried in skins and furs, the party did not feel the cold, which, though great, was not excessive—the absence of a breath of wind and the perfect dryness of the atmosphere making it much more endurable than the same depression of the thermometer would be in England. It was a grand event this journey to church, for weeks and weeks had passed since last

they were able to go. True, Andreas had every Sunday a sort of prayer-meeting at Ravensdal with the neighboring peasants, but this did not compensate for the lack of the public services. Then, too, the whole family thought it most fortunate that the fairness of the weather should enable them to go on this especial Sunday of all others, for it was what they call an altar-day, that is, the Sacrament was to be administered.

There was an eerie beauty in the scene: the solemn mountains lifting up their hoary heads into the star-sprinkled sky, the small tarn with its glittering icy surface, the stern old pines, whose green looked almost black contrasted with the snow, and the graceful birken trees, those "ladies of the woods," decked out, as little Raoul said, when the first rime fell that winter, in their white mantles, all ready for sister Ella's wedding-day. The stillness was unbroken; dumb the ere long dancing elv, (river,) where, when the valley was filled with the sound of its noisy music, the English milords had caught the salmon with those marvelous many-colored flies, the envy of the neighborhood; silent and deserted the picturesque saw-mill, which had been such a busy animated scene in the summer, when the English lady had sketched it, half-deafened by the whir of its wheels. But as if to make amends for the stillness elsewhere, there was no silence in the sledge. Andreas turned round to address his wife, or talked to his horses in that brotherly way so characteristic of the Norwegian, who always makes friends of the four-footed creatures in his service, and particularly of his horses. Olaf, the elder boy, who was perched on Hugo's knee, after some vain attempts to obtain his attention, turned to his mother and Raoul, and kept up with them a continuous stream of question and remark; while Hugo and Ella, leaning back in one corner, heeding nobody and nothing but themselves, found much to say to each other in low, happy tones. And the tinkling of the merry sleigh-bells, as they jingled round the horses' collars, made to all this a most musical accompaniment.

One third of the journey was over, when, with a startled exclamation, Andreas suddenly pulled up his horses. At a turn of the road there lay, extended on the snow, a human form. In a minute the farmer had confided the reins to Olaf, proud of



the charge, and he and Hugo, jumping down, ran to give assistance. The pack at the man's side told them that he was one of those peddlers who wander from farm-house to farm-house all over the country. Overpowered by the cold, he had sunk into that fainting, deathlike sleep from which there is oftentimes no waking. At first all efforts to rouse him failed, but life was evidently not extinct; so seeing a *châlet* close at hand, which in the summer had been used as covert for cattle, and now was a store for firewood, they carried him there, and kindling a fire on the outside, they rubbed his limbs till some warmth returned, and poured some corn-brandy (which no Norwegian travels without) down his throat, and he partially revived. All this occupied some time, and now they were quite in a dilemma as to what to do next. Leave him they could not, to take him on with them was impossible; he was not sufficiently recovered to bear the air, even if they could make room for him in that state. To turn back and take him home was almost as difficult, and if so, they must give up church entirely. Ella, who had alighted to assist them, at last said in a decided tone: "There is but one thing, father, we can do: Hugo must stay with the poor man."

"Yes," said Hugo, "that is the best plan. You drive on to church, and take us up in the afternoon as you return; by that time he is sure to be all right."

"Well," said Andreas, "it does seem the only way; but it will be a sad disappointment for you, my poor girl."

"I do not know that," muttered Hugo; "she was the first to propose getting rid of me."

"Now that is too bad," said Ella, with a face rueful enough to satisfy her lover, "when you know I have been counting for weeks and weeks upon your being with us for this altar-Sunday."

It clearly was the most feasible plan, and so it was settled. Ella murmured to Hugo as he helped her into the sledge again:

"God will not the less bless our engagement that it begins with an act of self-denial."

"True, Ella; you remember what you said last night about being almost too happy, every thing so bright; it is as well there should be a little cross."

Some provisions, which had been put

into the sledge ready for any emergency, were handed out to Hugo, and he was entreated to take care of himself as well as the peddler, and to keep up a good fire.

"Certainly," said he; "no fear of not doing that; why, here is firewood enough to roast half a dozen oxen whole. You are sure you will be able to do without me, Father Andreas?"

"Perfectly, the horses are quite manageable, the road good, and the weather set fair—we can have no difficulty."

So they started off again, Olaf saucily calling out to Hugo, that now he was gone Ella would be of some use to other people, and that the rest of the party would gain, not lose, one by his departure. However, Ella was not inclined to be lively, and her gravity infected even the high spirits of her young brothers. The remainder of the drive was rather dull for all parties, and every one was glad when the peaked roofs of the small town came into sight. The Jansens drove to a relation's house, put up the horses, left their outer coverings in the sledge, and then entered the church soon after service had commenced. Dame Ingeborg and Ella took their places on the north side, while Andreas and his boys went to the south, the men's side. The church was a large octagon wooden building, black with age, and of picturesque construction, the interior adorned with quaint carving and some strange frescoes of Scripture subjects, dating from before the Reformation. It was well filled, and with a congregation as picturesque as the building. There was a mixture of races and dress, the Norse women wearing beneath their hoods the "lue," the close-fitting black cap, and dark, sober-colored dress, while the Fins were decked out in gaudy colors and tinsel ornaments. The tall forms of the blue-eyed, fair-haired descendants of the Vikings contrasted very favorably with the stunted figures and dark, sallow faces of the more northern and inferior race. The pastor was a venerable old man, dressed in the style of our English divines of the time of Elizabeth and James I. He had on the black canonicals of the Lutheran clergy, a thick white ruff round his neck, his long white hair floated over his shoulders, while, on account of the cold, he wore a black velvet skull-cap on his head.

Prayers and singing over, he com-

menced his discourse without notes of any kind, and in a strain of simple, fervid eloquence, which riveted the attention of his auditors; he expounded the sublime precept which Christianity first inculcated, of doing to others what we would that they should do to us. The sermon over, some christenings followed, and then the communion. The service, which had lasted more than three hours, at length terminated, and they emerged from the church. Many were the greetings to be exchanged between friends and neighbors unseen for long, and it was some time ere the Jansens reached the relation's house, where they were to partake of the mid-day meal. This over, they did not linger long, for Andreas had promised Hugo they would return as soon as possible. As they were leaving the town, they were stopped near the parsonage by the pastor, who pressed them to come in and see the Frau Pastorinn. Andreas explained the reasons which made them anxious to be off, and the good old man, shaking him heartily by the hand, said:

"So some of you have been acting what I have been preaching, playing the good Samaritan. Well, well, it shall not lack its reward. God bless you, friend Andreas!"

The short-lived northern day had long waned when, leaving the clustered wooden dwellings surrounding the church behind them, the Jansens started on their homeward route to Ravensdal. But little was the daylight missed, for the glorious northern lights were up, streaming, flickering like fiery banners across the sky, brighter far than the pale Arctic winter sun, and diffusing around a mild beautiful radiance, neither sunshine nor moonshine, but a light more poetic, more romantic, than that of common day or night. Little Raoul clapped his hands with delight, as from the luminous cloud on the northern horizon streamers of green, purple, red, and golden light shot up. Andreas said it was years and years since an Aurora so splendid had been seen. "Look at that blood-red color: our forefathers thought it ever foreboded death or misfortune. I have heard many stories of the terror such an appearance occasioned. How happy are we who have learnt to trust in a Heavenly Father, and no longer fear such omens."

A lonely road was their way home: no habitations except a few farm-houses near

the town, and when these were passed a long stretch of desolate country—wild, rocky valleys, all clad in their snowy garments, with the deserted summer chalets scattered over them, mocking the traveler with an idea of human life; beneath, frowning precipices of black rock, where the snow could find no resting-place; through pine woods, whose venerable denizens had survived many generations of mortals,

"Moored to the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest shock."

The children were asleep, Raoul in his mother's arms, who half-unconsciously was humming to herself a hymn of praise as she wrapped the little nestling warm in her furs. Olaf, after repeated declarations that he was not in the least sleepy, had been glad to lean his head against his sister's shoulder; his eyes soon closed, and he was as sound asleep as his little brother. Ella gave herself up to a dreamy reverie as she thought over the solemn communion service, the sermon, and then the bright future before her. Pleasant thoughts they were: in her life's horizon it was all blue sky behind her, and she saw still more before her. And soon these thoughts were woven together, and bright castles in the air arose which made her smile to herself as she pictured them before her mind's eye; what Hugo and she would do when they had a home of their own, how they would welcome the wayfarer, nurse the sick, and succor the distressed. Then higher and upwards flew her thoughts, and she imagined the hour when earth's usefulness should cease, earth's happiness fade; when, the threshold of eternity passed, they should hear the angelic songs of victory, and a voice from the throne saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Lost in her own thoughts, Ella had little heeded a noise which was heard from time to time, and which she fancied the fall of avalanches from crag to crag in the mountains. But now all on a sudden she remarked that her father had several times turned his head to look back, and that his face wore a troubled expression. "What is it, father?" she asked; "is there any thing the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, in a short, stern manner not at all usual to

him—"I hope nothing;" and then murmured to himself, in a lower tone, "God grant it may be nothing."

Her uneasiness by no means lessened, but, understanding he did not wish to be questioned, she remained silent, but with her attention on the alert to discover the cause for anxiety. The dull noise in the rear certainly increased, and was heard at fitful intervals, now almost swelling into a note, then dying away, and was decidedly nearer than when first she had remarked it. The horses, too, seemed by some wonderful instinct to partake her father's uneasiness. Just then the noise began afresh, and now an unmistakable howl sent a flash of certainty into her mind. Unable longer to bear the suspense, she half-rose, and gasped out, "O father! is it—is it the wolves?"

"They are a long way behind," said Andreas; "we shall reach home well, never fear."

But the farmer's face contradicted his cheerful words, and with a sinking of heart as if its action had been stopped, and then a tumultuous rush of blood through her veins, Ella sank back on her seat. It was a fearful revulsion of feeling to be thus suddenly torn from a state of dreamy reverie, and brought face to face with a great danger. The fainting sensation was over directly, and closing her eyes for a moment and murmuring a heartfelt prayer, her natural courage returned. Ella had till then only seen dead wolves, the trophies of the chase, and once or twice one securely muzzled on its way to some foreign menagerie; but too many dreadful wolf-stories are current round Norwegian hearths in the winter for her not to divine the greatness of the peril, and she tried to calculate their probable distance from home, and the chances of escape.

Frau Ingeborg next heard the howl, and asked the same terrified question as her daughter. "O God! my poor children!" was her only exclamation; and then she, too, was calm and still. Nearer, nearer, is the howling—faster go the terrified horses; their instinct has told them the danger. Ella gently disengages herself from the sleeping Olaff, and unbidden, gets out the rifle and powder-flask, and in silence looks to the loading. Andreas's eye falls on her; he is even at that moment pleased to see the fruit of the training he has given his child, in her pale,

composed face and steady hand, like a brave Norse maiden as she was. Her eyes are now strained to look back as far as she can. Ere long, on the brow of a hill they have descended, she sees a black moving mass against the sky. "I see them, father, but they are far off yet."

A groan escapes from Andreas. "God help us then!" he mutters. Wife and daughter read his face, and from their hearts, too, goes up that agonized prayer. Ah! well may they pray it. On come the pack, some half-hundred gaunt, hungry wolves, their dismal howl freezing the life-blood of the Jansens. The horses bound onwards with red nostrils and panting sides; they go like the wind, but the distance is steadily diminished. And the howl of the wolves sounds like a mocking demon cry: "Ha! ha! ye go fast, we faster; ye are few, we are many; it is our turn now; ye are the hunted, we the hunters. Ha! ha! how like ye the change?"

"Would it not be possible," said Ella, "to take refuge in one of these châteaux? Could we not barricade ourselves there?"

"It would be only quicker death; the wolves would soon force the door: there would be no fastenings of sufficient strength to resist them."

They looked above, around—neither help nor hope was to be seen; the pitiless earth was wrapped in one vast winding-sheet of snow, and the cold glancing lights in the sky revealed only too clearly their desperate condition. A cold damp stands on the farmer's brow; still he guides his horses with firm hand, speaks encouragingly to them, and though he, knowing the peril best, has given up hope first, he relaxes no effort. It was hard, in the flush of manhood, the prime of life, with the blood coursing through every vein in strength and power, to have nothing to do but die. As he looked at his dear ones, he thought, were these but safe, death would not be so fearful; and then the image of the pleasant home at Ravensdal rose up before him, and to leave all this, to die and leave no name, no heir behind him, it was hard! Was it not a triumph of Christian faith, that he, thus circumstanced, could bow his head meekly, and say, "Thy will be done?" Dame Ingeborg said nothing, but her tears fell fast over the nestling Raoul she was straining to her heart, and as the child started at the noise, she hushed him

off to sleep as carefully as if he had been in his little bed at home, thankful that one at least of her darlings was spared the anguish of this valley of the shadow of death. And yet to her arose a ray of light, a gleam of happiness, as she thought that she and all her dear ones would cross the river of death at the same time; no widowhood, no orphanage, no childlessness—the parting of a moment, and then the eternal reunion in bliss. Olaf, roused by his sister's rising, had awoke, and seeing the wolves, had burst out into terrified crying, but when Ella gently bade him pray to God and try and be a brave boy, he caught the infection of her calmness. Swallowing his tears, he knelt on the seat, and hiding his face in the fur wraps, that he might not see the objects of his dread, he manfully tried to stifle his sobs, and he repeated over and over again his simple prayer: "O Lord Jesus! please drive away these dreadful wolves, and let us all get safe home." Of all, Ella was the happiest, for one great comfort was hers: her best-beloved was safe, and, as she thought, with a thrill of joy that seemed strange at such an instant, through an act of self-denial to which she had urged him, and which God was blessing by his deliverance. The wolves were gaining fast; they could distinguish the fiery eyes, the red tongues hanging out. Ella, as she saw one in advance, quite close to them, cried out: "Father, father! the rifle."

"Then take the reins an instant," said he, as he took the weapon from her hand. Ella obeyed, the horses wanted little guidance, and the wolf fell dead beneath her father's sure aim. There was a stop of the whole pack, and the Jansens almost dared to hope. Andreas's face was gloomy as before. "Only a check," murmured he; "they are mad with hunger. The one I have killed will be devoured, and then——"

His words are verified; in five minutes' time they again heard the baying of the pack, and they were soon in sight, their appetite whetted by the taste of blood, on, on, with increased ardor for the chase. Again was one shot down—again occurred the temporary lull, and then afresh began that ghastly hunt.

"There is but one charge more, father," said Ella.

"We will save it as long as we can,"

was Andreas's reply. And his voice was hoarse and husky.

We left Hugo at his good Samaritan deed of kindness towards the hawker. The man soon recovered sufficiently to sit up, and give some account of himself. As Andreas Jansen had supposed, he had lost his way traveling from one farm-house to another, and had sunk exhausted into the deep slumber which generally subsides into death. In answer to his inquiries as to how he had been found, he heard about the intended drive to church, and discovered the self-denial Hugo had practiced in giving up the expedition to take care of him.

"I owe you thanks, young man; you have preferred remaining with an old peddler in difficulties to accompanying your betrothed. It is a dull exchange."

"Indeed," said Hugo, "I am quite repaid by seeing you all right again. I was afraid, at first, it was all over. What a narrow escape! Another half-hour we should have been too late."

"Yes, another lease of life," said the hawker, gravely; "spared a little longer by the Heavenly Friend who has stood at my side in many dangers during a long life of wandering."

"Let me hear your experiences. How much you must have seen! It will be hours before my friends are back. Talking them over will help while away the time."

The sketch Eric Peterman gave of his life was indeed remarkable. He was one of those pious men not unfrequently met with in Norway, who, while earning their livelihood by hawking, are at the same time humble missionaries, Bible and tract colporteurs, holding prayer-meetings in the villages when they can get a congregation, and in an unobtrusive way often doing a great deal of good. Like most of his brethren he was a man of few advantages of education, but well versed in the Scriptures, and possessing native eloquence, combined with the unfailing attraction of a soul thoroughly in earnest, and ennobled by the pursuit of a lofty and disinterested aim. He had been a disciple of the celebrated Hauge, the John Wesley of the North, and had shared some of his imprisonments at a time when little about religious toleration was known in Norway. Many times he



had traversed the country, and even penetrated far into Russian Lapland. One whole winter he had been weather-bound on one of the Loffodens. Strange stories could he tell of perils by land and perils by water, shipwrecks, and hair-breadth escapes from robbers who coveted his pack. The time passed quickly in listening to such narratives; the record of this good man's life was like a living sermon to Hugo, the exposition of Gospel truth in a most inviting form, the example of one who had practiced all he taught. After a pause, during which they had been partaking of the contents of Dame Ingeborg's basket, Eric said, rather abruptly:

"By the by, I heard some unpleasant news at the farm I was at yesterday. They say a large pack of wolves has come down from the fields to the northward; the early and severe winter this season is supposed to have driven them down. Some hunters out on a bear chase a few days back had a very narrow escape; they report the wolves as going to the south."

"I hope not," said Hugo, "they had heard nothing about it at Ravensdal; no more had I, but then I came from the contrary direction. I hope not, though I should like it above every thing if we could muster a strong party and have a good hunt; but wolves are fearful foes to meet unprepared."

Undefined apprehensions he could not shake off, filled the young man's mind, and after trying to talk of other things, he came back to the wolves, and to speculations as to their position and movements. So time sped on, and he paced up and down with a growing uneasiness he in vain told himself was ungrounded and absurd, and he longed for the return of the sleigh to terminate these secret fears. Eric had been listening intently for some minutes, and all at once exclaimed: "There, now, I hear a howl."

Hugo threw himself on the snow to hear better, and ere long heard the same sound.

"I fear—I fear it is so; it is far off, but oh! in the same direction they have taken."

After some moments of intense attention both men satisfied themselves that it was not the howl of a solitary wolf, and that it was steadily advancing.

"Oh! tell me what can we do," cried Hugo; "it is on the track which leads

from the town, just the time when they would be on the road. My poor Ella! what can I do?"

"Unarmed as we are, it is only by remaining here we can be of any service, and this is a position we can easily defend. With that amount of firewood at our back, I would defy an army of wolves. Look! the chalet stands in a recess of rock; from point to point we can make a rampart of fire." So saying they began to arrange fagots in a line from one point of rock to the other, leaving an open space in the center. "I think with you, young man, that your friends are on their road, and that the wolves are pursuing them, else we should not hear that continuous howling nearer and nearer. I am leaving this space for the sledge to pass; the wolves would never dare to attempt to follow through such a wall of flame as we can raise."

"Hist! I hear the gallop of horses," said Hugo, kneeling on the snow.

"Then set fire to the barrier, it may be a beacon to them, and show them where we are."

This was soon done, and the bright pine-wood flame was ere long streaming into the sky.

"Now," said Eric, "get more fagots ready, for you and I must be prepared to close up the passage immediately the sleigh is safe."

"But the horses," said Hugo, "will they pass between two such fires as we have here?"

"No fear; they are terrified enough to leap over a precipice if it came in their way—any thing, every thing—to escape those that are after them."

A few minutes passed in breathless suspense, during which the noise of horses and wolves became louder and louder.

"Ah! there they are," cried Hugo, "and the whole pack close behind. They see us; Andreas is flogging the horses. O God! there is a great wolf close upon them—oh! I would give ten years of my life for a rifle for one instant. Andreas dares not leave the reins. Ella is standing up; she has the rifle. Good heavens! the wolf will spring at her. No, she has fired—shot him down—my brave Ella, my own dear girl!"

Another second and the sledge was in the haven of refuge provided by the forethought of the peddler, safe from the ruthless wolves, behind the barrier of flame.

The exhausted horses had stopped of themselves; the Jansens were beneath the shelter of the chalet, half-fainting, scarcely crediting their preservation. As soon as he could speak, the farmer said, in a tremulous tone, "Wife, children, let us thank God;" and, kneeling, with the tears rolling down his hardy cheeks, in a few words of heart-warm thankfulness he returned thanks for their deliverance from a bloody death.

It was some time before sufficient composure returned to relate all that had passed, and when that had been done, Andreas said: "Our pastormight well say, 'It shall in no wise lose its reward.' If

you"—turning to the peddler—"had not required assistance, if Hugo had not remained, we must all have perished."

The Jansens had to stay in the chalet that night, but when the next morning dawned the wolves had all dispersed, and they reached home with ease and safety. A few days later, Andreas and Hugo had the satisfaction of exhibiting some wolf-skins as trophies of their vanquished enemies.

The story of the memorable sleigh drive to church was ever preserved at Ravensdal, and often told in after years with pious gratitude to awe-struck children and grandchildren.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

### SELF-DEPENDENCE.

"If you want a thing done, go yourself; if not, send."

This pithy axiom, of which most men know the full value, is by no means so well appreciated by women. One of the very last things we learn, often through a course of miserable helplessness, heart-burnings, difficulties, contumelies, and pain, is the lesson, taught to boys from their school-days, of self-dependence.

Its opposite, either plainly or impliedly, has been preached to us all our lives. "An independent young lady," "a woman who can take care of herself," and such-like phrases, have become tacitly suggestive of hoydenishness, coarseness, strong-mindedness, down to the lowest dress of bloomerism, cigarette-smoking, and talking slang.

And there are many good reasons, ingrained in the very tenderest core of woman's nature, why this should be. We are "the weaker vessel"—whether acknowledging it or not, most of us feel this; it becomes man's duty and delight

to show us honor accordingly. And this honor, dear as it may be to him to give, is still dearer to us to receive.

Dependence is in itself an easy and pleasant thing; dependence upon one we love perhaps the very sweetest thing in the world. To resign one's self totally and contentedly into the hands of another; to have no longer any need of asserting one's right or one's personality, knowing that both are as precious to that other as they ever were to ourselves; to cease taking thought about one's self at all, and rest safe, at ease, assured that in great things and small we shall be guided and cherished, guarded and helped—in fact, thoroughly "taken care of"—how delicious is all this! So delicious, that it seems granted to very few of us, and to fewer still as a permanent condition of being.

Were it our ordinary lot, were every woman living to have either father, brother, or husband, to watch over and protect her, then, indeed, the harsh but salu-

tary doctrine of self-dependence need never be heard of. But it is not so. In spite of the pretty ideals of poets, the easy taking-for-granted truths of anti-woman's-rights educators of female youth, this fact remains patent to any person of common-sense and experience, that in the present day, whether voluntary or not, one half of our women are *obliged* to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life.

Of course I refer to the large class for which these thoughts are meant—the single women; who, while most needing the exercise of self-dependence, are usually the very last in whom it is inculcated, or even permitted. From babyhood they are given to understand that helplessness is feminine and beautiful; helpfulness—except in certain received forms of manifestation—unwomanly and ugly. The boys may do a thousand things which are “not proper for little girls.”

And herein, I think, lies the great mistake at the root of most women's education, that the law of their existence is held to be, not right, but “propriety.” A certain received notion of womanhood, which has descended from certain excellent great-grandmothers, admirable in its way, and suited for some sorts of women, but totally ignoring the fact that each sex is composed of individuals, differing in character almost as much from one another as from the opposite sex—some men being womanish, and some women masculine—and perhaps the finest types of either combining the qualities of both—and that, therefore, to deal justly, there must be set up a standard of abstract right, including manhood and womanhood, and yet superior to either. One of the first of its common laws, or common duties, is this of self-dependence.

We women are, no less than men, each of us a distinct existence. In two out of the three great facts of our life, we are certainly independent, and all our life long are accountable only, in the highest sense, to our own souls and the Maker of them. Is it natural, is it right even, that we should be expected—and be ready enough, too, for it is much the easiest way—to hang our consciences, duties, actions, opinions, upon some one else—some individual man, or some aggregate of mankind yclept society? Is this society

to draw up a code of regulations as to what we are to do, and what not? Which latter is supposed to be done for us; if not done, or there happens to be no one to do it, is it to be left undone? And alack! most frequently whether or not it ought to be, it is.

Every one's experience may furnish dozens of cases of poor women suddenly thrown adrift—widows with families, orphan girls, reduced gentlewomen—clinging helplessly to the skirts of every male relative or friend they have, sinking pitifully year after year, eating the bitter bread of charity, or compelled to bow an honest pride to hardest humiliations—every one of which might have been spared them by the early practice of self-dependence.

I once heard a lady say—a tenderly reared and tender-hearted woman—that if her riches made themselves wings, as in these times riches will, she did not know any thing in the world that she could turn her hand to, to keep herself from starving. A more pitiable, and in some sense, humiliating confession, could hardly have been made; yet it is that not of hundreds, but of thousands in England.

Sometimes exceptions arise; here is one:

Three young women, well educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realize a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view, decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course, friends thought “the girls” must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But “the girls” were wiser. They argued: “If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common-sense, activity, diligence, and self-dependence. We have all these; and what we have not, we will learn.” So these three elegant and well-informed women laid aside their pretty feminine uselessnesses and pleasant idlenesses, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things

most difficult, not to say distasteful, to women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case—different, and yet alike. A young girl, an eldest sister, had to receive for step-mother, a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and "improper" thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. "Heaven helps those who help themselves:" from that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been any thing but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was and never will be indebted to any one, except for love while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!

And herein is answered the "*cui bono?*" of self-dependence, that its advantages end not with the original possessor. In this much-suffering world, a woman who can take care of herself can always take care of other people. She not only ceases to be an unprotected female, a nuisance, and a drag on society, but her working-value therein is doubled and trebled, and society respects her accordingly. Even her kindly male friends, no longer afraid that when the charm to their vanity of "being of use to a lady" has died out, they shall be saddled with a perpetual claimant for all manner of advice and assistance, the first not always followed, and the second often accepted without gratitude—even they yield an involuntary consideration to a lady who gives them no more trouble than she can avoid, and is always capable of thinking and acting for herself in all things—so far as the na-

tural decorums of her sex allow. True, these have their limits, which it would be folly, if not worse, for her to attempt to pass; but a certain fine instinct, which, we flatter ourselves, is native to us women, will generally indicate the division between brave self-reliance and bold assumption.

Perhaps the line is easiest drawn, as in most difficulties, where duty ends and pleasure begins. We should respect one who, on a mission of mercy or necessity, went through the lowest portions of St. Giles or the Gallowgate; we should be rather disgusted if she did it for mere amusement or bravado. All honor to the poor sempstress or governess who traverses London streets alone, at all hours of day or night, unguarded except by her own modesty; but the strong-minded female who would venture on a solitary expedition to investigate the humors of Cremorne Gardens or Greenwich fair, though perfectly "respectable," would be an exceedingly condemnable sort of personage. There are many things at which, as mere pleasures, a woman has a right to hesitate; there is no single duty, whether or not it lies in the ordinary line of her sex, from which she ought to shrink, if it is plainly set before her.

Those who are the strongest advocates for the passive character of our sex, its claims, proprieties, and restrictions, are, I have often noticed, if the most sensitive, not always the justest or most generous. I have seen ladies, no longer either young or pretty, shocked at the idea of traversing a street's length at night, yet never hesitate at being "fetched" by some female servant, who was both young and pretty, and to whom the danger of the expedition, or of the late return alone, was by far the greater of two. I have known anxious mothers, who would not for worlds be guilty of the indecorum of sending their daughters unchaperoned to the theater or a ball—and very right, too!—yet send out some other woman's young daughter, at eleven P.M., to the stand for a cab, or to the public house for a supply of beer. It never strikes them that the doctrine of female dependence extends beyond themselves, whom it suits so easily, and to whom it saves much trouble; that either every woman, be she servant or mistress, sempstress or fine lady, is to receive the "protection" suitable to her degree; or that



each is to be educated into a self-dependence, which will at least enable her to hold the balance of justice even, nor allow an over-delicacy for one woman to trench on the rights, conveniences, and honest feelings of another.

We *must* help ourselves. In this curious phase of social history, when marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage the most uncommon lot of all, we must educate our women into what is far better than any blind clamor for ill-defined "rights"—into what ought always to be the foundation of rights—duties. And there is one, the silent practice of which will secure to them almost every right they can fairly need—the duty of self-dependence. Not after any amazonian fashion; no mutilating of fair womanhood in order to assume the unnatural armor of men; but simply by the full exercise of every faculty, physical, moral, and intellectual, with which Heaven has endowed women, severally and collectively, in different degrees; allowing no one to rust or lie idle, merely because their owner is a woman. And, above all, let us lay the foundation of all real womanliness by teaching our maidens from their cradle that the priceless pearl of decorous beauty, chastity of mind as well as body, exists in themselves alone; that a single-hearted and pure-minded woman may go through the world, like Spenser's Una, suffering, indeed, but never defenseless; foot-sore and smirched, but never tainted; exposed, doubtless, to many trials, yet never either degraded or humiliated, unless by her own act she humiliates herself.

For Heaven's sake—for the sake of "womanhede," the most heavenly thing next angelhood, as men tell us when they are courting us, and which it depends upon ourselves to make them believe in all their lives—young girls, trust yourselves; rely on yourselves! Be assured that no outward circumstances will harm you while you keep the jewel of purity in your bosom, and are ever ready with the steadfast, clean right hand, of which, till you use it, you never know the strength, though it be only a woman's hand.

Fear not the world: it is often juster to us than we are to ourselves. If in its hard jostlings the "weaker goes to the wall"—as so many allege always happens to a woman—you will almost always find that this is not merely because of her sex,

but from some inherent qualities in herself, which, existing either in woman or man, would produce just the same result, usually more pitiful than blamable. The world is hard enough, for two thirds of it are struggling for the dear life—"each for himself, and de'il take the hindmost;" but it has a rough sense of moral justice after all. And whosoever denies that, spite of all hindrances from individual wickedness, *the right* shall ultimately prevail, impugns not merely human justice, but the justice of God.

The age of chivalry, with all its benefits and harmfulnesses, is gone by, for us women. We can not now have men for our knights-errant, expending blood and life for our sake, while we have nothing to do but sit idle on balconies, and drop flowers on half-dead victors at tilt and tourney. Nor, on the other hand, are we dressed-up dolls, pretty play-things, to be fought and scrambled for—petted, caressed, or flung out of window, as our several lords and masters may please. Life is much more equally divided between us and them. We are neither goddesses or slaves; they are neither heroes nor semi-demons: we just plod on together, men and women alike, on the same road, where daily experience illustrates Hudibras's keen truth, that

"The value of a thing  
Is just as much as it will bring."

And our value is—exactly what we choose to make it.

Perhaps at no age since Eve's were women rated so exclusively at their own personal worth, apart from poetic flattery or unmanly depreciation; at no time in the world's history judged so entirely by their individual merits, and respected according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And shall we esteem ourselves so meanly as to consider this unjust? Shall we not rather accept our position, difficult indeed, and requiring from us more than the world ever required before; but from its very difficulty, rendered the most honorable?

Let us not be afraid of men; for that, I suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. "Gentlemen, don't like such and such things." "Gentlemen fancy so and so unfeminine." My dear little foolish cowards, do you think a man, a *good* man, in any relation of life, ever

loves a woman the more for esteeming her the less? or likes her better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders, and pinning her conscience to his sleeve? Or even if he did like it, is a woman's divinity to be man—or God?

And here, piercing to the foundation of all truth—I think we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all—when its strength is drawn not from man, but from that Higher and Diviner Source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels *that*, not as a

vague sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends, all doubt departs: she recognizes the glory, honor, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another. She is content to take it just as it is, from the hands of the All-Father; her only care being to so fulfill it that while the world at large may recognize and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the deepest humility, recognizes, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

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From Dickens' Household Words.

## SEPOY SYMBOLS OF MUTINY.

### MARVELS OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

THE conspiracy which broke out in British India, by the mutinies of Sepoys, in the month of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, was first shown by the circulation of symbols in the forms of cakes and lotus-flowers.

Herodotus described the lotus under the name of the lily of the Nile, and Theophrastus portrayed it as the Egyptian bean. The first historian and the first botanist have both described it with extreme precision, and it is mentioned by the first geographer, Strabo. The Arabs call it the bride of the Nile.

Herodotus says, the lotus grows in the country when it is flooded. Its flowers are white, and have petals like those of the lily. The lotus-plants grow in great numbers, and crowded together. Their flowers close at sunset, and hide their fruit, and they open again when the sun reappears, and rise up above the surface of the water. They continue to do this until the fruit is entirely formed, and the flower has fallen. The fruit is as large as that of a large poppy, and contains a great

number of seeds, like millet seed. The Egyptians pile the fruit in heaps, and allow the bark to rot, and they then separate the seed, wash it in the Nile, and after drying it, convert it into bread. The root of the lotus, which is called *corsion*, is round, and about the size of a quince; and its bark is black, like that of the chestnut: the root is, moreover, white inside, and it is eaten either raw or cooked.

Theophrastus says, this bean grows in the marshes and ponds; its stalk is about four arms long, and is of the thickness of a finger. It resembles a rush which is not knotted. The fruit it bears, is of the shape of a wasp's nest, and contains as many as thirty beans, each in a separate cell. The flower is once or twice larger than that of the poppy, and is pink. The fruit grows above the surface of the water; the leaves are borne upon stalks like those of the fruit; they are large, and they resemble a Thessalian hat. The root is thicker than the root of a stout rush, and is partitioned like the stalk. It serves as nourishment to those who live

near the marshes. This plant grows spontaneously and abundantly, and can, moreover, be sown in mud, with a bed of straw to prevent its rotting.

After giving the accounts of the father of history and the father of botany, it would not be well to omit what is said by the father of geography.

Strabo says the ancient Egyptians used to sail in barks over the lakes which were covered with the beans, and shade themselves with the leaves; as their descendants, in the present day, shade themselves with the leaves of the sedges and date trees.

Pliny the elder mentions the lotus, which he compares to a poppy: showing that the lily of the Nile was known to the Romans, although it began to disappear in Egypt from their time—it has been supposed with the religion of which it was a symbol.

Strabo says, the leaves, which were about the size of Thessalian hats, were used as goblets and plates, and the shops were supplied with them. Travelers of the present day tell us, that the Hindoos use, as plates and dishes, the leaves of the plantain tree and those of the *nymphæa* lotus—the beautiful lily which abounds upon their lakes. The leaves are large enough in Bengal to be used by the people without having been subjected to any artificial preparation. At each repast they renew these fresh and beautiful vessels, which cost them nothing but the trouble of gathering. In the upper provinces, where the leaves are smaller, several of them are plaited together to make plates, and the persons who make this work their trade are called “barbi.” Just as in upper Bengal there are still to be seen the barbi, who made the lotus-dishes described by Strabo. The French traveler, Jacquemont, found upon the banks of the lakes of Pentapotamus and Cachemire, poor people living upon the lotus-roots, just as poor people lived upon their roots in Egypt in the time of Herodotus. In some parts of India the nut is eaten green, and preserved as a sweetmeat; the Fellahs of Damietta eat both the roots and seeds. When cooked, the leaves are said to taste like the best cabbages, and the roots like chestnuts.

The disappearance of the lotus from Egypt has been ascribed to the disappearance of the religion of which it was a symbol. The scientific commission which

accompanied Napoleon, and whose services to science have won far more honor to France than Napoleon lost under the shadows of the Pyramids, could not find any traces of the lotus in the waters of the Nile. The plant has vanished from the habitat where it flourished when it was celebrated by Strabo, Theophrastus, and Herodotus. Men of science have not failed to notice the refutation of the development theory contained in the exact accordance of the lotus of the present day in the minutest details of its structure and vegetation with the careful descriptions of it which were written two thousand years ago. The fact is one of the many proofs of the fixity of species. The lotus which is represented upon the ancient monuments and altars of Egypt is no longer found in the lakes and marshes where it was first described; but, when it is met with in still warmer climes, it is seen to be exactly the species of the most ancient descriptions and delineations. The botanists are considerably puzzled to explain the disappearance of the lotus from the canals of lower Egypt, where it formerly grew almost spontaneously. The supposition of the disappearance of a plant with the religion of which it was a symbol, is far from satisfactory, and there is more feasibility in imagining the phenomenon to be due to mechanical or chemical changes in the waters, the effects of clearings and cultivation, or of change in the climate. The lotus grows spontaneously where the average summer heat is twenty-one degrees centigrade above zero; the average heat of a climate has, however, less effect upon the lives of plants than the average variability; an increase in the violence of his floods, or of the suddenness of his changes, of the dryness of his droughts, or of the rapidity of his currents, may, therefore, be the reason why Father Nile has lost his lily. The Arabs having called the lotus the bride of the Nile, this may be only another case of separation on account of incompatibility of temper.

The lotus is a vivacious plant. Plants which go through all the changes of their lives from the seed to the seed in a year are called annuals, and plants which propagate themselves by their roots are called vivacious. The distinction is, however, less a botanical than a meteorological distinction; for the wheat and corn, for example, which are annual in our tem-

perate climates, are vivacious in the tropical latitudes. The daily bread, which is the best and most beautiful thing upon our tables, is thus literally given us by the degrees of heat and cold, by the north-east winds, and the hoar-frosts of our boreal skies. The greater heat of the tropics gives an excessive vivacity to the cereals, which impedes the development of the seed. In our colder regions, and at the approach of the frosts and snows of our winters, the cereals assume the only forms in which they can survive the rigorous winters of the temperate and septentrional climates. If it is the spring and summer sun which pushes and ripens the corn, it is the autumn and winter frost which determines the annual metamorphoses of the grain.

The roots of the lotus resemble the white articulated climbing roots of the reeds (*arundo phragmites*) of our marshes. The *Nymphæa* family have subterranean stalks, called rhizomes. The subterranean and subaqueous stalks are confounded with the roots in popular language, but the botanists call these stalks rhizomes, from a Greek word signifying roots. While the leaves decay annually, the rhizomes persist alive at the bottom of the water in the wet mud. At each articulation there is a bunch of fibrous roots and a bud which sends forth a leaf. The leaves are in shape like a basin, and when wetted the water rolls off them like drops of mercury.

This phenomenon is not caused, however, by a coating of wax, like that secreted upon the surface of the leaves of the cabbage. The water rolls off the leaves of the lotus, because they are covered with innumerable papillæ, which are not wetted by the water, and from which the drops roll off and run from place to place. An easy experiment proves that the lotus leaf breathes only through its petiole or stalk, which is a curious peculiarity, for the leaves of plants breathe generally through little mouths, like button holes, upon their superior and inferior epiderms. In the herbaceous plants there are more of these little mouths upon the upper than upon the under sides; and there are none upon the upper surfaces of the leaves of the forest trees. The *Nymphæa*, or water-lily family, nearly all have their breathing-mouths upon the upper surface of the leaves, which is exposed to the air. But the lotus—

having a turn for eccentricity, I suppose—does not choose to breathe like its kindred. Recently, a *nymphæa* is said to have been discovered which breathes by the lower surfaces of the leaves, which turn back to expose the little mouths or stomates to the air. This plant and the lotus are the only members of the family who indulge in respiratory peculiarities, and the lotus is by far the more eccentric and original of these peculiar species of water-lilies. The stomates of the lotus are all accumulated upon the top of the stalk just where it joins the leaf. A whitish central spot amidst the velvety green of the fresh young leaves marks the locality of their stomates. But I must not forget the experiment. If you cut one of these leaves and pour water into the cup which it forms, and then blow through the stalk, you will see the air raising up the water and escaping through it in bubbles.

The lotus leaves have another peculiarity. The leaves of the *Nymphæa* family generally have leaves resembling the leaves of the lotus, only their lobes are not soldered together. The leaves of the lotus, on the contrary, have their two lobes soldered together, and a trace of their joining can be seen upon the inferior surface and the outer edge of the leaf.

It is the soldering of the lobes which gives the lotus leaves their singular form—the resemblance to basins or flat hats, which makes them serviceable as vessels in India. In addition to having the lobes soldered together like the bellebore, the limb of the lotus leaf is round, with the nervures branching off equally from the central stalk or petiole, like the water-porringer, (*hydrocotyle vulgaris*.)

The leaves become flowers, and the flowers fruits, in the lotus, as in other plants. Goethe, the poet, made the most interesting observation upon the flowering plants which has enriched science since Ray discovered and Linnæus demonstrated their sexes. He showed the transformation of the leaves into flowers. He described how, by successive transformations, the leaves form the calix, the calix the corolla, and the corolla the organs which reproduce the plant. Botanists now know how to surprise and view these processes in many plants, and they are most easily seen on the wild as compared with the cultivated strawberries.

The lotus leaves and flowers are sup-



ported upon stalks about a yard long, which rise up out of the water. The asperities upon the stalks resemble those of the *Nymphæaceæ*, generally and especially the *Euryalea* and the *Victoria*. The orbicular and singular leaves of the lotus transform themselves into a flower, resembling an enormous tulip, or a gigantic magnolia flower, the ideal of elegant cups or vases, a foot in diameter, or three feet in circumference, of a rosy color, becoming very brilliant towards the edges of the petals. These rosy leaves of the corolla are a dozen or fifteen in number, and overlap each other like tiles upon a roof. The observer who should, day by day, watch and witness the transformations of the lotus leaves into lotus flowers, would share the pleasure with which Goethe must have first divined these beautiful changes. Their fragrance like their color resembles the rose. When the ancient Egyptians twined these leaves and flowers into canopies over their canoes, they must have formed unrivaled shady bowers, or matchless gondolas, or strangely and ravishingly delicious combinations of the bower and the gondola. No wonder the rosy lily of the Nile struck with admiration the great observers of thousands of years ago! The lotus flower rising up out of the lakes upon which the tropical sunbeams blaze, and across which the flame breezes blow, is well fitted to strike and haunt, as it has done in all ages, the imaginations of the yellow races of the human family. Most certainly, conspiracy never had a more magnificent symbol!

There are white and yellow, as well as pink lotus flowers. They are but a short time in blow, and close at night. The stamens are very numerous, and the pistils are from fifteen to thirty in number. Each pistil becomes, in course of time, a fruit—a little black nut like an acorn, without its cup. The pistils are borne upon a receptacle, which is the botanical name for the base upon which all the parts of the flower rest. From fifteen to thirty pistils nestle upon the fleshy sea-green receptacle of the lotus. The form of it has been compared to the knob of the spout of a watering-can. The ancients called the fruit a bean. Theophrastus has described it exactly, with the embryo folded upon itself, and the little leaf which characterizes it. "On breaking a bean," he says, "a little body is seen folded upon

itself, from which the fruit-leaf grows." This primordial leaf is the cotyledon which plays such a grand part in the tables of the system-makers.

I have sketched the biography of the lotus from the seed to the seed. The Egyptians used to take the bean, and, after inclosing it in a lump of mud to make it sink, throw it into the water. When the temperature of the season prompted germination, the little body folded upon itself put forth the leaf and the root. The horizontal subaqueous stalks sent up leaves and sent down roots at each knot or joint. As the increasing heat sent a quickened vitality through the plant, the round leaves rose above the water. The leaves became flowers, and the pistils transformed themselves into fruits; the fruits containing the beans, and the beans the embryos. Such is the perpetual round of life in the lotus species, and such it has been ever since the fiat of the Creator summoned into existence this marvel of the vegetal world.

The lotus flourished for the first time in Paris in 1852; and it has sometimes produced its fruits in the open air in the Botanical Garden of Montpellier.

I do not know the meaning nor the derivation of the word lotus. Many Egyptian plants are called lotus, and there is a town which bears the name. But the plant which has given its name to this town is a tree—the tree whose fruit the confectioners imitate in their jujubes. Of the *Rhamnus lotus* of Linnæus Pliny says: "Its fruit is so sweet that it gives its name to the country and the people where it grows."

I fear I may have indulged in too long an excursion into the realms of Botany, to suit the reader who merely wishes to know why the Indian rebels chose lotus flowers as symbols of conspiracy. I am sure I am as innocent of the knowledge as of the rebellion, but I will try to help my readers to a guess.

Four fifths of the human species worship a god-woman. I confess I have but a limited interest in the discoveries of antiquarians, for the best mines of antiquities are not the ruins of buried cities, but the minds of living populations. Four fifths of the human species worship a god-woman; and the vestiges of this worship are found in the most ancient monuments, documents, and traditions, stretching backwards into the past eternity, from

millennium to millennium, towards an epoch beyond the records of the Deluge, and almost coëval with the loss of Eden. The Tentyrian planisphere of the ancient Egyptians represents the Virgin and child rising out of a lotus flower. The Egyptian hieroglyphics depict the goddess Asteria, or Justice, issuing out of a lotus, and seating herself upon the center of the beam of Libra, or the Scales. Pictorial delineations of the Judgment of the Dead, represent Osiris as Amenti swathed in the white garments of the grave, girt with a red girdle, and seated upon a checkered throne of white and black spots, or good and evil. Before him are the vase of nectar, the table of ambrosia, the great serpent, and the lotus of knowledge—the emblems of Paradise. There are Egyptian altar-pieces upon which the lotus figures as the tree of life. The Hindu priests say that the lotus rising out of the lakes is the type of the world issuing out of the ocean of time.

Travelers who have observed the worship of the Hindus and Parsees, tell us that they give religious honors to the lotus. The Buddhist priests cultivate it in precious vases, and place it in their temples. The Chinese poets celebrate the sacred bean of India, out of which their goddess Amida and her child arose, in the middle of a lake. We can be at no loss to imagine the appearance of the Buddhist pagodas, for our Gothic cathedrals are just those pagodas imitated in stone. Their pillars copy the trunks of the palm-trees and the effects of the creeping plants of the pagodas; their heaven-piercing spires are the golden spathes of palm-flowers, and the stained glass reproduces, feebly, the many-colored brilliancies of the tropical skies. Every pious Buddhist, giving himself up to devout meditations, repeats, as often as he can, the words: "On ma ni bat me Klom." When many worshipers are kneeling and repeating the sound, the effect is like counterbase or the humming of bees; and profound sighs mingle with the repetitions. The Mougolian priests say these words are endowed with mysterious and supernatural powers; they increase the virtues of the faithful; they bring them nearer to divine perfection, and they exempt them from the pains of the future life. When the priests are asked to explain the words, they say volumes would be required to tell all their meanings. Klaproth, however, says that

the formula is nothing but a corruption of four Hindu words, "Om man'i padma houm," signifying: "O precious lotus!"

Without pretending that the volume of the Hindu fakirs, on the significations of the lotus, might not throw more light upon the use of it as a symbol of conspiracy, there are hints enough in the facts I have stated, to warrant the conclusion that it serves as a sign of a great and general rising on behalf of Buddhism. The flower was circulated to rally the votaries of the goddess of the lotus.

And the cakes have precisely the same significance as the lotus flowers. These cakes are very ancient symbols. Corn and lotus seeds were baked into cakes, offered to Isis the goddess of Fertility and Abundance. The principle which deems a god to be just what his worshipers believe him, is the only one likely to surmount the difficulties which surround the study of the gods. The difficulties in identifying the divinities of mythology come chiefly from their numerous metamorphoses and their innumerable aliases. The Grecian Jupiter, the Persian Ormuzd, the Egyptian Osiris, are but different names and modifications of the god of light and darkness; and Venus, Astarte, and Isis, are all names which designate the evening-star—the queen of heaven. The worship of a divine woman is of zodiacal origin. Students of the picture language of the Egyptians ascribe the invention of the zodiacal signs to Seth the son of Adam. Virgo and Leo are united in the Sphynx, and their child is Horus, the sun-god, whose symbol was the mistletoe branch of the Druids. The epithet virgin was particularly applied to Diana, Minerva, and Themis—Chastity, Wisdom, and Justice. There can scarcely be a doubt, I think, of the identity of the zodiacal virgin with Kouan-Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, and with the Queen of Heaven, the object of the idolatries described by the Prophet Jeremiah, in the seventh chapter, and in the seventeenth to the twentieth verse. "Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger. Do they provoke me to anger? saith the Lord: do they not provoke themselves to;

the confusion of their own faces? Therefore, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, mine anger and my fury shall be poured out upon this place, upon man, and upon beast, and upon the trees of the field, and upon the fruit of the ground; and it shall burn, and shall not be quenched."

Cakes and lotus flowers are the symbols of the Queen of Heaven, the Hindu goddess of mercy and mother of god. Such is the meaning of the symbols, and, in as far as they were circulated, such is the purport of the conspiracy.

The use of these ancient symbols to prepare a plot against British sway, is well fitted to strike the student of history. For there is in the incidents a junction of wonders, the most picturesque emblems of the most ancient and universally prevalent religions being brought into collision with the most marvelous empire the world has ever seen. Four hundred years ago a horde of fierce and barbarous barons were busy in England, painting the white rose red. Having happily weakened the feudal aristocracy and the despotic monarchy by their exterminating feuds, the smaller pro-

prietors and the industrious orders were enabled, in these highly favored British islands, to grow up in independence and liberty, and to flourish in wealth and intelligence. A hundred years ago, in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, a company of traders had received a grant of about five thousand square miles of territory upon the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, and now, in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, their empire consists of about six hundred thousand square miles of territory. Only three or four centuries ago the loveliest flowers in the British islands were the symbols of the wretched feuds of the rival pretenders; and in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, one of the most magnificent products of the vegetable world is the symbol of a struggle between Buddhism and Christianity. Other and coarse elements, no doubt, abound in the strife; the ambition of princes, the intrigues of rival nations; but, under atrocities and mutinies, the student of races and religions can scarcely fail to discern the signs of a revolt of the lotus against the cross.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.\*

THE Congress had assembled at Vienna in order to complete the regulations of the treaty of Paris, and devote their energies to the settlement of the European balance of power. All the nations which had been engaged in the late war were invited to send representatives, and as Turkey was the only European state not engaged actively in the war, in the course of September Vienna was thronged with military and diplomatic celebrities. The princes whose energy had decided the fate of the campaign—Alexander and Frederick William—were the guests of the Emperor

Francis at the Hofburg. Alexander was in excellent spirits, for he believed in a speedy and satisfactory termination of the business, and the restoration of a permanent peace. To Vienna also came the Kings of Denmark, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, and the throng of princes belonging to the Rhenish Confederation, all eager for compensation. Around them congregated a brilliant circle of statesmen and warriors, and a still more brilliant band of ladies, in whose center the Empresses of Russia and Austria were most distinguished. As, too, all the relations of social life had been overthrown by the late convulsion, a quantity of individuals flocked to Vienna, who hoped to bring

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\* Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn von Stein. Von G. H. Pertz. Berlin: George Reimer.

their own affairs before the notice of congregated Europe. Any person who had suffered a loss, or whose forefathers had been unjustly treated, those who wished to keep what they had obtained, or claim the property of others—knights and chevaliers d'industrie, booksellers and merchants, portrait-painters and Jews, in short, every body—hoped to benefit by the new era arising for Europe.

Among all these aspirants for fortune, Stein moved on the even tenor of his way, bound to no party, but universally regarded as the confidential counselor of the Russian Emperor. He possessed no vote in the formal discussions, but exerted an immense influence through the purity and inflexibility of his character. The author of the life of Capodistrias describes him in these terms: "Stein was in himself a power. He was one of those men who strive unceasingly for a great object, keeping on the straight road, in spite of a thousand obstacles, by the force of his genius and devotion. Without any further authority than his name and the services he had done to the common cause, he played the greatest part of all at the Congress of Vienna. Hostile to all diplomatic chicanery and tricks, in his quality of a man he laid his voice in the balance of European destiny. For a long time persecuted by the instinctive hatred of Napoleon, he had devoted himself to the restoration of the Prussian monarchy and the formation of a confederation against France without swerving an inch. History delights in delaying for a while with such men."

The first step taken by the Congress was to regulate the progress of business, and it was decided that the affairs of Germany should be handed over to a special commission; but on the 24th of September the French embassy made its appearance, and every thing was speedily thrown into confusion. Talleyrand was the head of the embassy.

"Talleyrand, notorious for many years as perfectly deficient in religious and moral principles, and for the readiness with which he adapted himself to the various phases of the revolution, and who, like rats leaving a sinking ship, had always deserted the tottering government at the right moment, appeared at Vienna with a brazen front, and as prophet of a new creed with which to gain over the easily deluded and excitable members of the Congress for his own ends. Humiliated and weakened France, which had

nothing to expect from the fears of the great powers, sought a new conquest under the banner of legitimacy—a principle which placed the rights of the princes above those of the people. Talleyrand employed this method to dethrone Murat, restore the Bourbon power in Italy, and collect the weaker princes around France, which had now assumed the title of Protector of the Oppressed; but these views were subordinate to his own interests. It is certain that he employed his position at Vienna to restore his own broken fortunes; and Savary, a connoisseur in such matters, tells us that Talleyrand received 800,000 ducats from Murat to serve his cause, and was then bought over to the other side by Ferdinand of Sicily for an equal sum and magnificent promises."

The first open interference on the part of Talleyrand was with reference to Saxony; but the Emperor Alexander declined to enter into any discussion on this matter, as the allied powers had, in the peace of Paris, reserved to themselves the settlement of the conquered countries. Talleyrand replied that he believed there were no longer any allied powers. "Yes," the Emperor said, "whenever steps are being taken to carry out the treaty of Paris." Hardenberg, Metternich, Nesselrode, and Castlereagh recognized the necessity of union to foil Talleyrand's intrigues, and proceeded at once to regulate the position of the King of Saxony towards the other powers. But it must not be supposed that Talleyrand defended Saxony from mere disinterestedness, and the reports of the Russian envoy at Berlin soon explained his motives. Alopæus announced that the King of Saxony had paid large sums to Talleyrand. Lagarde, after mentioning Talleyrand's partisanship for Saxony, speaks of several millions which Frederick Augustus had paid to two influential personages in Vienna—the other remains to be guessed—while Chateaubriand states point-blank that Talleyrand was gained over by the King for three million francs to sell the true interests of France, which would have preferred Prussia in Saxony sooner than on the Rhine. But Alexander speedily cut the knot of the intrigue by stating that if the King of Saxony did not consent to the decrees of Congress, he must be treated like a prisoner, and sent off to Riga.

On the 14th October the German Committee assembled for the first time, and it was soon evident that nothing need be expected from it, as the princes strenuously intrigued to gain the upper hand.



Austria determined on forming a coalition with South Germany and France, to establish an equipoise against Russia, which would always have Prussia and North Germany on her side. But to effect this, Mayence must be given to Bavaria, and to such a step Prussia could not assent. This imbroglio gave rise to a violent paper war, and an article which appeared in the *Rheinische Mercur* excited an immense sensation. The Bavarian envoys even went so far as to demand satisfaction in the committee. The Crown Prince of Bavaria, while at table, expressed himself in these words: "Yes, there is a great deal of nonsense written at present by Görres, and the other fellows Stein protects." Stein heard this from the other end of the room, rushed up, and said to the Prince: "I must beg your royal highness not to forget your position, who you are and who I am. It is not proper to mention names in such mixed company." Another circumstance caused much conversation about this time. A journal published an odious article stating that Stein *had been* powerful, but was so no longer. At a party at Count Stackelberg's, a German prince walked up to Stein, and said, contemptuously: "Had been—yes, had been." Stein flew out, "I despise the impudence of a journalist"—and holding his clenched fist before the prince's nose—"but I would not recommend any one to repeat it." The result of the general dispute was that the German Committee was broken up, and the attention of Congress drawn exclusively to the settlement of Poland and Saxony.

Of all the questions brought before the Congress that of Poland was the most dangerous. Prussia and Austria, after being deprived of their Polish possessions by Napoleon, had made their restoration a condition of the alliance with Russia, and a treaty had been drawn up at Reichenbach on the 27th June, 1813, to that effect. By this treaty the kingdom of Warsaw was to be dissolved, and divided among the three Powers amicably, but when the moment arrived Alexander could not consent. On the other hand, it was impossible that Poland should be formed into an independent kingdom. The Emperor, therefore, hoped that he might induce his neighbors to assent to his occupation of the Grand Duchy, but he recognized the difficulty. Thus he said to General von Knesebeck at Vienna: "Russia's power is

disquieting for Europe; still the honor of the nation demands an aggrandizement as a reward for its sacrifices, exertions, and victories. It can, however, be rendered innocuous only in one way—Russian Poland must be united with Warsaw, and receive a constitution and independent army." The manifesto of the Emperor created an awful excitement, and the Powers applied to England to solve the difficulty. On the 12th October, Castlereagh handed in a note to Alexander, in which he urged the necessity of carrying out the stipulations relating to the division of Warsaw. This letter caused the Emperor considerable annoyance, which was augmented by the magnificent review of the Austrian troops which took place in the Prater on the 18th, for Alexander was no longer able to believe in the weakness of Austria, on which he had built his hopes. The result was a very angry reply to Castlereagh's interposition, and the Emperor expressed his indignation that, after allowing his allies such expansion, they thwarted his own simple wishes. He ended by saying that he washed his hands of Germany. At the same time, Alexander omitted no opportunity to express his dislike for Metternich. To the old Princess Metternich he said, "I despise every man who does not wear uniform;" and he induced the Duchess de Sagan to break off her long-standing connection with Metternich by the remark, "It is not proper for you to be *liée* with a paltry writer." Nor did Alexander despise the more ignoble arts of persuasion, and tried hard to induce Frederick William to accept his views, but the King of Prussia, for the present, adhered to his own opinion.

A grand crop of notes and counter-notes emanated from this discordance of views, terminating in a split among the Allies, Prussia and Russia being opposed to England and Austria. The Emperor's obstinacy was backed up by the King of Prussia, who was informed that Austria was playing false in the Saxon matter, and Hardenberg in vain tried to reconcile his duty and his obedience. Matters indeed went so far that serious thoughts of a war were entertained, only prevented by the fact that Russia had 300,000 men ready to march at a moment's notice. The only feasible plan was, that Prussia should act as mediator, for Alexander was so embittered against Castlereagh that he would not hear a word from him. In expecta-

tion of further eventualities, England and Austria began looking round for allies, and as France desired nothing more than to approach them, and thus emerge from her second-rate position at the Congress, an agreement was come to without loss of time. Stewart was the first to inform Stein of the proposed alliance, and said, with a feeling of deep pain, that they found themselves compelled to play into the hands of France.

In the mean while, Alexander took measures to assure himself of the support of Prussia. He exerted himself to maintain the misunderstanding between Prussia and Austria, and told Frederick William that Talleyrand had informed him, on the part of Metternich, that Austria was willing to yield in the Polish question if Russia would separate from Prussia. He even authorized the King to make this public. Metternich denied it, and there was an opportunity for mutual explanations, which diplomatists could not be expected to neglect. Other matters, too, such as Saxony and Mayence, surged up in the midst of the discussion, and all looked gloomy in the extreme.

"On the 14th of December Metternich proceeded to the Emperor Alexander, in order to justify himself, and delivered him a protocol of State Chancellor Hardenberg, written in the beginning of November, in which the latter recommended concessions to Russia, and make preparations to cripple her power hereafter. This letter Metternich handed in, with the remark that he had several other documents written by Hardenberg, of which he could not make use, as they were the secrets of a third party. Alexander comprehended Metternich's object in this matter. Disgusted by his treachery, he laid all the papers before the Emperor Francis, and declared that he would no longer negotiate with so unsafe a man. The Emperor Francis, stated that several of these papers, especially Metternich's letter to Castlereagh, had been written without his cognizance. He pressed for an interview with the Grand Duchess Catherine, which the lady only granted by her brother's orders. Here Francis disapproved of Metternich's conduct, and repeated his assertion about the letter to Castlereagh. But the Grand Duchess repeated, in her brother's name, that he would no longer negotiate with Metternich."

The Emperor Francis was extremely warlike, and declared that, unless the King of Saxony was restored to his dominions, he should take up arms, and he could reckon on the German peoples. An Austrian army was concentrated in Bohe-

mia, the Bavarians were to join them, another corps d'armée be formed at Tetschen to keep the Russians in check, while a French army advanced from the Rhine upon the Elbe. "Thus, then," Stein said, "Germany will be exposed again to a civil and French war, for the advantage of a partisan of Napoleon, and for the settlement of the question whether it were better to remove him to the left bank of the Rhine, or break up Saxony and give him a fragment. What blindness!" On the 3d of January, 1815, the secret treaty was completed between England, Austria, and France, and remained a secret to Russia and Prussia for two months. Stein suspected its existence, but the Emperor Alexander would not believe that the man whose roof sheltered him could be so treacherous as to plot against him. In the mean while, mutual concessions were being made, and the Polish question was in a fair way of settlement. On the 3d of February the Duke of Wellington arrived at Vienna, and steps were taken to satisfy Prussia with reference to Saxony. Frederick William was highly indignant that Castlereagh would not give him up Leipzig; and even the Emperor's offer to compensate him with the town of Thorn did not remove his anger. Still he was forced to give way at last, and thus matters were apparently satisfactorily settled, though none of the rulers in their hearts intended to adhere to the terms of the negotiations for one moment longer than was absolutely necessary.

In the midst of the movements which the contest about Poland and Saxony produced in Europe, the seed was sown for the future dissolution of the Osmanli Empire. In Alexander's suite, at Vienna, were present Hypsilanti and Capodistrias, the former, son of the Hospodar of Wallachia who had been assassinated by the Turks, and who had lost an arm at Culm in the Russian service, the other a Corfiote and a statesman. Both desired the liberation of Greece from the Turkish yoke, and had fixed their hopes upon assembled Europe, while they fully shared the excitement produced through Greece by the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Archipelago. Alexander's noble character and Christian compassion for his oppressed co-religionists seemed to justify these hopes, and the openly expressed sympathy of the Russians guarantee their success. Capodistrias founded the Heta-

ria, or Society of the Friends of the Muses. The renown of ancient Greece found admirers and sympathizers among the highest members of the Congress. The Emperor Alexander, the Crown Princes of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, joined a union which hoped to bring about a happier future by the education and moral development of the Grecian youth. The Hetæria, begun in Vienna, where Hypsilanti became one of its members, extended rapidly through the whole of Greece and European Turkey, and held in readiness money and arms for the impending insurrection.

In order to bring about a more satisfactory arrangement with reference to the German and Bavarian affairs, Stein had an interview with Wellington on the 24th of February. At the first blush there does not appear any connection between the hero of Salamanca and the *rexata quæstio* of the imperial dignity; but the Iron Duke's sturdy common-sense soon detected the true reasons for the confusion which surrounded the subject at the Congress. In the interview, the Duke began by stating that as Germany possessed no unity, this deficiency must be made up by the unity existing between Austria and Prussia, and the state of public opinion. Germany, he considered, was only bound together by language and customs; but was fearfully divided by religious contests and political interests. The intended federal constitution could only be maintained by the two powers and by public opinion, which had openly expressed its adhesion to a constitutional form of government. To this very reasonable remark Stein replied that the Austrians were to blame for the rupture of Germany, because they could thus maintain their influence. The five directing courts at this moment possessed very divergent opinions, and in his view the only mode to reconcile matters was by setting up a chief of the confederation. To this Wellington simply replied by exposing the impossibility of such a step, and strongly advised the formation of a powerful state on the left bank of the Rhine, which could not be menaced by France, and considered that by giving Austria Salzburg, her overwhelming weight would keep Bavaria true to her interests. Stein allowed that the formation of such a state would be advantageous, if its fidelity could be depended on;

but that was not the case with Bavaria. Germany was now sufficiently guarded against any French attack by the line of federal fortresses and the formation of Belgium. Austria had shown her weakness in the Bavarian affair, and every chance collision between her and France and Bavaria must be avoided. The conference terminated by Wellington requesting Stein to call upon him whenever he had any thing to suggest; and thenceforth the Duke was not nearly so eager for the Bavarian compensation, which had hitherto proved a favorite plan of the English diplomatists. It reflects great credit on Wellington that he formed so accurate an idea of German affairs; and had the people only listened to the impartial views of such men, the lamentable blunders of 1848 might have been saved.

The Emperor Alexander made himself needlessly odious about this time, by taking up eagerly the cause of Maria Louisa and Eugène Beauharnais, and demanding for the former, who had written to him and asked his support, Parma and Piacenza, for the latter a principality in Italy. The Emperor Francis had already declared that he would give his daughter estates in his hereditary dominions. "She is," Stein remarks, "a superficial French woman, who pretends to have forgotten every thing connected with Germany, and allows General Neiperg to make love to her." In the mean while, Stein had been working on Alexander, and turning him against the Bavarian compensation, much to the annoyance of the Austrian party. Wellington supported Stein's views, and Bavaria had all her intrigues foiled. A general spirit of compromise had thus far kept matters straight, and the Emperor Alexander was joyfully preparing to quit Vienna when an unexpected event gave a sudden turn to the discussion.

When Louis XVIII. returned to France after twenty-three years' absence, he found his country utterly changed. The revolution, and Napoleon's military despotism, had destroyed the old bonds connecting the various classes of society to the throne, and a numerous army had monopolized all the strength of the country. This army, into which the nation had become in some measure fused, had lost its pristine renown in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, 1814, and been deprived of its former estates and monetary resources in foreign countries; above all, its great leader was ban-



ished to Elba. But though overthrown, weakened, and kept down, it had not been disbanded, but maintained in its old organization; and possessed by the restless passions of insulted nationality and unsatisfied ambition, it thirsted for a new occasion to avenge its defeats and regain the lost countries. Louis's throne was raised without a stay on the heap of ashes thrown up by the revolutionary volcano, and would probably be swallowed up by the first convulsive throes. It was wanting in that personal dignity which was doubly necessary for a successor of Napoleon; the King's obesity and ill-health rendered him incapable to take the head of his army and the object of ridicule for the Bonapartists; the government was intrusted to suspicious men, and the courtiers, whose only recommendation was their long devotion to the royal house, were as blind and pretentious as they were incompetent to understand and manage a nation so utterly estranged from them. The cecity of the returning émigrés attained such a pitch that the King was compelled to employ all his influence to keep in check those members of his own family who pressed him to undertake fresh wars of aggression. The émigrés demanded pensions and compensation; the owners of national property were afraid of confiscation; to this was added the *odium theologicum* between Catholics and Protestants in Alsace and the Cévennes, and these apprehensions were kept up with hostile views. Bonaparte had never given up hopes of returning; his relations and partisans formed, under the guidance of Hortense and Joseph, a widely ramified conspiracy, with affiliations in foreign countries, and which, in case of success, reckoned on the support of Austria and Bavaria. As early as August, 1814, the senate of Bern had informed the Comte d'Artois and the English envoy of Joseph Bonaparte's suspicious meetings with French generals; at the beginning of the winter, Barras went to Blacas to warn him of a conspiracy against the King; he recommended the royal confidants to pay attention to Napoleon's schemes and his connection with Murat; he pressed that Napoleon should be arrested, and he would then undertake to remove Murat from the throne. Blacas paid no attention to the proposal. The French envoy at Turin reported during the winter to the ministry the negotia-

tions between the Bonapartists and their leader; Madame Augereau, who was implored by the Duchesse de Bassano, on her knees, to induce her husband to join the conspiracy, went to the minister of police and told him of the circumstance, but was hardly listened to; he regarded it as a quarrel between two pretty women. Equally slight attention was paid by Talleyrand to a letter sent him by Fouché in January, stating that armed men were assembling in Western Switzerland under Joseph's guidance. At the same time every precaution against Napoleon's evasion was neglected; the French government paid no attention to him, the English ships cruising round Elba had no orders to arrest him if he tried to escape, and it is doubtful whether the commanders would have taken so bold a step on their own authority. When Pozzo pressed Talleyrand in October and November to bring Napoleon's arrest before the Congress, the latter replied: "Do not speak about him; he is a dead man." The director of the post at Paris was so blinded as to leave the Bonapartist Lavalette at the head of affairs, who suppressed all the news that arrived about the movement. Never was the axiom "*Quos Deus vult perdere*" more true than when referred to the Bourbons.

The first news of Napoleon's evasion reached Vienna on the 7th of March in a letter from Lord Burghersh, English envoy at Florence, to Wellington, and caused general consternation, especially to the Duke, who was only too well acquainted with the spirit animating the French army. Equal apprehension was felt for Italy, if Napoleon thought proper to proceed to that country; for great dissatisfaction was felt there at the loss of a fancied nationality, which Napoleon had been far from restoring, and at the numerous blunders committed by the Austrian administration. The Austrian army amounted to some 40,000 men, and Murat was ready to strike at a moment's notice, at the head of 80,000 men. These fears produced a speedy approximation among the parties, and the cabinets recognized the necessity of arranging the various matters still in dispute at once. Alexander declared openly that he had made a mistake the previous year at Paris, but was ready to march at the head of his army to preserve the integrity of the treaty. Still he had a caution, and



told Stein that he should make his terms beforehand, and not trust to the generosity of his allies: he wanted no augmentation of territory, but subsidies. On the 13th of March, Napoleon was placed under the ban of Europe, and the document is a curious counterpart to the outlawry which Napoleon had issued against Stein seven years before. This declaration was received with hearty applause in Germany, but the effect it might have produced in France was lost by the delay in sending it to Paris, which city it did not reach till the 21st, and was naturally suppressed by the new government.

But Napoleon himself was not resting on a bed of roses at Paris. In order to insure the success of the conspiracy which recalled him, the Bonapartists had been forced to coalesce with the dissatisfied members of the Constituent Assembly and the relics of the Jacobin party. These joined in their desire to overthrow the Bourbons, and left the rest to Providence, in the hope that each party would overcome the other: the former desired Napoleon as their leader, the latter only intended to make use of him and overthrow their instrument, so soon as it had done its duty; they demanded a share in the government, liberty of the press, and a republican constitution. Napoleon found the republican element so strong on his return that he was obliged to give way: he received Carnot and Fouché into his ministry, formed a *garde nationale*, promised freedom of the press and a new constitution, to deliberate on which the deputies were summoned to a "*Champ de Mai*," in imitation of the Carolingians. Napoleon's position was any thing but reassuring. Checked in his movements by the distrust of his troublesome allies, alarmed about their views and the temper of the republican party, he lived surrounded by his guards, who oppressed and roused the population by their excesses. The only external ally he possessed was his brother-in-law Murat; but chance threw a means into his hands by which his opponents might possibly be divided.

"On the 8th of April, Alexander received a communication from Napoleon through Budikin, who had remained in Paris to watch the course of events. Napoleon sent him through Maret a duplicate of the secret treaty of 8d Jan., which M. de Jaucourt had left behind him in his flight, with other documents relating to the Congress. Maret, while begging the Russian

*Chargé d'Affaires* to deliver the document to Alexander in Napoleon's name, is said to have added: 'Napoleon would not permit himself to make any remark about this matter, but considered it his duty not to keep it concealed from the Emperor.' When Alexander received the document he was extremely angry; he turned very red, and there were evident signs of a storm. At a very early hour next morning he summoned Stein, and after showing him the treaty, said: 'I have requested Prince Metternich to come here, and wish you to be present at the interview as witness.' Soon after Metternich came in. Alexander showed him the paper, and asked him if he recognized it. The Prince did not move a feature, and was silent. When he attempted to evade the subject and began talking of other matters, the Emperor interrupted him with the words: 'Metternich, so long as we live, not a word must ever be exchanged between us on this matter. Now we have other things to do. Napoleon has returned, and our alliance must henceforth be firmer than ever.' With these words he threw the treaty into the fire, and dismissed both ministers."

A short time afterwards, Talleyrand assured Count Nesselrode that only some unimportant papers had been left behind by De Jaucourt, and when Nesselrode appeared to display some doubt, he continued: "Ah! I know what you would like to speak about—that treaty—but it was made without any evil design; I, for my part, wished to break up the Quadruple Alliance!" ("The scoundrel!" Stein here adds energetically.) Alexander spoke to the King of Bavaria on the subject, much in the same way as he had done to Metternich: "You were carried away—I think no more about it." Still the impression produced by the treaty could not be entirely dissipated, and the majority of the courts began to apologize, recognizing as they did the awkward position in which they would be placed if Russia and Prussia retired from the alliance. Alexander, however, sacrificed his own feelings to the welfare of Europe, and energetic preparations were made to hurl Napoleon once more from the throne. But before they proceeded to action, the Allies had to regulate the manner of their interference, for Alexander had a strong desire to sink the Bourbons in favor of the younger line. The cowardice Louis XVIII. had displayed in deserting the throne of his fathers only enhanced the contempt which Alexander entertained for the Bourbons. After a lengthened discussion it was, however, decided that

no change should be made in the manifesto of the 13th March. In the mean while Prussia had rapidly proceeded to arm; by the 23d April, Gneisenau was enabled to write to the Princess Louise: "We are already standing at the gates of France with 150,000 men, Prussians animated with the best spirit. Were the neighboring armies imbued with the same temper, we should soon be able to march into Paris again. A bitter after-taste of the Congress is still perceptible, but we must strive to look into the future and forget the past. All that grieves me is our forced inactivity, while the enemy is zealously carrying on his political and military preparations." This inactivity, however, resulted from a decision of the powers that they would not venture the risk of a defeat, but only commence an attack when the grand Austrian and Russian armies were at the same distance from Paris as the English and Prussian. One thing was neglected, however: the danger that Napoleon might throw an overpowering weight on one division of the allies, and destroy the connection between them by a victory. And how nearly did he effect this!

In the mean while the Congress was not idle: the splendid myth of the German constitution was being worked out, and the affairs of Italy settled. The Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla were handed over to Maria Louisa, while the legations which Austria would so gladly have retained, and which Murat occupied for a second time, were restored to the Pope through the influence of England. The Servant of the Servants of God, whose gubernatorial cares his Catholic sons, Francis and Murat, so much wished to lighten, and from whom the most Christian king had torn Avignon and the Venaissin, found his best support at that time in the disinterested heretics and schismatics of England, Prussia, and Russia, nor did he institute any novena that they might become like his other faithful sons. In the conference of the 7th June, the Italian affairs were finally settled by the recognition of Ferdinand as King of Naples. On the 9th June the final protocol of the Congress was signed by all the representatives of the powers, and the great work of regulating Europe was effected in due accordance with the views of the Holy Alliance. Without indorsing his views, we may be permitted

to quote what our author says on the subject:

"The narrative has shown under what difficulties the settlement or solution of the various subjects was effected. As it was impossible to retrieve what had been neglected in 1812 and 1813, and at Paris, with reference to Poland, Germany, and Prussia, the result could not be generally satisfactory. It was no great creation from one mould, but a very imperfect product, such as could only emanate from the fusion of so many energies and passions in such assemblies. It bears, then, the deep imprint of every human work, imperfection; and nothing is easier than to reproach the arrangements made about Poland, Saxony, and the Netherlands, or to make better suggestions about each point than those carried into effect. But the object here was not to propose, but to cause acceptance, and no one was powerful enough to dictate; even the highest were compelled to court the adherence of the other members. The loudest condemnation of the Congress was uttered by French politicians; naturally enough, as French policy suffered its severest defeat here and in Paris, and could only be raised from its self-created ruin by the generosity of its opponents. But when a French writer breaks out into the complaint, 'Justice only appeared before the Congress in mourning robes,' the remark offers itself involuntarily, that at all congresses where French policy has played the principal part, down to Tilsit, Bayonne, and Schönbrunn, from the time when Brennus threw his sword into the balance, justice never made her appearance at all. And even if many a just demand of the peoples remained unsatisfied, this does not result from the fact that it was not a congress of the nations, or that the nations were not heard before the Congress; for history knows no national congress save the battle-field, and nations can not be heard *en masse* but through their most eminent representatives, no few of whom raised their voices loudly at Vienna, and advanced indefatigably until they found the extremest limit of success in the will and apparent advantage of others. The Congress of Vienna, then, to compress its merits into a single sentence, by complementing the treaty of Paris, restored the free union of states through Europe in the place of Napoleonic tyranny. This work of an enlightened and great policy, imperfectly as it was carried out in its details, still remains the sole healthy and permanent basis of European life; and if this was at a later date mutilated and restricted, it must not be laid to the fault of the Congress, but to worse times and less eminent men."

While Napoleon was collecting all his forces for one final blow, the Allies were not idle, and their army, when collected, would have amounted to a million of warriors. The luckless inhabitants of the

Upper Rhine were so exhausted by this new army of locusts following so closely on the last war, that they deserted their houses *en masse*. Fortunately, however, this state of things was not fated to last long, but the news of WATERLOO was so incredible, that when it reached headquarters at Heidelberg, a witty general remarked: "The corn was so high in Belgium that Napoleon had probably concealed himself in it with his army." When Metternich mentioned at a later period that an Austrian army in such a position as the Prussian would have required at least six weeks to recover, Stein replied in high glee: "There you can see the value of moral strength."

"The question which has been discussed on either side with such exacerbation, whether Wellington or Blücher won the battle of Waterloo, is very easy of solution. The battle was the common deed of the two armies, arranged and carried out in that view. The Prussian loss was proportionately very high, and amounted during the afternoon and evening to one half the Anglo-German loss during the whole day. Both armies fought here for the same cause, against the same enemy; they struggled like the two arms of one body, their merit being equal; and the heroic daring endurance of the one, and the heroic fire and energy of the other, hold up an example for all ages how the German nations on either side the German Ocean ought to stand by each other and conquer in the day of need."

The news of this great event spread an indescribable joy through Germany; and Stein received the first official intimation of it by a letter from Blücher:

"BLÜCHER TO STEIN.

"Noyelle, June 22d, 1815.—I trust, my honored friend, that you are satisfied with me. In three days I have fought two sanguinary battles, and stood against five violent attacks while investing three fortresses. I owe all to my iron will, the assistance of Gneisenau, as well as the affection and bravery of my troops; and though there was no want of representations and complaints about excessive exertions and danger, I soon put an end to them. The day after to-morrow, I shall have an interview with Wellington, and then forwards. I have sent in no report to the Emperor of Russia, as I know that the King will make my report to him known immediately; but I beg you to lay me at his feet and say, that if I had had more Cossacks and light cavalry with me, but very few of the Frenchmen would have been left. Napoleon has lost every thing—his chest, his jewels,

and his entire equipage; he was so surprised that he jumped out of his carriage without sword or hat, and saved himself on horseback. His sword, hat, and cloak are in my hands. Farewell: I wish it was all over here, for I am longing for rest. Persuade the Emperor Alexander to grant me a small estate near Birnbaum; then we shall be neighbors, and I will spend my last days calmly in the country."

During the occupation of France by the Allies a considerable difference was visible as to the maintenance of the troops. The Prussians and Russians had learned from the French themselves the use to which an enemy's country could be put, while Wellington kept his German and Dutch troops in severe check only to reap the ridicule of the French as being a man "more French than the French themselves." In order to insure regularity in these matters, a commission was appointed on the 24th of July, and it was settled that France would have to provide the pay and clothing of the troops in addition to rations. At the same time, the leaders proceeded to reclaim the art treasures which they had trusted to Louis XVIIIth.'s generosity to give back at the first restoration, but they had found themselves mistaken. On this subject Schiller had raised a noble appeal so far back as the year 1800:

"Was der Griechen kunst erschaffen,  
Mag der Franke mit den Waffen  
Führen nach der Seine Strand,  
Und in prangenden Museen  
Zeig' er seine Siegstrophäen  
Dem erstaunten Vaterland!

"Ewig werden sie ihm schweigen,  
Nie von den Gestellen steigen  
In des Leben's frischen Reih'n:  
Der allein besitzt die Musen,  
Der sie trägt im warmen Busen:  
Dem Vandalen sind sie Stein."

Nothing outraged the French vanity deeper than this restoration, which was perfectly natural. Even talented men, like Benjamin Constant, were inconsolable. When the latter was lamenting on the subject in Germany, his clever neighbor remarked: "If Napoleon said formerly to his troops, Take! the Allies now say to their troops, Take back!" Constant replied, in horror: "You might be taken, madame, for a general's daughter!" "Pardon me, I am the daughter of a lawyer," Höpfner's daughter replied. Even Wellington, to whom the French applied,

could offer them no hope of retaining their plunder, and so the sacrifice was effected which has formed the subject of eternal jeremiads even to the present day.

While the Allies were engaged in reading the French a lesson in morality, Stein had been gradually recovering his health at his estate in Nassau. In July he was honored by a visit from Goethe, and in his company visited Cologne and the artistic treasures of the Lower Rhine. Arndt, who saw him at this time, and compared their trip to the fabled voyage of the iron and earthen pots, tells us of the extreme delicacy with which the two old gentlemen behaved to each other, through a mutual desire to avoid a collision. Goethe displayed toward Stein a sort of amazed reverence, while Stein "was unusually gentle and mild, and bridled the lion of his nature, which never once got up a roar." But our minister was soon drawn away to the turmoil of politics; his presence was absolutely necessary in Paris, and, without a murmur, he set out on his journey. The Emperor Alexander received him in the kindest manner, gently reproached him for his hasty departure from Heidelberg, and mentioned the absolute necessity he felt of discussing with Stein the perilous matters which had surged up through the second occupation of Paris. The state of things will be best comprehended from a letter written by Gneisenau to Arndt:

"We are in danger of forming a second peace of Utrecht, and the principal peril emanates from the same quarter as at that period. England is animated by wonderfully bad sentiments, and with her will no injury shall be done to France. The most to be taken from her is not territory, but a contribution. When Russia talks in such a way, it may be explained by the selfish policy which does not desire the western frontiers of Austria and Prussia to be secured, and intends to keep an ever ready ally in France, but when England insists on the integrity of the French territory, we can only see in such distorted views a desire to keep up a war on the Continent, and render Germany dependent. But while England does not wish the continental powers to make conquests, she is caring very nicely for herself. She has just made a declaration to Russia that she intends to keep the Seven Islands. Russia regards the matter angrily, but can not help herself.

"Prussia holds a language worthy of herself. She gives up any aggrandizement, and only wishes that her neighbors should become powerful at the expense of France, so that a strong frontier may be drawn round this focus of poli-

tical confusion. The last census of the French population (after the peace of Paris) gives a total of 28,900,000 souls. What a population! This restless people will constantly rush upon its neighbors through its impulse for change, its recollections, its thirst for revenge and greediness, and yet this must not be prevented!

"Wellington behaves worst of all, a man who, without us, would have been annihilated, a man who did not keep his promise of holding himself ready to come to our assistance on the 16th June, and whom we so chivalrously saved on the 18th, forgetting the misfortune which had fallen on us through his fault; whom we led before the gates of Paris—for, had it not been for us, he would not have arrived there so speedily—whom we saved the consequences of a second engagement by our rapid pursuit—for we crushed the enemy, and not a single Briton has been under fire since the battle of the 18th. So many great services this man requites by the meanest ingratitude.

"Austria, or rather M., is vacillating, untrustworthy, and calculating on an alliance with France. Bavaria and Wurtemberg join us. Were the former more sure, and able to act in accordance with higher policy, we might be able to dictate in connection with the smaller states, and the others would have to bear in silence. The King is here isolated with Fouché and Talleyrand, and sighs at what he is forced to countersign, for the English have given him such a ministry. The other members of the royal family are lamenting. The royalists in the south are killing the Protestants, who were attached to the Revolution. A quantity of Jacobin stuff has been developed, and the north and east of France are deluged with it. A new revolution will break out so soon as we have all quitted the country. The Bonapartists will elect the Duc d'Orléans, or even some foreign prince, or go so far as to dismember the kingdom, in order to satisfy their vengeance on the Bourbons. How much good might be effected here were it not for the crooked schemes of diplomacy!"

In this state of the case, Stein was requested to give his opinion, and he agreed, on the whole, with Wellington's proposition that a line of French fortresses should be temporarily held by the Allies as a guarantee of peace. In this he opposed the Prussian views, which strenuously demanded a diminution of the French territory. In another memorial, however, Stein so far modified his opinion that he thought it would be preferable for France to give up a few frontier fortresses rather than suffer from the exhaustion of a lengthened occupation. But to this the Emperor Alexander could not be forced to assent, and suggested the system which was eventually carried into effect, of



building a number of federal fortresses with the French compensation fund, as a strong defense for the German frontier. In the conference of the 24th August, it was decided that Spain, which proposed to march 80,000 men into Southern France, should be recommended to withdraw them, and in case of resistance on the part of the French, they would obtain no assistance from the Allies. In consequence of this explanation, the Spaniards did not cross the Pyrenees. The French were well acquainted with all that took place: they flattered the Russians, united them against Prussia, made difficulties about supplying the latter army with provisions and *matériel*, delayed the payment of the first installment of twenty-five million francs, and tried to work upon the allied powers by the threat of a universal uprising of the French nation.

"The Emperor Alexander, who, like the vine, always required some support, had formed in Vienna a *liaison* with Madame de Krüdener, who, formerly a woman of the world and author-ess of romances, had turned in her later years to mysticism. She fancied she stood in immediate communion with the Deity, and received miraculous powers and manifestations direct from Heaven, and managed to persuade the Emperor of the truth of her predictions. Although at this period forty-five years of age, she possessed numerous relics of her former beauty, an expressive visionary eye, an attractive figure, and a most charming style of conversation. The Emperor visited her repeatedly: *blasé* with all that ordinary life could offer, he found in her fresh charms, fed his propensity for mysticism, and listened to her revelations. This pietism had in so far a beneficial effect upon him that it set bounds to his violence and restless activity, which might otherwise have grown very menacing for Europe; but she had no influence on his management of home affairs, which he neglected more and more. At Madame de Krüdener's he met other persons holding similar views—Bergasse, the old adept of mesmerism, and the talented, gentle Madame de Lesay-Marnesia, whose husband had been murdered when Prefect of Strasbourg. This lady had devoted herself entirely to religious duties, and believed with the Krüdener that Providence had paved the way for a holy alliance between France and Russia for the restoration of religion and piety. Louis XVIII. employed the Duc de Richelieu, a perfect courtier of attractive presence, to gain over the new Thaumaturge, and through her convince the emperor that Heaven expected from him the salvation and maintenance of France. Alexander's immediate *entourage*, Capodistrias, Nesselrode, and Pozzo di Borgo, who already mentally saw him-

self minister of Louis XVIII., gladly left their master exposed to such influences."

Alexander became a staunch friend of Louis XVIII., and, in concord with England, determined that no territorial diminution should take place. At last Prussia was isolated, for even Austria went over to the opposite side. Prussia then had the choice either to declare war against France, and thus dissolve the great alliance, or yield her own convictions to the wishes of her allies. Although this step was so hard, it was eventually taken, and the affair settled. A change of ministers took place in France, and on the 2d of October the conference agreed to the following terms: France would revert to the frontier of 1790, so that Landau, Sarrelouis, Philippeville, and Marienburg, with Versoix, Savoy, and Monaco, should be given up, and Hüningen razed. On the other hand, Avignon, the Venaissin, and Mumpelgard would be left to France. The war contribution was settled at 700 millions, and seventeen fortresses, from Fort Louis to Cambray, would be occupied by 150,000 of the Allies, at the expense of France. This measure was to last a maximum of five years; but at the end of three an inquiry would be instituted as to whether the security of France would allow the withdrawal of the troops. Out of the war contribution, each great power received 100 millions, while one hundred were divided among the other allied states, fifty being allotted for the English and Prussian armies. The Netherlands and Sardinia, which had received a territorial aggrandizement, gave up their 100 millions in favor of Austria and Prussia. The whole terminated by the drawing up of the holy alliance between Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis. In this document they agreed, in grateful remembrance of the successes achieved during the last three years through Divine Providence, to take the precepts of the Christian religion as the basis of their actions. Henceforth they would be united as true brothers, and regard themselves as the fathers of their subjects, and lead them in the same spirit of fraternal affection. Finally, all the other powers which did homage to the same principles would be allowed admission to the alliance. The idea of this treaty had emanated from Madame de

Krüdener, and had been discussed in an interview with Alexander and Bergasse, the Emperor himself drawing up the rough sketch. No secret agreement against the liberty of the people was connected with it, nor did the three princes entertain any designs for the injury of other states, though it is probable that Alexander's *entourage*, more especially Capodistrias, regarded the alliance as a weapon, which in good time could be turned against the Turks. Such apprehensions were, indeed, openly expressed when the alliance was formed.

"From these struggles and discussions, Germany gained the bitterly purchased lesson, that none of the great European powers conscientiously desires her salvation, safety, and strength; that each of them is ready, in any circumstances, to carry on war with German blood and German arms; that German powers, great and small, are, in the hour of danger, courted and encouraged to devote themselves by the most flattering promises, but so soon as German armies have gained the victory and the common enemy is overthrown, no German power, whether great or small, can calculate on just compensation or the necessary guarantee of independence, but, on the contrary, must anticipate that the other powers will rejoice over Germany's losses. Germany must found no hopes either on England or France, and must reckon solely on herself. And whenever the time arrives that no German longer humiliates himself to become the mercenary of the stranger—whenever all small passions, all subordinate views, are relieved by the feeling of nationality—whenever, in consequence of a unity of sentiment, one powerful will guides the destiny of Germany, she will again become, as in her for-

mer powerful era, strong, and feared in Europe—till then, she must endure and be silent."

With the second restoration, Stein's political life, in so far as it possesses interest for the English reader, may be said to have terminated. For years he devoted himself to the welfare of his fatherland, and ever showed himself the sworn foe of oppression. At last, however, he retired almost entirely from the political stage, and devoted himself to literature. With indefatigable energy he roused the nation to a sense of the importance of its historical monuments, and spared no money or labor to collect the materials for a truly national work. To this is owing that splendid collection, the "*Monumenta Historica Germaniæ*," which has thrown a perfectly new light on the past history of a great nation. During the later period of his life, Stein was in constant correspondence with all the great men of his age, and the letters which have been preserved, written by such men as Blücher, Humboldt, Arndt, and Niebuhr, add a great charm to the work we have had under consideration.

Baron von Stein's long and well-spent life terminated at Cappenberg, in Westphalia, on the 29th of June, 1831, when in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His marble bust has been placed in the Walhalla by order of Louis of Bavaria, but his memory will live *cere perennius* in the hearts of his countrymen so long as one German is left whose aspirations turn to liberty and justice, and who thirsts for the grandeur and prosperity of his fatherland.

## T H E   S U M M E R - L A N D .

Two leaflets, long since withered, that give birth  
To no green memories of faded spring,  
I keep, as one would treasure gems of worth,  
Though sometimes an unwilling tear they  
bring,  
And fill my heart with griefs and longings wild.  
Scoff if you will! I stole those leaves away,  
Like kisses, from the bed of a fair child,  
Whose little life has dawned into eternal day.

He chained my wayward love; but never knew  
I loved him; never thought I was his friend,  
And held him in my heart among the few  
For whom my life and powers I fain would  
spend,

As a lone cloud loving a group of flowers  
Might linger o'er them in its trackless way,  
To empty all its hoarded wealth of showers,  
That so, in blessing them, itself might waste  
away.

Angels! ye loved that little pearl too well,  
And gently lifted it from life's rough sea  
To heaven's ocean; where not e'en a shell  
Speaks, in the ear, of storms that can not be.  
Angels! ye took that bud, so rich in love,  
Kept fresh with our wet tears; ye bore it far,  
And set it in the summer-land above,  
Where some time I shall find it, oped into  
a star.—*Household Words.*

From Chambers's Journal.

## VOLCANIC VESUVIUS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

VESUVIUS is very well in its way. When really in earnest, it affords a pretty sight for our lady and gentlemen tourists, who transport their knapsacks or carpet-bags to the bay of Naples to see it, and makes the trouble of the holiday excursion well worth taking; but he who wanders over the world of waters that rolls between Asia and America, demands something greater and grander; and he finds it. In the very middle of the lone Pacific, Mauna Loa raises her august brow to the height of nearly 14,000 feet; and when the fit is on her, flings a glare over the ocean from a column of fire 1000 feet high, and spouts forth a torrent of lava, several miles in breadth, that burns up forests and jungles in its winding way, and drinks dry the swamps and streams to an extent of nearly seventy miles.

The last eruption commenced in August, 1855, and was still in full blast about the same time last year. It is described in letters by Mr. F. A. Weld to Sir Charles Lyell, and the Rev. Titus Coan to the British Consul-general for the Sandwich Islands, both read at the Geological Society last December.

On the 11th of August, 1855, a small point of light was observed on the summit of Mauna Loa. This is one of the three volcanic mountains of the Island of Hawaii, in the Sandwich group. It appears, like the others, smooth and rounded when viewed from a distance, standing almost in the center of the island, and rising from the sea-coast through every diversity of country in a gradual ascent of about forty miles. The little point of light was seen from Hilo, a town in Byron's Bay, and won the eye from the beautiful expanse between, with its picturesque ravines filled with banana, bread fruit, and candlenut trees, and cutting through grassy slopes dotted here and there with small coffee and sugar plantations, till the region of comparative fertility met the dark forests that clothed the middle of the mountain. The star

on the summit grew more and more brilliant as the people gazed; then it rose and expanded by degrees, filling the whole heavens with its ominous glare. The eruption, however, was not distinguished by any remarkable projection of burning substances into the air, but by a vast and steady discharge of lava, the fiery floods of which burst from the summit, and rushed down the side with appalling fury. The main torrent first directed itself into the valley between Mauna Loa and one of its sisters, Mauna Kea, and then, taking an easterly direction, flowed over forests, jungles, swamps, and streams, towards Hilo, widening, as it advanced, from a breadth of three miles to five or six, and the depth varying from ten to several hundred feet. "Our first good view," says Mr. Weld, "of the eruption was at night, from the deck of a ship in the harbor, as trees obstructed the view from the shore. The distant craters were scarcely visible, but the burning forests above Hilo showed the front of the advancing lava, lighting up the night with a mighty glare, with sometimes a column of red light shooting up, occasioned probably by an explosion of the half-cooled upper crust of lava, or by dried trees falling into the devouring element." The rapidity of the ponderous fluid, however, must not be judged by that of water. Although it rushed down the steep of the mountain with incalculable speed, it is not mentioned that in the more level country it made much greater progress than a mile in the week; but still, day after day, it filled the air with smoke, darkening the entire horizon, and converting into a desert vast tracts till then waving with fruits, and adorned with all the glory of tropical verdure.

Both Mr. Weld and Mr. Coan visited the scene of the outbreak, the latter giving also an account of the appearance of the lava-stream at its terminus, not more than fifteen miles from Hilo. To gain this point through the jungle, and over the

bed of a river, while the rain poured down in torrents, was a work of difficulty; but on the evening of the second day, he came suddenly upon the burning lava, consuming the thicket before him for a breadth of several miles, and gleaming with innumerable fires. The party halted under a tree within a few feet of the lava-stream, the heat of which they made use of to boil their tea, and keep them warm "through the long and stormy, but intensely interesting night. The pyrotechnical scene was indescribable; standing under our tree, we could survey an area of some fifteen square miles, over which countless fires were gleaming with extreme brilliancy. The jungle was burning, and trees were falling; the rending of the rocks, the detonation of gases, clouds of steam from boiling water, and scintillations from burning leaves filled the atmosphere; and the red glare above resembled a firmament on fire. During the night we were nearly surrounded by the advancing lava, and when we decamped in the morning, we left our sheltering tree in flames."

Mr. Weld's journey to the top of the mountain was broken by a visit to the crater of Kilauea, much lower down, the lava-torrent from which, a few years ago, burst into the sea at more than thirty miles' distance, forming several islands, and heating the waters, and killing the fish, in an area of many miles. The crater of Kilauea is seven miles in circumference, and about 1500 feet deep.\* The cliffs forming its outer lip form a nearly perpendicular wall of yellowish clay and dark basalt rock. The bottom of the crater is constantly changing; and frequently it holds in the lower hollow a lake of molten lava a mile long, and half a mile broad. On the present occasion, it was a plain, more or less broken, of lead-colored lava, dotted with small mounds and craters, giving forth clouds of smoke, and as night approached, kindling up here and there into fires.

The ascent from hence to the summit was through woods, over old lava-streams, by the mouths of large caverns, and heaps of stones to mark where travelers had perished. They lay down for the night on some half-vitrified ashes; being

at such an elevation that the next morning when they tried to make some tea, the water, although it boiled readily, did not attain heat enough. That day the view of the opposite mountain of Mauna Kea was remarkably fine. "The old conical craters on its summits covered with newly fallen snow, its huge outline shadowy and dim, the clouds of smoke that rose round its base from the valley down which the present flood of lava is flowing, the wild dreariness of the foreground, and the tropical sky above, formed a scene almost indescribably grand and wonderful." On arriving at the lava of the present eruption, they were able to tract its devastating course below. It had been partially cooled on the surface, so as to admit of their walking on it, though with some difficulty and danger, as the flood of liquid fire still continued to roll under the crust. Of this flood Mr. Weld obtained a view through a broken part of the surface. "The huge arch and roof of the cavern glowed red-hot, and, as with some difficulty I obtained a point directly overhanging it, the glare was perfectly scorching. The lava, at almost a white heat, flowed slowly down at the rate of about three or four miles an hour. I dropped a fragment of rock into it, which it carried floating on. There was something very impressive in its steady, smooth, onward course."

The eruption came from two craters, one a mile lower than the other. In the lower, the upper crust of the lava had cooled, and the discharge was subterranean; although the smoke, darkness, and sulphureous stench continued to make it an object of awe. The upper crater still sent up those volumes of red smoke and partially ignited gases which at night appeared a lofty column of flame. Having commenced their return—

"Our sleeping-place was about 500 feet below the level of the craters; the night was fine with us; but, whilst above us the craters rolled up dark columns of smoke, below, over Hilo and Kilauea, raged a magnificent thunder-storm. The level of the top of the clouds was somewhat below us, and along it played flashes of the most vivid lightning, whilst the thunder-peals seemed to roll up from the valley below. Later in the night it rained, and in the morning, though in the tropics, the exterior of the fur-rug in which I slept was white with hoar-frost."

\* On the island of Maui, there is a crater of an extinct volcano, said to be twenty-four miles in circumference.



In Mr. Coan's journey to the summit, he walked along the lava-stream for some distance, where it appeared to be five or six miles broad; then observing a narrower place, he crossed to its opposite bank. "At this point the whole surface of the lava was solidified, while the molten flood moved on below like water under ice in a river. The superficial crust of the lava was crackling with heat, and emitting mineral gases at innumerable points. Along the margin, numerous trees lay crushed, half-charred, and smouldering upon the hardened lava."

That night, they slept on the cooled lava, above the line of vegetation. The next day, "upward and upward we urged our weary way upon the heated roof of the lava, passing, as we ascended, opening after opening, through which we looked upon the igneous river as it rushed down its vitrified duct at the rate of forty miles an hour. The lava current at this high point on the mount was fearful, the heat incandescent, and the dynamic force wonderful. The fire-duct was laid from 25 to 100 feet deep down the sides of the mount; and the occasional openings through the arches or superincumbent strata were from 1 to 40 fathoms in diameter. Into these orifices we cast large stones, which, as soon as they struck the surface of the hurrying flood, passed down the stream in an indistinct and instantaneous blaze. Through openings in the mountain we could also see subterranean cataracts of molten rock leaping precipices of 25 or 50 feet. The whole scene was awful, defying description. Struggling upwards amidst hills, cones, ridges, pits, and ravines of jagged and smoking lava, we came at 1 P.M. to the terminal or summit crater, and mounting to the highest crest of its banks, we looked down as into the very throat of hell." This, according to Mr. Coan, is the summit of the mountain, while Mr. Weld places the highest crater 1500 feet below the summit. The former, indeed, met with nothing at all like what is com-

monly called a crater. The plateau of the mountain was rent with yawning fissures, bordered with masses of scorix, lava, etc., "piled in the form of the elongated cones, rent longitudinally, while the inner walls were hung with burning stalactites, and festooned with a capillary or filamentous lava, called *Pelé's hair*, and much resembling the hair of a human being. The burning lava is not seen at this point—it goes off by a subterranean chamber; "but the fearful rush of white smoke and gases from these fissures on the summit fills one with awe, and the spectator must use his utmost care lest the fierce whirlwinds which gyrate and sweep over these heated regions throw him over, or strangle him with sulphurous gases." It is not wonderful that the natives consider the hair, hung in so extraordinary a situation, to belong to the goddess *Pelé*. It is "reddish, brownish, or of golden hue"—in fact auburn; and the beautiful but awful being it adorned lost the fragments in her wild gambols as she rioted in her volcano-bath during the night, splashing the liquid fire to the heavens, and flinging its fitful glare over the sea.

We may add that the immense crater of Kilauea was in full work in 1840, when the flood of lava "forced itself under its mural sides at the depth of 1000 feet, pursuing its way towards the sea in subterranean galleries, until the fiery flood broke ground, and rolled down in a burning deluge, from one to four miles wide, sweeping away forest and hamlet, and filling the heavens with its murky clouds and its lurid glare. In three days it reached the sea, having traveled thirty miles; and for two weeks it plunged in a vast fiery cataract, a mile wide, over a precipice some fifty feet high. The commotion, the detonations, the rolling and gyrating clouds of ascending vapor were awfully sublime. The ocean was heated for twenty miles along the coast, and thousands of marine animals were killed."

Such is Mauna Kea when the fit is on her!

From the North British Review.

## A GLANCE AT THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.\*

ABOUT the end of 1813, a young man, plainly dressed, but of thoughtful and earnest look, entered the Sabbath-school rooms of Southgate Congregational Chapel, Gloucester, and said to one of the teachers: "Have you any thing for me to do here? I want to teach some children." He gave his name as Walter Henry Medhurst. Born in London in 1796, Medhurst had been taken to Gloucester when fourteen years of age, and apprenticed to a printer. For some time he seems to have led a somewhat thoughtless life: theater-going, and other profitless, if not pernicious amusements, engrossed all his spare time. At the request of a brother, he had agreed to spend one Sabbath evening in Southgate Chapel. The text for the evening was, "A brand plucked from the burning;" and, during the discourse, one thought and another of his own likeness to the earnest preacher's vivid descriptions of character, laid their firm grasp on young Medhurst's soul. A time of spiritual crisis had come unsought for. The power of the higher life had entered the youth's heart, and his strong will was enlisted on the side of good against evil. The earnest question in the Sabbath-school, "Have you any thing for me to do here?" finds its explanation in the presence of the new life in the soul of the printer's lad. Medhurst could not long continue idle. The thought of a lifetime of earnest work had been before him in the years of his folly, and the same thought passed with him over the threshold into the kingdom of God. There was much deep moral darkness prevailing in many of the villages around Gloucester. There was work which he thought might be attempted by him; and, with characteristic earnestness and zeal, he set about doing it "with his might." In some small Congregational chapel, in some mean cot-

tage, or, in summer, by the wayside, and under the shadow of the hedgerow trees, he discoursed, to the rude company that gathered around him, of those grand truths which had thrown their living power over his own soul, and set him apart for work in behalf of others. He had learned what Lord Bacon calls "the real end and use of all knowledge—the dedication of that reason which is given us by God to the use and advantage of man."

While he labored at "whatsoever his hand found to do"—printing diligently on week days, and preaching as diligently on Sabbath—the stirring letters of Morrison and Milne, the Chinese missionaries, inoculated him with the strong desire to devote himself to the work of God in the East. An opportunity soon presented itself. His eye fell on an advertisement by the directors of the London Missionary Society for a printer, to be associated with the Malacca Mission. Medhurst offered, and was accepted. His love of preaching went with him to the Malayan Archipelago, and he was very soon as earnestly engaged in it as he was with his printing-press. The sagacious Milne soon saw that they had among them a man full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom—one who had been called to the ministry by the great Head of the Church himself; and, in 1819, the printer's apprentice was ordained by Milne to the work of the ministry.

Medhurst labored with great zeal for twenty-two years in Batavia; and when Shanghai was opened to foreigners in 1842, he was appointed to that station, where he continued till September last year, when, wasted but not weary, enfeebled in body but strong in spirit, he left it, in the hope of meeting health on the sea, or amid the green fields around his beloved Gloucester. But he returned to die. He landed on the 22d of January, and on the 24th of the same month his soul quietly passed from the enfeebled body into the presence of Him who was waiting

\* *A Glance at the Interior of China, obtained during a Journey through the Silk and Green Tea Countries.* By W. H. MEDHURST, D.D. London: Snow, 1850.

with the welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Medhurst may be regarded as another in that long and noble list of self-educated men, which in our day, has had so many great names added to it; and as another illustration, among many, of the fact that, notwithstanding what foreigners call "the exclusive caste-characteristics of English society," there is no country in the world in which devotion to some great principle, and absorbing earnestness in realizing some grand design, are so sure to lead to name and fame as in Britain. When the printer's lad left the work-shop in Gloucester, he had received but a meager education; yet, before he had spent many years in missionary work, he had become the most eminent Chinese scholar of his day; he had made great attainments in the knowledge of the Javanese and Malayan languages, and was an able Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar.

In 1845, Dr. Medhurst went on a journey through the silk and green tea countries, and he has left us a record of this in the book which stands at the head of this article—"A Glance at the Interior of China." Some gleanings from this book will give our readers a somewhat correct description of the "central flowery land," and its, to us, odd inhabitants.

In the opening sections of his volume, the missionary describes the articles of dress which a foreigner, intending to visit "the interior," as he did, should purchase. The articles of a Chinaman's wardrobe are exceedingly picturesque; and we now find that the figures, at which we have so often smiled, painted on vessels of old porcelain, are veritable portraiture of the true Chinaman. The word-pictures of adventurous travelers, and the ready pencil sketches of European artists, have made us familiar with the personal appearance of the Chinese gentleman. He stands before us in his p'haoú, or loose robe of silk, reaching from his collar of blue satin velvet down to his ancles. We see his mà kwá, or cloth jacket, fastened in front with the ornamental buttons; and when he is introduced to us on occasions of state or ceremony, he has on the longer, more loose, and more expensive waé t'háou, or outer dress-coat. Then there are the grotesque shoes, which Medhurst tells us "are awkward in the extreme; for not only are the soles made so thick that they never *give* to the feet

in walking, but they are curled upwards towards the toe, so that the front part of the person's foot is much higher than the hinder part, and he is in danger of falling backwards. This is, according to a Chinese rule, of almost universal application, namely, that of doing every thing the contrary way to other nations; for while we raise the heel of a shoe, and depress the toe, they do exactly the opposite." We are inclined to think, that this rule of contraries in Chinese habits, throws much more light on them than the volumes of speculation which have been written on the history of that strange people, and which trace up their present social peculiarities to an antiquity in which Noah himself was yet alive, and the gopher wood of the ark was still lying uninjured on the lofty peaks of Ararat! This dress, so absurd-looking in the eye of an Englishman, seems to be neither awkward nor uncomfortable to its wearers. It harmonizes well with their olive complexions, their broad bare brows, high boned and wide cheeks, soft eyes, and long cues. The Chinese hat, too, indicates the character of the head that wears it. For example, "the round-crowned hat of broad-cloth or satin, stiffened with pasteboard, with its brim turned up in a slanting direction all round," and projecting before and behind, like those at present worn on fairer heads among ourselves, tells, by its knob of twisted silk, that its wearer thinks a good deal of himself, and wishes to give out that he is well to do in the world. Sometimes the knob is seen replaced by a button of bright brass or sparkling crystal, or the soft-gleaming lapis lazuli; and each of them proclaims the learned attainments of its wearer.

The Chinese differ as much from Europeans in their mode of eating as in other things. The chopstick seems to have been invented for the education of the young Chinaman in patience and perseverance. It appears next to impossible that any hungry man, except one greatly exercised in these social graces, should be able to sit patiently down to this weary work of chopstick and rice. They begin their feasts with wine, and it would be held a breach of all good breeding to return to it after the rice. Dr. Medhurst, referring to the Chinese table, says:

"The viands to be met with on a journey into the interior of China, and particularly in

mountainous and unfrequented parts, are not of the most exquisite and delicate description; so that a person at all delicate about his food had better not enter upon the experiment. Of beef and beer he must take his leave immediately he quits the vicinity of Europeans; but of pork and samshoo he will have abundance, if he has got money to pay for them. The staple article on a Chinese table is rice, sometimes white and sometimes red; but always in sufficient quantity to satisfy the craving of the appetite. In order to tempt rice down, the Chinese employ various condiments; the most common of which is pulse jelly, whitened and rendered solid by a mixture of gypsum. The writer remembers attending in London on a geological lecture, when, hearing the lecturer descant upon the properties of gypsum, he ventured to observe, that the substance referred to was used as an article of food by the Chinese. Whereupon the learned lecturer lifted up his hands, with pity and astonishment, lamenting that the necessities of life should be so dear and scarce in that country, that the inhabitants are under the necessity of eating stones; in which sentiment all present cordially sympathized. Subsequently, however, the writer visited a gypsum quarry in the north of England, and, on asking the owner of it what they did with so much gypsum, received for answer, that a large quantity of it was sent to the Durham mustard-makers, and not a little to the London pastry-cooks; so that the ladies and gentlemen who pity the Chinese for eating stones, have probably, on more occasions than one, had to eat of the like."

Whoever first brought out, or afterwards elaborated, the doctrinal elements of Buddhism, must have been, by head and shoulders at least, both morally and intellectually superior to the people among whom the religion of Buddha was first promulgated. They must, moreover, have had a very thorough understanding of the tendencies to moral and social disorganization at work among the people. What are called "The Shih-keae," or ten prohibitions of Buddha, illustrate this. In several of the temples Dr. Medhurst found these ten commandments hung up: 1st, Against killing animals. 2d, Against theft. 3d, Against adultery. 4th, Falsehood. 5th, Discord. 6th, Railing. 7th, Idle talk. 8th, Covetousness. 9th, Envy. And, 10th, Heresy. Scattered over the Gandjour, or eight hundred volumes of the verbal instructions of Buddha, are found many more precepts, whose morality bears witness to higher moral attainments on the part of their author, or authors, than prevailed among the three millions of people who soon yield themselves to Buddhist claims. These pre-

cepts all deal with tendencies and common characteristics of social and domestic disease. But, as the roots of these are deep down in the hearts of the poor devotees, all the broken rays of something like a true light, which the great ones whom God sends among all nations come to believe in, and to try to gather into one, fail—however applied—to influence for good; because they can never, in these circumstances, be seen streaming from the person of a True One as a center. They cannot lead our fallen humanity out of the gross darkness of sin; they cannot make men equal to an effective struggle against it; they can not lead to what Coleridge so powerfully describes as "a true efficient conviction of a moral truth—the creating of a new heart, which collects the energies of a man's whole being in the focus of the conscience." All this can come only in one way—in the gift of the Spirit of Life, whose dealing is with the conscience, through the written word. And thus the high importance of every movement having for its object the circulation of the Scriptures among those foreign nations, which have been chosen as fields of missionary enterprise. God has chosen this as the means by which he again puts himself in communication with the souls of men. Thus, Romanism has failed in all her missionary endeavors among the Chinese. She may indeed have baptized many sleeping infants by stealth—she may have made the sign of the cross over many in the hospital or the sick-room, and have, by commending her claims to the sinful features of the heathen, made many professed disciples; but she has not laid the pure word of the true God alongside of the consciences of her converts, and her victories have been nothing more than compromises between her superstitions concerning the name of Christ, and the superstitions of the degraded heathens among whom she has sent her missionaries. She has baptized their heathenism—repeated the old story of turning the statue of Jupiter into an image of the apostle Peter. It is curious to notice her opinion of a mode of missionary endeavor, in which Protestantism must ever find the explanation of its success. "The Methodist ministers," says M. Huc, late missionary apostolic in China, "who lie in ambush in all the five ports open to Europeans, having remarked that the prodigious quantity of Bibles



furtively scattered along the shores of the empire have not proved remarkably efficacious in working the conversion of the Chinese, have at last given up this harmless and useless system of propagandism. They seem convinced now that bales even of well-bound and cautiously distributed Bibles, will not make much impression on the Chinese nation, and they have lost some of their faith in the miraculous effect of this measure."

The conscious helplessness of the Chinese to walk by the higher precepts and principles contained even in the dogmas of Taou, Buddha, and Confucius, and the tendency to make this realized sense of inability an excuse for their neglect of their own religions, are vividly brought out in a legend in high favor among the Chinese.

"In the course of conversation this day," writes Dr. Medhurst, "the guide related an old story. Formerly, he said, Confucius, Laou-Keun, and Buddha, the founders of the three sects of religion professed in China, were talking together, in fairy land, of the want of success which attended their doctrines in the world, and proposed a descent into those sublunary regions, to see if there were right-minded persons, who might be commissioned to awaken the age. After traveling for some days through town and country with little success, they came at length to a desert place, where the smoke of human habitations was not visible. The three sages, being wearied with their journey, looked about for some place where they might quench their thirst, when suddenly they espied a fountain, and an old man sitting by to guard it. They concluded that they had better ask him for a little drink, and consulted together on whom the task should fall of soliciting the favor. Come, said the other two to Buddha, your priests are in the habit of begging, you had better go forward and obtain permission to drink of the fountain. Buddha accordingly advanced and put in his petition. The old man asked: Who are you? I am, replied he, Shikyamuni, who formerly appeared in the west. Oh! you are the celebrated Buddha, then, of whom I have heard so much; you have the reputation of being a good man, and I can not refuse you a draught of water; but you must first answer me a question, which, if you can do, you may have as much water as you please; but if not, you must go away empty. What is it? said Buddha. Why, said the old man, you Buddhists constantly affirm that men are equal, and admit neither of high nor of low; how is it, then, that in your monasteries you have different degrees, namely, abbots, priests, and novitiates? Buddha could not answer, and was obliged to retire. The sages then deputed Laou-Keun to go and ask for water, who, on coming up to the old man, was asked

his name. I am Laou-Keun, was the reply. Oh! the founder of the Taou sect, said the old man; I have heard a good account of you; but you must answer me a question, or you can get no water. What is it? Pray announce it. Why, you Taoists talk about the elixir of immortality: have you such a thing? Yes, said Laou-Keun, it is the partaking of this that has rendered me immortal. Well, then, said the old man, why did you not give a little to your own father, and prevent his decease? Laou-Keun could not reply, and was obliged to retire, saying to Confucius, Come, brother, you must try your skill, for I can make nothing of the old man. Confucius, therefore, advanced with the same request. And who are you? said the ancient. I am K'hùng-chúng-nè, of the Loo country, said he. Oh! the celebrated Confucius, the sage of China; I have heard of your discourses on filial piety, but how is it that you do not act up to them? You say, 'When parents are alive, do not wander far; and if you do, have some settled place of abode;' why then have you strayed away to this uninhabited region? Confucius was unable to reply, and retired. Upon this, the three worthies consulted together about this old man, and came to the conclusion that, as he was such an intelligent man, they could not light upon a better individual to revive their doctrines, and spread them through the world. They therefore came to him with the above-named proposition. But the old man replied, with a smile: Gentlemen, you do not seem to know who or what I am. It is the upper part of me only that is flesh and blood, the lower part is stone; I can talk about virtue, but not follow it out. This the sages found was the character of all mankind, and, in despair of reforming the world, returned to the aerial regions."—MEDHURST, p. 50.

Thus can they make their very sense of moral impotence a subject of ridicule. Nevertheless, there are abundant evidences that the labors of the missionary and the Christian philanthropist are beginning to tell on the national mind. Even in 1845, when Dr. Medhurst set out on his journey into the Interior, this was evident, and many recent events go to prove the same thing. The account which Medhurst gives of his guide, introduces us to a class which, there is good reason to believe, is greatly on the increase.

"The writer was fortunate in meeting with a man who combined the qualities of daring and caution in an eminent degree. He was adventurous enough to undertake the business, and yet sagacious enough to perceive every slight appearance of danger, and to avoid it. He would venture through crowded places with his charge, and yet scrutinize the countenances of individuals at every stopping-place. He was fully alive to the danger he ran, and yet, for the sake

of the object he had in view, willing to encounter it. The way in which he came to undertake the business was as follows: Having heard, at the city of Hang-chow, of the arrival of foreign teachers at the newly opened ports, and seen some of their publications, he determined to make their acquaintance, and, on his arrival at Shanghai, called on the writer. There was something peculiar in his manner, which could not fail to strike at a first interview; a solidity and earnestness, an apparent sincerity, which excited an unwonted interest in him. Subsequent opportunities of conversing with him, tended to increase that impression, and a peculiar friendship sprang up between the writer and his future fellow-traveler. Listening to the doctrines of Christianity, he fancied he could trace some resemblance between them and the dogmas of his spiritual guide, to whom he paid great deference. On inquiry, it was found that the instructor to whom he referred was a very enlightened Chinese, who had extracted all that was good from the Confucian, and other systems within his reach, with reference to the Supreme Being, and the purification of the heart. The old gentleman alluded to had compiled a number of essays, which contained many good things, and, what with one system and another, a scheme was got up which far surpassed any that had hitherto been culled from native sources. Our new acquaintance had conceived the idea, that, if he could effect an interview between the compiler of these essays and the preacher of foreign doctrines, he could get them to agree; and, while the one brought an element, which China did not possess, of spiritual and experimental godliness, the other would assist in clothing such ideas in the best possible language, and thus present and future ages be benefited. His teacher, however, was old, and could not travel; what then was to be done? The writer proposed a solution, and offered to go and see the Chinese reformer. This, after some deliberation, was acceded to; and the parties agreed to start on a given day, as friends, and without any self-interested object. Having seen something of the habits and manner of life of Christians, the Chinese guide had conceived a favorable idea of the Gospel: he believed that there was only one Supreme God, that Moses was his lawgiver, and that Jesus Christ was a true sage, who had suffered much for the benefit of mankind; but his ideas were still very confused on many important topics, and he needed to learn which be the first principles of the oracles of God. He belonged, however, to a school of superior men, and had been accustomed to exercise his mind in deep reflection. It was thought, therefore, that by a visit to his usual abode and fellow-disciples, something might be done towards benefiting the individual, and paving the way for the introduction of the Gospel into Central China."—MEDHURST, p. 86.

Leaving out of view, for the present, the route over which our travelers passed,

before they arrived at Kēang-se, the residence of the author of the essays referred to in the preceding extract, we will notice the impressions made on Dr. Medhurst in his intercourse with the old man:

"April 23-28.—These days were spent in the house of my guide's friend, who, though informed, after the first day, of the character of his guest, was not the less kind and attentive; indeed, after the first surprise was over, he appeared rather pleased than otherwise to have a foreigner in his house, putting a variety of questions to me regarding my country, its distance from China, the extent of its dominion, the amount of population, character of its inhabitants, religion, literature, manners, customs, etc. Frequent discussions were held on religious subjects with him, and the rest of the school of reformers who are congregated hereabouts. The prevailing character of their minds seemed to be a ruling desire to carry out the system of Confucius, as they thought, in its genuineness, free from that atheistic gloss which the commentators of the Sūng dynasty had put upon it; and an especial aim to cultivate the virtues of benevolence and righteousness, as laid down by him. Some of their observations and sentiments regarding self-examination, victory over evil desires, constant vigilance, searching after their own errors, and ingenuous confessions of them when ascertained, were tolerably good, and would not have disgraced a Christian moralist. But, while they had some sense of sin, they had, of course, no idea of atonement, and were utterly in the dark as to the manner in which their sins could be pardoned, or the Divine Being reconciled. Their prevailing errors appeared to be, too great a veneration for the sages, whom they actually idolized, and, in many instances, put upon a level with the Author of wisdom; as well as too high an estimation of their deceased parents and ancestors, to whom they paid divine honors, and from whom they expected protection and every blessing. It was found very difficult to give them any idea of the difference between the veneration and respect due to parents, and the worship which was demanded by the Supreme Author of our being. The Chinese term for worship being one which applies to all sorts of obeisance and compliment, it sounds strange in their ears to be told that they must not *paē*, that is, behave civilly, towards their parents and brethren. But as these subjects are familiar to those well acquainted with Chinese matters, and are not very interesting to others, we shall pass over the discussions then held, and content ourselves with observing generally, that the matter took very fast hold of one of the parties, who could not rest in his mind until he had discovered where the truth lay. He was heard praying, in the dead of night, very earnestly to the Giver of light, that he might be directed in his search after truth; and it is pleasing to add, that, as the result, he did not pray in vain."—MEDHURST, p. 168.

The boasted antiquity and advanced state of Chinese civilization, do not seem to have included in them the comfort of travelers. The way-side sleeping-places in Russia, which have recently been so graphically described by "Our own Correspondents," however ill suited they may be for those who have been accustomed to the comfortable hotels and village inns of the West, are certainly outdone by the Chinese houses of entertainment. In Russia, it had been found impossible, even after the fatigues of fourteen hours' jolting in the uncomfortable Tarantasse, to get an hour or two of refreshing sleep in one of those wretched places of "entertainment for man and beast;" but what must it be in places like those described by Dr. Medhurst, as prepared for travelers in the interior of China?

"On all the great roads, where there is much traffic, these houses are found at the distance of every five or ten miles. They are known by the sign, generally hung out in front of the door, *chung hò pēn fán*, intimating that they afford middling accommodations and convenient meals. The reader, however, must not suppose that he will find there any thing like what is to be met with in the commonest inns of Europe. In country places, these rice-shops, or eating-houses, are generally cottages of one story, with clay floor and planked sides, having a small shop in front, and accommodation for travelers behind. After passing through the shop, you cross a small yard, and enter an open room, called a hall, wherein a table and a few benches are placed; on each side the hall you find what is denominated a sleeping-room, and sometimes behind this range there is a kitchen and two other bed-rooms. Should the house be two stories high, the upper rooms, or lofts, are appropriated to the coolies and chair-bearers who accompany the guests. The strangers must not expect to find bed and table linen, as such things are unknown even in respectable houses in China. The tables are sometimes wiped on the entrance of a guest, or after a meal; but this is done with a bit of rag a few inches long, which merely serves to remove a little of the extraneous dust, while an inch thick of dirt is frequently left adhering to the table. It is a very rare thing to see a broom pass over the floor, which being made of earth easily imbibes the slops, and conceals them from the view. The mud brought in by passengers only adds to the material of which the floor is composed. And all bones, rice, and other eatables, are carefully cleaned away by the dogs.

"The first question, on entering such a house of entertainment, is whether they have got any rice and vegetables; which is generally answered in the affirmative, coupled with a polite confession of the poverty of their preparations—a con-

fession, the truth of which the writer has seldom felt himself at liberty to dispute; the accompaniments to the rice, provided on such occasions, being the poorest and most insipid imaginable. Should any customer wish any thing further, he is at liberty to send out for some pork, should such be procurable. The sleeping-rooms are seldom provided with windows, and the only avenue for light it through the door, which, opening into another apartment, admits but a feeble ray. It is, perhaps, as well that such is the case, as, were the room better illuminated, its dirt and deformity would be more conspicuous, and fastidious strangers might be deterred from entering. The bed-room is sometimes provided with separate bed places for each individual, consisting of a frame-work about six feet long, three broad, and two high, upon which is spread a layer of straw, covered by a mat; but more frequently one end of the room is occupied by a larger frame-work, about six feet wide and ten long, upon which three or four guests may sleep together.

"Should the strangers not be provided with coverlets, the establishment offers to furnish a cotton-wadded quilt to each customer; but as the coolies and chair-bearers, with all sorts of dirty fellows, have been in the habit of using these for months or years, adding to the stock of filth and vermin which they contain every successive time, it follows that such coverlets are any thing but agreeable, and, of course, only the lowest class of customers avail themselves of the benefit. Each traveler must, therefore, take with him his own mat, quilt, and pillow; and, with every precaution, will find it difficult to escape coming in contact with the dirt and noxious insects already present in such dormitories. . . . The floor is sometimes boarded, but washing is out of the question; and the cobwebs in the corners indicate the entire absence of brooms ever since the erection of the building. In short, the whole establishment partakes of the united qualities of stable and pig-sty, falling far short of what those respectable receptacles are in most civilized countries. The only agreeable thing is the basin of hot water, which is invariably presented on entering, for the purpose of washing the face, hands, or feet of travelers; and the cup of warm tea which immediately follows."—MEDHURST, p. 18.

The following sketch from nature, will show that the scene-painting on the "Delft" of many a breakfast-table in Britain, is not, as we have been in the habit of thinking, the result of tricks played by European imaginations on supposed Chinese landscape:

"Towards evening, we were pleasingly struck with the view which presented itself before us, (as they sailed on the Grand Canal.) A beautiful pavilion, three stories high, with a granite foundation, and a scalloped roof, met the eye,



rising up from the midst of the broad canal, and throwing its lengthened shadow across the waters. It was about fifty feet wide at the base, which was foursquare; on a terrace, formed of large blocks of stone, rose the pavilion, about fifty feet high, with its neatly painted windows and doors, its fantastic gables and concave ridges, each of its many corners terminating in a bell, and each of its rows of tiles being turned up with variegated porcelain. The name of this handsome structure was *Tese-yün-shen-ze*, 'the hall for contemplation covered by favoring clouds.' It was built in the Sung dynasty, and after having been repaired under the Ming sovereigns, was rebuilt in the twentieth year of Kang-he. Beyond the pavilion appeared a pagoda, six stories high, surmounted by a crown, very elegant and in good repair. At the foot of the pagoda, was a town called *Chin-tsh-chin*, containing ten thousand inhabitants. The name of the place, signifying 'well-watered town,' was given in consequence to its vicinity to the *Thaé-hoó*, or Great Lake, from which it is not above five miles distant."—MEDHURST, p. 53.

Dr. Medhurst visited Hoo-chow, the chief seat of the silk cultivation in China, and he has given a minute account of this great national branch of industry. This he has done by a series of extracts from a book on the silk culture, which had been recently issued by the "Treasurer of the Province." These extracts afford peculiarly interesting information on the growth and treatment of mulberry trees—on the rearing and management of the silk-worm—on the gathering and winding of silk—and on the mode of conducting a silk establishment. In addition to the maps and the plans of cities given in his book, he has copied from the native Chinese work, wood-cuts of all the instruments used by the owners of mulberry plantations in the cultivation of the trees, in the management of the worms, and in the gathering and spinning of the silk. The cuts are, no doubt, very rude, but they enable the reader to understand at a glance the form of the various articles.\*

"In the evening we arrived at Hoo-chow, but the lateness of the hour prevented me observing much of its beauty. The walls appeared in

\* Mr. Fortune must not have been aware of this visit when he wrote the Introduction to his volume, for he says: "During a sojourn of some months in the heart of the great silk country, I had an opportunity of seeing the cultivation of the mulberry, the feeding and rearing of the silkworms, and the reeling of the silk, and these interesting operations are now described, I believe, for the first time by an English eye-witness."

good repair, about twenty-five feet high and twenty thick. The canal passed through the city, under the walls, where there was a water gate, spanned by a finely-turned arch, at least twenty feet high. On passing through, we were detained by an old man, who demanded money of us, because it was dark. Our people offered him five cash; but he rejected that sum with scorn, saying, that nothing less than fifteen would satisfy him. He was, however, contented with ten, and lifted up the bar to let us pass. Having entered the city, we found the canal wider than on the outside, with many vessels coming and going; while the banks of the canal were lined with stores and warehouses, giving the appearance of a very populous and commercial city. About the middle of the city we came to a large bridge of three arches; the center one was about fifty feet wide, and the other two nearly equal to it. The top of the bridge was almost flat, and not elevated as most of the Chinese bridges are. The name of this bridge was *pá-yây-keáu*, or, 'hold your tongue bridge,' every Chinese in passing under it, feeling it necessary to hold his tongue; more out of superstition, however, than in obedience to any public order. There are several pagodas and many temples in Hoo-chow; but as the evening was far advanced, we had not an opportunity of seeing them. Having passed the residence of the *Che-foo*, or prefect of city, we thrust our boat in among a number of others, near a market-place; and after the din of voices around us had subsided, we fell asleep."—MEDHURST, p. 53.

Hoo-chow, the center of one of the most important of Chinese branches of industry, is believed to be a very old town. It is spoken of, under the name of *Yáng-chow*, as existing during the reign of *Yü*, who ruled, according to the native chronology, at a time corresponding to our B. C. 2205, and many years before the death of Noah, if we take the received method of Scripture chronology!—Noah having been born, according to the usual reckoning, about B. C. 2948 (Gen. 5: 28, 29,) and having died at the age of 950, (Gen. 9: 28, 29,) in 1998 B. C. This date assigned to Hoo-chow, though evidently very erroneous, implies the great antiquity of the city, around which, from time immemorial, the Chinese have cultivated their gardens of mulberry trees, and gathered abundance of silk. It is situated pleasantly on the Great Canal, to the south of the *Thaé-hoó*, or Great Lake, from which it is said to derive its name. The city, in its present form, is believed to have been built about A.D. 620.

Near *Wó-Yuén*, Dr. Medhurst found a custom prevailing, which gives us a



glimpse at some of the peculiarities of Chinese family arrangements. He met an old woman who was making a great lamentation for the death of an intended son-in-law. Having made inquiry about the circumstance, he learned that, when yet an infant, the young person had been taken into her house in order to be reared there, that when he grew up he should marry her daughter. "There had been," he was told, "an exchange; the one family having two sons, and the other two daughters, born within a few years of each other; and thus, to suit the convenience of both, this family parted with a daughter, to become the future bride of one of the sons of that family; while the other son of that family was transferred, to become the future bridegroom of the remaining daughter of this."

Traveling among the Woó-Yuên hills, though found full of interest, was not very pleasant.

"Here the rain and wind prevailed so much, that the chair-bearers would not venture to ascend the hill which lay before us, so that we were obliged to put up at a miserable hovel which presented itself, in the name of an inn, at the foot of the hill. The accommodation was of the most wretched kind; we procured shelter from the rain, it is true, but that was nearly all. The hut which we had to lodge in, admitted the wind at every corner; and a recess was offered us as a bed-place, which must have been tenanted by beggars and thieves for many a day previously. For provisions, the people could furnish us with nothing but coarse red rice, and a few pickled beans to tempt it down. They did not forget to charge, however, as much as if we had been favored with the best accommodation and supplies. The hill appeared to be of the clay-slate formation, mixed with conglomerate; the dip was towards the north-east.

"The hill itself, which is called Sin-ling, is said by the Chinese to be 6000 feet high. I found it, however, by counting the steps we ascended, to be no more than 1500 feet, from the hamlet at the foot of the pass over which we crossed. The peaks of the neighboring mountains were much higher. It adjoins on the west the Foó-yûng, or Marsh-mallow Hill, and constitutes, with the Tuy-king, Shòw-tów, and Tíh-shing hills, the five lofty mountains for which this region is celebrated. There are various caves and rocky dells among these hills, which are adorned by temples and pavilions, where the traveler or devotee may rest; and in the recesses of which priests are found, fostering and perpetuating the system of Buddha. In one of these pavilions there is a Chíh-sun, or stalagmite, twenty feet high. A Chinese poet has

celebrated these five mountain peaks in his song as follows:

"The five-pointed mountain rears its lofty head,  
Where the marsh-mallow lifts its blossoms to the sky;  
At every step we ascend higher and higher,  
And as we mount upwards dare not look back.  
Winding and turning, we seem as if scaling the heavens,  
And fancy we shall never reach the summit.  
It is not necessary to inquire whither we are going,  
But we press on until we reach the azure clouds.'

"The rain having ceased, my companion determined to proceed. We passed in succession over five different mountains as described above. The road was well paved the whole way; flat stones having been laid down six feet wide, and formed into regular steps, up and down the hills. Sometimes the road was paved with slabs of coarse marble, and sometimes with large round pebbles, brought from the brooks below. We observed also a white kind of stone, which appeared to be pure felspar, resembling that of which the Chinese porcelain is made, interspersed with a hard red stone like porphyry. All of these appeared to be quarried out of the neighboring hills. The natives informed us, that the paved road was constructed by a man whose surname was Wáng. The whole is the result of voluntary effort. The mass of the rock of which the hills are composed seems to be gneiss, mixed occasionally with the felspar and porphyry. On one side of the hills, the dip of the strata is towards the north-east, and on the other, towards the south-west; hence the disturbing force which upheaved the mass must have been somewhere about the central ridge. The angle of the dip is from thirty to fifty degrees; and sometimes the strata are quite vertical.

"The scenery whilst winding amongst these hills, is picturesque in the extreme. Here and there a rocky dell, in the bosom of which lay a Buddhist temple; now and then, a monumental pillar or gateway, intended to perpetuate some supposed benevolent act, or virtuous female; while the works of nature, more sublime by far than works of art, with which they were intended to be adorned, rose in awful grandeur, and overtowered them all."

We leave Dr. Medhurst's pleasant and informing book with the persuasion, that however many travelers may, in the future, speak of the interior of China, few will be able to throw more light on its strange customs, or make it more interesting to Europeans, than has been already done by the enthusiastic, accomplished, and devoted agent of "The London Missionary Society."

From Dickens's Household Words.

## B U R N I N G   A N D   B U R Y I N G .

IN the reports of the Medical Officers of Health for London, we read that in the Victoria Park Cemetery, last year, every Sunday, one hundred and thirty bodies were interred; which fact one of the medical journals expressed by saying that there were sixteen thousand pounds of mortal matter added on that day alone to the already decomposing mass. At the time when we were reading about such things, "A Member of the Royal College of Surgeons" issued a pamphlet upon an old subject of ours, *Burning the Dead, or Urn Sepulture*. Our own arguments upon that subject we have used already; but the surgeon proves to be a most intelligent ally; and a brief statement of his argument may be of service in these columns. This it is:

The soul of a man is indestructible, and at death parts from the body. Of matter only the elements are, humanly speaking, indestructible. The body of man is made up of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, with small quantities of phosphorus, sulphur, calcium, iron, and some other metals. By the law to which all matter is subject, man's body, when done with, decomposes into these elements, that they may be used for other purposes in nature. Can it matter to him whether the process be effected rapidly or slowly?

Upon the doubt as to the possibility of resurrection when our bodies have been burnt instead of rotted, the surgeon lays the balm of texts, "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be;" and "we shall be changed." But he adds: those who claim to have hereafter the whole identical body back again, must remember, that in life it wastes and is renewed, so that if every particle that ever belonged to the frame of an old man were returned to him, he would get matter enough to make twelve or twenty bodies. It is just possible that some body may be comforted with a theory which the surgeon quotes in a note,

that the soul carries away with it out of the world one atom of matter which is the seed of the future body, and that these seminal atoms not being here, need not be included in our calculations about things material.

If we could, by embalming, keep the form of the departed upon earth, that would be much; but, for any such purpose, embalming fails. Decay will use its effacing fingers. "In the museum of the College of Surgeons in London, may be seen the first wife of one Martin Van Butchell, who, at her husband's request, was embalmed by Dr. William Hunter and Mrs. Carpenter, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five. No doubt extraordinary pains were taken to preserve both form and feature; and yet, what a wretched mockery of a once lovely woman it now appears, with its shrunk-en and rotten-looking bust, its hideous, mahogany-colored face, and its remarkably fine set of teeth! Between the feet are the remains of a green parrot—whether immolated or not at the death of its mistress, is uncertain; but as it still retains its plumage, it is a far less repulsive object than the larger biped." There was a law-suit once, to try the right of a dead man to an iron coffin, when Lord Stowell decided that: "All contrivances that, whether intentionally or not, prolong the time of dissolution beyond the period at which the common local understanding and usage have fixed it, form an act of injustice, unless compensated in some way or other." And when an iron coffin has been opened, after lapse of years, what has been found? Chiefly dry grubs of worms and other insects that have fed upon the flesh. Socrates exhorted his friends: "Let it not be said that Socrates is carried to the grave and buried; such an expression were an injury done to my immortal part." Not very long ago, a hardened murderer being told by the judge that his body, after hanging, would be given for dissection, said: "Thank

you, my lord ; it is well you can not dissect my soul." We should look upward, and not downward, when we stand beside the grave.

The surgeon replies to those who regard cremation as a heathen custom, it is not more heathen than burying in holes. Sprinkling earth on the coffin is a heathen custom based upon a heathen superstition, but converted to a Christian use. He gives interesting illustrations of the use of urn-burial by many nations, but reminds us that the cost of fuel was one obstacle to its general adoption in old times. Ground was to be had more cheaply than the materials necessary for the humblest burning, when it was requisite to burn on large piles in the open air. "The Christians, however," says Sir Thomas Browne, "abhorred this way of obsequies ; and though they stickt not to give their bodies to be burnt in their lives, detested that mode after death." But whatever reason Christians had in the first days of Christianity against the burning of their bodies, they have left behind them no objection founded on a permanent religious principle. We now bury in graves, and build funeral urns in stone as emblems.

The report of the French Academy of Medicine upon the effect of cemeteries on the health of Paris, has led in France to the bestowing of much serious attention on the subject of cremation ; and there is sober discussion of the plan of M. Bonneau, who proposes to replace all cemeteries near great cities, by a building called the Sarcophagus. "Thither the corpses of both rich and poor should be conveyed, and laid out on a metallic tablet, which, sliding by an instantaneous movement into a concealed furnace, would cause the body to be consumed in the space of a few minutes." Like a true Frenchman, he urges the bearing of his plan on the interests of art, "for who would not wish to preserve the ashes of his ancestor ? The funeral urn may soon replace on our consoles and mantelpieces the ornaments of bronze clocks and china vases now found there." "This may seem a misplaced pleasantry to English minds," says the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, "but we can not help being startled at reading the sanitary report leading to it."

The surgeon then dwells briefly on the one valid objection to the burning of the dead. It destroys evidence in case of se-

cret murder. Now, the dead speak under the spells of the chemist. If cremation be adopted, greater accuracy in the registration and closer scrutiny into each doubtful case of death will be imperatively called for. While we write this, a man lies sentenced to death, against whom the condemning witness was the disinterred corpse of his mother.

The surgeon in his next chapter shows what the pollution of a graveyard is. Over this familiar ground we do not follow him, except to take up the testimony of the French Academy of Medicine that "no matter from what quarter the wind blows, it must bring over Paris the putrid emanations of Père la Chaise, Montmartre, or Montparnasse, and the very water which we drink, being impregnated with the same poisonous matter, we become the prey of new and frightful diseases of the throat and lungs, to which thousands of both sexes fall victims every year. Thus a dreadful throat disease, which baffles the skill of our most experienced medical men, and which carries off its victims in a few hours, is traced to the absorption of vitiated air into the windpipe, and has been observed to rage with the greatest violence in those quarters situated nearest to cemeteries." There need not be foul smell in poisoned air. The deadly malaria of the Pontine marshes, we are reminded, blows soft and balmy as the air of a Devonshire summer. In his last chapter, the surgeon shows how cremation of the dead would give even increased solemnity to the funeral service, and increased truth to the words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." In the center of the chapel used for burials, he would erect a shrine of marble, at the door of which the coffin should be laid—so constructed and arranged that at the proper time, by unseen agency, the body should be drawn from it unseen, into an inner shrine, where it would cross a sheet of furnace-flame, by which it would be instantly reduced to ashes. Within the chapel, nothing would be seen ; outside, there would be seen only a quivering transparent ether, floating away from the chapel spire. At the conclusion of the service, the ashes of the dead would be reverently brought, inclosed in a glass vase, which might be again inclosed in a more costly urn for burial, for deposit in a vault, or in a consecrated niche, prepared for it after the manner of those niches for the urns of the

departed which were called, from their appearance, columbaria—dove-cotes—by the Romans. The ashes of those who loved each other tenderly might mingle in one urn, if we would say:

“Let not their dust be parted,  
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.”

There is nothing irreverent to the dead in cremation. Southey expressed very

emphatically why a man might desire it for his friends: “The nasty custom of interment,” he says, “makes the idea of a dead friend more unpleasant. We think of the grave, corruption, and worms. Burning would be much better.” The true feeling is that with which the surgeon ends his pamphlet, using the words of Sir Thomas Browne: “’Tis all one where we lye, or what becomes of our bodies after we are dead, ready to be any thing in the extasie of being ever.”

From Dickens's Household Words.

## T H E L E A F .

### I.

Thou art curled and tender and smooth, young leaf,  
With a creamy fringe of down,  
As thou slippest at touch of the light, young leaf,  
From thy cradling case of brown.

Thou art soft as an infant's hand, young leaf,  
When it fondles a mother's cheek;  
And thy elders are clustered around, young leaf,  
To shelter the fair and weak.

To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf,  
There are airs from the east and the west;  
And the rich dew glides from the clouds, young leaf,  
To nestle within thy breast.

The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf,  
Are around, and thy place for thee.  
Come forth! for a thread art thou, young leaf,  
In the web-work of mystery!

### II.

Thou art full and firmly set, green leaf,  
Like a strong man upon the earth;  
And thou showest a sturdy front, green leaf,  
As a shield to thy place of birth.

There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf,  
And thou makest a harp for the breeze;

And the blossom that bends from thy base,  
green leaf,  
Is loved by the summer bees.

The small bird's nest on the bough, green leaf,  
Has thee for an ample roof;  
And the butterflies cool their wings, green leaf,  
On thy branching, braided woof.

Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf,  
And shedding thy ray of grace:  
There's a lesson written in thee, green leaf,  
For the eye of man to trace.

### III.

Thou art rough, and shriveled, and dry, old leaf,  
And hast lost the fringe of down;  
And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf,  
And turned to yellow and brown.

There are sisters of thine trod in clay, old leaf,  
And in swollen rivers drowned;  
Ah! but thou tremblest much, old leaf,  
Looking down to the greedy ground.

The autumn blast, with thy doom, old leaf,  
Cometh quickly, and will not spare;  
Thou art kin to the dust to-day, old leaf,  
And to-morrow thou liest there.

For thy work of life is done, old leaf,  
And now there is need of thy death.  
Be content! 'Twill be all for the best, old leaf:  
There is love in the slaying breath.



From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

## THE ENGAGEMENT OF SUSAN CHASE.

### I.

A LADY and gentleman were pacing a covered walk one dull day in November. Both were young. He had something of a military air about him; a tall, thin man, very dark. She was fair, with a calm face and pleasant expression. Just now, however, her features were glowing with animation, her cheeks burning, and her eyes cast down; for he, Charles Carnagie, had been telling her that he loved her; and she would rather have his love than that of the whole world.

Lieutenant Carnagie had come on a visit in the neighborhood. He had accidentally met with Susan Chase the very first day of his arrival, and he had contrived to meet her pretty nearly every day since, now some weeks, so that love had grown up between them. A gossiping letter, received that morning from a brother officer, spoke of a rumor that their regiment was about to be ordered to the West-Indies: and this had caused him to speak out.

"You know, Susan," he said, "I can not go without you."

A deeper blush still, then a troubled expression, and she half raised her eyes. "Mamma will not consent to that: she will say I am too young."

"Susan——" laughed Mr. Carnagie.

"Yes. What?" for he seemed to have found some source of amusement, and laughed still.

"Do you remember the other evening, when the Maitlands came to tea, and the conversation turned on marriage, your mamma informed us she was married at seventeen. You are eighteen, so she can not consistently bring forward your youth as an objection."

"Yes, but she also said that early marriages were——" Miss Chase stopped and blushed.

"That early marriages were the incarnation of imprudence and impropriety,"

said Mr. Carnagie, "laying the foundation for all the ills and disasters that flesh is heir to; from an unconscionable share of children, to a ruined pocket and ruined health. My dearest Susan, we will risk them all, and cite her own example when she holds out against us."

"Look at the rain!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Chase, as they came to an opening in the trees. How long can it have begun?"

"It's coming down pretty smartly. There are worse misfortunes at sea, Susan. We can turn back again, and wait its pleasure. You are under shelter here."

"But, indeed, I dare not stay longer. I wonder what the time is. Will you look, please?"

Mr. Carnagie took out his watch. "It is on the stroke of twelve."

"Twelve!" she exclaimed, thunderstruck. "*Twelve!* Charles, we have been here an hour and a half. What will mamma say?"

"Nothing. When she hears what we have to tell her."

"O Charles! I only went out to take a message to the cottage. And she knows I might have been back in ten minutes. Indeed I must make haste in."

He opened his umbrella, which he had with him, for rain had been threatening all the morning; and, causing her to take his arm, held it over her. She walked timidly: it was the first time she had ever taken it; and the moment they came within view of the house, she relinquished it.

"Susan, what's that for?"

"Don't you see mamma at the window?" she faltered.

"Yes; and I see that she is looking at us. Come, Susan, take courage: a few minutes more, and she will know that it is all as it should be."

Mr. Carnagie laid hold of her hand, intending to make it again a prisoner; but Susan drew it away, and started off in the

rain, leaving him and his umbrella in the distance.

She bounded into the hall, panting. Her mother came and met her. Mr. Carnegie was not far behind.

"Susan, where ever have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Chase, motioning her into the sitting-room. "What has detained you?"

Of course she had no excuse to offer, and she murmured something unintelligible: Mrs. Chase only caught the word "rain."

"Rain! you could not have waited for that. It has only just commenced. Where is it that you have been, Susan?"

"I believe I detained her, Mrs. Chase," spoke up young Carnegie. "I was coming in here, and met her, and we have been walking in the covered walk."

Politeness kept Mrs. Chase silent. But she did not allow her daughter to walk with young men, either in covered walks or uncovered ones, and she mentally prepared a lecture for Susan.

"Susan has been making me a promise," resumed Mr. Carnegie, folding and unfolding a piece of paper, which he took up from the table.

"Not to go out walking with you again, I hope," hastily interposed Mrs. Chase; "for I can not sanction it."

"Not precisely that. Mrs. Chase, she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Chase was taken entirely by surprise. A complaint on the chest, from which she suffered constantly, caused her to be much confined at home, rarely, if ever, to accompany her daughters in their walks or evening visits; therefore she had seen little of the progress of the intimacy. Susan sat down on the sofa, and drooped her face, and nervously played with her untied bonnet-strings.

"Conditionally, of course," added Mr. Carnegie: "that you have no objection. I trust you will have none, Mrs. Chase."

"Dear me! this is very sudden," was all that lady could find to utter.

"My family—I believe you know—are of great respectability; and I possess a few thousands besides my commission. I will try to make her happy, Mrs. Chase."

"I have heard you highly spoken of by Sir Arthur, Mr. Carnegie. But still—you must allow me to consider of this before giving a final answer."

"Oh! certainly. I did not expect any thing more. If you will kindly not take

too much time," he added, "for I believe there will be little time to spare."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Chase.

"I had a letter from Drake, of ours, this morning, and he tells me there's a rumor that we are to be sent off to the West-Indies."

"And you wish for the answer before you go. That is natural. You shall have it."

"My dear Mrs. Chase—I wish for *her* before I go. I must take her with me."

"Take—are you speaking of Susan?" uttered the astonished Mrs. Chase.

"Of course I am. Several of our officers are married men, and their wives will accompany them out."

"If Susan were older, I would not say you nay—only three or four years older."

"I can not go without Susan. I never could endure to leave her behind me, with nothing more binding between us than an engagement: I might have to stop out there for years, before I could get leave to come home and claim her. Dear Mrs. Chase, if you are satisfied with me in other respects, you must give your consent to our being married directly."

"Mr. Carnegie! Do you know Susan's age?"

"Yes. Eighteen. And you," he added, with a half smile, "were seventeen when you married. I heard you say it."

Mrs. Chase looked vexed. "True, that was my age," she answered; "and it is that very fact which has set me against early marriages for my children. They are most pernicious. Susan, where are you going? Stay and hear what I have to say: it is now fitting that you should. Sit down again. I have scarcely enjoyed a day's health since I married, Mr. Carnegie. My children came on fast, many of them—worry, noise, bustle, toil! oh! you don't know the discomfort: and I almost made a vow that my daughters should not marry till they were of a proper age."

"May I inquire what you would call a proper age?" he asked, suppressing a smile.

"Well—I think the most proper and the best age would be about five-and-twenty. But certainly not until twenty was turned."

"Susan wants only two years of that. Dear Mrs. Chase, I must plead that you change your resolution in her case. Were I stationary in England, and could occu-

sionally see her, it might be different. I must take her with me."

"You are not sure of going."

"No, I am not. Drake thought——"

"We will not discuss it further now," interrupted Mrs. Chase. "You have nearly startled me out of my sober judgment."

"Very well. May I come in to-morrow morning?"

"If you like. I will then say yes, or no: but without reference to the time."

"Now mind, Susan," he snatched a moment to whisper, "if she, if your mother still holds out, and vows we must wait an indefinite number of years, we will not wait at all, but just elope, and settle it that way. It's most unreasonable. I can't wait for you, and I won't."

Susan smiled faintly. She was not one of the eloping sort.

The morning came. Mrs. Chase had resolved to accept Mr. Carnagie, finding that Susan's 'mind,' as she called it, was set upon him; and, indeed, there was no reason why she should not: but when Mr. Carnagie came, she found there was something else to be settled. He had received a summons to join his regiment, which was then quartered in Ireland, and also a positive though not official notification, that it was ordered to the West-Indies, and would be away in two months. Now, was Susan to go with him, or not? Mrs. Chase said no, he said yes: and after much standing out on both sides, and some slight indication of relenting on hers, they some how came to the conclusion that Susan should decide. "My dear, decide *prudently*," cried Mrs. Chase. "Think well over all the fatal objections I have pointed out. Prudence, mind!" "Susan, darling, decide bravely," cried he; "don't be afraid. Think how happy we shall be together!" And poor Susan, amid a rush of color, and a flood of tears, decided to go.

"O dear!" groaned Mrs. Chase, "there will be no time to get you suitable wedding things, Susan."

"No time!" echoed Mr. Carnagie. "I could get an outfit made and packed in three days, and Susan has double as many weeks. I should think she might buy up half the shops in Great Britain, in that time."

Mr. Carnagie made the best of his way to Ireland, and Susan made the best use

of her hands and energies in preparing for her change of prospects. In seven weeks they were to be married, and in eight to sail. Mr. Carnagie had interest with his colonel, and had no doubt of obtaining another short leave of absence. During this time Mrs. Chase had Susan's likeness taken—to console them, she said, when Susan should be gone. It was a good likeness, but it flattered her. Susan wrote a merry account of this to Mr. Carnagie.

One day, when Susan's friend, Frances Maitland, had come in to help her with some delicate work, she began speaking of the disposition of Mr. Carnagie.

"Susan, tell me: do you believe he is calculated, altogether, to make you happy?"

"Is there any reason why he should not be?" was Susan's answer.

"He is so fearfully passionate."

"Who says so?" demanded Susan, in a tone of resentment.

"Oh! he is. Ask the Ashleys. There was something up, about a dog. It was when Charles Carnagie was stopping there. He completely lost all self-control, and rushed to his room for his sword. Bessy met him on the stairs; he was brandishing it, and looking like a madman. She says there was an awful scene. Arthur declares he never saw so violent a temper."

"Charles must have been greatly provoked," remarked Susan.

"He provoked himself, I believe. However, Susy, it is your own look out. I'm sure I don't want to set you against him. Marriage is a lottery at the best: 'for richer for poorer, for better for worse.' You will soon have to say that, you know."

Susan Chase had not soon to say it. The time of the wedding drew on, and on the day previous to that fixed for it, Lieutenant Carnagie arrived at Stopton, having obtained his leave of absence. Mrs. Chase's house was at some distance from it, but it was a fine, frosty morning, and he set out to walk.

He had come nearly in view of the house when he met a funeral. It startled Mr. Carnagie considerably, for surely it had come from the very house he was bound to. There were only some half-dozen cottages besides, that the road led to, just there, and that style of funeral was not likely to come from a poor cottage. He vaulted over a gate by the

roadside, and peeped at it through the hedge: a hearse and several carriages. When it had passed, he came forth again, leaned over the gate, and gazed after it. Some children drew near, slowly following the sight in awe, gazers like himself.

"Who is dead?" he inquired of them. "Who is it that is being taken to be buried?"

"Mrs. Chase, sir."

"Mrs. Chase!" he uttered, horror-stricken. "What did she die of?"

The children did not know. Only that "she had died because she was ill."

"Can you inform me what Mrs. Chase died of?" the young officer repeated, for a woman now came up. "Was it any accident?"

"No, sir, no accident. She has been ailing a long time, some years, and she got suddenly worse at the last, and died," was the woman's answer, who evidently did not know Mr. Carnegie. "It was so quick, that her sons did not get here in time to see her, nor the little miss that was at school."

He was terribly shocked, almost unable to believe it.

"When did she die?"

"On Tuesday, sir. Four days ago."

"Are they not burying her very soon?"

"Well, sir, the funeral was first fixed for to-morrow—I know all about it, you see, because I have been in there, since, helping the servants. But to-morrow, Saturday, was to have been Miss Susan Chase's wedding-day, and I b'lieve she couldn't bear the idea, poor thing! of the funeral's taking place on it—what was to have been so different. Then the next day was Sunday, and some of the family did not like that day, and one of the sons was obliged to be back at his college on Monday. So they settled it for to-day."

Stunned with the news, Mr. Carnegie turned back. There seemed an indelicacy in his going to the house at that moment, and he waited till the after-part of the day, and went then. A servant showed him into a darkened room, and Susan came to him.

He thought she would have cried herself ill. Her emotion was pitiable. He clasped her in his arms, and she lay there and sobbed aloud, quite hysterically, like a child cries. She could give him but little more information than had previously been imparted. Their dear mother's complaint had taken an unfavorable turn,

and had carried her off, almost without warning. One of her brothers, Susan said, had written to him on the Tuesday night, after it happened. Mr. Carnegie had left Ireland before the letter got there.

"Susan," he whispered, when she was a little calmer, "must this entail a separation on us?"

She looked at him, hardly understanding.

"Must we wait? Must I sail without you?"

"Charles, that is almost a cruel question," she said, at length. "How could you ask it? Would you have me marry you before my mother is cold in her grave? A year, at any rate, must pass over?"

"It may be much longer than that. I shall not get leave so readily again. O Susan! this is a hard trial."

"It is the will of God," she sighed, "and we must bear it."

"I shall not bear it patiently. I shall get marrying one of the copper, half-caste natives, out of defiance, or something as desperate. Fancy what it will be—condemned to vegetate by myself in that stifling climate, and you some millions of miles away!"

Susan was silent, pained at the tone of the remark, and at that moment a girl of fifteen opened the door and looked in; wearing deep mourning, like herself.

"Come in, Emma, darling," she fondly said, drawing her sister towards her. "This is Mr. Carnegie, who was to have been so nearly related to us to-morrow. Charles," she added, "were there no other reason, I must have staid to protect this child. My mother specially bequeathed her to me."

Emma Chase, who bore a resemblance to her sister Susan, felt a restraint in that stranger's presence, and she silently withdrew.

"Well, this is a gloomy prospect for us, Susan," resumed Mr. Carnegie, who could not get over his disappointment. "It is no joke what I say—that it may be years before I can come to fetch you."

She raised her eyes to his, in all the expression of their trusting confidence. "No matter how many, Charles, you will find me waiting for you."

"But it is hard, for all that."

"Do you think—pray forgive me if I suggest any thing wrong, or unpleasant—



that if you were to return at once to your duty, without taking the leave granted you, (except the time occupied in traveling, which can not be avoided,) that they would be more inclined to allow it you when you next ask? It is an idea that has occurred to me."

"Perhaps so. It is not a bad notion. But, Susan, I would rather spend it with you."

"We are so sad just now," she murmured—"all the house."

There was something in her tone which seemed to convey an intimation that his presence might not be acceptable to that house of sorrow; or at least Mr. Carnagie fancied so. And he did think her suggestion of going back to his duty was a good one.

"Then, Susan, I think I had better make up my mind to leave you, and start back this very night."

"It may be better," she answered, the tears standing in her eyes.

"And in another year, my darling, if all's well, I trust I shall come and claim you."

"I trust so," she whispered.

He had in his pocket her wedding-ring, which he had bought as he came through Liverpool, and he drew it forth, and slipped it on her finger; on the one he ought to have slipped it on, in the church, on the morrow. "There, Susan; now that binds you to me. Let it stop there till—till I take it off to put it on again."

"Not on that finger," she remonstrated, her pale cheek flushing.

"Why not?"

"Strangers will think me a married woman."

"And in one sense you are, for we are married in heart. Let it be there for my sake."

"Very well," she murmured.

"Susan, I must now ask something else. The miniature that was taken of you."

Susan hesitated. It was still in her mamma's room, in what she used to call her "treasure drawer."

"I was to have had the original, and they the likeness," he said, "but now that the original will be left at home, I may surely take the likeness. Let me have it, Susan."

She went and fetched it.

"And now I will bid you farewell, for if I am to go, I must start," he said, straining her to him. "God bless you, my love!

my darling wife that was to have been! Be true to me, Susan, as I will be true to you."

He departed. But he did not return to his duty, as had been agreed. He meant to do so, but he returned by way of London, and the attractions of the capital proved too much for his resolution. In due course, he departed with his regiment for Barbadoes; and poor Susan Chase remained at home, to pine after him, and to wear her wedding-ring.

## II.

For three years they did not meet. Nay, it was more; for it was winter when he went, and early summer when he returned. Whether Mr. Carnagie had grown less anxious for his marriage, or that he really could not obtain leave, certain it is, that for three years and four months Susan did not see him. In his letters, he had pressed much for her to go out to him and marry there, but her innate sense of retiring delicacy spoke against it. This prolonged absence had told much on her spirits, somewhat on her health. Her marriage preparations had long been made.

May came in, and had nearly gone again. On the 29th of that month, Susan was seated before the breakfast-table, waiting for her sisters, Ursula and Emma. They were still in the same house: it belonged to their eldest brother, and he was unmarried and frequently away from it. The young ladies had their own fortune, each about £100 a year.

The 29th of May was kept as a gala day in their village, and in all that part of the country. Service was read in the church, and a procession walked to it, with banners, and gilded oak balls and branches. It is done away with now, for we are writing of many years ago.

"Is it not a lovely day for the holiday?" exclaimed Ursula, as she entered, and took her seat opposite Susan. "You will have delightful weather for your journey."

Susan was going out on the day but one following, a forty-mile journey. Their cousin Lucy was about to be married. Her mother was an invalid, confined to her chamber, and Susan was wanted to superintend every thing.

Emma came dancing in, with her merry blue eyes, and her shining curls. She

was of a careless, gay temperament, unlike her thoughtful sisters. "Susy, you look sad," was her salutation, "and every soul has some peculiar source of gratification to-day. Did you hear the laughing crowds going by, all the morning, to gather the oak balls?"

"What may be your peculiar source of gratification, Emma?" asked Ursula.

"The putting on my new blue dress. You don't know how well it becomes me. I shall win more hearts at church to-day than the parson."

"You are a vain girl, Emma."

"I think I am," was her laughing answer; "but where's the harm of it? Seriously speaking, Susan, were I you, if that lieutenant of mine did not advertise himself shortly, I should give him up. He is the origin of all your sad looks. I don't think he troubles himself to write often; it is four months since his last letter arrived."

"He may be on his way," said Susan. "In that letter he stated that he was going to apply for leave."

"Then he might have written to say so, if he is on his way. Unless—Susan, I should not wonder—unless he thinks to take you by surprise!"

Susan aroused herself from a painful reverie. "Yes," she said, "I think he must be on his way; I have thought so several times lately." And a happy flush mantled on her cheeks, and she unconsciously twirled the plain gold ring round and round her finger. It was a habit she had fallen into, when her mind was absent.

The day passed on to the evening. Some young ladies had come in to spend it with them. Soon after the shutters were closed, and lights brought in, a sound, as of a post-chaise, was heard approaching the house. None seemed to take any heed of it; they were not thinking of Mr. Carnagie; Susan's heart alone beat wildly. *Had* he come?

The door opened, and a tall, gentlemanly man entered—a British officer. All in the room rose, and he stood in indecision, looking from one to the other. So many young ladies! "It is Charles Carnagie!" screamed out Frances Maitland.

"My darling Susan!" he whispered, advancing to one of them, and clasping her tenderly to him. "How thankful I am that we have met again!" But she blushed and smiled, and drew herself away from him. *It was Emma.*

Francis Maitland advanced. "You have made a mistake, Charles. Ah! I see you have not forgotten me, but never mind me, just now. This is not Susan."

"Not Susan!" he uttered.

"Susan, why don't you come forward and show yourself?" For poor Susan Chase had shrunk back. All her heart's life seemed to have been struck out of her, as by an icebolt, when that embrace was given to another. "Susan, I say!"

Miss Maitland was positive in her manner, dragged forth Susan, and held out her hand to Mr. Carnagie. He took it with cold indecision; looked at her, and then looked at Emma.

"You are playing with me," he said. "That is Susan."

"No, indeed, I am Emma," returned that young lady, laughing, and shaking back her sunny ringlets. "But they all say I am just like what Susan used to be."

Mr. Carnagie recollected himself. "Susan," he whispered, scanning her features, "I think I begin to recognize you. But you are much altered. I beg your pardon for the mistake I made."

"I am Susan," she answered, raising her tearful eyes.

"Have you been ill?" he inquired. "You are pale and thin."

"No; I have been well. I believe I am thinner."

"That comes of fretting," interposed Miss Maitland—"sighing and fretting after you, Charles Carnagie," and Susan blushed deeply, making her look a little more like herself.

"How was it you never wrote to say you were coming?"

"I did write just before I sailed, stating when I should leave."

"Then we never got the letter. We thought you still in Barbadoes."

Many times in the evening did Mr. Carnagie's eyes rove towards the blooming Emma. Scarcely could he persuade himself that she was not Susan. The miniature he had taken with him had been a handsome likeness of Susan; as Emma was now a handsome likeness of what she had been. The hair was of the same color, dark auburn, dressed in the same style, ringlets, which were much worn then; and to make the illusion more complete, the dress, in the painting, was light blue. There sat Emma, in her new and handsome light blue silk dress, her blushing

cheeks, her flowing ringlets, and her ready smile ; and there sat Susan, pale and subdued, her features more angular than formerly, her hair worn plain, and her dress, handsome certainly, but a sober brown. She had not cared to decorate herself in the absence of Mr. Carnagie.

The visitors departed, and he and Susan talked over preliminaries that night. Mr. Carnagie had business to do in town, "lots of things," some of his own, some that he had undertaken for his brother officers ; he might get it done in three weeks, four at the most : and he proposed that they should be married at once, and go to London together. But to marry so soon, with only a day or two's notice, would be inconvenient, Susan said. Therefore the wedding was fixed for a month hence, when he should have completed his business, and they would then spend two or three months at a quiet watering-place.

The following morning they breakfasted later than usual, for when Mr. Carnagie, who had promised to breakfast with them, came, he drew Susan out with him into the garden, and began talking to her lovingly, as of old. So late did they sit down to breakfast, that the post came in before they had finished. Only one letter, and that for Susan. She opened it.

"It is from my aunt," she said, "urging me to be sure not to disappoint them, and to bring the pattern of a pretty spencer, if I happen to have one."

"How like that is to my aunt!" laughed Ursula. "She is always on the lookout for patterns. I believe she must sell them. You will write to-day, Susan, and explain why you can not go."

"But—I am thinking," hesitated Susan—"that I can go. Aunt, poor thing, is so helpless, and they have depended on me. I believe I shall be able."

"If you could, it would be a charity," said Ursula ; "for what aunt will do without you, I can not conceive. When do you leave for town, Mr. Carnagie?"

"As soon as I can," he answered, "some of my business is in a hurry. Not to-day, for I must give a look in at the Maitlands and other friends ; and I have much to talk over yet with Susan. To-morrow I shall go."

"And it is to-morrow morning that I ought to start," remarked Susan. "I do not see why I should not go. Ursula can forward things here in my absence,

and I shall be back at the end of a fortnight."

"Mind that you are back in time, Susan," said Mr. Carnagie, looking grave.

"I will be sure to be back in time," she smiled. "But I think I ought to go."

She did go. And had to be at Stopton early the following morning to take the stage-coach. Some of the family went with her, and Mr. Carnagie. "You will have to start in half an hour after me," Susan remarked to him ; "only you travel by a different route."

"I am not going to town to-day," he answered ; "to-morrow. I had no time to give to the Maitlands yesterday, and they expect me."

"Then I think I must say, mind you are back in time," returned Susan, jokingly. He took a fond farewell of her, and she departed on her journey.

Precisely to the day, at the end of the fortnight, Susan was back, arriving in the afternoon. One of the first persons she saw, as she entered the house, was Mr. Carnagie.

"Charles ! you here !" she uttered, in astonishment. "Have you come down from London?"

"I have not been," was Mr. Carnagie's answer ; "one thing or other detained me here, Susan. The Maitlands teased me to stay, and I too readily yielded ; then I began to reflect how much pleasanter it would be to have you in London with me. So I shall just make myself at ease till the happy day, and we will go there together."

There was something in these words displeasing to the ear of Susan. Stay ; it was in the tone. It was pressingly eager ; as if he were so anxious to justify himself. And never to have written to her !

"You might have sent me a letter, Charles, all this while."

"In the first week, I did not care that you should know I had not left, for I was perpetually vowing to be off the next hour. And since, I have been looking to see you every day ; Ursula thought you might come home before the fortnight."

"You might have mentioned, when you wrote to me, that Charles was here," said Susan, looking at her sister Ursula.

"Mr. Carnagie requested me not."

"To surprise you, Susan," interrupted Mr. Carnagie.

Ursula had spoken gravely ; he eagerly ;

and Susan wondered. She retired to her own room, to take off her things, and in a few minutes Frances Maitland called, and went up to her.

"What a shame of you, Susy, to leave Charles Carnagie to his own disconsolate self!" was her unceremonious salutation. "And the instant he got here, after his three years' absence!"

"Nay," said Susan, "he first of all decided to leave me, and go up to town. When I left, I thought he was going. I think I ought to reproach you, Frances, for having kept him. He says that the Maitlands teased him to stay, and he too readily yielded."

"He did not say so!"

"Yes, he did; he has just said so to me."

"Well, that's cool!" returned Frances Maitland. "I shall tell Mr. Charlie of that. If he has been three times in our house, since you left, it is as much as he has."

"Nonsense!" retorted Susan.

"It is truth. I'll ask Charlie how much they charge to teach story-telling in Barbadoes."

"Do I understand that you have not seen Charles more than three times since I left?" returned Miss Chase.

"There you go again, Susan; catching at words, and stumbling to conclusions! I said he had not been more than three times inside our house. I have seen him dozens; for he has been perpetually about the grounds and in the park with Emma. We have come upon them at all hours. Do you not think Emma looks queer?"

"I have not seen Emma yet," answered Susan. "What do you mean by queer?"

"So shy and distant. If we only speak to her, she rushes away. I think Charles Carnagie has scared her out of her self-possession."

"You always were fanciful, Frances."

"And perhaps always shall be. You would have been better at home than away; at any rate, that's no fancy. I have come to ask you to spend this evening with us; and that's no fancy. You, your sister, and Charles Carnagie."

"I am rather tired," answered Susan, "but I will come if the rest do."

"It is decided then, for I asked Ursula as I came in. Some of you can invite Charlie; I may not meet with him. Good-by, till evening."

When Susan descended to the sitting-room, Ursula and Emma were there. "Let me look at you," she said to the latter, after kissing her fondly. "I want to have a look at your face. Frances Maitland says you have become queer and shy, and that Charles has scared you out of your self-possession."

Susan had Emma before her, as she spoke, and she was astonished at the violent rush of crimson in which flew to her skin. Face, neck, ears, were dyed with it. Not only this: Emma began to tremble, and then burst into tears, and ran from the room.

Susan could not speak for astonishment. She turned towards Ursula, and saw her looking on with a severe expression.

"What can have taken Emma?" faltered Susan. "I meant it as a joke. Ursula, you look strange, too. The house altogether seems not itself. What can be the matter?"

Ursula did not answer. The scowl on her brow was very deep.

"Ursula, I ask you, what is it? You seem angry with me."

Ursula rose; she was tall and stout, and she threw her large arms round Susan, and whispered:

"Not with you, Susan dear. Oh! no, not with you. My poor Susan!"

Susan began to shake, almost as Emma had done. "There is some mystery," she breathed.

"Yes, something has occurred. I shrink from the task of telling it to you."

"Must you tell me—must I know it? I have been so full of peace and happiness of late."

"You must know it, I believe. I scarcely knew whether to tell you or not, and I took counsel of Frances Maitland, when she came in just now, and she says I must. She was going to tell it you herself, but I forbade her."

Susan sat down somewhat reassured. She thought it might be only that something had gone wrong in the household; or perhaps the dress-maker had spoilt the wedding dresses. "Tell me out at once, Ursula. Do not beat about the bush."

"You say I looked angry," said Ursula. "I am angry—with Emma. She has grown to love Charles Carnagie."

Susan turned white. She could not speak.

"Listen a moment, and you shall know as much as I do. After you left, Charles



staid on, sleeping at the inn, as before. I wondered, but of course it was not my business to send him away. He was much here; it was only natural that he should be. Then I noticed—it seemed to occur to my mind all in a moment—how much Emma was with him, out with him in the grounds at all times and all hours, and with him in-doors. Well, Susan, I never thought to check it, for it only seemed as natural as the other. Last night Frances Maitland ran in, at dusk, after their tea. I don't know what it was with you, but here it was a dull, dismal, evening, almost foggy. 'When do you expect Susan home?' were her first words, without saying how d'ye do, or any thing—but you know her abrupt manner. 'Probably to-morrow,' I answered. 'Well, it's time she came, that's all,' said she. 'I have seen what I don't like. I have suspected it some days, but I am sure of it now—that Emma is too intimate with Charles Carnagie.' Susan," added Ursula, "you might have knocked me down with a feather; and then it all rose up frightfully before me, their walking out together, and their whisperings in-doors."

"How did she mean that they were too intimate?" faltered Susan. "What had she seen?"

"She would not say. She said she should only tell you. You had better ask her."

Susan leaned her head upon her hand. "Frances is very fanciful," was her remark, "and if once she takes an idea in her mind, her imagination improves upon it."

"True. You must have it out with her, what she did see, and what she did not. When Emma walked herself in, last night, it was nearly dark; I said nothing to her. I fear she is too fond of him; it all looks like it. Of his sentiments I know nothing; but since this occurred, I have wondered whether she was the attraction that kept him here."

How Susan bore with her feelings till evening, when they went to the Maitlands, she scarcely knew. She drew Frances aside at once. "Ursula has told me," she whispered. "What was it you saw?"

"Only that she was clasped to Charles Carnagie's breast, crying and wailing, and he was kissing her."

"O Frances! you surely never saw that!"

"I saw it. If it were the last word I

had to speak, I saw it," impressively uttered Miss Maitland. "They were bemoaning their hard fate in his being bound to you. She sobbed out that her happiness was gone forever, and he that he had never loved Susan half as passionately as he loved her. That is all I saw or heard, Susan; but that is pretty well."

"Where were they?"

"In the grove, by the large elm-tree, at the turning. You know the bench."

Susan went into the drawing-room. The scene swam before her eyes; she answered questions at random; and when Mr. Carnagie spoke to her, she turned faint and sick. Outwardly he was attentive to her, but it was a forced attention. In the course of the evening, when some of the party were in the garden, Mr. Carnagie drew Emma away from the rest. Susan followed them: she believed it her duty: she was wretched, jealous, miserable. She saw them standing together in an attitude of the deepest affection, and she drew away again, more jealous and more wretched than before.

"What shall you do?—what will be your course?" Miss Maitland asked her.

"I know not—I know not," she answered, in a tone of anguish. Frances, pity me!—oh! that I could fly away somewhere from it all, and find rest!"

Frances Maitland did pity her, little as she was given to pity any body. "It will take Susan years to get over this," was her mental comment. "I wonder whether she will marry him."

When they left that night, Mr. Carnagie offered his arm to Susan. She thanked him, and said she had her dress to hold up. Yet short petticoats were worn then. He went at once to Emma; she took it, and they lingered, whispering, behind Susan and Ursula. He left them at their door, and Susan shut herself into her chamber to think.

An hour afterwards she entered Emma's room, who was then undressing. She said what she had to say; despair was in her low voice, no anger; yet Emma flung herself down on the floor, and shrieked and sobbed in self-reproach.

"I could not help it—I could not help it," she shrieked forth. "That first moment, when he suddenly appeared, and clasped me in his embrace, drew my heart to him: and my love for him is as living fire. Why was I so like you? Why are you so changed? Half his time he calls

me Susan; his love has not altered, he says, only that I am now what you were. To love you, as you are now, he must change the object of his mind's affection—and he can not do it."

"Next to him, who was my second self, I have loved you," moaned Susan, as she sat on a low chair, and rocked herself to and fro. "I have cherished you as something more precious than self; I promised our mother to do so on her death-bed; and this is my reward!"

It was a strange thing. Emma sobbing and writhing on the carpet in her white night-dress. "I would not have brought this misery to us all purposely," she said, "and we never meant you to know it: I can not think how it is you do. When once you and he have sailed, I shall sit down and hug my unhappiness, and I hope it will kill me, Susan, and then you'll be revenged."

"I would have sacrificed my life for you," whispered Susan; "I must now sacrifice what is far dearer. You must be the one to sail with him; not I."

"Susan! you never shall sacrifice yourself for me! I——"

"No more," interrupted Susan. "My resolution is taken, and I came to tell it you. I hope that time will be merciful to me—to us both."

Susan left the room as she spoke, and there stood Ursula.

"Susan, I heard you, in there; I almost hoped you were beating her. We must send her away to aunt's to-morrow morning, until the wedding is over."

"O Ursula!" she wailed, in a tone of deepest anguish, "can you not see what must be! The wedding must be hers, not mine: she must marry Mr. Carnagie."

"Give in to those two false ones!" uttered Ursula. "You never shall."

"For my own sake as much as hers," murmured Susan. "To marry him, when his love has openly left me, might be to enter on a life of reproach from him, certainly of coldness, possibly of neglect and cruelty. Ursula, that is more than I could bear. I will have one more interview with him, and then leave till they are gone. You must superintend what is required by Emma."

"What will the neighbors say?" wondered Ursula. And Susan shivered.

She held an interview with Mr. Carnagie when morning came, but what took place at it was never spoken of by either. Susan's face was swollen with crying when she came out, and he looked more troubled and annoyed than he had ever looked before; holding the unfortunate gold ring between his fingers, in a dubious way, as if he did not know what to do with it. The chaise was at the door to convey her to Stopton, on her way to her aunt's, when, as she was stepping into it, Frances Maitland came racing down.

"What is all this rumor, Susan?" she demanded. "That you are going away, and that Emma is to marry Mr. Carnagie? I will not have such folly. I have come to stop it. The country will cry shame upon her and upon him. Lock her up, and keep her upon bread and water. You have sacrificed enough for her, I think, without sacrificing your husband."

"Say no more, Frances," was her only answer. "I can not bear it."

She waved her adieu, and drove away with a breaking heart—never to return home until long after Mr. Carnagie, and Emma his wife, had sailed for Barbadoes.

From Dickens's Household Words.

## THE LOST WANDERER FOUND.

A STOCKMAN in my employment was, not many years ago, missing from a cattle station distant from Sydney about two hundred and thirty miles. The man had gone one afternoon in search of a horse that had strayed. Not having returned at night or the next morning, the natural conclusion was that he had been lost in the bush. I at once called in the aid of the blacks, and, attended by two European servants, (stockmen,) headed the expedition. The chief difficulty lay in getting on the man's track; and several hours were spent before this important object was accomplished. The savages exhibited some ingenuity even in this. They described large circles round the hut whence the man had taken his departure, and kept on extending them until they were satisfied they had the proper footprints. The track once found, half a dozen of the blacks went off like a pack of hounds. Now and then, in the dense forest through which we wandered in our search, there was a check, in consequence of the extreme dryness of the ground; or the wind had blown about the fallen leaves of the gigantic gum-trees, which abound in those regions; but, for the most part, the course was straight on end.

We had provided ourselves with flour, salt beef, tea, sugar, blankets and other personal comforts. These were carried on a horse which a small black boy, of about fourteen years of age, rode in our rear.

On the first day we continued our search until the sun had gone down, and then pitched our camp and waited for daylight. With their tomahawks the blacks stripped off large sheets of bark from the gum-trees, and cut down a few saplings. With these we made a hut; at the opening of which we lighted a fire, partly for boiling the water for tea, and partly for the purpose of keeping off the musquitoes. During the night, we had a very heavy storm of lightning and thunder, accompanied by torrents of rain. This, I fancied, would render the tracking

even more difficult, as the rain was sufficiently heavy to wash out the footprints of a man, had any such footprints been previously perceptible. When the sun arose, however, the blacks, seemingly without difficulty, took up the track and followed it at the rate of two and a half miles an hour until noon, when we halted to take some rest and refreshments. The foot of civilized man had never before trodden in that wild region; which was peopled only with the kangaroo, the emu, the opossum, and wild cat. The stillness was awful; and, ever and anon, the blacks would cooeey, (a hail peculiar to the savages of New-Holland, which may be heard several miles off,) but—and we listened each time with intense anxiety—there was no response.

At about half-past three in the afternoon of the second day we came to a spot, where the blacks expressed, by gestures, that the missing stockman had sat down; and in confirmation of their statement, they pointed to a stone, which had evidently been lately removed from its original place. I inquired, by gestures, whether we were near the lost man; but the blacks shook their heads and held up two fingers, from which I gleaned that two days had elapsed since the man had been there. At five we came to another spot where the missing stockman had laid down, and here we found his short pipe broken. It would be difficult to describe the satisfaction with which I eyed this piece of man's handiwork. It refreshed my confidence in the natives' power of tracking, and made me the more eager to pursue the search with rapidity. By promises of large rewards, I quickened their movements, and we traveled at the rate of four miles an hour. We now came upon a soil covered with immense boulders. This, I fancied, would impede, if not destroy the track; but this was not the case. It is true, we could not travel so fast over these large round stones; but the blacks never once halted, except when they came to a spot where they satisfied

me the stockman himself had rested. None but those who have been in search of a fellow-creature under similar circumstances can conceive the anxiety which such a search creates. I could not help placing myself in the position of the unhappy man, who was roaming about as one blindfolded, and probably hoping on even in the face of despair. Again we came to a forest of huge gum-trees.

At times, the gestures of the blacks, while following the footprints of the stockman, indicated to me that he had been running. At other times, they imitated the languid movements of a weary and footsore traveler. They knew exactly the pace at which the poor fellow had wandered about in those untrodden wilds; and now and then, while following in his wake and imitating him, they would laugh merrily. They were not a little amused that I should be angry at and rebuke such a demonstration.

The sun went down, and our second day's search was ended. Again we pitched our camp and lighted fires. We had now traveled about thirty miles from the station, and the blacks, who had now got beyond the precincts of their district, became fearful of meeting with some strange tribe, who would destroy them and myself. Indeed, if I and my European companions had not been armed with a gun each, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, my sable guides would have refused to proceed my futher.

All night long I lay awake, imagining, hoping, fearing, and praying for daylight; which at last dawned. Onward we went through a magnificent country, beautifully wooded, and well watered by streams and covered with luxuriant pasture—all waste land, in the strictest sense of the term. At about ten we came to a valley in which grew a number of wattle-trees. From these trees, a gum, resembling gum-arabic in all its properties, exudes in the warm season. The blacks pointed to the branches, from which this gum had recently been stripped, and indicated that the man had eaten of a pink grub, as large as a silk-worm, which lives in the bark of the wattle-tree. Luckily he had with him a clasp-knife, with which he had contrived to dig out these grubs, which the blacks assured me were a dainty; but I was not tempted to try them.

On again putting the question to the blacks, whether we were near the man of

whom we were in search, they shook their heads and held up two fingers. We now came to a clear shallow stream, in which the blacks informed me by gestures that the missing man had bathed; but he had not crossed the stream, as his track lay on the bank we had approached.

After traveling along this bank for about three miles, we came to a huge swamp into which the stream flowed, and ended. Here the footprints were plainly discernible even by myself and my European companions. I examined them carefully, and was pained to find that they confirmed the opinion of the blacks, namely, that they were not fresh. Presently we found the man's boots. These had become too heavy for him to walk in, and too inconvenient to carry, and he had cast them off. Not far from the boots was a red cotton handkerchief, which he had worn round his neck on leaving the station. This, too, he had found too hot to wear in that oppressive weather, and had therefore discarded it.

Following the track, we came to a forest of white gum-trees. The bark of these trees is the color of cream, and the surface is as smooth as glass. On the rind of one of these trees the man had carved, with his knife, the following words:

“O God! have mercy upon me.—T. B.”

How fervent and sincere must have been this prayer in the heart, to admit of the hand carving it upon that tree!

Towards evening we came to a tract of country as barren as the desert between Cairo and Suez; but the soil was not sandy, and it was covered with stones of unequal size. Here the miraculous power of the black man's eye astounded us more than ever. The reader must bear in mind that the lost man was now walking barefooted and tender-footed, and would naturally pick his way as lightly and as cautiously as possible. Nevertheless, the savage tracked his course with scarcely a halt.

Again the sun went down, and again we formed our little camp, on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which lay a lagoon, literally covered with wild ducks and black swans. Some of these birds we shot for food, as it was now a matter of prudence, if not of necessity, to husband the flour and meat we had brought with us.



Another sunrise, and we pursued our journey. Towards noon we came to a belt of small mountains composed chiefly of black lime-stone. Here the blacks faltered; and, after a long and animated discussion amongst themselves—not one word of which I understood—they signified to me that they had lost the track and could proceed no further. This I was not disposed to believe, and imperatively signaled them to go on. They refused. I then had recourse to promises, kind words, smiles, and encouraging gestures. They were still recusant. I then loaded my gun with ball, and requested the stockmen to do the like. I threatened the blacks that I would shoot them, if they did not take up the track and pursue it. This alarmed them; and, after another discussion amongst themselves, they obeyed me, but reluctantly and sullenly. One of the stockmen, with much foresight, suggested that we ought to make sure of two out of the six black fellows; for, if they had a chance, they would probably escape and leave us to perish in the wilds; and, without their aid, we could never retrace our steps to the station. I at once acted on this suggestion, and bound two of the best of them together by the arms, and carried the end of the cord in my right hand.

At four in the afternoon we had crossed this belt of low mountains and came upon a tract of country which resembled a well-kept park in England. We were all so greatly fatigued that we were compelled to halt for the night, great as was my longing to proceed—a longing not a little whetted by the fact that the blacks now held up only one finger, in order to express that the object of our search was only one day in advance of us.

At midnight the four blacks, who were not bound, and who were in a rude hut a few yards distant, came to the opening of my tenement and bade me listen. I did listen, and heard a sound resembling the beating of the waves against the sea-shore. I explained to them, as well as I possibly could, that the noise was that of the wind coming through the leaves of the trees. This, however, they refused to believe, for there was scarcely a breath of air stirring.

“Can it be that we are near the sea-coast?” I asked myself; and the noise, which every moment became more distinctly audible, seemed to reply: “Yes.”

The morning dawned, and to my intense disappointment, I discovered that the four unbound blacks had decamped. They had, no doubt, retraced their steps by the road they had come. The remaining two were now put upon the track, and not for a single moment did I relinquish my hold of the cord. To a certainty, they would have escaped, had we not kept a tight hand upon them. Any attempt to reason with them would have been absurd. Fortunately, the boy who had charge of the horse had been faithful, and had remained.

As the day advanced and we proceeded onward, the sound of the waves beating against the shore become more and more distinct, and the terror of the guides increased proportionately. We were, however, some miles from the ocean, and did not see it until four in the afternoon. The faces of the blacks, when they gazed on the great water, of which they had never formed even the most remote conception, presented a scene which would have been worthy of some great painter's observation.

It was a clear day, not a cloud to be seen in the firmament; but the wind was high, and the dark blue billows were crested with a milk-white foam. It was from an eminence of some three hundred feet that we looked upon them. With their keen black eyes protruding from their sockets, their nostrils distended, their huge mouths wide open, their long matted hair in disorder, their hands held aloft, their bodies half-crouching and half-struggling to maintain an erect position; unable to move backward or forward; the perspiration streaming from every pore of their unclothed skin; speechless, motionless, amazed, and terrified; the two inland savages stood paralyzed at what they saw. The boy, although astounded, was not afraid.

Precious as was time, I would not disturb their reverie. For ten minutes their eyes were riveted on the sea. By slow degrees their countenances exhibited that the original terror was receding from their hearts; and then they breathed hard, as men do after some violent exertion. They then looked at each other and at us; and, as though reconciled to the miraculous appearance of the deep, they again contemplated the billows with a smile which gradually grew into a loud and meaningless laugh.

On the rocky spot upon which we were standing, one of the blacks pointed to his own knees; and placed his forefinger on two spots close to each other. Hence I concluded that the lost man had knelt down there in prayer. I invariably carried about with me, in the bush of Australia, a pocket-magnifying-glass for the purpose of lighting a pipe or a fire; and, with this glass, I carefully examined the spots indicated by the blacks. But I could see nothing—not the faintest outline of an imprint on that piece of hard stone. Either they tried to deceive us, or their powers of perception were indeed miraculous.

After a brief while we continued our search. The lost man had wandered along the perpendicular cliffs, keeping the ocean in sight. We followed his every step until the sun went down; then halted for the night and secured our guides, over whom, as usual, we alternately kept a very strict watch.

During the night we suffered severely from thirst, and when morning dawned we were compelled to leave the track for a while, and search for water. Providentially we were successful. A cavity in one of the rocks had been filled by the recent rain. Out of this basin, our horse also drank his fill.

I may here mention a few peculiarities of the colonial stock-horse. Wherever a man can make his way, so can this quadruped. He becomes, in point of sure-footedness, like a mule, and in nimbleness like a goat, after a few years of servitude in cattle-tending. He will walk down a ravine as steep as the roof of a house, or up a hill that is almost perpendicular. Through the dense brushwood he will push his way with his head, just as the elephant does. He takes to the water like a Newfoundland dog, and swims a river as a matter of course. To fatigue he seems insensible, and can do with the smallest amount of provender. The way in which the old horse which accompanied me in the expedition, I am describing, got down and got up some of the places which lay in our track would have astounded every person who, like us, had not previously witnessed similar performances.

We pushed on at a speedy pace, and, to my great joy, the blacks now represented that the (to me invisible) footprints were very fresh, and the missing man not far ahead of us. Every place where he

had halted, sat down, or lain down, or staid to drink, was pointed out. Presently we came to an opening in the cliffs which led to the sea-shore, where we found a beautiful bay of immense length. Here I no longer required the aid of the savages in tracking; on the sand from which the waves had receded a few hours previously were plainly visible the imprints of naked feet. The blacks, who had no idea of salt-water, laid themselves down on their stomachs, for the purpose of taking a hearty draught. The first mouthful, however, satisfied them; and then wondered as much at the taste of the ocean as they had wondered at the sight thereof.

After walking several miles, the rising of the tide and the bluff character of the coast, induced us to avail ourselves of the first opening in the cliffs, and ascend to the high land. It was with indescribable pain, I reflected that the approaching waves would obliterate the footprints then upon the sand, and that the thread which we had followed up to that moment, would certainly be snapped. The faculty possessed by the blacks had defied the wind and the rain; the earth and the rocks had been unable to conceal from the sight of the savage the precise places where the foot of civilized man had trod; but the ocean, even in his repose, makes all men acknowledge his might! We wandered, along the cliffs, cooeing from time to time, and listening for a response; but none came, even upon the acutely sensitive ears of the savages. A little before sunset, we came to another opening, leading down to a bay; and here the track of the lost man was again found. He had ascended and pursued his way along the cliffs. We followed until the light failed, and we were compelled to halt. Before doing so we cooeed in concert, and discharged the fowling-pieces several times, but without effect.

It rained during the night; but ceased before the day had dawned, and we resumed our journey. After an hour's walk, we came upon another opening, and descended to the water's edge; which was skirted by a sandy beach, and extended as far as the eye could compass. Here, too, I could dispense with the aid of the blacks, and followed on the track as fast as possible. Indeed, I and my companions frequently ran. Presently, the lost man's footsteps diverged from

the sandy shore, and took to the high land. We had proceeded more than a mile and a half, when the black boy, who was mounted on the horse and following close at my heels, called, "Him! him!" and pointing to a figure, about seventy yards distant, stretched upon the grass beneath the shade of a wild fig-tree, and near a stream of fresh water. I recognized at once the stockman; but the question was, Was he living or dead? Having commanded the party to remain where they stood, I approached the body upon tiptoe. The man was not dead, but in a profound slumber; from which I would not awake him. His countenance was pale and haggard, but his breathing was loud and natural. I beckoned the party to approach, and then placed my forefinger upon my lips, as a signal that they were to keep silence. Within an hour the man awoke, and stared wildly around him. When he saw us, he was under the impression that he had not been lost; but that, while searching for the horse, he had felt weary, lain down, slept, and had dreamed all that had really happened to him. Thus, there was no sudden shock of unexpected good fortune; the effects of which upon him I at first dreaded.

According to the number of days that we had been traveling, and the pace at which we had traveled, I computed that we had walked about one hundred and thirty-five miles; but, according to a map which I consulted, we were not more than eighty miles distant, in a direct line, from the station. On our way back, it was most distressing to observe the emotions of the stockman when he came to, or remembered the places where he had rested, eaten, drank, or slept, during his hopeless wanderings through the wilds of the wildest country in the known world. The wattle-trees from which he had stripped the gum, the stream in which he had bathed, the swamp where he had discarded his boots, the tree on which he had carved his prayer, the spot where he had broken his pipe—that very spot upon which he first felt that he was lost in the bush—these, and the poignant sufferings he had undergone, had so great an effect upon him, that by the time he returned to the station his intellect entirely deserted him. He, however, partly recovered; but—sometimes better, sometimes worse—in a few months it became necessary to have him removed to the government lunatic asylum.

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## ADDRESS OF THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW-YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCT. 9, 1857.

[We depart from our usual rule to give place to the following brilliant specimen of practical eloquence, bestudded with sparkling gems of thought, from the graceful and graphic pen of the great American orator and statesman, worthy of his high reputation; and with the perusal of which, we trust our readers will be more than pleased.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.]

MR. PRESIDENT, GOVERNOR KING, PRESIDENT FILLMORE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The surpassingly beautiful spot where we are assembled this day is one of no ordinary interest. We are met in full view of the outlet of one of the most considerable of those inland seas which form so marked a feature in the geography of our

continent. We can almost hear the roar of its waters as they plunge, at yonder world-renowned cataract, to the lower level of the sister lake. The prosperous city, under whose immediate auspices we are assembled, has, within the experience of living men, grown up from a small village on the skirts of an Indian reservation, to be the busy mart of a vast inland trade. Behind us, uniting, in what may truly be called the bonds of holy matri-

mony, the waters of the mighty lakes with the waters of the mighty ocean, enduring monument of one of the most honored sons of New-York, stretches far to the east that noble canal, which alone, perhaps, among the works of its class, has sustained itself in the competition with the railroad and the locomotive. In front of us spread out the fertile domains of a friendly neighboring power, the home of a kindred race, separated from us but by a narrow stream; a region to which we have closely grappled with hooks of steel, or at least with hooks of railroad iron, and the still stronger bonds of a mutually beneficial commercial reciprocity. We have come together, on this interesting spot, at the invitation of the New-York State Agricultural Society, to hold the farmers' autumnal holiday. From the remotest quarters of the Empire State and her sister republics, the railroads which have thrown their vast net-work over the country, have afforded a ready conveyance to multitudes. Other multitudes have descended your magnificent lake, in those unparalleled steamers, which, with scarce an interval of time, have taken the place of the bark canoe that skimmed its surface at the beginning of the century. Others, from the adjacent province, have crossed that noble suspension bridge, a wonder of engineering skill. In behalf of the respectable association in whose name I have the honor to speak, on this spot from which the simple children of the forest have not yet fully disappeared, from whatever quarter, by whatever conveyance you have assembled, I bid you welcome. Friends, fellow-citizens, welcome! The woods have put on their gorgeous robes of many colors to receive you; the vaporous atmosphere has for this day hung up its misty veil, to shield you from the too fervid sun; the sparkling waters of Niagara River bid you "HAIL AND FAREWELL," as they hurry downward to their great agony; and autumn spreads before you the rustic hospitality of her harvest home.

There is a temptation, when men assemble on occasions of this kind, to exaggerate the importance of the pursuit in which they are engaged, in comparison with the other callings of life. When farmers, or merchants, or manufacturers, or teachers, or professional men, come together to celebrate an anniversary, or an important event, or to do honor to some distinguished individual, it is almost a

matter of course that their particular occupation or profession should be represented by those on whom the duty of speaking for their associates devolves as the most important profession or calling. No great harm is done by these rhetorical exaggerations, which, in the long run, must correct each other; and which, if they have the effect of making men more content with their own pursuit, are not very pernicious, even if they remain uncorrected.

Although these claims which men set up, each for the paramount importance of his own occupation, can not, of course, be all well founded, it may be maintained that each of the great pursuits of life is indispensable to the prosperity of all the rest. Without agriculture and manufactures, the merchant would have nothing to transport or exchange. Without commerce, the farmer and the manufacturer would be confined to a barter trade, in a limited home circle of demand and supply. In this respect, all the great pursuits of life in a civilized community may be deemed of equal importance, because they have each and all for their object to supply some one of the great wants of our nature; because each is necessary, to some extent at least, to the prosperity of every other; and because they are all brought by the natural sympathies of our being into a harmonious system, and form that noble and beautiful whole which we call civilized society.

But, without derogating from the importance of any of the other pursuits and occupations, we may safely, I think, claim for agriculture in some respects a certain precedence before them all. It has been said to be the great and final object of government to get twelve impartial and intelligent men into the jury-box; by which, of course, is meant that the administration of equal justice between man and man is the primary object of civilized and social life. But the teacher, secular or spiritual, might plausibly urge that it is of prior importance that the community should have the elements, at least, of mental and moral culture, and be taught the obligations of an oath, before any twelve of its members should take part in the administration of justice. The physician might contend that health is of greater importance than the trial by jury; and with greater reason it might be claimed for agriculture that it supplies the first



want of our nature ; the daily call of the great family of man for his daily bread—the call that must be answered before the work of life, high or low, can begin. Plaintiff and defendant, judge and jury, must break their fast before they meet in court ; and, if the word of a witty poet can be taken, certain very important consequences sometimes happens to culprits, in order that jurymen may get to their dinners.

But, to speak in a more fitting and serious strain, I must confess that there has always seemed to me something approaching the sublime in this view of agriculture, which (such is the effect of familiarity) does not produce an impression on our minds in proportion to the grandeur of the idea. We seem, on the contrary, to take for granted, that we live by a kind of mechanical necessity, and that our frames are like watches made, if such a thing were possible, to go without winding up, in virtue of some innate principle of subsistence independent of our wills, which is, indeed, in other respects true. But it is not less true that our existence, as individuals or communities, must be kept up by a daily supply of food, directly or indirectly furnished by agriculture ; and that, if this supply should wholly fail for ten days, all this multitudinous, striving, ambitious humanity, these nations and kindred and tribes of men, would perish from the face of the earth, by the most ghastly form of dissolution. Strike out of existence at once ten days' supply of eight or ten articles, such as Indian corn, wheat, rye, potatoes, rice, millet, the date, the banana, and the bread-fruit, with a half-dozen others which serve as the forage of the domestic animals, and the human race would be extinct. The houses we inhabit, the monuments we erect, the trees we plant, stand in some cases for ages ; but our own frames—the stout limbs, the skillful hands that build the houses, and set up the monuments, and plant the trees—have to be built up, recreated, every day : and this must be done from the fruits of the earth gathered by agriculture. Every thing else is luxury, convenience, comfort—food is indispensable.

Then consider the bewildering extent of this daily demand and supply, which you will allow me to place before you in a somewhat coarse mechanical illustration. The human race is usually estimated at

about one thousand millions of individuals. If the sustenance of a portion of these multitudinous millions is derived from other sources than agriculture, this circumstance is balanced by the fact that there is a great deal of agricultural produce raised in excess of the total demand for food. Let, then, the thoughtful husbandman, who desires to form a just idea of the importance of his pursuit, reflect, when he gathers his little flock about him to partake the morning's meal, that one thousand millions of fellow-men have awakened from sleep that morning craving their daily bread with the same appetite which reigns at his family board ; and that if, by a superior power, they could be gathered together at the same hour for the same meal, they would fill both sides of five tables reaching all round the globe where it is broadest, seated side by side, and allowing eighteen inches to each individual ; and that these tables are to be renewed twice or thrice every day. Then let him consider that, in addition to the food of the human race, that of all the humble partners of man's toil—the lower animals—is to be provided in like manner. These all wait upon agriculture, as the agent of that Providence which giveth them their meat in due season ; and they probably consume in the aggregate an equal amount of produce ; and, finally, let him add in imagination to this untold amount of daily food for man and beast the various articles which are furnished directly or indirectly from the soil for building materials, furniture, clothing, and fuel.

The grand total will illustrate the primary importance of agriculture, considered as the steward—the commissary—charged with supplying this almost inconceivable daily demand of the human race and the subject animals for their daily bread ; a want so imperative and uncompromising, that death in its most agonizing form is the penalty of a failure in the supply.

But although agriculture is clothed with an importance which rests upon the primitive constitution of our nature, it is very far from being the simple concern we are apt to think it. On the contrary, there is no pursuit in life which not only admits, but requires, for its full development, more of the resources of science and art—none which would better repay the pains bestowed upon an appropriate

education. There is, I believe, no exaggeration in stating that as great an amount and variety of scientific, physical, and mechanical knowledge is required for the most successful conduct of the various operations of husbandry, as for any of the arts, trades, or professions. I conceive, therefore, that the Legislature and the citizens of the great State over which, you, sir, (Governor King,) so worthily preside, have acted most wisely in making provision for the establishment of an institution expressly for agricultural education. There is a demand for systematic scientific instruction, from the very first steps we take, not in the play-farming of gentlemen of leisure, but in the pursuit of husbandry as the serious business of life.

In the first place, the earth which is to be cultivated, instead of being either a uniform or a homogeneous mass, is made up of a variety of materials, differing in different places, and possessing different chemical and agricultural properties and qualities. A few of these elements, and especially clay, lime, and sand, predominate, usually intermixed to some extent by nature, and capable of being so mingled and treated by art, as to produce a vastly increased fertility. The late Lord Leicester in England, better known as Mr. Coke, first carried out this idea on a large scale, and more than doubled the productive value of his great estates in Norfolk by claying his light soils. To conduct operations of this kind, some knowledge of geology, mineralogy, and chemistry, is required. The enrichment of the earth by decaying animal and vegetable substances is the most familiar operation perhaps in husbandry; but it is only since its scientific principles have been explored by Davy and Liebig, that the great practical improvements in this branch of agriculture have taken place. It is true that the almost boundless natural fertility of the soil supersedes for the present, in some parts of our country, the importance of artificial enrichment. I inquired last spring of a friend living in a region of this kind, on the banks of the Ohio, how they contrived to *get rid* of the accumulation of the farm-yard, (a strange question it will seem to farmers in this part of the world,) and he answered: "By carting it down to the river's side, and emptying it into the stream." In another portion of the western country, where I had

seen hemp growing vigorously about thirty years ago, I found that wheat was now the prevailing crop; I was informed that the land was originally so rich as to be adapted only for hemp, but had now become poor enough for wheat.

These, however, are not instances of a permanent and normal condition of things. In the greater part of the Union, especially in those portions which have been for some time under cultivation, the annual exhaustion must be restored by the annual renovation of the soil. To accomplish this object, of late years every branch of science, every resource of the laboratory, every kingdom of nature, has been placed under contribution. Battlefields have been dug over for the bones of their victims; geology has furnished lime, gypsum, and marl; commerce has explored the remotest seas for guano, and has called loudly on diplomacy to assist her efforts; chemistry has been tasked for the production of compounds, which, in the progress of science, may supersede those of animal or vegetable origin which are prepared by nature. The nutritive principles developed by decaying animal and vegetable organizations are universally diffused throughout the material world, and the problem to be solved is to produce them artificially on a large scale, cheap enough for general use. In the mean time, the most simple and familiar processes of enrichment, with the aid of mechanical power and a moderate application of capital, are producing the most astonishing results. The success which has attended Mr. Mechi's operations in England is familiar to us all. By the application of natural fertilizing liquids, sprinkled by a steam-engine over his fields, they have been made to produce, it is said, seven annual crops of heavy grass.

Simple water is one of the most effectual fertilizers, and in some countries irrigation, carried on with no moderate degree of hydraulic skill, is the basis of their husbandry. While walking, on one occasion, with the late Lord Ashburton, in his delightful grounds in Hampshire, just before he departed on his special mission to this country, in one of the intervals of our earnest conference on the North-eastern Boundary, he told me that he had expended ten thousand pounds sterling in conducting round his fields the waters of the little river—the Itchen, I think—that

flows through the property, and that it was money well laid out. Pardon me the digression of a moment to say that I could not but honor the disinterested patriotism which led this kind-hearted, upright, and intelligent man, at an advanced age, (with nothing on earth to gain or desire, and with everything of reputation to risk,) to leave the earthly paradise in which I saw him, and to cross the Atlantic in the winter, in a sailing vessel, (his voyage was of fifty-one days,) to do his part in adjusting a controversy which had seriously menaced the peace of the two countries. The famous water-meadows of the Duke of Portland, at Clipstone, have been often described, where the same operation has been performed on a still more extensive scale. Mr. Colman's interesting volumes on European agriculture contain accounts of other works of this kind, but I confine myself to those which have fallen under my own observation.

Nor are these the only operations in which agriculture calls for the aid of well-instructed skill. That moisture, which in moderation is the great vehicle of vegetable nourishment, may exist in excess. Vast tracts of land are lost to husbandry in this country, which might be reclaimed by dykes and embankments, or become fertile by drainage. Land is yet too abundant and cheap in America to admit of great expenditures in this way, except in very limited localities; but the time will no doubt come when, in the populous portions of the country, especially in the neighborhood of large cities, the sunken marshes which now stretch along our coast will be reclaimed from the ocean, as in Holland; and thousands of acres in the interior, now given up to alder swamps and cranberry meadows, be clothed with grass and corn. There are few farms of any size in the country which do not contain waste spots of this kind—the harbor of turtles, frogs, and serpents—which might be brought, at moderate expense and some hydraulic skill, into cultivation. Other extensive tracts are awaiting the time when the increase of population and the enhanced value of land will bear the expense of costly operations in engineering. The marshes on the sea-coast of New-England, New-York, and New-Jersey, probably exceed in the aggregate the superficies of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the greater part of which has been

redeemed by artificial means from the ocean—a considerable tract, covered by the Lake of Harlem, within a few years. Now, if we could only add a new territory to the Union, as large as the kingdom of the Netherlands, by the peaceful operations of husbandry, it would be a species of *annexation* to which I for one should make no objection. All the resources of science have been called into operation in that country, under the direction of a separate department of the government, to sustain the hydraulic works which protect it from the ocean. The stage of things is similar in the fens of Lincolnshire and Bedfordshire. All the spare revenues of the Grand Duke of Tuscany have been appropriated for years to the improvement of the low grounds on the coast of that country, once the abode of the powerful Etruscan Confederacy, which ruled Italy, before the ascendancy of the Romans, now, and for ages past, a malarious, uninhabitable waste.

But when science and art have done their best for the preparation of the soil, they have but commenced their operations in the lowest department of agriculture. They have dealt, thus far, only with what we call lifeless nature, though I apply that word with reluctance to the genial bosom of our mother earth, from which every thing that germinates draws its life and appropriate nourishment. Still, however, we take a great step upward, when, in pursuing the operations of husbandry, we ascend from mineral and inorganic substances to vegetable organization. We now enter a new world of agricultural research; the mysteries of assimilation, growth and decay; of seed-time and harvest; the life, the death, and the reproduction of the vegetable world. Here we still need the light of science, but rather to explore and reveal than to imitate the operations of nature. The skillful agricultural chemist can mingle soils and compound fertilizing phosphates; but with all his apparatus and all his reagents, it is beyond his power to fabricate the humblest leaf. He can give you, to the thousandth part of a grain, the component elements of wheat; he can mingle those elements in due proportion in his laboratory—but to manufacture a single kernel, endowed with living, reproductive power, is as much beyond his skill as to create a whole world.



Vegetable life, therefore, requires a new course of study and instruction. The adaptation of particular plants to particular soils, and their treatment, on the one hand, and, on the other, their nutritive powers as food for man and the lower animals, the laws of germination and growth, the influences of climate, the possible range of improvability in cereal grains and fruits, are topics of vast importance. The knowledge—for the most part empirical—already possessed, upon these points, is the accumulation of the ages which have elapsed since the foundation of the world, each of which has added to the list its generous fruit, its nutritive grain, its esculent root, its textile fibre, its brilliant tincture, its spicy bark, its exhilarating juice, its aromatic essence, its fragrant gum, its inflammable oil; some so long ago that the simple gratitude of infant humanity ascribed them to the gift of the gods, while others have been brought to the knowledge of the civilized world in the historical period, and others have been presented to mankind by our own continent. No one can tell when wheat, barley, rye, oats, millet, apples, pears, and plums, were first cultivated in Europe; but cherries and peaches were brought from the Black Sea and Persia in the time of the Roman Republic; the culture of silk was introduced from the East in the reign of Justinian; cotton and sugar became extensively used in Europe in the middle ages; maize, the potato, tobacco, cocoa, and the Peruvian bark, are the indigenous growth of this country. Tea and coffee, though productions of the Old World, were first known in Western Europe about two centuries ago; and India-rubber and gutta percha, as useful as any but the cereals, in our own day.

There is much reason to believe, as our intercourse with Eastern Asia, Polynesia, and Australia increases, that new vegetable products will become known to us, of the greatest interest and importance for food, medicine, and clothing. Many, with which we are acquainted only in the writings of travelers and botanists, will unquestionably be domesticated. The most interesting experiments are in progress on the sugar-canes of Africa and China; and there is scarce a doubt that the most important additions will, in the course of time, be made to our vegetable treasures, from the latter country. China, like

North-America, forms the eastern shore of a great ocean, with a cold north-western region in the rear. Its climate, under similar local conditions, closely resembles our own; and there is reason to believe that whatever grows there will grow here. A somewhat curious illustration of this is found in the plant ginseng, to which the Chinese formerly attached—perhaps still attach—such a superstitious value. Its bifurcated root, as they thought, symbolized humanity, which, indeed, it does, as well as *Falstaff's* "forked radish;" and hence the name ginseng, or "man-plant." They called it "the pure spirit of the earth," and the "plant that gives immortality." They deemed it the exclusive product of the central flowery kingdom—a panacea for every form of disease, cheaply bought for its weight in silver. A Jesuit missionary to China, Lafitau, being transferred to America early in the last century, discovered the precious plant in our own woods, where, indeed, in some parts of the country, it abounds. It began to be exported by the French to China, and after the commencement of our commercial intercourse with that country, at the close of the war of the Revolution, the much prized root was sent in great quantities to Canton, and, much to the perplexity and disgust of the mandarins, became literally a drug in the market, losing most of its mysterious efficacy, in proportion as it was abundantly supplied by the outside barbarians.

But, without wandering so far for additions entirely novel which may be expected to our vegetable stores, I can not but regard what may be called organic husbandry as one of the richest departments of science, and one which is yet almost wholly in its infancy. What wonders are revealed to us by the microscope in the structure and germination of the seed—the instinct, so to say, of radicle and plumule, which bids one seek the ground, and the other shoot upward toward the air; the circulation of the sap, which, examined under a high magnifying power, in a succulent plant—the Calla, for instance—resembles flowing streams of liquid silver—a spectacle, in these days of "suspension," to make a man's mouth water; the curious confectionery, that secretes sugar, and gluten, and starch, and oil, and woody fibre, and flower, and fruit, and leaf, and bark, from the same elements in earth and air, differing in each



differing plant, though standing side by side in the same soil; in a word, the wonders and beauties of this annual creation—for such it is—as miraculous as that by which sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and sea, and man, were first formed by the hand of Omnipotence!

And who shall limit the progress of science, and its application to the service of man, in this boundless field? The grafting of generous fruits on barren stocks is as old as European civilization; but the artificial hybridization of flowers and fruits is a recent practice, which has already filled our conservatories with the most beautiful flowers, and our graperies and gardens with the choicest varieties of fruit. When reasoning man does with science and skill what has been hitherto left to the winds and the bees, the most important results may be anticipated. Modern chemistry has shown that the growth of the plant is not one simple operation, but that different ingredients in the soil, and different fertilizing substances, afford the appropriate nourishment to different portions of the plant. This discovery will, no doubt, be of great importance in the higher operations of horticulture and pomology.

The culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine have already become considerable branches of industry, and afford great scope for the application of chemical knowledge. The vineyards in the neighborhood of Cincinnati and St. Louis, though limited in extent, already bear, in other respects, a creditable comparison with those of Europe. All the processes of manufacture rival those of the Province of Champagne and the Rhine, both in integrity and skill—a remark which I venture to make from some opportunities of personal comparison. Time, no doubt, will eventually bring to light a belt of territory—probably in the interior, or in the western portion of the continent, (for we do not find wine in the eastern portion of Asia)—which will equal the most delicate vintages of Burgundy, Bordeaux, or Xeres.

Nor is it less probable that many vegetable products now imported from foreign countries will be naturalized here. It is but a century since the first experiments were made on the American Continent in the cultivation of rice and cotton; and there is no reason to doubt that whatever the Old World produces will flourish

within the same isothermal lines in this hemisphere. The recent agricultural reports from the Patent Office contain very important indications and suggestions on this branch of husbandry.

The condition of our native forests opens another broad field of inquiry in agricultural science, under three very striking aspects. The extensive prairies of the West, denuded of wood for an unknown length of time, and under the operation of causes not perhaps certainly made out, await from the settler's skill and industry those plantations which add so much to the beauty and salubrity of the soil, and contribute so materially to the service of man. In the mean time it is a very important question, in a broad region of the West, whether any thing cheaper and more effectual than the Osage orange (*Maclura*) can be found for fencing. In other portions of the country a condition of things exists the precise reverse of that just described; and immense tracts of native forests, covering the land for hundreds of miles with a matted, impervious, repulsive wilderness, form a very serious impediment to cultivation, and constitute one of the great hardships which attend the pioneer of the settlement. The opening of railroads through extensive districts of this description, with the intense demand for land, caused in part by the unexampled emigration from Europe, will probably lead to new applications of steam-power machinery, and capital, in the first clearing of the land, and thus materially facilitate the process of bringing it into cultivation. In the mean time, in the older settled parts of the country, we have some backward steps to take. The clothing of the sterile hill-sides and barren plains with wood, is an object of great interest. The work of destruction has been carried on with too little discrimination. Too little thought has been had of that noblest spectacle in the vegetable world—plantations of trees for ornament and shade, too little consideration for a permanent supply of the demand for timber and fuel.

Every topic to which I have thus hastily alluded, in connection with the vegetable kingdoms of nature, suggests inquiry for the naturalist, in some department of his studies, and forms the subject of regular courses of instruction in some of the European universities, especially those in Germany.

The insects and vermin injurious to vegetation present another curious and difficult path of inquiry. A very considerable part of every crop of grain and fruit is planted, not for the mouths of our children, but for the fly, the curculio, and the canker-worm, or some other of these pests of husbandry. Science has done something, and will no doubt do more, to alleviate the plague. It has already taught us not to wage equal war on the wheat-fly and the parasite which preys upon it; and it will, perhaps, eventually persuade those who need the lesson, that a few peas and cherries are well bestowed by way of dessert on the cheerful little warblers who turn our gardens into concert-rooms, and do so much to aid us in the warfare against the grubs and caterpillars which form their principal meal.

Agriculture is looking anxiously to science for information on the nature and remedies of the formidable disease which has of late years destroyed so large a portion of the potato crop. The naturalist who shall solve that problem will stand high among the benefactors of his race.

Closely connected with this department of Agriculture is another, in which the modern arts have made great progress, and in which inventive sagacity is still diligently and successfully employed—I refer to agricultural machinery, improved implements of husbandry. This is a field in which the creative powers of the mind seem to be at work with an activity never before equaled, and which is likely to produce more important results in this than in any other country. The supply of labor in the United States has not kept pace with the demand, as it can rarely do in a new country, where strong temptations exist for enterprising attempts in every branch of industry. The state of things has furnished very powerful inducements for the introduction of labor-saving machinery and implements, and the proverbial ingenuity of our countrymen has been turned with great success in that direction. Your exhibition grounds fully justify this remark. Even the good old plough has become almost a new machine in its various novel forms; and other implements of the most ingenious contrivance and efficient action have been invented. The cultivator, the horse-rake, the mowing-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine, are daily coming into use in Europe and America, and

producing the most important economy of labor. Successful attempts are making to work them by steam. It was said long ago of the cotton-gin, by Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, that it had doubled the value of the lands in the cotton-growing region; and the mowing-machine, the reaper, and the threshing-machine are destined, almost to the same extent, to alleviate the severest labors of the farmer's year. The fame of the reaper is not confined to this hemisphere. At the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in London, in 1851, it mainly contributed to enable American art to hold up her head in the face of the civilized world.\*

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\* The first of the following extracts is copied from the *Boston Traveller* of the 23d September, 1857; the second, from a recent number of the *London Illustrated News*. I have no means of verifying the accuracy of the statements.

"AGRICULTURE AT THE WEST.—The scarcity of labor, and the enterprise of the emigrants and spectators, has led to the introduction of more labor-saving machinery upon the farms in our Western States than anywhere else in the world. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Daily Gazette* says, among other improvements, steam-power threshing-machines are fast coming into use. The writer describes one he had just seen in operation on the farm of Dr. Watta, in Chillicothe. The wheat fields on the farm cover, the present year, 387 acres, which have produced some eight or ten thousand bushels of grain. He found the threshing-ground very much like a village of straw-ricks, in the midst of which was a puffing engine, making the wheels of a machine fly, while men, horses, oxen, and wagons were kept busy supplying its wants. The machine, and three men to tend it, are furnished for five cents a bushel threshed. The consumption of wood is about one and a quarter cords per day, at \$2.50 per cord. The price of farm labor there now is \$1 per day and board.

"The machine, when in active operation, threshed two bushels a minute, and, on an average, threshes 700 bushels a day. This is the work of 70 men in the old way of threshing by flail. The proprietor of the machine had more applications than he could supply, and his next engagements were for 1500 acres of grass, owned by five proprietors, and yet this is not one of the great wheat counties of the State. Agricultural machinery of all kinds is extending rapidly through the West. The county of Pickaway now employs 350 mowing and reaping machines. Some of the interior counties have great manufacturing establishments for this machinery."

"A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says that, being in Rock County, Ill., in the middle of August, (1857,) he went up to the top of a hill called Mount Zion, six miles from Janesville, and counted, on the surrounding plain, 154 horse-power reaping-machines, busily cutting down wheat. There were a thousand men, women, and boys following, binding and shocking up the golden sheaves. It was a sight worth seeing, to behold the grain falling and gathering up at the rate of 200 acres per hour."

But there is still another department of agriculture which opens the door to research of a higher order, and deals with finer elements—I mean that which regards the domestic animals attached to the service of man, and which are of such inestimable importance as the direct partners of his labors, as furnishing one of the great articles of his food, and as a principal resource for restoring the exhausted fertility of the soil. In the remotest ages of antiquity, into which the torch of history throws not the faintest gleam of light, a small number, selected from the all but numberless races of the lower animals, were adopted by domestication into the family of man. So skillful and exhaustive was this selection, that 3000 years of experience, during which Europe and America have been settled by civilized races of men, have not added to the number. It is somewhat humbling to the pride of our rational nature to consider how much of our civilization rests on this partnership—how helpless we should be, deprived of the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, the swine, the goat, the ass, the reindeer, the dog, the cat, and the various kinds of poultry. In the warmer regions this list is enlarged by the lama, the elephant, and the camel—the latter of which, it is not unlikely, will be extensively introduced in our own southern region.

It may be said of this subject, as of that to which I have already alluded, that it is a science of itself. No branch of husbandry has, within the last century, engaged more of the attention of farmers, theoretical and practical, than the improvement of the breed of domestic animals, and in none perhaps has the attention thus bestowed been better repaid. By judicious selection and mixtures of the parent stock, and by intelligence and care in the training and nourishing of the young animals, the improved breeds of the present day differ probably almost as much from their predecessors a hundred years ago, as we may suppose the entire races of domesticated animals do from the wild stocks from which they are descended.

There is no reason to suppose that the utmost limit of improvement has been reached in this direction. Deriving our improved animals as we generally do from Europe—that is, from a climate differing materially from our own—it is not unlikely that, in the lapse of time, experience will lead to the production of a class of

animals better adapted to the peculiarities of our seasons than any of the transatlantic varieties as they now exist. The bare repetition of the words, draft, speed, endurance, meat, milk, butter, cheese, and wool, will suggest the vast importance of continued experiments on this subject, guided by all the lights of physiological science.

Among the most prominent *desiderata*, in what may be called animal husbandry, may be mentioned an improved state of veterinary science in this country. While the anatomy of the lower animals is substantially the same as man's, their treatment when diseased or overtaken by accidents, is left almost wholly to uneducated empiricism. It rarely, I may say never happens, that the substantial farmer has not considerable property invested in live stock, to say nothing of the personal attachment he often feels for some of his favorites—horse, or cow, or dog. But when their frames, as delicately organized and as sensitive as our own, are attacked by disease, or they meet with a serious accident, they are of necessity in most parts of the country committed to the care of persons wholly ignorant of anatomy and physiology, or imperfectly acquainted with them, and whose skill is comprehended in a few rude traditional operations and nostrums. There are few of us, I suppose, who have not had some painful experience on this subject, both in our pockets and our feelings. The want of veterinary institutions, and of a class of well-educated practitioners, is yet to be supplied.

This hasty survey of the different branches of agriculture, imperfect as practical men must regard it, has, I think, shown that it opens a wide field for scientific research, and demands an appropriate education. It is, in fact, in all respects a liberal pursuit, and as such ought to be regarded by the community. It is greatly to be desired that public opinion in America should undergo some change in this respect. There is no want of empty compliments to the "Independent Yeomanry" at public festivals and electioneering assemblages. When the popular ear is to be tickled, and the popular suffrage conciliated, the "substantial farmer" is sure to be addressed in honeyed phrase; but the most superficial observation of society shows that the learned professions, as they are denominated—



the various kinds of "business," as it is significantly called, as if people could not *busy* themselves to any purpose, except in some kind of traffic—and in preference to both, or in conjunction with both, political employment, are regarded as the enviable pursuits of life. It is not altogether so in the country from which the majority of the people of America descended. In England the ultimate object of a liberal ambition is the ownership of a handsome landed property, and the actual management by the proprietor of a considerable portion of it. Great fortunes, however, acquired, are almost sure to be invested in great landed estates. Whether employed in the professions or in commerce, men escape from city life as from confinement, and the country-seat is generally the family mansion.

It would be absurd to deny the manifold importance of great commercial towns in our social system. They are not the mere result of calculation; they grow up by an irresistible necessity. The intenser life which springs from their stern competition undoubtedly performs a most important office in the progress of civilization. The faculties are sharpened by the direct contact and collision of kindred minds. The great accumulations of capital, which almost exclusively take place in commerce and the occupations connected with it, exercise an all-powerful influence in the community, and are felt in all its enterprises. The social sympathies gather warmth and force from the generous contagion of congenial natures. But society is in its happiest state when town and country act and react upon each other to mutual advantage; when the simple manners and purer tastes of rural life are brought to invigorate the moral atmosphere of the metropolis, and when a fair proportion of the wealth acquired in the city flows back and is invested in landed improvements; transferring cultivated tastes and liberal arts from crowded avenues and ringing pavements to the open, healthful country, and connecting them with its substantial interests and calm pursuits.

In acknowledging, as I do most cheerfully, the important relations of city life and commercial pursuits to the entire social system of the country, I leave of course out of account—I have no words but of abhorrence—for the organized conspiracies, swindling, and plunder, which

exist side by side with the legitimate transactions of the stock exchange. It is not one of the least perplexing anomalies of modern life and manners, that while avowed and thus far honest gambling (if I may connect those words) is driven by public opinion and the law, to seclude itself from observation within carefully tyed doors, there to fool away its hundreds, perhaps its thousands, in secret—discredited, infamous—blasted by the anathemas of deserted, heart-broken wives, and beggared children—subject at all times to the fell swoop of the police—the licensed gambling of the brokers' board is carried on in the face of day; its pretended sales of what it does not own, its pretended purchases of what it does not expect to pay for, are chronicled in the public prints to the extent of millions in the course of a season, for the cruel and dishonest purposes of frightening innocent third parties into the ruinous sacrifice of *bona fide* property, and thus making a guilty profit out of the public distress and the ruin of thousands.

I do not claim for agricultural life in modern times the Arcadian simplicity of the heroic ages; but it is capable, with the aid of popular education and the facilities of intercommunication, of being made a pursuit more favorable than city life to that average degree of virtue and happiness to which we may reasonably aspire in the present imperfect stage of being. For the same reason that our intellectual and moral faculties are urged to the highest point of culture by the intense competition of the large towns, the contagion of vice and crime produces in a crowded population a depravity of character from which the more thinly inhabited country, though far enough from being immaculate, is comparatively free. Accordingly, we find that the tenure on which the land is owned and tilled—that is, the average condition of the agricultural masses—decides the character of a people. It is true that the compact organization, the control of capital, the concentrated popular talent, the vigorous press, the agitable temperament of the large towns, give them an influence out of proportion to numbers; but this is far less the case in the United States than in most foreign countries, where the land is held in large masses by a few powerful landholders. Divided as it is in this country into small or moderate-sized farms, owned,



for the most part, and tilled by a class of fairly-educated, independent, and intelligent proprietors, the direct influence of large towns on the entire population is far less considerable than in Europe. Paris can at all times make a revolution in France; but not even your imperial metropolis could make a revolution in the United States. What the public character loses in concentration and energy by this want of metropolitan centralization is more than gained by the country in the virtuous mediocrity, the decent frugality, the healthfulness, the social tranquillity of private life. I trust I do full justice to the elegant refinements, the liberal institutions, the noble charities, the creative industries, the world-encompassing energy of the cities; but the profuse expenditure of the prosperous, the unfathomed wretchedness of the destitute, the Heaven-defying profligacy of the corrupt, the insane spirit of speculation, the frantic haste to become rich, the heartless dissipation of fashionable life, the growing ferocity and recklessness of a portion of the public press, the prevailing worldliness of the large towns, make me tremble for the future. It appears to me that our great dependence, under Providence, must be more and more on the healthy tone of the population scattered over the country—strangers to the excitements, the temptations, the revulsions of trade, and placed in that happy middle condition of human fortune, which is equidistant from the giddy heights of affluence, power, and fame, and the pinching straits of poverty, and as such most favorable to human virtue and happiness.

While the city is refreshed and renovated by the pure tides poured from the country into its steamy and turbid channels, the cultivation of the soil affords at home that moderate excitement, healthful occupation, and reasonable return, which most conduce to the prosperity and enjoyment of life. It is, in fact, the primitive enjoyment of man—first in time, first in importance. The newly-created father of mankind was placed by the Supreme Author of his being in the garden, which the hand of Omnipotence itself had planted, “to dress and to keep it.” Before the heaving bellows had urged the furnace, before a hammer had struck upon an anvil, before the gleaming waters had flashed from an oar, before trade had hung up its scales or gauged its measures,

the culture of the soil began. “To dress the garden and to keep it”—this was the key-note struck by the hand of God himself in that long, joyous, wailing, triumphant, troubled, pensive strain of life-music which sounds through the generations and ages of our race. Banished from the garden of Eden, man’s merciful sentence—at once doom, reprieve, and livelihood—was “to till the ground from which he was taken,” and this, in its primitive simplicity, was the occupation of the gathering societies of men. To this wholesome discipline the mighty East, in the days of her ascendancy, was trained; and so rapid was her progress that, in periods anterior to the dawn of history, she had tamed the domestic animals, had saddled the horse, and yoked the ox, and milked the cow, and sheared the patient sheep, and possessed herself of all the cereal grains, (with the exception of maize, and that controverted,) which feed mankind at the present day. I obtained from the gardens of Chatsworth, and sent to this country, where they germinated, two specimens of wheat, raised from grains supposed to have been wrapped up in Egyptian mummy cloths, 3000 years ago, and not materially differing from our modern varieties, one of them, indeed, being precisely identical—thus affording us the pleasing assurance that the corn which Joseph placed in Benjamin’s sack, before the great pyramid was built, was not inferior to the best Genesee of the present day.

Agriculture, I say, was the great pursuit of the primeval East. Before the intellectual supremacy of Greece was developed, while the Macedonian sword slept in its scabbard, before the genius of military domination was incarnate in the Roman legion, while the warlike North yet wandered in her pathless snows, the Persian traveled far on the road to universal conquest and empire. From the Ionian Gulf to the Indus, from the Tanais to the sources of the Nile, one hundred and twenty-seven satraps, in the name of the great king, administered that law of the Medes and Persians which never changed; and throughout this mighty monarchy—one of the most extensive that ever obeyed one ruler—next to war, agriculture was the honored pursuit. On this subject the Greek historian, Xenophon has preserved to us a charming anecdote. On a certain occasion, one of those half-mythical Persian sovereigns into whose personal

history the philosophers of Greece delighted to weave their highest conceptions of royal polity, Cyrus the Younger, received Lysander, the envoy of the Grecian allies, at Sardis; and conducting him into the royal grounds, pointed out the beauty of the plantations, the straight avenues of trees, their rectangular disposition, and the fragrant shrubbery that shaded the walks. "Truly," cried the Spartan warrior, unused to these delightful but manly refinements, "I admire the beautiful scene, but much more should I admire the artist by whose skill it was created." Cyrus, pleased with this commendation, exclaimed: "It was all laid out and measured by myself, and a portion of the trees planted by my own hands." The astonished Lacedæmonian chieftain, looking up at Cyrus, arrayed, as was and is the fashion of the East, in royal purple, his arms and fingers sparkling with rings and bracelets, and his robes exhaling perfumes, exclaimed: "You have planted these trees with your own hands?" "Yes, by heavens!" cried Cyrus, "nor do I ever go to my dinner till I have earned my appetite by some military or agricultural exercise." The Spartan saw in these manly, strength-giving, life-giving gymnastics the secret of the power which for the time had mastered the world, and, clasping the hands of the virtuous prince, exclaimed: "Justly hast thou prospered, O Cyrus! thou art fortunate because thou deservest to be."

The Persian sank beneath the sword of the Macedonian, whose short-lived empire fell with its youthful founder. Had Alexander the Great planted trees in the intervals of his wars, and drank water, like Cyrus, he might have lived to establish the most extensive empire which the world has yet seen. But a new portent of conquest was springing up in the West, on the frugal acres of Etruria and Latium. That Cincinnatus who drove the Æqui and Volsci from the gates of Rome; that Paulus Æmilius who led the last king of Macedonia with his family in triumph up the steps of the Capitol; that Scipio who at Zama forever broke the power of Carthage; those iron-handed, iron-hearted consuls who conducted the Roman legions over degenerate Greece, and fiery Africa, and effeminate Asia—in the intervals of war and conquest tilled their little Latian farms. That stern censor, who first made the name of

austere frugality synonymous with Cato, wrote a treatise on the cultivation of the soil; and so sure was a great Roman chief in the best days of the Republic, to be found at his farm, that the sergeants-at-arms, sent by the Senate to summon them to the command of legions and the conquest of nations, were technically called *viatores*, "travelers."

At length the Roman civilization perished, and a new one, resting on the morality of the Gospel and the hardy virtues of the northern races, took its place, and has subsisted, with gradual modifications, to the present day. Its first political development was in the land tenures of the feudal system, and it still rests on the soil. Notwithstanding the great multiplication of pursuits in modern times, the perfection of the useful and fine arts, the astonishing expansion of commercial, manufacturing, and mechanical industry, agriculture has kept pace with the other occupations of society, and continues to be the foundation of the social system. The tenure, cultivation and produce of the soil still remain the primary interests of the community.\* The greatest political philosopher and most consummate statesman of modern Europe, Edmund Burke, who saw further than any of his countrymen into the cloudy future which hung over the close of the eighteenth century, at the meridian of his life, and while most engrossed in public business, purchased a large farm. "I have," says he in a letter written to a friend in that most critical year of English politics, 1769, "just made a push with all I could collect of my own and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in the country. I have purchased about six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, about twenty-four miles from London. It is a place exceedingly pleasant, and I purpose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest." This his purpose he carried into effect, and adhered to it to the end of his life. Those immortal orations, which revived in the British Senate the glories of the ancient eloquence, were meditated in the retirement of Beaconsfield; and there also were composed those all but inspired appeals and expostulations, which went to the heart of England and Europe in

\* "That description of property (landed property) is in its nature the firm base of every stable Government."—*Burke's Letter on a Regicide Peace.*

the hour of their dearest peril, and did so much to expose the deformity and arrest the progress of that godless philosophy — specious, arrogant, hypocritical, and sanguinary—which, with liberty and equality on its lips, and plunder, and murder, and treason, in its heart, waged deadly war on France and mankind, and closed a professed crusade for republican freedom by the establishment of a military despotism.

A greater than Burke in this country, our own peerless Washington, with a burden of public care on his mind such as has seldom weighed upon any other person—conscious, through a considerable part of his career, that the success not only of the American Revolution, but of the whole great experiment of republican government, was dependent in no small degree upon his course and conduct—yet gave throughout his life, in time of peace, more of his time and attention, as he himself in one of his private letters informs us, to the superintendence of his agricultural operations, than to any other object. “It will not be doubted,” says he, in his last annual message to Congress, (7th of December, 1796,) “that with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage. \*

\* \* Among the means which have been employed to this end, none have been attended with greater success than the establishment of boards, charged with collecting and diffusing information, and enabled, by premiums and small pecuniary aids, to encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement.” On the 10th of December, 1799, Washington addressed a long letter to the manager of his farms—the last elaborate production of his pen—transmitting a plan, drawn up on thirty written folio pages, containing directions for their cultivation for several years to come. In seven days from the date of this letter his own venerated form was “sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body.”

Nearly all the successors of Washington in the presidency of the United States, both the deceased and the living, passed or are passing their closing years

in the dignified tranquillity of rural pursuits. One of the most distinguished of them, Mr. Jefferson, invented the hill-side plough. Permit me also to dwell for a moment on the more recent example of the four great statesmen of the North, the West, and the South, whose names are the boast and the ornament of the last generation—Adams, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, who forgot the colossal anxieties, the stern contentions, the herculean labors, and the thankless sacrifices of the public service in the retirement of the country, and the calm and healthful pursuits of agriculture. One of these four great men it was not my fortune personally to behold in the enjoyment of these calm and rational pleasures, but I well remember hearing him say, with a radiant countenance, that there was nothing in the triumphs or honors of public life so grateful to his feelings as his return to his home in Carolina, at the close of the session of Congress, when every individual on his plantation, not excepting the humblest, came out to bid him welcome and to receive the cordial pressure of his hand. I was often the witness of the heartfelt satisfaction which Mr. Adams enjoyed on his ancestral acres, especially in contemplating the trees planted by himself, thousands of which are now scattered over the estate. While he ministered in this way to the gratification and service of other times, he felt that he was discharging no small portion of the debt which each generation owes to its successors. Adopting a tree as the device of his seal, he added to it, as the expressive motto, the words which Cicero quotes with approbation from an ancient Latin poet: *Alteri sæculo*. Mr. Adams took particular pleasure in watching the growth of some white maples, the seeds of which he had gathered as they dropped from the parent trees in front of that venerable hall in Philadelphia, which echoed to his honored father's voice in the great argument of American Independence. At Ashland, in 1829, I rode over his extensive farm with the illustrious orator and statesman of the West; and as the “swinish multitude,” attracted by the salt which he liberally scattered from his pocket, came running about us, in the beautiful woodland pasture, carpeted with that famous Kentucky bluegrass, he good-humoredly compared them to the office-seekers who hurry to Wash-



ington at the commencement of an administration, attracted by the well-flavored relish of a good salary. Mr. Webster, reposing on his farm at Marshfield, from the toils of the forum, and the conflicts of the Senate, resembled the mighty ocean which he so much loved, which after assaulting the cloudy battlements of the sky with all the seething artillery of his furious billows, when the gentle south-west wind sings truce to the elemental war, calls home his rolling mountains to their peaceful level, and mirrors the gracious heavens in his glassy bosom.

The culture of the soil has, in all ages, been regarded as an appropriate and congenial occupation for declining life. Cicero, in his admirable treatise on *Old Age*, speaking in the person of Cato the Elder, to whom I have already referred, when he comes to consider the pleasures within the reach of the aged, gives the most prominent place to those which may be enjoyed in agricultural pursuits. These, he adds, are not impaired by the advance of years, and approach, as near as possible, to the ideal "life of the Wise Man." Guided by the light of nature, he contemplated with admiration, that "power," as he calls it, of the earth, by which it is enabled to return to the husbandman, with usury, what he has committed to its trust. It belongs to us, favored with a knowledge of the spiritual relations of the universe not vouchsafed to the heathen world, to look upon agriculture in higher aspects, especially in the advance of life; and as we move forward ourselves toward the great crisis of our being, to catch an intelligent glimpse of the grand arcana of nature, as exhibited in the creative energy of the terrestrial elements—the suggestive mystery of the quickening seed, and the sprouting plant—the resurrection of universal nature from her wintry grave.

A celebrated skeptical philosopher of the last century—the historian Hume—thought to demolish the credibility of the Christian Revelation, by the concise argument: "It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false." The last part of the proposition, especially in a free country, on the eve of a popular election, is, unhappily, too well founded; but in what book-worm's dusty cell, tapestried with the cobwebs of age, where the light of real life and nature never forced its way—in what pedant's

school, where deaf ears listen to dumb lips, and blind followers are led by blind guides—did he learn that it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true? Most certainly he never learned it from sower or reaper—from dumb animal or rational man connected with husbandry. Poor Red Jacket, off here on Buffalo Creek, if he could have comprehended the terms of the proposition, would have treated it with scorn. Contrary to experience that phenomena should exist which we can not trace to causes perceptible to the human sense, or conceivable by human thought! It would be much nearer the truth to say that within the husbandman's experience there are no phenomena which can be rationally traced to any thing but the instant energy of creative power.

Did this philosopher ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seeds, and grains, and fruits have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are looked in cold and marble obstruction; and, after week upon week, and month upon month have swept, with sleet, and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature's sepulcher; when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows, did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth, and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest; and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand, buried but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being; and then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distil from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk, and vine, and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree,\* each

\* *Johnson's Chemistry of Common Life*, I., p. 13.



of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature—the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled cornfield, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness—the great Father's farm—where he “who hears the raven's cry” has cultivated, with his own hand, his merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature—the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon, whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky; the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life—has he seen all this—does he see it every year, and month, and day—does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fiber and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt—and does he still maintain that a miracle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go, in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness!

One more suggestion, my friends, and I relieve your patience. As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a section of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye, or gratify the taste, than a noble farm? It stands upon the southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody

heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake; dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire; and, if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the post-office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with every thing for convenience, and nothing for ambition—with the fitting appendages of stable, and barn, and corn-barn, and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house, with a living fountain of water—occupies upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front, and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur, never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plow walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy

leaves and nodding tassels; while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we can not see, goes on beneath the clouds; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth—the mowing machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human

industry, perform their gladsome task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail.

## P R E S I D E N T H O P K I N S .

WE have the pleasure of sending to our patrons the closing number of this year, embellished with a finely executed portrait and truthful likeness of the Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of Williams College, Massachusetts, and recently elected President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. We feel quite sure that the portrait of a man so universally esteemed and respected, of so much personal worth and eminent usefulness, and occupying two positions of so much responsibility in the literary and missionary world, can hardly fail to be received with pleasure and gratification by all our readers and patrons. We feel at liberty only to add a brief notice of the leading facts of his personal history, so far as we know them from long acquaintance, or gather them from some intimate college friends of the President.

Dr. Hopkins is a native of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His father was Archibald Hopkins, an independent farmer of that town. His mother was a woman of remarkable intelligence and excellence of character, who still survives and resides at Williamstown. The grandfather of President Hopkins was Dr. Mark Hopkins, a patriot and surgeon in the army of the Revolution; was at the battle of White Plains, and died the day or night after the battle, either of wounds or from causes connected with that severe struggle.

President Hopkins was the eldest of three sons, (there were no daughters,) one an artist of promising talents who died a young man. The other brother, Alfred Hopkins, is Professor of Mathematics in Williams College, and eminent

in the department of natural science—is greatly respected and beloved by all who have enjoyed the benefit of his instructions.

Dr. Hopkins spent his early life and pursued his preparatory studies for college at the academy in his native town, under the able instruction of Rev. Mr. Curtis, afterwards chaplain of one of the public institutions at Charlestown, Massachusetts. He entered Williams College in 1819. Among his fellow-students and intimate friends, was the Hon. David Dudley Field, of New-York, and Prof. Morgan, of Ohio. He graduated in 1822, and subsequently entered on the study and practice of medicine in the city of New-York. Shortly afterwards he was invited to the chair of moral and intellectual philosophy in Williams College, which he accepted.

On the resignation of President Edward Dorr Griffin, D.D., in 1836, Dr. Hopkins was chosen his successor as President of Williams College, which office he has since filled with so much usefulness to the institution, to its literary and religious prosperity, and to the warm approbation of all its many friends. Dr. Hopkins is the author of several works of high repute and literary merit. At the recent annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Providence, R. I., Dr. Hopkins was unanimously chosen to the presidency of that Board, vacated by the resignation of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, who has for many years presided over its deliberations with great dignity and acceptance.

## ACCOUNT OF THREE UNDESCRIBED CASES OF COLOR-BLINDNESS.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, F.R.S., ETC.

THE subject of *color-blindness* has for some time excited particular notice, and a very interesting volume has been lately published by Professor George Wilson, entitled "Researches on Color-Blindness," in which he has pointed out the danger attending the present system of railway and marine colored signals. Persons who are color-blind are generally insensible to red and green colors, or rather confound these colors when presented to the eye; and therefore, if the officers who have the charge of railway signals, which are red and green, should happen to have this imperfection of vision, most serious accidents might be the consequence.

Having examined no fewer than 1154 persons in Edinburgh, in the year 1852-3, Professor Wilson found that 1 person in every 18 was to a certain extent color-blind, 1 in 55 confounding *red* with *green*, 1 in 60 *brown* with *green*, and 1 in 46 *blue* with *green*. A few cases have occurred in which no color is perceived but *black* and *white*, or *light* and *shade*, so that, to persons thus insensible to all the colors of the spectrum, a picture or painting, in which all the colors are given, has the appearance of a mezzotinto engraving.

That color-blindness is hereditary, and clings to particular families, has been placed beyond a doubt. There are few examples in which only one person in a family is color-blind, and there are many in which three, four, and even five individuals in the same family possess this defect.

The following account of three cases of color-blindness, which occurred in the same family, was communicated to me many years ago by a friend, and I believe has never been published. "Three brothers, Messrs. D. of A——, in the county of Fife, were manufacturers. All the three had a peculiarity in their vision. They can not distinguish all the colors of the spectrum. Their eyes seem to be well formed, and they see at a distance, and discriminate the form of objects as well as other persons; but colors confound them, and when asked how they would discriminate some particular hue, they hesitate, and looking to each other, they say:

'Will they be calling this *green*? We suppose they will. It is merely not *red*. We are certain it is not *scarlet*, neither is it *blue*, but perhaps it may be of a *drab* color.'

"*Blue* with them is always *blue*, and *bright scarlet*, such as the color of the *Actinis*, *Scarlet Lychnis*, etc., is always known, but some shades of *red*, *green*, and *brown* can not be distinguished from *blue*. *Crimson* appears *blue* or *slate-colored* in daylight, but by candle or firelight is recognized at once as a *red*. The *orange red* of some flowers, and *scarlet*, appears similar. *Purple* appears *blue*. *Brown* and *green* woolen cloths can not be distinguished in daylight, but in candlelight the *green* appears *bluish*. *Pink* and *light blue* silks can not be distinguished in daylight; but in candlelight the *pink* appears of a *pale red* inclining to *yellow*. Vegetable *light greens* in paintings appear like *brownish yellow* or *drab* colors. Light *green* fields appear of an orange hue. Light green, drab, and the brownish red of tiles or brick, have all the same color. The color of the tiles on the roof of an adjacent house could not be distinguished from the light yellowish brown sandstone of the chimney-top.

"One of these gentlemen, when young, kept a merchant's shop, and he was obliged to label the ribbons at night, in order to sell them correctly in the day-time.

"This peculiarity of vision they derive from their mother, who is still alive, but who, till her sons grew up, was unaware of her seeing differently from other people. She has several daughters as well as these three sons, but all the daughters distinguish colors correctly. Four of them have children, and though, in consequence of some of the families having always resided at a distance, I could not obtain satisfactory information respecting each individual in each family, yet I was assured that, as far as the brothers knew, all the females in each of the families could distinguish colors; and that, at least, in three of the families, one or more of the males could not distinguish them."—*Titan*.

GRANDEUR OF THE CITY OF DELHI.—From Delhi went forth those *Sunnuds* to which every native state yielded prompt obedience. From the gates of Delhi year by year proceeded great armies, led by accomplished generals, whose object was the subjugation of the Hindoo power yet held by the brave Mahratta Princes; and heavy sieges were so laid to the strongest forts of the hill countries of Western India. Treachery and famine, as in the cases of Dowlutabad and Ahmednuggur, brought the success that was often long denied to mere force of arms; but so it was, and, while great armies went forth year by year, as the cold season began, the Mogul Emperors ceased not, with all the prodigal luxury of Mohammedan taste, to beautify the noble city of Delhi. Whoever has seen Grand Cairo may gain some idea of Delhi if he will but add to the picture gardens full of shading trees, brilliant flowers, lovely fountains of white marble, which cast up their bright waters among shining palaces, "with sculptured mosques and minarets," like obelisks of pearl, shooting into a sky whose color would shame the brightest turquoise that ever graced a Sultan's finger. Again, instead of camels, and horses, and mules, alone blocking up the narrow, shaded ways of the native city, as at El Misn, the reader must imagine strings of elephants, their large ears painted, their trunks decorated with gold rings, anklets of silver round their legs, and bearing large square curtained howdahs, in which recline possibly the favorites of the harem.

Luxury, even now, can go no further in the East than it is to be found at Delhi. Even now all the best dancing-women, the bird-tamers, the snake-charmers, the Persian musicians, the jugglers, congregate from every part, not only of India, but of Asia, at Delhi. Hundreds of romances might be written of the lives of men and women who, from this degraded class, became Court favorites, and by ready wit, personal beauty, and dark intrigue, ruled where they were wont to serve; and, even now, under absolute English rule, dissipation ever holds wildest revelry at Delhi. Young men, both in the civil and military services, were too soon influenced by the contagious and enervating influences of Delhi and its Oriental pleasures. Many a noble fortune, a fine intellect, and the material for high moral character, have yielded before the Circe-like tempta-

tions of this great Moslem capital; and the song and the dance have followed too quickly the decisions of courts and the cries of those demanding justice at our hands.

The private bungalows, or European residences, at Delhi are many, very spacious and well arranged, with delicious gardens, (for any thing will grow at Delhi,) and the "*Qué hés*," as the English on the Calcutta side are called, perfectly understand making themselves comfortable. This "*Qué hé*" simply means "who waits?" an inquiry used by the English when requiring attendance. The number of servants always standing in the verandahs of the rooms renders bells unnecessary; and as the Bengalese are so luxurious that they will not stoop to raise a fallen handkerchief, the constant reiteration of this phrase has earned for them the well-known sobriquet.

Every thing at Delhi seems on a grander scale of magnificence than elsewhere. The servants of a single European family seem legion. There are "bearers" to carry palankeens and sweep rooms; hookahbards to arrange all the paraphernalia of smoking; *khitmutgars* or butlers, with water-carriers, washermen, camp-cleaners, *sycés* or grooms, messengers, gardeners, well-drawers *ad infinitum*. These people are all immensely important in their way at Delhi, though they receive less wages than on the other side of India, and do very much less work.

Picnics, too, are very fashionable at Delhi, in consequence of the magnificent tombs and gardens in its neighborhood, which afford such welcome shelter from the sun. A Bengal tent is a wonderful affair, with its hanging lamps, glass windows, recesses for sofas, covered passages, and outer roofs, and these afford agreeable resorts in the evening, when the buildings retain too much heat. Of course, Delhi, as the city of the Mogul, swarms with religious devotees of every denomination, whether Hindoos or Mohammedan, Fakirs, Jogees, Gosh-nasheens, vagabonds of every kind. The great Mohammedan priest, however, or Grand Mullah, Mohammed Ishak, is a man of much scientific renown. This man had a long argument with the celebrated Dr. Wolff in presence of several thousands of Mohammedans, and afterwards wrote him a long letter detailing the grounds of his belief in the Koran.



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**CHIEF OF THE PILGRIMS; OR, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM BREWSTER,** Ruling Elder of the Pilgrim Company that founded New-Plymouth, the Parent Colony of New-England, in 1620. By the Rev. ASHBEL STEELE, A.M. Washington, D. C. Illustrated with five steel, and four other engravings. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1857. Pp. 416.

WE have received a copy of this interesting volume from J. B. Brewster Jr., Esq., of New-York, a lineal descendant of his renowned ancestor, the great and good man who is the hero of this book. It is rare that such a constellation of historic facts, so rich in interest, so great in importance, stamping their indelible impressions on the whole future generations of the Western continent, are congregated as in this one volume. Mr. Steele has well performed his work, in the careful preparation of these chapters of Pilgrim and Puritan history, and done a useful service. With the blood of Governor Bradford coursing through his veins, and his wife a Brewster of the Brewsters, the author of this book entered into the very spirit of the subject in admirably depicting his ancestral history. This book, as such, owes its origin to a family gathering of the several branches of the Brewster family at Norwich Conn., in Sept., 1853, at which James Brewster, Esq., of New-Haven, so well known for his large-hearted liberality and benevolence, was appointed Chairman to provide the means and take the needful measures to procure a suitably written life of their illustrious ancestor. The work can not fail to be read with pleasure by every lover of Puritan history, and with profit by every one who can duly appreciate the sterling worth and unbending principles of those self-denying men who laid the strong foundations of a great empire on Plymouth Rock.

**TENT LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND.** By WILLIAM C. PRIME, Author of *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia*, etc. New-York. Harper and Brothers: 1857. Pp. 493.

THIS is a companion volume to the *Boat Life in Egypt*, and most readers, like most travelers, in those Oriental lands of sacred story, will, after making the tour of Egypt, up and down the Nile, in the agreeable company of Mr. Prime, be glad to go with him and his excellent lady up to Jerusalem, to view the scenes and hallowed localities of that most interesting of all countries. It can hardly be otherwise than instructive and profitable to go along even in imagination, with an observing and intelligent traveler, to see by faith what he sees with his natural eyes, and graphically describes places and objects in the lands of the patriarchs and prophets, which are so dear and warmly cherished by every lover of Bible history. The author of "*Tent Life*" takes nothing upon trust, but sees, examines, and describes for himself, and for those who read his book. His descriptions are life-like, and have the true ring of earnest enthusiasm. We welcome and commend a book, the careful perusal of which, will

make the reader better acquainted with the historic scenes and localities of the ancient world.

**THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.** By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. "CHRIST IS ALL." Col. 3: 2. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1857. Pp. 431.

A BOOK with such a title, on such a subject, by such an author, whose talents and pulpit eloquence are exciting so much interest and attention on both sides of the Atlantic, needs no commendation save the simple announcement of its publication. It is certainly a hopeful feature in religious literature, that the enterprising publishers are encouraged to issue volume after volume in quick succession from the pen of this remarkable man.

BARON HUMBOLDT, in an acknowledging answer to a telegraph congratulation on his last birthday from the German naturalists assembled at Bonn, has communicated to the meeting that a new part of "*Cosmos*" (being the first section of the fourth and last volume) is to appear in the course of the present month. It will contain, in about forty printed sheets, the introductory chapters of a detailed description of the various telluric phenomena—thus presenting, with the second section of this volume still to follow, the counterpart to the detailed picture of *Uranology*, as given in the third volume.

IN the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, it was announced that M. Goldschmidt, the well-known amateur astronomer of that city, discovered on the 19th September another new planet—making the forty-seventh "little planet." The forty-sixth, it will be remembered, was discovered a few days before by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk. M. Goldschmidt has now discovered as many as eight of the new planets.—*Literary Gazette*.

DR. LICHTENSTEIN, the Director of the Royal Zoological Museum, who died at Kiel the other day, had reached the ripe age of seventy-eight, fifty of which he had spent in active duty in one employment. He was born in Hamburg on the 10th of January, 1780, and was chosen in 1811 Professor of Zoology at the newly founded Museum of Berlin. He was director of the Royal Holstein Museum from 1813, and was besides author of a popular book of travels in Africa.

THE ten leaves of the "*Codex Argenteus*," which about twenty-five years since were stolen, and which were only recovered a year ago by the confession of the thief on his death-bed, have just been published, with explanatory notes, by Herr Upström.

A SMALL book has lately been published at Wetzlar, called "*Eight Small Poems by Goethe*, published for the first time with explanations, by Theodore Bergk." The object of the writer is to

prove that these eight poems, which originally appeared in the *Iris*, when under Jacobi's management, and have been always ascribed to other authors, are the genuine production of Goethe himself. Herr Bergk, now Professor of Philology in Halle, resided formerly in Freiburg, in the Breisgau, in the library of the university of which town all the manuscripts of Jacobi are deposited. The examination of these by a mind so penetrating as that of Professor Bergk, has led to this curious discovery.

On the 14th ult., the veteran Alexander von Humboldt celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday.

HERR SCHWIKGER, the learned Professor of Physics in Halle, died on September 6th. He labored long and successfully in science, and is best known to the world by his discoveries in crystal-electricity, and by the construction of an electro-magnetic multiplier, which bears his name.

DANISH antiquaries have, at different times and with various success, endeavored to refer the names of several distinguished Englishmen to a Scandinavian original. Nowhere, perhaps, is the evidence for an hypothesis of this description more clear than in the case of the gallant General Havelock, who springs from a part of England peopled by the Northmen, and whose name has only varied by a letter, since it was borne by that Havelok, the Dane, so well known to romance and to archaeology.

THE "COLLEGE DE FRANCE," of Paris, one of the most renowned literary and scientific institutions of Europe, has hitherto enjoyed a certain independence—nominating its own professors and assistant-professors, regulating its own courses of lectures, administering its own pecuniary and other affairs, etc. But the French Emperor has just decreed that henceforth its independence shall cease, and that it shall be placed in subjection to the government. Accordingly, it is the government, instead of the professors themselves, who will henceforth nominate the assistant professors, and who will regulate all the business of the College. The measure has naturally afforded any thing but satisfaction to the distinguished men who belong to the Collège de France, and the public is loud in condemning it.

GERMAN BOOKS.—A catalogue of old German books on mythology, archaeology, history of coins and medals, with many valuable old works, illustrated with engravings on wood and copper, has just been published at Bonn, by Herr Sompertz, a Cologne bookseller. The demand now made in America for old German books on all subjects has caused the price of them to rise immensely. This demand, which at first only affected the northern parts of Germany, begins now to raise the value of such works in the Rhine towns, where there has hitherto been but little sale for such publications.

A YEW tree is growing in the churchyard of Winscombe, in Somersetshire, the circumference of the stem of which, at the step, is 17 feet, and at the smallest part below the branches it measures 15 feet round, the diameter of the spread of the branches being 65 feet.

TWENTY-FIVE volumes of Greek Patrology, with a Latin translation, have recently been added to that extended work, the Abbé Migne's Universal Church

Library, to be followed by seventy-five other volumes of the same class—a stupendous series that may well be supposed to be a life's work for its editor.

THE Academy of Sciences of Paris has recommended M. d'Archiac and M. Bayle to the Government as candidates for the chair of Palaeontology, in the Museum of Natural History, vacant by the death of M. d'Orbigny.—*Literary Gazette*.

A PURCHASE has recently been made] which is interesting to Germans, and all lovers of German literature. In the neighborhood of Düsseldorf stood the house and garden formerly inhabited by Jacobi. Here many of the great literary men of the last age were in the habit of assembling, to discuss subjects of mutual interest, or enjoy in their leisure hours the society of the companions of their labors. Goethe, Tieck, and many others, resorted to this quiet retreat, which may therefore be regarded as classic ground. This house and garden have been purchased through the intervention of Herr Andreas Achenbach and Herr V. Siebel, for the Art Society, entitled Malkasten; and it is intended the meetings of the Society shall in future be held in the rooms rendered sacred by so many associations. Here their library and collection of works of art will be preserved, and thus a suitable monument established of the times of Germany's most brilliant literary epoch.

THE Bey of Tunis has issued a decree for the establishment of criminal tribunals, and mixed tribunals of commerce, free trade, free industry, the rights of property, respect of persons and property, equal laws, equal taxation, religious liberty, conscription, and limitation of the period of service.

MISERIES OF A LECTURER.—The Rev. Dr. Bethune, in the course of a lecture at Newark, gave an amusing sketch of the miseries of a popular lecturer, in which he is reported to have said: "Then, again, the reporters, whose irate quills he would no sooner provoke than those of a hundred fretful porcupines, often made him say very queer things. Once when he stated that he was not by birth, but only ecclesiastically, a Dutchman, the reporter made him an ecclesiastical deduction. Another time he spoke of the devil as sowing tares, and was astonished the next morning to read that he had mentioned the devil sawing trees. Another occasion he was made to say that the patriarch Abraham taught Cærops arithmetic!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH announces the following subjects of competition for the award of 1858-59: The Keith Prize, a gold medal and from £40 to £50 in money, will be given for the best communication on a scientific subject. Brewster, Forbes, and other distinguished natural philosophers, have been the winners of the Keith medal on former occasions. The Macdougall Brisbane Prize, a gold medal and money, will be awarded to the best biographical notice of an eminent Scotchman, including an estimate of the influence and importance of his writing and discoveries. The Neill Prize, a gold medal and money, will be given for the best paper on a subject of natural history, by a Scottish naturalist; or, failing any paper thus communicated to the best work or treatise published within the five years preceding the time of award.





